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THE
CONTEMPORARY
REVIEW

VOLUME LXXII. JULY—DECEMBER 1897

LONDON
ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED
15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1897

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME LXXII.

JULY, 1897.

	PAGE
The Fate of Greece. By E. J. Dillon	1
The Queen and her Ministers By Emily Crawford	35
The Deadlock in Austria-Hungary. By Austriacus	60
The Lambeth Conference and the Historic Episcopate. By Vernon Bartlet	68
Our Trade with Persia. By John Foster Fraser	86
The Housing of the Wallace Collection. By M. H. Spielmann	91
The Archetype of "The Holy War." By Richard Heath	105
Husbandry in the Greek Dramatists. By the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco	119
How to Invest. By Hartley Withers	124
The South African Bubble. By Quasitor	133

AUGUST, 1897.

The New Sayings of Christ. By Dr. M. R. James	153
Mr. Barnato. By Harry Raymond	161
The New Imperialism. By Percy A. Hurd	171
The Cycle Market. By G. Lacy Hillier	184
The Novels of Mr. George Gissing. By H. G. Wells	192
Conversations with General Türr in 1897. By H. R. Haweis	202
Twenty Years of Trade. By Michael G. Mulhall	213
Ethics and Science. By Julia Wedgwood	219
What to do in the East. By Professor W. M. Ramsay	234
The Referendum in Australia and New Zealand. By Lillian Tomm	242
The Orléans Pretenders. By Albert D. Vandam	253
A Remedy for Indian Famines. By Professor A. S. Ghosh	264
The Ecclesiastical Outlook. By G. W. E. Russell	272
In the House of Commons Half a Century Ago. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G.	283

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

The Klondike Goldfields (<i>with Map</i>). By Harry de Windt	305
The Revolt of South Germany. By Germanicus	312
The Thirty Days in Epirus. By H. W. Nevinson	319
Our Trade with Germany and Belgium. By M. G. Mulhall	333
The "Logia" and the Gospels. By J. Rendel Harris	341
Maeterlinck as a Mystic. By Arthur Symons	349
Sinking Silver. By W. R. Lawson	355
Mr. John Morley. By Norman Hapgood	363
The Methodist Saints and Martyrs. By the Rev. Robert C. Nightingale (Rector of Beechamwell)	378
A New Criticism of Poetry	390
The County: A Comparative Study. By Edward Jenks	400
Divorce in the United States. By Gertrude Atherton	410
The Sects. By Howard Evans	417
The Latest International. By W. T. Stead	424
In the House of Commons Half a Century Ago.—II. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G.	432

OCTOBER, 1897.

	PAGE
Richard Holt Hutton. By Julia Wedgwood	457
The Prospects of Rhodesia. By F. Catesby Holland	470
"The Christian." By Dean Farrar	482
Bimetallism and the Bank. By Corn Hill.	490
The Crisis in the East. By Canon MacColl	497
An Australian in Europe Thirty Years Ago. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G.	510
The Celtic Mind. By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc.	533
✓ Beauty and Ugliness.—I. By Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther-Thomson	544
The Rookery Established. By Phil Robinson	570
The Zionist Congress. By Theodor Herzl	587
Wanted—A Leader. By A New Radical	601

NOVEMBER, 1897.

The New Political Era. By Dr. E. J. Dillon	609
The House of Blackwood. By A. M. Stoddart	632
The Position of the Education Question. By the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley	649
✓ Does America Hate England? By Andrew Carnegie	660
✓ Beauty and Ugliness.—II. By Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther-Thomson	669
Tennyson. By Agnes Grace Weld	682
The Trade of the British Colonies. By M. G. Mulhall	697
The Inhabitants of Milk. By Sir Edmund Verney, Bart.	709
The Limits of Nature. By Emma Marie Caillard	722
Europe and the Jews. By Arnold White	733
Bimetallism and the Bank. By H. R. Grenfell	743
The Mayoralty Election in New York. By the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.	751

DECEMBER, 1897.

Wanted—a Policy. By A New Radical	761
"The Evolution of the Idea of God." By Andrew Lang	768
The Duchess of Teck. By Lady Jeune	782
The Farm and the City. By Sir Walter Besant	792
The Spirit of Modern Methodism. By W. T. Davison, D.D.	808
Is Photography Among the Fine Arts? By Joseph Pennell	824
The First Russian Census. By E. J. Dillon	837
The Fur-Seals: The American Case. By A British Naturalist	846
Liberal Catholicism. By Romanus	854
China and the Pamirs (<i>with Map</i>). By E. H. Parker	867
Women's Home Industries.	880
The Peasant of Ancient Greece. By the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco	887
Our Position in South Africa. By Afrikander	899

THE FATE OF GREECE.

*Quicquid delirant reges,
Plectuntur Achivi.*

GREECE, the "land of lost gods and godlike men," having outlived a world's decay, died and risen Lazarus-like from her tomb, buoyant with life and hope, has managed, within a single generation, to belie the prophecies of poets, to blast the hopes of politicians, and to drift within measurable distance of national Nirvâna, to which she may yet be duly consigned. No "new Peneus rolls his fountains against the morning star," as Shelley fondly dreamed seventy years ago; no "loftier Argo cleaves the main, fraught with a later prize;" no "other Orpheus sings again, and loves and weeps and dies." On the contrary, hardly had the gloom of ages glimmered into glory than the glory grew dim and faded back into gloom which no sun may kindle again. Darkness was met with in dawn, despair in the first blush of hope, death on the morning of resurrection.

What are the causes which have brought about this sudden catastrophe? Who is responsible for the war: is it the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, or the system of parliamentary government? To these questions some people would probably reply, as many undoubtedly believe, that the disaster was merely hastened, not really caused, by political mismanagement; and that, sooner or later, the same sad fate is in store for all the States of recent growth whose lines are cast in the unpleasant places of the Balkan peninsula, and who are hardly more than waifs on the north wind awaiting their turn to be whirled into the surging sea. They might add that Roumania and Bulgaria have heretofore been saved by the wisdom and patriotism of their respective rulers; Montenegro by the friendship of one Great Power, and Servia by the jealousy of two.

All this may be quite true, but, none the less, it seems certain that Greece actually courted her fate, meeting misfortune more than half-

way, and that if it be, indeed, the destiny of all the Balkan States to be finally swallowed up by mighty neighbours, there was no valid reason why Greece should have deliberately forfeited the privilege accorded to Ulysses in Polyphemus' cave, of being the last of the company to be devoured. Time is the essence of existence; and a sufficiently long respite may sometimes be equal to a full pardon. But as the Greeks grasp this fact more thoroughly than most of their neighbours, it seems *a priori* utterly incredible that any Government of theirs should have been fatuous enough deliberately to embark upon a war, the issue of which was a foregone conclusion from the very first.

It is admitted on all hands that the present acute phases of the Cretan question, the Greco-Turkish war, and all the troubles that these events may yet bring in their train, are the direct and inevitable outcome of the severe but righteous attitude of European diplomacy towards Greece and Crete ever since the Congress of Berlin. This attitude, it is alleged by carping critics, was dictated by no single interest or group of interests, was inspired by no admitted principle, agreed with no recognised system of logic. It has been described by friendly and unfriendly writers as a judicious mixture of Christianity and greed, of ideal morality and downright hypocrisy, of sins committed in person and atonement made by proxy.

But appearances are deceitful, and, after all, it is not what man does, but what he would do, that counts. Magnanimity, justice, or political prudence may have moved Europe to extend the Greek frontiers to the summits of Mounts Olympus and Pindus, and to gratify the long-suffering Cretans with a modest scheme of autonomy at once necessary and sufficient. But nobody was *naïve* enough to fancy that these abstract motives would influence the peculiarly moulded minds of Turkish statesmen. Indeed, it was self-evident at the time that the Porte's promise to carry out these unwelcome measures would need to be quickened by the employment of moral or the threat of physical force, nor was there any question to which of these two methods Europe would deem it advisable to have recourse. The seizure of Cyprus, the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and later on the annexation of Tunis, although effected in the interests of civilisation and Christianity, detracted somewhat from the moral weight of Europe's edifying exhortations to Turkey on the one hand and to the Balkan States on the other. The Porte was not slow to profit by the apparent fact that with the Great Powers interests were substituted for principles, expediency for morality, caprice for law. The other effective mode of action, however, remained; and had Europe brought to bear upon Turkey a fractional part of the energy and force which have recently been deployed against the Cretans, the population of that island would now be contented and prosperous, the Cretan question would have been once for all disposed of, and Greece would have had

no cause for complaint. The Christian Powers of Europe would then have been spared the painful "political necessity" of first indulgently tolerating a series of cold-blooded massacres of their fellow Christians in the Ottoman Empire, and then themselves killing off a number of the wretched survivors, in the name of peace and higher morality, and with the certain approval of Turkey as well as of Heaven, who, as of old, blesseth the strong.

But Europe scrupulously recoiled from the notion of employing brute force against the Turks, and even of threatening to employ it. Purely moral suasion she would willingly bring to bear upon the Porte, but the idea of shedding human blood for the sake of obtaining mere worldly advantages—for others—was scouted as utterly immoral. Besides, the doctrine of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire stood in the way of any such move, and a breach of that salutary principle must be avoided at all costs.

When, a few years later, this dogma of the integrity was trampled underfoot roughshod by Bulgaria, with the connivance of a powerful protector, a formula was speedily found which permitted the act to be classified as "politically moral." And, meanwhile, the "Concert" of the Powers, which proved so harmonious when it was a question later on of bombarding the Cretans, could not possibly be arranged for the purpose of hindering Turkey from running amuck. And what cannot be cured must needs be endured. The results of thus insisting upon the introduction of the higher morality into European diplomacy are more wide-reaching than at first appears. For as yet they have not fully unfolded themselves to our view; we have seen but the flowers thereof, so to say, in Crete and Armenia; the berries will come in due time. But, as Kant tells us, the essence of all true morality is an utter disregard of the practical consequences of our acts. The underlying principle is everything; and in European diplomacy the principle has been religiously safeguarded, if mysteriously concealed and disguised. Now, among other practical consequences of Europe's scrupulous adherence to the principles of strict morality, it had the effect of clearing the ground and preparing it for the war which has well-nigh ruined the kingdom of Greece.

This was, in truth, a golden opportunity which will never return. The reforms sketched for Crete were amply sufficient at the time; the islanders, exhorted by Greece, were quite willing to give them a fair trial; and had they been carried out, there would have been no Cretan question and no war. For, sooth to say, Greece's attitude towards the island, with whose people common interests and secular sympathies had identified her, was, with a few admitted exceptions, extremely "correct." The late Prime Minister, Tricoupis, sacrificed his popularity and his office for the sake of peace, and more than one Hellenic Consul in Canea earned for himself the appellation of

traitor, because, acting upon the emphatic instructions of his Government, he threw cold water upon the enthusiasm of the Cretans and refused to countenance resistance by force to Turkey. In a word, the psychological moment had arrived, and if only Europe could have relaxed her moral principles ever so little, and insisted upon the introduction of the promised autonomy, all would have been well.

The Powers, however, remained firm. Moral suasion they would give ungrudgingly, but they refused to entertain the notion of appealing to brute force. The reforms, in consequence, remained a dead letter; abuses were intensified and extended throughout the island; discontent engendered persecution, which in turn provoked local resistance, and finally lawless violence reigned supreme. So long as the matter remained in this stage, Europe very properly considered it a purely domestic question, to be left to the discretion of his Majesty the Sultan. But it was evident that this unnatural state of things, however advantageous to the interests of peace, could not go on for ever. Greece must, sooner or later, modify her attitude of indifference towards Crete, were it only because of the enormous expense to which she was put by every new measure of Turkish repression. Thousands of Cretan refugees fled annually to Milos, Athens, &c., and as they were almost exclusively women and children, they had to be supported by the country, which found it no easy matter to support itself.

Thereupon the outcry of the Greek people against the Government became daily more menacing, the members of the Opposition grew hourly more popular, and the feeling against the King, who was supposed to be in favour of non-interference, more pronounced. The Delyannis Ministry, therefore, began cautiously to feel its way and to sound the Powers. Nobody knew better than M. Delyannis that the example set by Bulgaria when she annexed Roumelia could be followed by Greece only in case the other conditions were also fulfilled, chief among which was the connivance and encouragement of at least one of the Great Powers. The extent of that encouragement would be the measure of Greece's freedom of action, and an accomplished fact would be always found to fit more ethical formulæ than the most cleverly concocted plan which is still in the stage of conception. Single-handed, Greece could, of course, accomplish nothing. No Minister in his senses would venture to send troops to Crete without calculating the effect of this step upon Turkey or recognising that, among other contingencies, the possibility of a declaration of war would have to be seriously taken into consideration. Now, everybody knew that a conflict with Turkey must be fraught with untold disaster, even had Greece's military preparations been proportionate to her financial resources. And the Delyannis Cabinet was painfully aware that this was not the case, that the country was utterly unprepared

for war, and that scanty as were Greece's resources, they had never been systematically and seriously employed to organise the army or render the navy an effective instrument of combat.

How, then, are we to explain the light-heartedness with which the Minister suddenly abandoned the policy of non-interference, despatched troops and ammunition to Crete for the purpose of annexing the island, and provoked all the crushing disasters which inevitably resulted and could not but result therefrom? Was it moonstruck madness, or a mere miscalculation?

M. Delyannis' friends affirm that it was the latter, and there is a certain amount of evidence in favour of the statement. I cannot say that I have heard or seen enough to convince me, but I may state that I received the assurance of certain influential officials, who in any West European Constitutional State would have certainly known the truth, that Greece was secretly encouraged to go ahead, establish an accomplished fact in Crete, and leave the rest to powerful and sympathising friends. In Western Europe exhortations of this kind would naturally pass through the channel of the Foreign Office, but in these, as in other matters, Greece is a law unto herself. Letters from sympathetic crowned heads were freely spoken of, and democratically constitutional Greece, judging other countries by herself, fondly fancied that a foreign monarch can make peace and war at will. Certainly it is an instructive fact that for a considerable time M. Delyannis was strongly opposed to a forward policy in Crete; still, from the circumstance that he finally yielded to his royal master, who resolutely took the reins into his own hands and publicly threatened to put himself at the head of a formidable army of 300,000 men, it does not necessarily follow that King George was influenced by considerations of a merely personal nature. The data for a judgment on the political situation which were then in his possession may have been fuller, if less formal, than those which had come to his Minister's knowledge. If so, the subsequent friendless condition of Greece would not necessarily prove them to have been delusive; it might merely go to show that he blundered so hopelessly as to be beyond the range of help. Moreover, there were numerous considerations which seemed to confirm the hypothesis of foreign encouragement. Most Greek politicians held that Lord Salisbury had failed to chastise the Turks, and had been forced to content himself with an eloquent appeal to divine judgment against them, because in Erzeroum, Sassoon and Zeitoun they happened to be beyond the range of the guns of our ironclads; but that Crete being an island, he would, so to say, jump at the chance of waiting for them there, forestall the divine avenger, and piously contribute to verify his own Jonah-like prophecy of the imminent fall of the Ottoman Empire. Again, if by a happy coincidence the union of Bulgaria with Roumelia was found to dovetail with

the political interests of some of the Great Powers, and consequently to harmonise with the highest morality known to diplomacy, might not analogous discoveries be made in case Greece were to annex Crete? Unfortunately the Government of Greece forgot the schoolmen's adage that when the same thing is done by two different persons it is no longer the same thing. Weakness, moral as well as physical, is always certain of punishment, however closely it may be allied to right. As the Hindoos put it,

"Wind is the friend of fire when the flame burns whole forests to ashes,
But the light of the lamp it blows out, for the feeble are friendless."

But however this may be, it cannot be gainsaid that a single British, Russian, or French gunboat would have sufficed to convince King George and his Ministers that their Cretan scheme was utterly immoral. And it would have been a kindness to send one. When, instead of this, the marines of the British and Italian ironclads anchored in the Piræus, cheered Colonel Vassos and his troops to the echo, as they steamed away in the direction of Crete, and heartily wished them success in their enterprise, everybody whose opinion commanded a hearing in Athens felt convinced that one or more of the Great Powers was aiding and abetting Greece, and would stand by her in her hour of need.

This theory of secret foreign encouragement, however, would, if true, go but a very little way towards justifying the wild policy struck out by the Delyannis Ministry, and even the most credulous will rightly reject it as false, unless the most irrefragable proofs are brought forward to support the extraordinary statement. But in any case, the Government, having once decided to interfere in Crete, should have gone to work skilfully and chosen the most propitious moment for action. And this was any time from a fortnight to three days before the date on which the expedition was actually sent. M. Ralli on the one hand and Colonel Vassos on the other besought the Ministry to despatch troops to Crete before it was too late. But M. Delyannis hesitated, continued to feel his way, kept putting hypothetical questions to the foreign representatives at Athens, and finally, when the golden opportunity had slipped by, he gave Colonel Vassos orders to get together 1400 troops and war materials and to start for Halepa—all in the short space of three hours! Instead of fifteen hundred, at least three or four thousand men would have been needed for the work in hand, besides the active co-operation of a portion of the fleet. And this would have been easy enough if the expedition had started three or four days earlier; for Halepa and Canea would in that case have been taken in a few hours, and Greece would have practically had possession of the whole island. But the collapse of this practicable plan was insured by the indecision of the Government, whose next step was to alienate the sympathies of the Great Powers by a high-handed act, for which—speaking in the light of subsequent

their native standard of judgment and their inborn tendency to forgive and forget, with which they are quite satisfied. What interest the general public, are the overt acts of the nation, which natives and foreigners can alike analyse, and approve or condemn.

When it had become quite evident to one and all that Europe was resolved to put an end to the occupation of Crete at all costs, no Government of a petty State, even though possessed of a well-trained army in proportion to its resources—like, say, Bulgaria—would or could venture to disregard the emphatic admonitions of the Powers, unless as the result of a clear but secret understanding with some of them. Now, Greece had no such secret arrangement to rely upon, could have had none, and therefore should have unhesitatingly complied with the demands of Europe. This would have been an easy step to take had the island not been annexed, had the troops gone thither solely “to restore order and pacify the population.” But despite the difficulty which this lack of foresight occasioned, a very ingenious issue out of this “no thoroughfare” was proposed to the Government and the King. It was suggested, on March 22, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs should send to the Hellenic Minister in Turkey the following despatch:

“ATHENS, 10/22 March, 1897.

“EXCELLENCY,—In its reply of the 10/22 March to the joint note of the Great Powers, the Hellenic Government had the honour to describe the circumstances which determined it to despatch its troops to Crete.

“Since then the continuous concentration on our frontiers of large forces by Turkey has aggravated a situation already sufficiently complicated, and has compelled us to mobilise our army in like manner.

“Nevertheless, the royal Government, moved by a desire as ardent as that of the Great Powers to maintain the general peace, considers itself bound in duty to propose to the Sublime Porte the simultaneous withdrawal from Crete of the Ottoman and Hellenic forces, and also the demobilisation of their respective troops now massed upon the frontiers. It likewise demands at the same time the destruction of all the defensive works carried out at Prevesa, which constitute a breach of existing conventions.

“This is, in our opinion, the only means of enabling the Great Powers to compass the speedy pacification of the island of Crete, while giving due weight to the wishes of the Cretan population, which could then be expressed without let or hindrance.

“The Government of his Majesty the King hopes that the Sublime Porte may see its way to accept this proposition, which alone is calculated to safeguard the general peace. Its refusal to act upon it, while seriously endangering the friendly relations which should exist between two neighbouring States, would tend to cause complications, for which the Hellenic Government hereby declines all responsibility.

“If within the lapse of . . . days from to-day the Sublime Porte should fail formally to undertake to contribute to the realisation of our peaceful desires, you are requested to inform his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the Royal Government is compelled with regret to instruct you to quit Ottoman territory, together with your staff of officials, and with all our Consuls resident in Turkey.

“(Signed)

—.”

A note of this tenour would have completely changed the situation and immensely benefited Greece. To begin with, it would have cleared her of the charges of wantonly disturbing the peace of Europe and of exerting undue influence over the Cretans. Further, it would have placed Europe in a most awkward position. For if Turkey adopted the proposal and withdrew her troops, the Powers would have found themselves face to face with the Cretan insurgents, not one jot of whose demands would have been abated, not one rifle of whose arms would have been laid down. Europe must then have either seconded the islanders' demand for union, or else have stamped out the rising by brute force. If, on the other hand, Turkey refused to withdraw her troops, Greece might then with propriety have recalled her Ambassador from Constantinople and relied upon Europe's sympathy in any of the contingencies that would have followed. Thus, at one stroke, all the serious blunders committed in the Cretan expedition, including failure, which was the worst blunder of all, would have been repaired; while, over and above, Greece would have scored a splendid diplomatic victory.

But the Government, as usual, hesitated. The matter was "carefully considered," discussed, now approved, now criticised, and finally adjourned until the opportunity had passed and events imposed a very different and utterly calamitous line of action. Thus was the last chance of "peace with honour" thrown away, and the war, which the Government never intended formally to declare, was virtually provoked. And herein lies one of the most mischievous mistakes ever made by the Greek or any other Government.

For, however warranted from a broad humanitarian point of view the Cretan expedition may have been—and diplomacy itself would have found an ethical formula to justify it, had it proved successful—one cannot deny that technically it was tantamount to a declaration of war with Turkey. The circumstance that an open conflict did not immediately ensue thereupon was due to an accident, the nature of which was no secret. The effect was merely delayed—*aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben*, say the Germans—and shrewd observers asserted at the time that the adjournment was agreed to by Turkey in pursuance of her own interests rather than in deference to the wishes of the Powers. Those who held this view—and it was shared by several diplomatists—maintained that the Porte was not playing the game alone, but was advised by a powerful Mentor who, in due time, would give the signal for the war. Meanwhile, the Greek Government were drifting listlessly onwards towards the seething whirlpool, and the nearer they came, the more closely they hugged the fond delusion that "all would end some strange way right at last." In a word, Micawberism was raised to the dignity of a political system.

And yet if any one in the kingdom or in Europe was in a position

to gauge aright the dread significance which a war must have for Greece it was the Government, who possessed abundant data for making a forecast which would have sobered the most enthusiastic patriots and horrified the most easygoing. Even if Greece's military and naval forces had been everything which they might and should be, war would still have been national suicide committed under the influence of moonstruck madness. This may seem an exaggerated way of putting it; in truth, however, it is moderate, and a simple sum in arithmetic will make it clear to the dullest apprehension. All competent judges who have seen the Greek soldiers on the battlefield declare that they are excellent fighting material; that is to say, that if well officered, frequently exercised, methodically trained, and properly equipped they would take rank amongst the finest forces in Europe. The material, however, is one thing and the finished product another; and in Greece we find only the former.

But even if they had been as thoroughly trained and broken in as were the Turks, some of whom had seen active service before, they would still have been, figuratively speaking, knocking their heads against a stone wall. The entire population of the kingdom of Greece amounts to 2,500,000 all told, or, roughly speaking, a little over one half of the population of London. If it were possible for half of the inhabitants of London to declare war against the Ottoman Empire single-handed, the announcement that they had done so would have a comic rather than a tragic effect upon the reading public. And yet the 2,500,000 Londoners with their enormous wealth, their trained volunteers, their excellent arms of precision, their admirable commissariat and sanitary arrangements, would have possessed considerable advantages which the Greeks lacked. The Hellenic kingdom, then, with an army of, at most, 80,000—its financial resources forbid more—hypothetically well trained men could hold its own against the same number of Ottoman troops, *cæteris paribus*, other conditions being equal. But now change the equilibrium by setting a Turkish army of 450,000 men against 80,000 Greeks, and what must be the upshot? But this is not all. The other conditions were very far indeed from being equal. The best strategic points were in possession of the Ottoman troops from the very outset. As well then look for victory in such a case as expect a load of hay, weighing ten stone, to outweigh a load of marble weighing sixty stone. In the Old Testament days of the Judges, miracles of this kind might perhaps have been hoped for, but the faith which moved old world mountains has no appreciable effect upon modern armies.*

All this was matter of common knowledge. People who were

* One of the best military authorities in Greece, Colonel Limbritis, delivered a speech in Parliament last November condemning all schemes leading to a war with Turkey.

utterly in the dark as to the organisation of the Greek military forces could readily make the aforementioned calculation and draw the obvious inference. But the Greek Government knew infinitely more. They were well aware, for instance, that the Hellenic army was utterly untrained for active service, that many of the superior officers had been appointed and promoted for qualities which are usually more appreciated at courts and in salons or picnics than in camps and on battlefields; that with some few brilliant exceptions, an officer who was this and nothing more had little chance of advancement and none of distinction; that the young officers who from time to time were sent abroad to study invariably had powerful friends at home, and seldom possessed the intellectual and military qualities which would have enabled them to profit by their sojourn in foreign lands; that military manœuvres were practically unknown in Greece, and that not one branch of the service had been trained to discharge even on a small scale the duties which they would be suddenly called upon to fulfil on a large scale in war time. The main salient characteristic of the army was its utter lack of discipline. The inferior officers, avid of instruction and eager for a chance of distinguishing themselves, had uniformly met with Cinderella-like treatment from their superiors in time of peace; and not only were they prone to criticise their superiors, but they had the firm demoralising conviction that the most damaging of their criticisms were well founded.

The fact is the army and navy had always been regarded as integral portions of the electoral machine by means of which Ministers kept their respective parties in power. The nation paid the money down and the Premier chose the people who spent it without worrying as to how it was spent, on the principle of live and let live. Some of these owed their promotion to recommendations from on high, others to requests or menaces from influential folk below; but very few were chosen on account of the aptitudes and talents which alone fit an officer to lead men to victory. The late Prime Minister Tricoupis, who died in 1896, once made an arrangement with the French Government to have a General and an Admiral of the Republic sent to Greece to make things look bright. But the experiment, not being intended to lead to a thorough reform of existing abuses, proved a miserable failure; and General Vausseur was in despair when Tricoupis's successor endeavoured to obtain from him a declaration which would have certainly rendered a service to the political party in power, but might possibly have had a misleading effect upon the people at large.

The works and reforms suggested by these mediocre foreign instructors were jotted down on paper by themselves and carefully pigeon-holed by their employers. Some of these plans came in rather useful after the hurried retreat from Larissa lately: for the friends of

the military staff responsible for the retreat, having let it be understood that this was a clever tactical movement recommended by General Vausseur, who, it was alleged, had discountenanced the defence of Larissa under any circumstances, Colonel Likudis quoted Vausseur's project and refuted the statements emanating from the friends of the staff.

One of the principal journals of Athens ventured before the war to point out that this state of things was a constant source of danger, and that military merit ought to be made, if not the sole passport of promotion, at least one of the chief of them, and went on to declare that the officers who owe their advancement to the *chic* with which they dance a waltz, or the exquisite culinary talent which they display when out picnicing, are but broken reeds to lean upon in war time. The editor's argument was not of course quite flawless—a good dancer may possibly be an excellent officer—but neither were the methods employed to refute them, and the smashing of his windows and the destruction of his printing-presses left matters pretty much where they were before.

The Government, therefore, knew perfectly well that the discipline and training, and, to a considerable extent, the officering of the army were such that a given number of Turks must needs prove superior to the same number of Greeks, supposing them both to be equally well armed and equipped. But they were further quite alive to the fact that the Greek army was not as well armed as its antagonist—that few as the Hellenic forces were as compared with those of the enemy, there were not rifles enough for a very large proportion of the would-be soldiers; that the cartouches for the rifles which were available were to a considerable extent old and almost useless; that the navy was unprepared to play the part for which it was destined, and was actually in want of vulgar coal; and that no serious measures had been adopted to secure for Greece, in case war should be declared, those numerous and telling advantages which, with a little care, she might reasonably expect from the active sympathies of the people of Epirus and Macedonia. Yet, despite this sobering knowledge, not only did the rulers of Greece persist in their defiant policy, which was bound to culminate in war, but they neglected to take even elementary precautions which would have suggested themselves to the "man in the street." Nay, in many cases it was no mere matter of negligence; they deliberately refused to entertain the notion when it was suggested to them.

The supply of rifles is a typical case in point. It is a recognised axiom of military science that the number of rifles needed in war time is equal to about twice the number of fighting men, so that for an army of a hundred thousand men at least two hundred thousand rifles would be required. In the case of Greece, who had to supply the

Cretans and intended to provide arms for the Macedonians and the foreign legion as well, the proportion of rifles to the regular troops would of course be considerably greater. The Government frankly admitted that they were in want of at least 100,000 rifles, and their friends sought to obtain them with as much promptitude and as little expense as possible. On February 27 a serious and advantageous offer came from Paris to supply an unlimited number of excellent army rifles—of the system Gros—at seven francs fifty centimes each.* The Government in Athens promised “to give the matter their careful consideration,” and suggested that their Minister abroad should be approached on the subject by the firm. The official in question, however, had secret instructions not to treat with the firm’s representatives at all, and thus the matter was not even discussed. When the war finally broke out the Government found themselves in the unenviable position of the foolish virgins of the Gospel. Negotiations were hurriedly entered into with other firms, and a contract signed on terms less advantageous than those which had been offered in February; and, to crown all, when the war was at its height, and thousands of would-be combatants were wearing out their boots on the pavements of Athens, waiting for the arrival of the rifles, a telegram was received announcing that the contract could not be fulfilled. Finally, however, the arms were delivered, but—like mustard after supper—when the war was completely over and the armistice signed and sealed!

It is only fair to say that neither M. Delyannis nor his colleagues intended formally to declare war. But this is merely a psychological explanation, not a justification of their policy nor an excuse for their blunders. The day on which the Cretan expedition was decided upon was virtually the day on which war was declared by Greece. Turkey merely reserved her right to take up the challenge at her own convenience. And the Prime Minister knew it. His own intimate friend and supporter, Colonel Limbritis, who was afterwards chief of the staff in Crete, told M. Delyannis in the presence of ten other political friends that the occupation of Crete would blast the hopes of the Cretans, ruin Greece and consign Delyannis himself to private life for the remainder of his days. The Premier, however, who is a clever casuist, fancied that Turkey being kept well in hand by the Powers, the keys of war and peace were safe in his possession, and he was, of course, resolved never to permit an open rupture between Greece and the Porte.

When at last Turkey recalled her representatives and the storm cloud burst upon Greece, the Ministers in Athens received the announcement with marvellous equanimity. Noah in his comfortably rigged out ark, or the Hebrews in the fiery furnace, could not have

* The price actually mentioned was eight francs but the firm declared it would take less.

been more indifferent to the raging of the destructive elements around them. They had no misgivings as to the final upshot of the matter. Something was bound to turn up to set things right in the end, and as this "something" could only come from without serious co-operation from within was superfluous. Things were therefore allowed to take their course, or rather their several courses. The ship of State was steered without compass or pilot, and in consecutive accordance with the conflicting commands of half a dozen equally well-meaning commanders.

There was no plan of campaign from the very outset, nor at any period during the war. Nobody knew what was to be done or how to do it. The matter had never been seriously considered. The Greek army was in the position of a youth who, having just learned the moves of the different figures on the chessboard and the main object of the game, sits down to try conclusions with a third-rate player. There should, of course, have been one comprehensive plan of campaign, in the execution of which the efforts of the armies of Thessaly and Epirus and of the navy should have been skilfully combined. As a matter of fact there was nothing of the sort. The army in Thessaly acted or remained inactive: just as if there were no Greek troops in Epirus, and the navy went ahead on its own hook without much reference to either of the land armies. Nay more, there was no unity of direction, no concentration of command within these three separate unities of the service. To-day, for instance, the War Minister would send an urgent order to, say, Colonel Mavromikhali, at a certain place and receive a reply from the telegraph clerk of that place to the effect that the Colonel had left thirty-six hours before, having received orders to that effect from the highest authority in the State. Again, another telegraphist, on his own initiative, sends the Government a copy of an official despatch forwarded a day or two previously to the palace, and thus supplies the Ministry in a casual way with the only information they had on the movements of the troops. In this manner the Greek army remained generally in an expectant attitude, very seldom proceeding to attack and never once profiting by any of its own temporary successes or the frequent blunders of the enemy. Thus, on April 21, the Turkish forces in Epirus, driven from Philliades, rushed panic-stricken into Jannina, causing such disorder and demoralisation that the Vali declared to the consuls that he must decline to be responsible for the safety of the inhabitants. The entire European quarter was barricaded and over 15,000 fugitives sought and received refuge in the French Consulate and the private houses adjoining. The road to Jannina was absolutely free and the Commander of the Greek forces could have taken about 5000 Turkish soldiers as easily as fish in a net, could have occupied Jannina and rendered himself master of

Epirus. This curious state of things lasted for a fortnight, and so did the "masterly inactivity" of the Greeks.* At Domoko, when the right wing of the Greek army was defeated, everything could have been set right—so say all competent military authorities—had the left wing, which was fresh and eager for the fray, received orders to march forward to the attack. Instead of this they were commanded to retreat, despite the solemn engagement taken by the Commander-in-Chief the day before, and published *urbi et orbi*, to defend the position to the last man.

The same lamentable lack of plan, of preparations, of intelligence and of unity was displayed from the outset of the war to the very end, and in every section of the army and navy. The Commander of the forces of Epirus was known to disagree on essential points with the officers of his staff, yet the Government never dreamt of changing him or them. The Commissariat worked fairly well as long as the Greeks remained stationary, but the moment they changed their positions everything went "agley." The cavalry and artillery were obliged to do their best with a miserably insufficient number of horses. Every battery, for instance, should be provided with at least one hundred and sixty-five horses, whereas in reality in the most favourable cases they had to shift as best they could with sixty-five. The superior officers were unequal to the tasks assigned them. One was too old and infirm, another unable to ride, a third practically devoid of military instruction.† And the Government refused to recall from Crete the men who were alone really qualified to conduct the campaign—men like Col. Limbritis and Major Constantinidis, the former of whom was one of the most competent military men in the kingdom. He had made the defence of Thessaly his special study, had fortified Larissa and would have defended it as it could and should have been defended. But M. Delyannis, who was urged repeatedly to recall him from Crete, obstinately refused.

Thus to the immense disadvantages with which the Greeks had to contend from the very beginning, the Government went on adding others, and the commanders increasing and multiplying these, so that even the partial successes which the Hellenic troops might reasonably hope to gain as a result of their own enthusiasm or the egregious blunders of their enemies, were hindered one and all by the rulers in Athens and their nominees on the battle-field. A curious detail, which, so far as I know, has not yet been revealed to the public, was discovered after the fight at Velestino. There, as is well known, the Greeks behaved like men. They advanced to within three hundred

* I have the reports of certain European consuls at Jannina before me, and, as they have been confirmed from independent sources, the facts alleged are not open to question.

† I withhold names and details, my sole object being to point out mistakes, with a view to their being remedied in future; and not to wound the sensibility of individuals, who, whatever their faults, did their best for their country.

metres of their enemies and dealt death and destruction around them. Yet so defective were the old cartridges with which they were supplied that at that distance of 300 metres their bullets failed to pierce the bodies of the Turks! Again, the losses which the Greeks suffered in consequence of the inferiority of their artillery are among the most serious of the war. Yet, strange to say, one and the same battery was invariably kept in reserve from the beginning of hostilities to the end, and lest objection should be taken to this curious arrangement, another battery was added to it at and after the battle of Domoko, when victory or defeat turned upon a couple of guns more or less. The "negligence" which occasioned calamitous results like these needs no comment here.

Furthermore it is a fact—and I have Colonel Limbritis's authority for making the assertion—that from the outset to the upshot of that disastrous war the Greek forces displayed utter ignorance of the most elementary notions of tactics, which is hardly to be wondered at, seeing that they had never enjoyed the advantage of manœuvres even on a moderate scale. In all Thessaly, therefore, not one real battle was fought. There were several chance *rencontres* of armed men and a goodly number of hasty retreats, but not a single battle. Such is the deliberate opinion of one of the first military men of Greece; and it is not likely to be gainsaid by any of his foreign colleagues. Could anything be more characteristic of the light-heartedness with which the war was carried on than the letter written to the War Minister by one of the chief of the army, to the effect that he needed no commissariat; he had signed a contract with a purveyor for the delivery of bread, and everything else could be obtained without difficulty; therefore a commissariat was superfluous.*

The spectacle offered by the Navy was, if possible, still more bewildering. The directors of the operations resided in Athens, but as there were said to be two distinct headquarters there, with no connecting link between them, the results were of a kind which would delight the writer of an opera bouffe, but could have no deterrent effect upon an army of invasion. The Marine Minister, for instance, instructs the Chief of the Squadron to bombard Prevence, which is expected to fall in two hours. The Chief is silent and inactive, for he is said to be awaiting orders from "the other place." However this may be, when the Admiral proceeds to execute the order, his ships fire at the respectful distance of *six kilometres* for reasons which have still to be discovered and with results which need not be described. On April 20 the bombardment of Kara

* It is only right to state that in this solitary instance I have not seen the document on the faith of which I make this assertion. My informant, however, who is a permanent official of the War Ministry, assures me that he has seen it. I purposely withhold the commander's name.

Burnoo is ordered by the Marine Minister. On the 21st it is countermanded by himself, and on the 24th the Chief, Sakhtouris, is told by the same personage to bombard Kara Burnoo, scour the sea for a distance of 140 miles, seize upon every Turkish transport and every foreign vessel carrying contraband of war and prevent the Ottoman fleet from leaving the Dardanelles.* He might with propriety have instructed the Admiral to take Constantinople while he was in the vein. On April 25 the same Minister despatched to the same admiral a remarkable telegraphic message, from which the following is an extract: "Mark you this; I allow nobody among you to put off the execution of my orders or to seek for approval of them from any quarter whatever, as you did, when you were told to bombard Kara Burnoo.† Do not forget, Sir, the circumstances attending your municipal election at Poros, where you ran a great risk and were saved by me. You have now to obey me blindly. . . ."

It is perhaps needless to state that the grandiose plans, with which the fleet was expected to astonish the world, were not only never attempted, but never even drawn up. Yet much might have been done; for the Greek marines are among the most daring and heroic in the world, and are capable, under a commander like Miaolis, of successfully accomplishing seemingly hopeless feats such as men of no other nation would even undertake. But like the batteries of artillery discreetly kept in reserve, this magnificent weapon was never even seriously employed. The islands of the Archipelago still under Turkish misrule might have been seized without difficulty and kept with ease. In all cases the populations were favourably disposed towards the Greeks, and in more than one instance the people were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Hellenic flag. But at least ten thousand men would have been necessary to the success of the undertaking; and there were never fifty men available for the purpose, although thousands were parading Athens awaiting the arrival of rifles. In this way the one advantage which the Greeks really possessed over the Turks was wantonly frittered away. The more fully one sympathises with the many admirable qualities which characterise the Greek people individually, the keener one's disappointment at their inevitable defeat, and the more emphatic one's censure of the conduct which caused the disaster. But the facts more than warrant the strongest measure of blame heretofore meted out to the guilty, whoever they may prove to be. It is difficult here to convey to English readers an adequate idea of the extent to which the Hellenic fleet was unprepared to play even a fraction of the rôle assigned to it. But possibly some faint and far-away notion may be

* Cf. journal *Asty*, 15/27 May, 1897.

† This assertion of the Minister is denied.

‡ This characteristic despatch has been published by Admiral Sakhtouris in the journals of Athens, in the *Asty* of the 15/27 May, for instance.

gathered from the fact—which is but one of many—that at the height of the war the present Premier, M. Ralli, who is also Marine Minister, was casually informed that the warships had exhausted their supplies of coal and had no stores whatever to fall back upon. He had therefore to leave his study, and, putting off all other work, to rush about from place to place seeking to borrow coal wherever he could find people willing and able to lend it! Of course the Government finally received supplies of fuel, as they ultimately received the needful rifles, but not until the war was over and the peace was a fortnight old. No wonder the Greek navy accomplished so little during the war.

With a land army composed of intrepid but untrained soldiers, ordered aimlessly hither and thither by amiable but unskilled commanders who could never once form them into line of battle; with a relatively small artillery force, one section of which lacked horses while another was systematically kept out of action even when its presence would have changed a disastrous defeat into a signal victory; with cavalry regiments slowly trudging about on foot; with infantry now in want of ammunition, now supplied with antique cartridges, the bullets of which were less formidable than stones from a schoolboy's sling; both armies erring about without a plan of campaign, endeavouring to act upon contradictory orders from a multiplicity of sources; compelled to undo at night the arduous and even successful work of the day, and to risk their lives in the effort, forbidden to utilise splendid victories, forced to flee *pêle mèle* from a defeated and panic-stricken enemy; with a little navy which, ordered off to achieve a feat that all the ironclads of Great Britain could with difficulty accomplish, had not marines enough to take possession of a few undefended islands, nor sufficient coal to get up steam—with land and sea forces cramped and crippled in this unparalleled manner, the wonder is that Greece accomplished as much as she did.

The question of responsibility for this surprising state of things was bound to crop up sooner or later, in the form of patriotic indignation or of party tactics. And it arose very much sooner than the Government had anticipated, shaping itself, as everything does in Greece, in accordance with the needs of petty politics. The War Minister Smolensky * sounded the first note of warning as far back as last February. He then surprised his friends and countrymen by placing his resignation in the hands of M. Delyannis, and following it up by a remarkable letter which, as is usual in Greece, was published in the newspapers. In this document M. Smolensky accused his colleague, the Premier, of making the very existence of the nation subservient to the wretched ends of party, and of provoking war without taking the

* A brother of the now celebrated leader who, by contrast with many of his colleagues, is become a hero.

slightest measure to prepare for it. The War Minister wound up this indictment with the emphatically worded charge that the policy of the Prime Minister was but a huge advertisement written in the life-blood of the people. This attack made but a transitory impression upon the public—in Greece words are held to magnify ideas while reflecting them—and none whatever upon the Cabinet. Ministers saw no reason to change their policy and still less to resign their positions. They felt "no doubt, hesitation, or pain." They still had faith in the coming of the *deus ex machina*, who had more than once saved Greece from similar dangers before, and steering straight for the whirlpool they imagined they were about to provoke a political miracle.

Meanwhile events rapidly succeeded each other. Greece's challenge was suddenly accepted by the Porte, and then it became evident to every impartial observer that if the Turks themselves had had the ordering of affairs in Athens before the war, they might easily have had the will, but would have probably lacked the perverse ingenuity, to arrange for such a crushing disaster as that which necessarily resulted from the deliberate policy of the Cabinet.

The story of the change of Government, which took place when the war was still at its height but hopes of victory were already on the wane, is among the most instructive and least edifying episodes of recent Greek history. Amidst unwonted scenes of popular excitement, and while a cry of universal indignation was being re-echoed throughout the land, the Premier, calm, dignified and oracular, observed the rules of parliamentary tactics with the care and fondness which Archimedes bestowed upon his circles while the soldiers were dealing death and destruction around them. He refused point blank to resign when requested to do so by the king. He was unable to arrange to get a quorum of members to appear in Parliament, although he was the leader of a great majority. Yet he countersigned the royal decree appointing M. Ralli to the post of Prime Minister, but continued the while to consider himself the chief of the majority and master of the situation. M. Delyannis knows the temperament, the tastes and idiosyncrasies of his countrymen better than most of his colleagues and rivals. Nay more, he understands the art of modifying them. If, therefore, the Greek people are satisfied with, or indifferent to a line of policy and a system of tactics which seem to run counter to constitutional principles, it would ill become a stranger to condemn them. The facts, however, are notorious and undoubted, and only good can come of their being put on record.

The moment the Cabinet fell, the question of responsibility entered upon a wholly new phase. The late Premier in the course of his conversations with Athenian journalists was understood to say, that not he but his royal master was responsible for the Cretan expedition and the policy which culminated in the war. Had he had a free

hand, things would have turned out very differently indeed; for knowing, as he knew, how unprepared the country was for conflict, he would never have run the risk of provoking it. Shortly afterwards the Marine Minister made disclosures of an analogous nature. His orders to the commanders of the fleet would, if promptly carried out, have struck terror to the hearts of the Turks. But they were not promptly carried out, in fact most of them were not executed at all. Admiral Sakhtouris then spoke out, and explained that these wonder-working orders were sometimes self-contradictory, and occasionally even utterly impossible. But the Minister persists in holding the Court responsible.

Foreigners residing in constitutional countries will find it difficult to understand how a monarch who theoretically can "do no wrong," yet managed to strike out a policy at once independent, dangerous and diametrically opposed to that of his government, not only without provoking the slightest remonstrance on their part, but with their formal sanction and public approval. His advisers had it in their power to resign at any moment, and not only did they waive this right when the obnoxious steps were being taken, but they were quite ready to continue in office for any length of time afterwards, and had finally to be dismissed by a royal decree.

The fact is that the Greeks manage these matters in a way that differs very considerably from ours. And in this difference lies the root of the evil, the source of all the disasters that have recently befallen that ill-starred country, and the chronic danger which threatens the future of Hellenism. It is not merely that there is an impassable abyss there between political fact and constitutional fiction. Parliamentary government itself is a fiction, and has never once been a living genuine fact. The prevailing *régime* is of no known category. Foreigners speak of it as an abuse of Parliamentarism, but Greeks who have endured and studied it during a lifetime maintain that it has little in common with representative government, and they quote facts in abundance to bear out their view. They describe it as regal power without legal control; journalistic licence without moderating criticism; * electoral corruption without redeeming national aims; Ministerial omnipotence purchased by sacrifices to Jupiter and sops to Cerberus; rewards and honours unrelated to merits and talents; expenditure disproportionate to income; practical law conflicting with abstract justice; constitutional theories divorced from political practices and power everywhere deprived of the ballast of responsibility.

To begin with, there are no political parties in the country. There are generally two or more influential politicians supported by a

* Licence is purely political. From the strictly ethical point of view Greek journals are perfect models of what a public press ought to be, and they compare most favourably with the high standard journals of the world.

number of deputies who are actuated by that everyday species of gratitude which has been defined as a lively sense of favours to come. In Greece, as in the United States, every citizen, whatever his social condition, may reasonably hope to rise one day to the position of Prime Minister, and very many make strenuous efforts to get there. One of the consequences is that every new-fledged lawyer, nay every University graduate, fancies himself the germ of a Richelieu or a Bismarck, unexpanded because of the petty jealousy of his fellows. Personally I know four brainless youths who, instead of taking to some useful trade or profession, haunt the cafés, found obscure clubs, deliver Demosthenic speeches before unripe listeners, and waylay journalists in the not unreasonable hope of getting pitchforked into a Ministry. And they feel conscious that if they were to succeed they would not cut a worse figure than many of their predecessors. In most other countries inborn talents, the knowledge that comes of experience, a character which inspires universal confidence and a will that can surmount obstacles, are considered necessary to the formation of a statesman. The Greeks have made several determined attempts practically to prove that these qualities are not indispensable, and the results are writ large in the ruin alike of the governing and the governed. The needy who are educated make politics a breadwinning profession; the ambitious a career; the rich a gentle stimulant to give a pleasant tone to a listless life.

In Greece the political leader constitutes a class apart. It is superfluous to say that he must be a past-master in the art of speaking. Every Greek is a born orator, to whom enforced silence would be tantamount to death. But the political leader has a command of words which is practically inexhaustible. His hearers give themselves up to the mellifluous music of his language, to the happy turn of his classic phrases; and for the sake of these they can afford to overlook the poverty of the few ideas which the words may happen to embody. The "leader," if he does not resemble the monk in making a formal vow of celibacy and poverty, generally practises these ascetic virtues; and to the honour of the Greeks who, despite the grave faults of the bureaucracy, are a profoundly moral people, it must be said that they have never yet allowed any politician to assume the post of Prime Minister whose personal integrity was not absolutely above reproach or suspicion. The late M. Tricoupis, who might have become a millionaire, without a breach of any law and without even "sailing too near the wind," lived poor and died poor. His opponent, M. Delyannis, is likewise as far removed from affluence to-day as he was when he first entered political life thirty-four years ago.

The typical political leader gives up all his time and thoughts to politics which do not always, nor indeed often, include the weal of his country. When things go well, the credit is his; whenever anything

is amiss, the blame is put upon some European Power or Powers, and an appeal for help made to "the God who watches over the destinies of nations as of men," and allows the majority of his creatures to be born into the world without a trace of humour in their composition. A niece, a sister, a mother plays the part of Martha to this political Mary, and devotedly shares the sorrows and the joys of the great statesman. The latter, like all great men, possesses his eccentricities, his peculiar tastes and immutable habits. He wears a rose or an orchid in his button-hole, contrary to the customs of his countrymen, or dresses *à l'anglaise*, or falls into the ways of Lord Beaconsfield or Prince Bismarck.

When he becomes Prime Minister, he is the soul of the Government, and virtually the dictator of the kingdom for the time being; and the time being continues as long as he can satisfy the patriotic craving of his Parliamentary friends to serve their country in salaried posts, and can pull together with the king. Then everything moves smoothly—for the Cabinet; as for the country at large there is of course a special providence watching over it as over helpless children and drunken men. Along with the leader come his faithful followers, and their name is legion. They fill up every post of emolument, every place of trust, every position of power or influence, every nook, cranny and crevice in the machine of State. To make room for these saviours of their country, every official and every employé in the kingdom is turned adrift. His services, experience and aptitudes are set at nought, they are but as dust in the balance when compared with the political faith of the Minister's friends. In politics, as in religion, good works without the faith that vivifies are dead, and the good worker may die with them. It is difficult in England, where the administrative machine has an existence independent of the political, to realise the extent of the revolution which is caused whenever a new Ministry comes into power. There is not a postman, a schoolmaster—nay, not even a schoolmistress or scavenger—who is not summarily dismissed to make room for the rival candidates, who have been impatiently waiting for years for the moving of the waters. The very judges, who cannot be deprived of their functions without good cause shown, are transferred from place to place, till life becomes a burden to them, and they voluntarily resign; and when other means prove inefficacious the obnoxious official is pensioned off.*

The members of Parliament share in varying degrees the omnipotence of the Premier. They have free access to him at all hours of the day and night. They enter his study unannounced, they button-hole him in the street, and whisper their needs and those of their friends and relations into his sympathetic ear in the lobby of the House, and

* At the present moment the total amount of pensions paid annually is 5,500,000 drachmas.

even in the Hall of Parliament itself. One of the late Prime Ministers was wont to begin his day's work by jotting down these requests for places, privileges, concessions, "justice," against personal enemies, and "mercy" for friends "in trouble" on little slips of paper; and he generally returned home with a whole sheaf of them, which gave him occupation for days. Whenever a place of emolument fell vacant, his study was literally inundated with them. As he could only appoint one man to the post and dared not refuse it to any, he would listen benevolently to an eloquent recapitulation of the claims of each, promise to do his best for the candidate, and then leave the place vacant indefinitely. Ultimatums were not infrequent. "Here am I, and six of my friends with me, who want that place for X. If you see your way to appoint him, well and good. If not, well, you know the consequences." An empty hand is no lure for a hawk anywhere; but a Greek Prime Minister would need the purse of Fortunatus and the philosopher's stone to be in a position to satisfy the demands of his humble but devoted political friends.

The relations, comrades, acquaintances, and even the servants of the deputies on the right side of the House are the spoiled children of fortune as long as their political day lasts. All things are possible to them. Like constitutional monarchs of the better class, they can do no wrong, or at least none that is punished by the law courts. "Do you mean to say you were not imprisoned, my friend, for that gross libel which you published against X?" I asked one of my friends, some time ago. "Of course, I was not." "But you did publish the libel?" "Oh, yes." "And you admitted it?" "I did." "And how did you escape punishment?" "I went to my friend the Prime Minister and he told the court to non-suit the private prosecutor. It was not more difficult than that." In the Piræus one boatman assaulted another and scattered his features about in most reckless manner on the sand. The other was laid up for a time and disfigured for ever, but on his recovery he summoned his assailant on a charge of assault and battery. The latter forthwith invested in tea, cheese and a few other dainties, which he begged the magistrate to accept as a slight mark of his esteem; and when the case came on, the wretched man whose face had been ground to a paste was condemned to pay costs over and above, on the ground that the summons was vexatious. It should be explained, however, that in this particular case the cheese, tea and other groceries were thrown into the balance because both parties were political friends of the men in power. The faults of the people whose political faith is orthodox become virtues, their crimes amiable weaknesses, and Justice when appealed to against them undoes the bandage on her eyes and becomes transformed into mercy. Their sons are exempted from military service, and their daughters admitted

into the schools as teachers. The post and telegraph are at their beck and call, and have no secrets from them, and the custom house officers would not insult them by examining their luggage. In a word the taxes are collected for their behoof, the crops are harvested for them, and the very sun seems to shine for their exclusive benefit.

All these people live upon the budget; and not these alone. In peace time there are 21,472 soldiers and 8707 marines, who, though they have little chance of getting properly trained for the duties of their profession, are supported by the country. In addition to these forces there are 17,235 civil servants dependent for their daily bread upon the budget. They are composed as follows:

2738 in the Ministry of Finance			
4674	"	"	; the Interior
1337	"	"	Justice
1266	"	"	Public Instruction
228	"	"	Foreign Affairs
4791	"	"	War (exclusive of soldiers)
2201	"	"	the Marine (exclusive of marines).

17235 is a goodly number of civil servants for a little country like Greece. But as we saw, there are as many more out of work, wistfully longing for their turn to come, that is to say, for the opposition party to come into power. Now the entire adult male population of Greece is about 500,000. These are the members of society capable of working and producing, the living Caryatides by whom the weight of the kingdom is supposed to be perennially supported. But of these at least one-eighth are mere consumers of the taxes paid by the others. And as the number has of late years been on the increase, taxation has been raised accordingly. From 1880 to 1892, the total production of the nation hardly increased by 50 per cent., whereas the taxes were gradually raised by over 100 per cent.

And the services rendered by these people to the State are necessarily of a negative kind. They must make hay while the sun shines; and have no time to analyse closely the ethics of the ways and means. A civil servant with a family to keep, who has been out of employment for three years and may be again turned adrift at any moment, must make the best of his present opportunities so as to provide for himself and his children during the coming period of enforced idleness and irksome poverty.

This is a chronic and fertile source of corruption in Greece, where the civil servants are a serious danger, rather than a real help to the State. Their golden rule would seem to be to take as much and give as little as possible, and to convert every position into a snug little sinecure. Hence they end by losing any natural aptitudes for work which they may have originally had. The present Prime Minister, M. Ralli, who judges a civil servant not by his political tenets but

by his capacity for discharging the duties of his position, has, himself, to do all his own clerical work, copying letters, &c., and to transact unimportant and time-robbing business, which in every other country devolves upon a second or third secretary. Hence, the curious spectacle of a Prime Minister working from 10 o'clock A.M. till 5 P.M., hurriedly lunching at this advanced hour, and then resuming work till 3 or 4 A.M., when he dines and retires to rest.

The Greek civil servant does nothing for nothing, and whenever he is moved to act at all, he performs his work slowly, and in a slovenly manner. If a citizen about to travel demands a passport, to which he has an undoubted right, he cannot hope to receive it unless his political friends give him the benefit of their influence. This statement has an exaggerated ring about it, but it is none the less the expression of a notorious fact. Every department of State is worked on similar lines. Take, for example, the service of the loans contracted from 1880 to 1889—a matter of real importance to the State. The payment of interest on the coupons is made by certain banks of London, Paris, and Berlin, every six months. These banks receive in advance from the Hellenic Government payment of *all the coupons in full*. Of course, as a matter of fact, they are not all invariably presented for payment. But how many have been actually paid, and how many have not been tendered, are matters which, from 1880 to 1889, have never been investigated. All the coupons forwarded to Athens from the three capitals in question during that period are still, I am assured, lying in the Ministry, untouched! The customs dues are collected in the same slovenly manner. Contraband trade flourishes on a large scale, and scarcely takes the trouble to disguise itself, so that in this way at least five or six million drachmas are yearly diverted from the Public Treasury.

The administration of the law is, as I have pointed out, equally corrupt. Yet even-handed justice is the corner-stone of the modern State. On its maintenance depend order, confidence, social morality, the finances and the prosperity of the country. Foreign capital can never be attracted to a land where Themis instead of being perfectly blind ogles the political party in power, and looks upon the privileged people of the palace with a wide-awake eye of benevolence. In an autocracy cases of crying injustice occasionally occur and are always denounced as intolerable scandals. In the democracy of Greece, they unfortunately are not the exception but the rule, and render life a burden. For as Voltaire happily puts it, if you have to do with a single wild beast, you can manage to keep out of his way; but you are utterly lost if surrounded by a band of petty, hungry tigers who are always getting between your legs.

But in order to acquire this Ahriman-like power for evil, it is not enough that the Prime Minister should exert and maintain

a permanent ascendancy over his parliamentary partisans. He has to sacrifice to the Zeus of Olympus as well as to the gods of Hades, and in the effort, Parliamentary government is twisted and distorted in such a way that he might with propriety paper his study with the Constitution. The concessions made to the "higher powers," however, are of all others the most obnoxious and the most dangerous to him who makes them. The reason for this phenomenon is not far to seek. Besides the political and administrative layer of Greek society, who take no thought for any interests but their own, there is the great bulk of the population who are honest and single-minded and profoundly democratic. These masses are always patient and usually inarticulate. But from time to time they shake themselves together and growl menacingly, and the result is an incipient upheaval of the whole social fabric. Now what these people piously hate, more than aught else, is the extension of the royal prerogative. Whether their motives are derived from blind prejudice, instinct, principle or painful experience, is a secondary consideration. The fact remains untouched. Hence the most powerful and complaisant of Prime Ministers deems it necessary to draw the line of concession higher up than he might be disposed to do, if he had not to take this volcanic force into account. But they one and all are far too yielding, in the opinion of the masses, and not nearly complaisant enough to suit the tastes of the ultra-royalists. A refractory Ministry can always be dismissed by the king, and their most confident "appeal to the country" and their most ingenious electoral plans can be thwarted as readily as a royal decree can be signed. Hence every Cabinet is more or less between the hammer and the anvil, and a few years simply suffice to use it up. Cabinets come and Cabinets go, but the monarch remains for ever. Hence his power for good or for evil is enormous, and it has on some important occasions been wielded with admirable judgment.

A custom obtains in Greece, after the fall of each Ministry, which practically enables the Crown to turn the scales of electoral favour according to its own wishes. The moment the Cabinet resigns, or has been dismissed, the Monarch, instead of taking the advice of the outgoing Premier or of the leader of the Opposition, appoints six or seven nobodies, forms a "Cabinet of Service," and bids them "run the elections." Now the manipulators of the electoral campaign have everything in their own hands—within certain well-defined limits. While they cannot create a powerful party of their own, they can easily exalt the horn of either of the two existing parties and humble the other to the dust. Thus, when a Minister is obdurate, and the Monarch threatens to dissolve Parliament and much else, the Premier believes and trembles, and generally yields with grace. One of the results of this power of the Crown is alleged to be the decay

of the army. Most of the higher posts, it is complained, have been given to favourites, whose own favourites are tenderly looked after in turn and kept in the capital, where they parade the streets, fill the cafés, and enliven balls and dinner-parties. Into the truth or falsehood of this allegation I am not now concerned to inquire. It is sufficient to point out that it has been made and is extensively believed; for in Greek politics credited rumours are as potent, for good or for evil, as well-established facts. Stories told by former Ministers are still current of the royal interference with the course of law and justice, which, like true love, "never runs smooth"—sheaves of free pardons presented to the War Minister for signature, bundles of leave of absence for officers who at the moment had no right whatever to demand them, decrees appointing *personæ græ* to positions and emolument, and granting a free pardon to some who had broken the law, &c. It is to the exercise of this power wielded by the monarch that many attribute the pitiable state of the army and navy, and the unsatisfactory diplomatic representation of the Hellenic kingdom at one or two European capitals; and its continued exercise in the future, as in the past, is regarded even by some serious politicians as the most fertile source of danger to Greece and the Hellenic idea. But these are delicate matters which had best be dealt with by the parties most nearly concerned. In any case Greece owes much to her present dynasty.

Whatever else may be doubtful, it is absolutely certain that unless the series of evils which have heretofore preyed upon the country like a cancer and brought it within an ace of irreparable ruin, are speedily cut out with whatever degree of unavoidable pain to the patient, Greece will soon cease to play a part in history as an independent State. It may be safely stated that that proposition is as true as one of Euclid's. But have the people intelligence and will-power enough to discern the remedy and apply it? To most foreigners the answer to this question seems doubtful. I myself have heard many Greek politicians say: "It is the old story. There is a deal of wild excitement just now in consequence of our defeat. But it will all subside in due time; and in a few years we shall be at our old pranks again, Delyannis ruling the country, and the king keeping Delyannis in hand. We are incapable of profiting by the bitter but wholesome lesson which the war has afforded us."

On a difficult question of this importance I should not venture to offer a decided opinion. The psychology of the Greek people abounds in obscure points upon which it would be presumption on the part of a foreigner to hope to throw light. Moreover, the mildest efficacious remedy may possibly prove quite as dangerous as the malady itself. It is, however, matter of common knowledge that the people are now disgusted with the politicians of the past whose promises they accepted without question. They feel like the soldier who used to

visit the ballet with amusement and delight until he learned that there was not a word of truth in it, whereupon he went away sad at heart and never entered a theatre any more. But whether they will act as perseveringly as the soldier, is a matter open to question. The unpalatable remedy may prove difficult to apply; but it is easy enough to point out; the army of political hangers-on must be disbanded; a thoroughly serviceable and trustworthy class of employés must be formed on the basis of immovability unless for good cause shown; the strict and impartial administration of justice must be guaranteed; the "influence" of deputies must be abolished; the sound instincts of the inarticulate masses must be translated into legislative acts, a healthy Parliamentary system of government must be introduced, with genuine political parties and programmes instead of interested partisans and attractive promises; and not merely men must be forthcoming but measures as well.

Foremost among these men—men of the new epoch—is Demetrius Ralli, a middle-sized, fair-haired, average-looking bourgeois of about forty-two or three. A lawyer by profession, a scholar by taste, and a politician by temperament, M. Ralli is, perhaps, one of the plainest and least imposing figures in Greek politics, where one is accustomed to encounter individuals gifted with the commanding presence of natural kings of men, the well-bearded faces of venerable Oriental sages and the brains of precocious children. You might pass M. Ralli every day in the street and never guess he was the Prime Minister of Greece, nor even a member of one of the learned professions. His serviceable suit of black is by no means courtly, his soft grey hat and his cotton umbrella, which he never fails to carry in fair weather as in foul, would lead one to rank him as a petty government employé. His eyes, which seem to read your inmost thoughts, are the only really noteworthy feature about him; they rivet attention, and the story they tell and the impression they convey differ totally from those suggested by the unfashionable dress.

This prosaic-looking individual is the Prime Minister, the man who is generally believed to have saved the dynasty of Greece, and much else besides; not, it is true, with kid gloves on his hands, but as people save drowning men, by pulling them out painfully by the hair of the head; and if he does not succeed in saving his country, which is without doubt in far greater danger than the dynasty ever was, the task may be regarded as hopeless. Certainly none of his political friends or antagonists will ever tackle, much less accomplish, it, although two of his colleagues are considerably above the average Greek politician.

Heretofore it was considered the "correct thing" in diplomatic circles in Athens to regard M. Ralli as an "anarchist." As a matter of fact there are none of that ilk in Greece, but the label was comprehensive and convenient. "I will not take thy blood," said the

Quaker to the barking and biting dog, "but I will give thee a bad name," and having cried out "mad dog," the bystanders brandished their sticks and did the rest. Still it must in fairness be admitted that M. Ralli is not exactly a courtier. He calls things by their everyday names and speaks the truth to his friends, even when circumstances have made it gall and wormwood to their souls; and that is not a courtly habit. One of his former colleagues—M. Ralli was in office on four occasions*—told me that he once refused to consent to a measure which the court was very anxious to carry through. He gave some reasons for his refusal which seemed to him quite sufficient. But the king sent for him and discussed the matter warmly. In the course of conversation the monarch suddenly said: "Well, I almost think, M. Ralli, that one of your chief reasons for refusing is because I am known to be in favour of the measure." "And would you believe it," exclaimed my interlocutor with a horrified look, "that ill-mannered man replied, 'Your Majesty is quite right; it is.'"

If the Prime Minister cannot correctly be classed as an anarchist, neither can it be gainsaid that he has something of the stormy petrel about him. Each time he has come into office it has been on the crest of a wave of popular excitement, accompanied by underground rumblings and signs of impending upheaval; and in the eyes of courtiers and diplomatists that is not a recommendation. Moreover, in his public speeches, he has never spared the Court party, and his sole justification has ever been that he always speaks of the monarch in public exactly as he addresses him in private; and nobody doubts that the statement is true, though many refuse to admit its justificatory virtue. He is a thorough constitutionalist of the Girondist type and entertains a profound hatred of Anarchist and Socialist and even Republican principles. Constitutionalism, in its best form, he regards as a panacea for all State evils, and his implicit faith in the honesty and intelligence of the masses is quite refreshing. It reminds one of the days of Condorcet and Madame Roland, who would have been his friends had he been their contemporary. He holds that a Cabinet needs only to be composed of intelligent, experienced, and strong-willed men to set everything right, and that his opponents made a serious mistake in trying to prove the contrary. He has a contempt for all mere forms when they conceal the substance of the matter; and his hatred of every species of injustice amounts almost to a predominant passion. But one of his most serviceable gifts is an inexhaustible vein of humour, which enables him to steer clear of the pompous mannerism of many Greek politicians and to turn the laugh against his adversaries.

As soon as the war took a turn unfavourable to Greece and the Ministers sat down to discuss the causes, M. Ralli hurried off to the

* Now for the first time he occupies the position of Chief of the Cabinet.

front, mingled with the soldiers, shared their fatigues and dangers, found out the defects of the military organisation, and returned indignant to Athens. The Ministry was swept away the moment he returned; and had he not at once assumed the reins of government much else would have followed it. The manner in which he formed his Cabinet was characteristic of the man. One of the most faithful but least intelligent of his political friends, who had stood by him through thick and thin, naturally expected his reward. But his capacities being sadly disproportionate to his loyalty, M. Ralli refused point-blank to give him a portfolio. It would be unfair to the nation, he said. The deputy threatened to leave his party. "Then do leave, by all means, if there be no other issue," was the reply, and thereupon he lost a devoted supporter. I have good reason to say that I know M. Ralli very well indeed. I have spent whole days and sometimes, when the war excitement was at its height, whole nights in his society; have seen him at home and in the Ministry. I have been present when he received deputies who had come to ask for favours, Ministers submitting decrees for signature, military men suggesting schemes for remodelling the army in a trice, during the war; and I can truly affirm that all the numerous acts which I saw him perform were inspired by the same solicitude for the public welfare and the same indifference to mere private interests.

One day we were at lunch, although it was a quarter-past six P.M., when a lady was announced and ushered in at once. She was apparently an old friend of the family, and she opened fire without losing a moment. "I am *so* glad, M. Ralli, that you are Prime Minister; and my George, won't he be delighted too! You remember him, don't you? He is at the front, you know, working wonders. Now I want you to do him a little service; you can do it with a stroke of the pen, you know; and we shall all be *so* grateful." Here the Minister looked at the lady from above the rim of his spectacles, and, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, asked her what the service was. She copiously explained it. "And do you know what the law says on the subject?" he inquired, when she paused to draw breath. "Oh, of course I do; but then you know that the law has often been disregarded, and, besides, you——" "I am very sorry to have to refuse you anything," exclaimed the Minister, laughingly interrupting; "but you might just as well ask for the moon. It is absolutely impossible. If the law were the embodiment of injustice, it must be administered till it is changed by Parliament." "But won't you listen to reason and argument?" "No, madam, it is useless. I am very sorry; but the law must take its course." The lady rose in dudgeon and left in haste, and her George's anticipated delight lost its *raison d'être*. She is not likely to interrupt his luncheon again in the hope of inducing him to suspend the law for her son.

When he was Minister of Justice under the late M. Tricoupis, M. Ralli received one day a big bundle of pardons and privileges to military men to countersign. As is his wont, he asked for details, but was told they were not forthcoming, as they were kept in the possession of the Court Marshal. He again demanded and received them. When he had studied the documents, "I refuse to countersign these decrees," he exclaimed, and returned the sheaf of papers. M. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister, sent for him, and expostulated with him. "This is a request from the Court," he urged, "and you understand that in a matter of" "Did you yourself read the documents relative to the cases?" asked M. Ralli. "No, but I" "I thought you did not, else you would not have requested me to cover these scandalous privileges and pardons with my responsibility." Then he narrated a few of the details, which surprised the Prime Minister. M. Tricoupis at once sent for the Court Marshal, who, however, instead of offering explanation severely rebuked M. Ralli; whereupon the latter peremptorily ordered the courtier to leave the room without delay. And the decrees were never countersigned. Several similar scenes followed later on, and finally M. Ralli tendered his resignation in disgust.

But he treats his own friends in the same way. A few days ago two much coveted administrative posts fell vacant. Two prefectships are not to be had every day in Greece, and over a hundred candidates for each of them sprang up like fungi. Every man detailed his claims, and then sent his political friends to soften the heart of M. Ralli. His political friends were especially hopeful. But M. Ralli, who possesses a remarkable gift of choosing the right man and eliminating the wrong one, unhesitatingly appointed two persons who had never belonged to his own nor to any political party, but whose abilities and honesty were admitted by all. And even his enemies applauded the appointments. M. Ralli is always open to conviction, and when a mistake of his is pointed out to him, even by an opponent in the heat of debate, he acknowledges it with thankfulness and repairs it with promptitude, but when sure of his ground, he is as unyielding as granite. The promotion of Smolensky to the grade of general was strongly opposed by certain military spheres, on grounds which in time of peace would have been unanswerable. Smolensky, it was urged, could only be advanced when his turn came, and there were at least thirty colonels his seniors.* But the country clamoured for his promotion. For if not precisely a hero nor even a military genius, Smolensky at least had done his duty manfully. He had made mistakes, no doubt, and among the gravest of these were his slowness

* There can be no two opinions that Colonel Vassos should have been made a General under the Delyannis Ministry. The objection to his promotion later on was the reluctance of the Greek Government to offend the Powers whose mediation they had accepted.

to utilise his victories and his predilection for remaining on the defensive. But at least he had done what nobody else had even attempted, and was consequently the man to whom the rank and file of the army looked for example and encouragement. M. Ralli, therefore, insisted on promoting him, and finally carried the point.

But if in this and so many other instances he voiced the aspirations and formulated the demands of the people, in other matters he swam against the tide with equal determination and success. Thus he refused point-blank to countenance the cry for the recall of the Crown Prince from the command of the army at a time and under conditions which would have imparted to this measure, had it been otherwise desirable, an anti-dynastic effect. In like manner he had the courage to recall the army from Crete despite the outcry raised by his political opponents in the press; and, what is more to the purpose, ever since he recognised the autonomy of that island he has constantly refused—to my knowledge—to receive Cretan notables resident in Athens, or to allow encouragement to be given to them by any officials or institutions over whom the Government has the slightest authority or influence.

His faith in the good sense and sound political instincts of the people is well-nigh thaumaturgic in its effects. He confidently expects them to support him on purely patriotic grounds, because his policy is calculated to give the nation a new lease of existence. Therefore he rejects extraneous support. Thus, he subsidises no journal and possesses no organ in the press. Every Prime Minister has had a daily paper in his own particular service which defended him when he was attacked, and sounded the tocsin for a campaign against his rivals. M. Ralli dispenses with this auxiliary and does not seem any the worse. Whenever he has an item of intelligence which he deems of interest to the public, he makes it known to all journalists simultaneously, without distinction of party, so that they are all free to attack or defend him as the humour takes them.

In addition to a sound judgment and rapidity of resolve, M. Ralli is gifted with a marvellous memory, which never plays him false, and which enables him to acquire a thorough knowledge of the details of the various departments of government. There is not a permanent official in his Ministry who knows his own special branch of the service better than the Prime Minister. His power of applying himself to affairs is equally remarkable, and distinguishes him from the majority of his countrymen, who dislike working in the intervals between their meals. During the close of the war he remained at his office two days and two nights, with very short pauses for two repasts a day, which he invited me to share. On the second night the telegraph clerk at the Marine Ministry, who had had a fair amount of rest, could not keep his eyes open, whereas M. Ralli, who was as fresh

and brisk as a bridegroom on his wedding-day, dictated a telegram to the Commander-in-chief of the army, wrote an official letter to an ambassador, and listened to the report of one of the Ministers, almost simultaneously. His ascendancy over his colleagues is as complete as over the masses, but it is solely the result of his mental and moral qualities, not a consequence of his position. For they too are men of parts and discernment who appreciate their leader. M. Ralli will not work with mere lay figures. He secures the best men he can get, irrespective of party prejudices, and insists upon each Minister being the supreme authority in his own department, and not a mere automaton; the man who cannot be safely trusted with this power ought not, he maintains, to be a Minister at all.

In private life he is a charming companion, is well read, abounds in anecdotes and reminiscences of historic events and takes broad views of things. His generosity is proverbial throughout all Attica. A rich man when he began his career, he has nothing but his legal practice to-day. With him it was always a case of ask and have. He had ever a sympathetic ear for the distressful tales of the poor, and a ready purse to relieve their needs. He gave away numerous indigent brides and considerable marriage portions along with them, and generally did what he could to make life tolerable to the step-children of fortune. His besetting sin is impulsiveness, which arises from a nice sense of right and wrong, and intolerance of every species of injustice. He seldom acts upon the proverb: "cook your words in your mouth before putting them before your friends," and as the truths he tells are generally very bitter, he must when in office—like most truth-tellers—keep one foot always in the stirrup.

I have frequently discussed the question of the future of Greece with him, and heard him unfold his programme, confidently express his hopes and frankly admit his fears, and what struck me most forcibly in these conversations were his entire freedom from prejudice, his—to my mind—correct diagnosis of the present evil and his firm resolve to apply the remedy at all costs. In all this he never gave a thought to party interests. They have no place in his political schemes at the present serious crisis. He carries out Goethe's advice—adjusts the means to the end, and then keeps his eye fixed upon the goal without glancing to the right or the left.

This is neither the place nor the time to set forth or discuss the programme of the new Government, which has not yet been published in Greece. I can only say that among other excellent schemes it aims at the creation of a thoroughly efficient civil service, and the uniform administration of even-handed justice from one end of the kingdom to the other.

Such is the man who has undertaken the task of what can still be done to save Greece from irreparable ruin. He may fail, but no

one else is likely to succeed. He can wring more of good from unmitigated evil than any of his countrymen. And the ore is not likely soon to run short. It is to be hoped that his efforts will be crowned with success; and that Greece may follow the example set by France after 1870 and profit by a bitter but salutary lesson. The Greek people, as distinguished from their petty politicians and bureaucrats, are endowed with rare qualities of heart and mind, and might yet play a helpful and honourable part in moulding the future of the east of Europe. They are certainly not inferior in any respect to the Roumanians, who, under the wise guidance of King Karl, have become happy and prosperous. But even if instead of very imperfect men and women they were heavenly spirits, the *régime* which has heretofore prevailed would infallibly transform them into fallen angels and their country into a pandemonium. A great change there certainly will be. It is beyond the power of man to hinder that; but whether it will be for better or for worse it is for M. Ralli and his people to determine. And unless they speedily take a wise decision, the sympathetic and cultivated little nation which might reasonably hope to play an enviable rôle in a great cause will drowse into a dreamless sleep and vanish from the political scene, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

E. J. DILLON.

THE QUEEN AND HER MINISTERS.

THE Queen and her Ministers have gone, like the German strategical railways, in nearly parallel and mutually strengthening courses. The Queen would never in public identify herself with any Premier after the time when Sir Robert Peel, sitting in the royal carriage, was pelted. But she allowed the city of Liverpool to set up Lord Beaconsfield's bronze statue in front of the Exchange on a line with her own statue and the Prince Consort's. He stands even between the august lady and the Prince. Her Majesty's Prime Ministers have not been very many, considering the length of time she has reigned. I gave a sketch of Melbourne last month; the others were Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, and Rosebery. Most of these statesmen had repeated tenures of office; Peel remained in about five years when the Queen and Prince were quite a young couple. He may be said to have given them the serious part of their education. Melbourne had the Queen entirely in his hands for two and a half years, and then the Queen and Prince, until a Tory Cabinet came in. Melbourne and the Prince got on well, but the Prince was glad to get rid of him and of Baroness Lehzen. And yet Melbourne encouraged the Prince's passion for shaping the course of England's foreign policy. Lockhart, an ill-natured man, said of Peel that he had no more genius than a slice of turnip has of the flavour of pineapple—a rare and costly fruit in 1841. But he was better suited for his work than if he had had genius. Geniuses are like suns, of which there are far fewer in the celestial system than of planets. Cobden, like the Greek architects and artists, had the genius of common sense; Sir Robert was struck and then convinced by Cobden, and ended by carrying out his and Bright's great idea of untaxed bread. Peel was the greatest political tutor the Queen ever had: in the time of George IV. he was the most respected man in Parliament. Few Englishmen who rose

to the highest office have felt the pleasure that he did in obliging. But he did not like to be thanked. He was an affectionate husband and father. Need one say that, if not a man of genius, he was high above mediocrity? It seems a freak of destiny that he should have begun life as Byron's fag at Harrow. Byron was not an amiable lad. He had the nerves of an inebriate's child. His father was a naval officer, and men of that profession in his time were all heavy drinkers. Byron's Scotch mother was intemperate in every possible way. Bobby Peel was a subject for the budding poet's sarcastic doggerel. He was such a little barbarian as to count heroic measure on his fingers; there was no perception of metre in his ear. But he was an honest little chap and a good fag. He always knew what he was about and told a clear story. There was no nonsense in him either, but he was awfully afraid of being jibed at, and would shrink into himself in the presence of any satirist who had a fancy to "roast" him. Old General Peel furnished the late M. Thiers with much information about Sir Robert, which he wanted to bring into a history of his own times that he never had time to write.

When Peel entered Parliament his worth and peculiar ability soon won him a good place and the regard of Canning. The Duke of Wellington held him in the highest esteem. He assured the Queen that she might absolutely trust him as an adviser, and that if he gave her his friendship it would be hers for life and solid as a rock. Canning and Peel were both Conservatives, but Liberals in foreign policy, and particularly in regard to those Spanish American states which, on emancipating themselves from Bourbon misrule, became the commercial customers of England. Sir Robert never bored, for, as everybody knows, though a weighty speaker, he was not a heavy one. If a very serious person, he was not above little tricks for catching the ear of the House. Thus one evening a wearisome debate on a sugar tax was expected. Members had pulled their hats over their eyes to go to sleep, when Sir Robert Peel rose. He began in these words: "Sugar, Mr. Speaker——" There was in a moment general attention. Whigs, Tories, Radicals (Burdett, Joe Hume, fussy, egotistical—an early friend of the Queen—Tom Duncombe, Brougham, and the few others) concurred in seeing in him a man of high character. Conduct was his strong point. He was himself sterling, the man of the famous Bank Act that has placed the credit of England on its solid basis. The Peel Act, I am aware, has its adversaries as well as its supporters; but that it should be still an object of keen controversy among writers on banking and currency shows, indeed, that it is a human work, but also the work of a great statesman. To be attacked in one's lifetime is a compliment; to be attacked and defended by posterity is the lot of those who render lasting services to mankind.

There was no better man for normal times, or for times of quiet transition, than Peel. He had stronger humanitarian sympathies than he ever confessed publicly. Conversations on the morrow of the Revolution of 1848 with Guizot and Comte de Jarnac on that event and its causes, show him to have been a deep and thoughtful observer of the trend and wants of his time. He was full of kindness to Louis Philippe and his fallen Minister, but candidly told the latter that Louis Philippe was raised to the throne by starving workmen and forgot their grievances once he was there. The workmen made the throne of that king in order to obtain relief in certain directions. They were not relieved, and so they unmade that throne and would try something else. He had been looking forward to some such move. Peel was a quiet, hard-working, judicious reformer of administrative and other abuses. He could innovate too. We owe to him the useful Bobby,—a public servant who has helped on the emancipation of the middle-class woman and girl by driving rascality from the streets. Was it not Sir Robert Peel who rendered possible the postal reform that Rowland Hill proposed? He also innovated when he urged Catholic emancipation on George IV., and in 1846 when he turned round and took up the repeal of the Corn Laws. That move, as Melbourne foretold, was big with a social and political revolution. The land crash, which has shattered the territorial aristocracy by depriving it of its wealth, has taken nearly forty years to come about. But he had too strong a mind and will, once he repealed the Corn Laws, to rear fresh bulwarks round the landlords. Yet another innovation was the Universal Exhibition which Sir Robert Peel so well promoted. "Such a fruitful idea," as I heard Mr. Gladstone say at a Paris banquet in 1889, where he made a speech in capital French. The idea was not, however, Peel's but Prince Albert's.

Peel was not a man to toady a Prince. He judged the scheme submitted to him by the Prince Consort on its merits only. It did not detract in his eyes from its serious value to know that the Prince wanted to revive something of the holiday spirit of merry England, by naturalising the old fairs of Frankfort and Leipsic, in Germany, and, in France, of Tarascon and Beaucaire, into which the wealth of Asia was once a year poured. You may remember in Evelyn's Diary how Charles II., the Princess of Orange his sister, and all the Cavalier exiles at Breda, went to pass a week at the fair of Frankfort. Peel had not much imagination, but he was alive to the moral and social aspects of the Prince's plan. He never let the transcendent rank of the Queen and the high station of the Prince weigh on his judgment of their character or ideas. His attitude towards them was considerate, deferential, and—as they became truly his friends—affectionate and fatherly. Who could set a more just value on their probity than Sir Robert Peel? He felt the ring of truth in their words, and saw only good

intentions in their actions. There was no concealment in the Queen's honest gaze. The Prince's reserve was due to his fear of not saying exactly what he meant if he spoke freely in English. He was extremely cautious—and no wonder. Germany, when he was in his cradle, had barely got rid of French masters that had held her down for more than fifteen years. Thuringia—save the State of Saxe-Meiningen—was infested all that time with myrmidons of Napoleon, who had a presentiment that the House of Saxe-Coburg had a star with which the Napoleonic star would come into collision and be overborne. He threatened the utter confiscation of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg if Prince Leopold entered the Russian service in 1808, and ordered him to enter his own service as aide-de-camp. The good offices of Josephine and Hortense relieved Leopold of this necessity, and left him free to work secretly to effect a union of all the German princes against France. The generation that brought up the Prince Consort was from necessity secretive, watchful and reserved in manner. Leopold, who often hid what he was under garrulity, was much more so than the Prince Consort. Sir Robert Peel rather liked this circumspection. He was always ready to give information, and, in short, to "coach" the young Queen and Prince. The Queen looked up to him with the fullest faith. Her husband relied on his good sense, good feeling and thorough knowledge of English politics. I heard in the sixties a good deal about the relations of Sir Robert and the Queen and Prince from Lord Kingsdown. As Attorney-General of the Prince of Wales he saw a good deal of all three. He spoke of the Prince's patience, his forbearance under trying circumstances, his honest desire to be well informed and to act conscientiously. Lord Kingsdown did not at first care for him. He thought fortune had pampered him over much, and rather disliked a young German who had not distinguished himself in any way being set up so high. But he got over the feeling, and Peel helped him.

Sir William Temple, Lord Palmerston's brother, said that George IV. was supposed to be despotic and unconstitutional in his ways, but that he was the mere puppet of his Ministers. He drank too hard and lived too fast as Prince Regent to have a will of his own. All that he wanted was to appear to have a will. After he came to the throne his one wish was to seclude himself at Windsor and Virginia Water with the Conynghams, and quietly enjoy the sport of angling. To direct Ministers seriously would have obliged him to issue from his seclusion. Sir William, judging from what his brother told him, thought that the Queen exerted her will in affairs of government much more than either of her uncles; but she did it in a different way, and, unless in foreign policy, was within both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution. She certainly studied carefully, throughout her reign, the sentiment as well as the

votes of the House of Commons, and acted according to both in times of crisis. She sent unwillingly, at first, for Sir Robert Peel, who was a lecturer rather than an orator, as the word has been understood since addressing mass meetings has become part of the statesman's business. There could have been no better person to serve as coach to the sovereign and to her "permanent private secretary."

It may hardly seem credible, but the Queen began by disliking Sir Robert. When she came to the throne there was a general dislike to red hair. It was said that the Queen was afraid to look at his red shock. This may not be true, though the Duchess of Kent did write to her brother that it would be very serious were a royal child born with a head of hair like the Red Lion of Brentford. Sir Robert had none of those graces that might be supposed to please a lady of twenty-two. His figure was heavy, not to say corpulent, and the Queen's taste was then romantic. She had only begun to read novels. Though Scott dined with her mother at Kensington, she was not allowed to hear of his works, and never saw a Waverley novel until after she mounted the throne. Her early readings of them carried her away, and gave her mind a romantic tinge. The satire of Byron had for ever fixed the shyness of his fag. Peel's eye was with strangers furtive: it was the eye of a shy man who mistrusts himself, however strongly he may believe in what he is going to say. Sir Robert Peel did not know what to do with his hands—as I heard in childhood from our county member, who was one of his henchmen. They were awfully in his way during his first official interview with the Queen. George IV. complained that he played so much with the backs of chairs when he was taking his commands that he had to ask him to sit down. William IV. always asked persons whom he received in audience to sit down, and dispensed with the ceremony of kissing hands. Sir Robert Peel's feet were, yet more than his hands, a source of embarrassment to him. He bent forward to look down on them when he was engaged in conversation, turned out his toes, took quadrille attitudes, and was absurdly self-conscious.

Though a Liberal in her young days, the Queen was aristocratic. I am afraid the Prince was more so, but on German lines. They were both Sir-Walter-Scottish. This was evident in their fancy balls, and especially in their Plantagenet ball. Her Majesty then held the doctrine that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The Prince made it a rule to have at Court only persons of very high birth, great personal prestige or vast wealth. He preferred, unless in the innermost circle, the *hochgeborenen*. Sir Robert scarcely had a grandfather, but he had a father—a baronet like himself. He was in danger of passing for an uncouth upstart, and indeed a cad. However, as he led the majority in the House of Commons he had

to be put up with. A gentleman, the Queen said to her friends, would not have thought of turning out her ladies. Sir Robert's shyness increased her diffidence. He was a busy man, and in the habit of condensing what he had to say in private into a few words; which made conversation at first jerky. As fast as a topic was started by the Queen, it was exhausted by her interlocutor. They talked like a catechism—to believe the gossip that went round about Peel's first audience. But when he entered office and had opportunities of conferring often with the Prince, they understood each other and enjoyed the earnestness of each other's minds, and awkwardness then wore off. The Queen, when she had to part with Sir Robert, wept at losing him. He had been, she said, like a father to Albert. He came back soon after, but only for a short time. The royal pair thought aloud when he was with them, and were unreserved in their written communications. Honourable in all things, he added a codicil to his will forbidding the publication of the memoranda he had received from the Queen and Prince when he was in office, unless with the consent of both.

I knew Gambetta intimately, and saw him some hours after the famous lunch with the Prince of Wales at the Hotel Bristol. He was good enough to repeat to me the conversation that took place there. It was prolonged far into the afternoon. It bore a good deal on the subject I am now treating—the Queen and her Ministers. "The Prince," said Gambetta, "shows a decided taste for foreign politics. He knows a lot about them; but I should say that a life free from strain of every sort cannot be a favourable condition for their study. He is well informed and shrewd, but he has not a keen or a subtle mind, and I imagine that he would be no match for sharp Americans or for wily Russians." As it would not be to the purpose to repeat what passed about the Russian war and the Congress of Berlin, I shall pass it over. According to Gambetta, the Prince spoke with discernment about the Queen's Ministers. Lord Salisbury was a highly accomplished and very clever man. His speeches had a higher literary interest than Gladstone's. He spoke to a different class of hearers. The Queen liked him because he was not Utopian. He had no objection to Republicanism as such, but clung to what good things there are, not knowing whether anything as good could be obtained if they were cast away. Gambetta did not know much about the Prime Minister of Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, until the Prince spoke of him as an ancestor of Lord Salisbury, and of Lord Salisbury studying his methods. This conversation took place in the summer of 1878. In order to understand the inner history of the foreign policy of the Queen's reign, and the German views of German unity, the Prince advised Gambetta to read "Stockmar's Memoirs," and then said he would send them to him, which he did a few days after. Reverting

to the Queen's Ministers, past and (then) present, Gambetta's royal host talked of Sir Robert Peel. Judging, doubtless, from what the Queen and Prince had said, he gave him the highest place. This surprised Gambetta. As Peel was not an oratorical artist, the French, outside Louis Philippe's Cabinets and diplomatic circle, knew nothing of him. Cobden and Bright, in the final struggle against the Corn Laws, had the effect on him that sunshine has on a fire. Distant observers neither saw nor felt the fire, but only the sunshine that outshone it. Gambetta was also recommended to read Sir Robert Peel's speeches. He got them in old files of newspapers, and thought they wanted "*mouvement oratoire*," and were not to be compared to Salisbury's exquisite spoken essays or to Gladstone's strong and flowing, though too copious, oratory.

The Prince seemed rather proud of the high character of all his mother's Premiers, and did not, as Gambetta remarked, except Beaconsfield. He praised Gladstone; but Gambetta imagined from what was *not* said that he was not in the highest favour. The Prince had just then taken up the idea of Imperial Federation, to which Lord Beaconsfield at once lent himself. Rather curiously, it originated at the Colonies Department of the British section of the Universal Exhibition. The great jealousy that has for some years been felt in France about the colonial expansion of Great Britain had the same source.

Melbourne, as we have seen in a previous article, was the first Premier of Queen Victoria. As she was only eighteen, and had been bred in close seclusion, the class entitled to approach the throne imagined that she would—to use a very profane expression that then circulated about her—show herself a mere "*chit*." I had access, a good many years ago, to the private papers of General Goblet, who in 1837 represented Leopold in London in a no less confidential than public capacity. He wrote back to her uncle that the Duke of Sussex gave it to him as his opinion that the young Queen had the genius of personal deportment and of the behaviour that best became her new station. Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), the friend of Byron, was amazed at her bearing towards her Ministers. She often asked questions in a soft, low voice, and with a distinctness that showed she had reflected on what she had to say and what it behoved her to know. General Goblet told me the same thing. This General Goblet was sent in 1838 to replace M. Van de Weyer at Lisbon, and to serve there as the Stockmar of Maria da Gloria and Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. He knew nothing about Portugal, but had military experience, and would keep in view Leopold's then favourite idea of an unwritten *pact de famille* between the different members of the house of Coburg. Goblet, when in London on the morrow of William IV.'s death, called on the Duke of Wellington, who was

then the most popular man in London, to ascertain what he thought of the girl Queen, and what Ministry she was likely to have. Though the duke was too fond of persons with big titles and great influence, he had a clear, hard head, and saw well what he did see. He at once went to the point. A great event, he said, had just taken place; for the accession of the Queen must be regarded as a change of dynasty. Yet nothing was changed, but a few persons about the Court. The passage from one reign to the other was scarcely perceived. But the situation of the young Queen was, in his opinion, the finest, taken all in all, that any monarch could enjoy. Never did a monarch set out under happier circumstances. In speaking of the expected elections, the duke could not see that it mattered to the Queen what party had the advantage. Parties would come and go, but she would be a permanent power. If her health remained good, she would outlive all party struggles and the popularity of party men. The duke did not dwell on the current opinion as to the Queen's party preferences. What he had strongly in his head was that the Tories were likely to gain ground, and that the general circumstances of the Queen's situation would bring her to accept them with a good grace. He was satisfied that she was worthy of her unique position. The duke had only seen her once since her accession. It was at her first Council. He was astonished at the resources that could be found in the sense of dignity, the calm presence of mind, the look of the eye, the walk, the bearing.

"Do you know," he asked, "the room where the Council met? You do not. Well, then, here is the door, here is the table, here is the arm-chair that was placed, with a footstool before it, for the Queen. When the door was thrown open she entered, as composed as if she had been used to the thing all her life. The chair is almost a sofa, it is so wide. It could have held six Queens of her Majesty's size; but such was her graceful dignity that she seemed to fill it. The sound of her voice will never leave my ear. Her emphasis was true. She must have read beforehand what she had to say, and thought on it. On one occasion only did her calm forsake her. It was when the two uncles knelt to kiss her hand. A blush then suffused her face, but that was all. When it was the turn of the archbishops, I felt curious to see what she would do. They had examined her for confirmation two and a half years before. The Queen received their homage as if it was the first time she had seen them." The duke augured much from the impassible face. She would be, he thought, an impartial Queen. She did not seem to have reigned six hours only, but six years. The Duke of Wellington did not say a single word about the King who had just died, but, in sending away his visitor, said in French that he had *un grand culte pour la Reine*.

Lord John Russell was whiggish and priggish, and thought that,

being a duke's son, he greatly honoured Liberalism by placing himself at its head. His bark was worse than his bite. He was a weak man, but honourable, though he acted shabbily to Palmerston. He was also monochord. "Civil and religious liberty" was his eternal catch-word. There were really so many restrictions on liberty when the Queen came to the throne, that one should not be too hard on him for being the limited statesman he was, and for preaching the finality of the first Reform Bill. This paucity of resource—his high birth aiding—made him rather a *persona grata* to the Queen and Prince. Sydney Smith represented him as foolhardy when he said that he would not hesitate to take the command of the Channel Fleet in a storm. He would not. But he was conceited, or, as the French say, *suffisant*—and *insuffisant*, to boot, when the waves ran high. But he lived in the time of a crowned oligarchy, and was himself an oligarch. The Queen often called at his residence when members of his family were ill. She liked his chit-chat;—at least, so it was reported. He was in power at the time of the Papal Aggression, and was the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, an absurd and now obsolete measure. By the way, was not the Queen also credited with saying to Lord John, when Wiseman came to London as Archbishop of Westminster, "Am I Queen of England?"

But the sacrificing of Palmerston was the great feather in Russell's cap at Court. There was in this matter much to be said for Palmerston and a good deal for the Queen, who contended, against him, that the Prince had a right to be inner Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was, one must admit, very trying to Palmerston to have the Prince always looking over his shoulder. At the same time, the Queen and Prince were in more direct relations with foreign Courts than he was. Some of these Courts were disposed to think that Palmerston wanted to dance on their toes. He won the enmity of many of them by the vigour with which he carried out the Canning policy of disapproval of the Holy Alliance and all its works. The Holy Alliance was the Concert of Europe when Canning helped to liberate the Spanish states in South America, and to assist the Liberals against the Right-Divine or Salic party in Spain and Portugal. Palmerston was the real author of Belgian independence, which made Louis Philippe his enemy. That monarch wanted to have Belgium a prefecture, either under the Duc de Nemours or a Neapolitan Bourbon, the nephew of his wife. Palmerston also prevented the King of the French from taking Luxemburg. The liberation of Greece was another achievement of the Canning foreign policy, in furthering which Pam won his spurs. When one reflects what England does as a partner in the Concert, one must own that Palmerston had a fine record in his favour. I have well known many who were connected in politics with him and some of his near relations. He complained that he was

constantly thwarted by half-hidden influences. At the time of the quarrel he had the strongest reasons for making a friend of Louis Napoleon. King Leopold had personal and political reasons for being on good terms with the Court of Vienna. He wanted to prepare for matches between his eldest son and one of the wealthiest of the arch-duchesses, the daughter of the Archduke Joseph, and between his own daughter Charlotte and Maximilian, second brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Whenever Palmerston alarmed or offended Austria, she put pressure on King Leopold. It was, in substance, "How is it that, notwithstanding your great relatives in London, Palmerston acts thus?" The Queen was under the deepest obligations from infancy to her uncle, and so was her husband. He sincerely desired the advancement of all members of the House of Saxe-Coburg, and was a clannish person. So far as English interests did not clash with his own, he was for them. I suppose he thought that it would be better for the Queen and Prince to be intimate with the Court of Vienna than to have a tail of Continental patriots and demagogues behind them. Leopold was fond of that Court. The Emperor Leopold II. was his godfather. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was rendered more enamoured of him by reading, in the *Gazettes* of the year 1815, of the great success of Leopold at the Court of Vienna. It was the success of a young cavalry officer, entitled to wear the handsome uniform of a general of Russian cavalry. He sang Italian songs at the private concerts of the Empress Maria Beatrice and shone in *tableaux-vivants* at the Hofburg. His brother Augustus picked up a great Hungarian heiress at the *fêtes* in honour of the potentates attending the Congress. One of his brothers-in-law, Count Mensdorf Pouilly, was high in the favour of the Imperial family. The greatest of Leopold's triumphs as a beau at Vienna was won in personating Jupiter descending in a shower of gold in a *tableau-vivant*; Isabey, the miniaturist, "made him up" in the image of the god. Leopold had also, in the fifties, a villa on Lake Como, then surrounded by Austrian territory. The whole district was disturbed with Italian patriots—clients, it was said, of Palmerston and his brother, Sir William Temple. One is apt, when annoyed, to believe anything that chimes in with one's humour. Leopold believed that Palmerston was a pest to his Imperial friends, and the Queen and Prince believed Leopold.

The Orleans influence, which had fallen off after the Spanish marriages, began to take up again. Louis Philippe's eldest daughter, Leopold's wife, was perhaps the most intimate female friend the Queen ever had, and was a pious, amiable woman. Things came to a head when Palmerston, in order to be before any one else, recognised Louis Napoleon as Emperor of the French without apprising the Queen and Prince. He often did things in a hurry without letting them

know. The first news they had of one of his strong moves was from a foreign ambassador.

Lord Palmerston, when the Queen expressed her displeasure, pleaded that he had not time to be holding consultations at the Palace on pressing business. Lord Russell, to whom he gave offence, joined in throwing him overboard, and won Court favour, but lost any popularity he could boast of. The whole matter should have resolved itself into a question of degree. All parties may have been theoretically right, and wrong more or less in practice. It was an advantage for a Foreign Minister to have the advice of a well-informed looker-on, such as the Prince was. This view was submitted by one of the Greys to Lady Palmerston; but she was too much her husband's admirer, and still too heated with the strife, to be contrite. She was usually accommodating, and very clever. Palmerston was greatly indebted to her for his success. In the heat of the crisis brought on by her husband's dismissal, she complained that there would not be so much harm were there absolute agreement between Leopold and the Prince; but while Leopold saw through Austrian glasses, the Prince saw Germany and all that concerned her through Prussian spectacles; and Palmerston was expected to believe that both were right. The Lady confessed that her husband was impatient, and sometimes a little rude in his way of showing it. But what could one expect? The Emperor Napoleon complained that all his communications to the British Foreign Office at once found their way to Claremont, Berlin, and Vienna. The Prince spoke English well enough for a foreigner, but it was laboured and mentally translated from German. This made him often puzzling; he was always recondite; whereas the Queen put what she had to say in a memorandum in a nutshell.

This may have been so; but the last correction made by the Prince in a Foreign Office despatch conferred a benefit on the world. He softened a phrase that might have prevented Mr. Secretary Seward from yielding with a good grace to a just demand of England. It was for the United States Government to release Slidell and some other Secessionists arrested by an American captain in a vessel sailing under British colours on the high seas. It was a maxim of the Queen and her husband not in the first instance to prove another Government, that was at once judge and party, utterly in the wrong. It should be brought from the clear statement of the case to see for itself that it was in the wrong. If it would not open its eyes, then other means might be resorted to.

A sketch of the Queen and her Ministers should refer to Palmerston's disapproval of the Princess Royal's marriage. The European events of the last thirty years force one to admit the old statesman's prescience. The Queen's choice of sons-in-law since 1866 should be noticed in this connection. Lord Palmerston may have been nudged

by the French Ambassador. The *Times* articles that he inspired about the intended marriage were improperly offensive, and gave offence both to our Royal Family and the Prussian Royal Family. One can be truthful without rudeness. But the Prussians are the most touchy people in Europe, and Palmerston may have hoped, by ruffling them, to get the match broken off. Lady Palmerston, before the articles were published, at an assembly at Cambridge House, took a cup of tea across the great drawing-room to hand it to Mr. Delane. Knighthoods and baronetcies were not then given to editors. All aristocratic London talked next day of the condescension of Palmerston's wife.

If the philosophical cast of the Prince's mind and his deliberate speech irritated Palmerston, the levity and jauntiness of the latter were unpleasant to the Prince. Looking back at them, it seems a pity they could not understand each other better. On Palmerston devolved the task of concluding the Prince of Wales's marriage. With his characteristic sprightliness he announced to the House that the Princess had the three requisites for a future Queen: she was pretty, a Protestant, and of a royal house.

The wedding march at her bridal was the signal for a period of great Continental wars, begun by Prussia at the instance, as Geffcken has shown, of the Crown Prince Frederick. The excuses were the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark and the bad title of his heir-by-diplomatic-arrangement to the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies. Prey was the true object. Hamburg, Altona, and Kiel were coveted by the strong neighbour. Hamburg was not in either Duchy, but one could throw a stone from it into Holstein. This Duchies war was a cause of poignant contrariety and anxiety to the Queen. Society followed the Princess of Wales. She at once became the cynosure of the great London drawing-rooms. The Queen had retired for ever to private life, leaving the princess to replace her in the fashionable world. Sympathy for Denmark became general. Military men and Englishmen wandering abroad declared themselves ashamed of their country. The Queen kept constitutional, but she leant towards the Augustenburg family, who had taken refuge at Coburg. Her perplexities were great. The war made for German union under Prussia, which her husband had so warmly advocated. But her uncle, her best-beloved daughter, the Princess Alice, and her Ministry were alarmed to see how Bismarck was moving. Austria had been dragged in the wake of Prussia. Napoleon III. would have liked to nip the budding greatness of Prussia by means of a Conference or Congress. A military demonstration on the Rhine would have done better. But the Emperor was physically and mentally played out already. He had never recovered from prison anæmia; but the pace at which he lived, after he got hold of the French exchequer, was more injurious

than confinement in the fortress of Ham. Neither he nor any of the men who came up with him at the *coup d'état* lived to be old. Apart from the state of his health, he had another motive for shrinking from standing in the way of Prussia. He could not bear to give offence to the Crown Princess and her husband. I mentioned in a previous article how the Empress Eugenie captivated her at Windsor in 1855. The admiration became more intense at St. Cloud, whither the Princess was taken in the summer of the same year. In 1857 the Emperor and Empress paid a flying visit to Osborne. The Queen's eldest daughter sobbed with grief when the Imperial visitors were leaving. The tears flowed so fast and long as to blister her face. Nothing of this was put on. The Emperor was a sentimental soul at bottom, and was conquered by those candid demonstrations of friendship. The result was that Bismarck had a free hand, and Europe entered the phase of great armaments and unrest, and terrible, though speedily terminated, wars. The Queen's affection for the Prince's ideas certainly kept England from being entangled for the sake of the Princess of Wales and Tennyson's poem about her, not to speak of weightier considerations. I do not see what she could have done for Denmark. Neither France nor Russia would have helped her; Austria had to go with Prussia. Naval force would have been of little use in the shallows of the Baltic.

While the Blood and Iron policy was being applied in the Duchies the Queen's thoughts had turned to life, death and eternity. A civil war was raging on the other side of the Atlantic. It had broken out as the Prince Consort died. A spirit of violence seemed to sway the world, but Great Britain was fortunate in keeping out of the strife. The Queen had deemed herself more wretched than the most miserable beggar, but she found comfort in Zchokke's book on the threefold subject that filled her thoughts, and in Lady Augusta Stanley's friendship. That lady was with the Duchess of Kent in her last hours. The Queen vaguely felt that the spirit of the Prince was with her in her perplexities. She often sat before the portrait of him that gave her most satisfaction. When discussing affairs of foreign policy she sometimes retired to meditate on his words and memoranda. Lord Palmerston did not like this. He had never, he said, understood the Prince when he was living, and could not be expected to understand him now that he was dead. This was very Palmerstonian—that is to say, flippant and unfeeling under an air of good sense.

Lord Aberdeen, who let England drift into the Crimean War, was both Minister and friend of the Queen and Prince. He admitted the Prince's contention that he had a right, as Permanent Private Secretary of the Queen, to know all that went on at the Foreign Office. He was associated with the Queen's Highland home. The Queen takes kindly to the Scotch. Lord Aberdeen did not

share the views of the Prince and his Nestor, Stockmar, but he did not stand in their way. Nothing in the Queen's political career so astonished those who knew well the Prince as the liking she had for Disraeli. But if one reflects on the state of mind and of health she was in when he was for the last time her Prime Minister, one can understand it. She was weary of most things. He spared her trouble by divining her thoughts. What he said reminded her of her own conception. He drew her out. Conversation with him was not confined to question and answer, but was flowing. She admires material results. His rapid purchase of the Khedive Ismail's Suez shares appeared to her a stroke of genius; it was done quickly and well. She is proud with the proud. Germans, from long habit, attach more importance to the title of Emperor than any other people. Most of their princes derive their sovereignties from Imperial rescripts. After William I. was declared Emperor at Versailles it was said in Germany that the Queen was thus placed below him, and that she might find herself obliged to yield the *pas* to her son-in-law or grandson. She has lived too much with Germans not to share their reverence for the Imperial title. The House of Hanover got its patent from an Emperor in the thirteenth century, and was raised by Leopold I. to the electoral dignity at the end of the seventeenth century. The Queen, as fountain of honour, was nothing to the German Emperors of times past. Disraeli, who could, like Joseph, have divined Pharaoh's dream and interpreted it to his liking, relieved her of all fear of being ever asked to walk behind son-in-law or grandson by proposing to proclaim her Empress of India. No English Premier could have imagined such a daring manner of beating the Germans on a question of precedence with their own weapons. The Queen's British subjects thought the new title a silly affair. It was so unpopular that a literally outlandish limitation was given to its use. The Queen was not to make use of it in Great Britain or Ireland. This did not interfere with the original design of Lord Beaconsfield, inasmuch as the Head of the State, no matter under what title, would there take precedence of every one else. The great Napoleon's assumption of the Imperial title was for the double reason that the title of King would not have seemed to be earned by his military achievements, and that it would not have been a threat to the Germanic Empire; for he professed to revive the Carolingian Empire. The Queen's Imperial dignity has so far had no other effect than to gratify her and to arouse the jealousy of the late Tsar. He was for calling himself Emperor of Asia and Sclavonia; but the Metropolitan persuaded him that he owed himself to "Holy Russia." His Imperial title is of quite recent date. The first monarch west of the Vistula who admitted that "Tsar" was the equivalent of "Emperor" was Louis XV. La Chatardie got him to do so. In

return Elizabeth, whom he addressed as Empress, became his ally in the Seven Years' War, and sent to Madame de Pompadour, who interested herself on behalf of the Russian sovereign, the most splendid set of furs that was ever seen in France. The Queen signs her telegrams to French Presidents, "Victoria R. and I." Louis the Fourteenth never suffered the German Emperor to so much as hint that he was his superior. *Le Roi* was almost king of kings in French eyes. So little was thought at the Court of Versailles of German Imperialism that Joseph II., in order not to be snubbed there as Emperor by the Princes of the Blood Royal, visited France as Count Falkenstein. These princes would not suffer him to take precedence of them. The Queen of France, in consequence, could not receive her brother in state. She could only have him in the private apartments, or, as they were called, *ses cabinets*. There was a protocol battle between the German Imperial Court and the Duke of Marlborough about the dignity to which Queen Anne was entitled. The Imperialists called her "Serene Highness"; but they changed their epithet when told "no 'Majesty,' no subsidies."

Most of my political friends in England in the eighties were under the banner of Mr. Gladstone. The Queen had, I believe, no Premier so devotedly, so chivalrously her servant. His feeling of allegiance to her never varied; but it was a Scotch form of devotion, and not in the least that of a courtier, although Mr. Gladstone is a man of polished manners and beautiful urbanity. But he had stood so much in the presence of God, and so realised that presence, that regal station must have seemed a small thing in his eyes. He respected it, and almost venerated it; but it was dwarfed by his religious feeling, and of small account compared to the moral elevation that the Queen's troubles during her widowhood have added to her original character. The mental complexion of Mr. Gladstone is not English, but Scotch. He can be humbly dutiful to the Queen, but cannot fawn before her as Lord Russell and other Prime Ministers did. She is so accustomed to flattery as doubtless to be like a person who, after being long in a hot-house, goes into the nipping air. I have never heard that she complained of any want of dutiful submission in the manner of Mr. Gladstone, but that it was what was behind it that she did not like. Certainly his loyalty was clear-seeing and free-thinking, and free from the idolatrous element so common in England—a country that, being weaned prematurely from the saints and angels of Roman Catholicism, has taken to the base worship of royalty and nobility.

Mr. Gladstone's loyalty had to be divided. Peel spoke only to small and educated classes. The Reform Bill had not in his time vastly widened the electorate. All the successive General Elections since 1846 have shown a higher water-mark and a wider flood. Mr. Gladstone was obliged to have more strings to his bow than any political leader

that went before him. He was the only Prime Minister who did not in some way or another interfere with the foreign politics of the Court. He had no opinion on foreign politics, and left them entirely to Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery. Foreign Courts disliked him all the same. I recollect a guest of M. Challemeil Lacour, when he was ambassador in London, bringing me an account of some most improper sneering remarks made by the Austrian Ambassador about Mr. Gladstone and his principles. My informant, an M.P., still lives. Had Tom Mann just formed a Cabinet he could not have spoken of it in more derogatory terms. Prince Bismarck made "Mr. Gladstone" an excuse for opposing Great Britain everywhere and making up to M. Jules Ferry. I believe the Queen could turn nowhere among her Continental relations without hearing that Gladstone was a subversive agitator. The plaguey old man would not take a peerage, because there was no oratorical excitement in the House of Lords, and no opportunity there for setting himself above Parliament and the Crown. I recollect hearing, at Edinburgh in 1888, that the Queen's attention had been called, by some of her Scotch friends who dreaded Gladstone, to various incidents of a campaign that he had made in Midlothian—I think it was the one in the course of which he went to stay at Dalmeny. The Queen, not long before, had appeared at Edinburgh in what is known as semi-state. I was not told why she did so, but the point was this. Gladstone went to the place he was to speak at by the very same streets which the royal *cortège* had followed, and in exactly the same kind of open carriage and four. Was not this setting himself up as a rival to the Queen? I own that I did not see the matter in this light. What struck me was that Mr. Gladstone was too much absorbed in what he had to say to trouble about such trifles as the streets he was to go by or the number of horses in the open carriage. He would not have noticed the shabbiness of the equipage had it been a shabby one. Mrs. Gladstone had slipped her ermine tippet round his neck, and he was not aware that he had it on. Perhaps the feminine wrap was taken by opponents as another mark of rivalry with his sovereign. Such a pother was made among Scotch Conservatives about the incidents I speak of, that I can imagine the Queen being worked up to ask, Was she Queen of England?

The Queen is a careful and provident mother. One of her old causes of dissatisfaction with Mr. Gladstone was this: She could never, when the settlement of a younger child was before the House of Commons, get him to have the allowances of all her family agreed to once and for all. He was too much impressed with the desirability of the House of Commons holding in this, as in other things, the power of the purse. The precedent he laid down was, no doubt, unpleasant to the Queen, and would have seemed to her unnecessary, for her family are obedient to her and in public follow her and the

late Prince's example. But there is a possibility of her having descendants more self-willed and less estimable or amiable. She has been blessed, indeed, in the docility and respect of her sons and in the affectionate companionship of her daughters. But, one way or another, the Queen's family were, when young, under many disciplinary restrictions, tempered always with parental affection—a feature of royal family life which was new when the Queen first appeared as a mother. Who can say that Mr. Gladstone's evasion of the request to settle the whole question of Civil List allowances was not a wholesome restraint on the young princes?

The Queen's fear of Home Rule may have influenced her opinion of Mr. Gladstone as a statesman. Fear is a distorting medium. The motives attributed to her cannot have been more than passing feelings, if she ever felt strong resentment at supposed rivalry. Her strength is that, being above all rivalry, she can afford to have round her the greatest talents the country can offer. She represents a crown that was not new when William the Conqueror came to seize it as his heritage. She has hereditary right. How could Mr. Gladstone, who entirely depended on popular favour, be the competitor of such a monarch? Without the enthusiasm of the millions he was nothing. It is not enough to have a great majority in the House. The Prime Minister must have the pulse of the country under his finger. We see how it is now. The Tory party complained, when they were out, that Lords Kimberley and Rosebery were always lying down and letting foreign Governments walk on them. They are now in; but what have they done but mark time or let themselves be walked on? What has the Protectress, under treaty, of Armenia done for the Armenians? Was there ever such inactivity as in recent and present Levantine affairs? But what else can there be, with the Prime Minister—a highly accomplished and a sensible man—in the House of Lords, and no Tory or Unionist in the other House who has the strength requisite to speak to the country and to rouse enthusiasm? One might as well chatter as merely speak in good debating society style at mass meetings. Mass meeting oratory may be faulty, but there must be a great personality behind it. One puts up with the smoke for the sake of the heat and flame. It may seem paradoxical to say that the more democratic the electorate, the more electoral power will be exercised in the second degree—that is, by a grand elector like Thiers, Gambetta, or Gladstone. He must, in a measure, be above the elected body, and when it is the greatest body in the State, will be in certain respects above the Crown when there is one.

But the Queen's coolness towards the Liberals was antecedent to the Edinburgh demonstration. She is prone to hero-worship. Gordon was a hero and a genius, but with a hive full of bees in his bonnet. His tragical fate was a good deal his own fault. He had got the

women and children whom he went to save out of Khartoum, but the Khedive persuaded him to go back there as a Sirdar. The Queen looked upon him as a victim of the supineness of the Gladstone Cabinet which was in office when he was killed. Her wrath was expressed in the letter, now in the autograph collection at the British Museum, addressed to his sister.

There never was such intimacy between the Queen and her Ministers (after Sir Robert Peel) as existed between her uncle Leopold and his Ministers. But Lord Clarendon rose high in her estimation on his return from Berlin at the beginning of the reign of William I. in Germany. He had found the Princess Royal full of the good constitutional doctrines that had been taking root in her mind from childhood. It is to be feared that Lord Clarendon's approval of her views and admiration for her mental ability sowed the seeds of not a little of her subsequent unpopularity. French is still a good deal spoken at Berlin by descendants of the Huguenots, who so much helped to create that capital. The Princess was called a *périonnelle*, or pert girl, and she and her husband were excluded from all participation in the councils of his father. Her secretary, the younger Stockmar, was looked at askance by the true-blue Prussians. Even the very trifling quotation from what Lord Clarendon said, in Sir Theodore Martin's work, was turned against the Princess.

The Queen was courteous, and often sweet, with her Ministers, and had them and their wives on short visits to Windsor; but generally so behaved that she could cool without giving mortal offence. She kept a guard on her tongue, but not always on her looks; or perhaps she purposely allowed the countenance more than the tongue to be the index of her mind when she felt annoyed. There was stern, set, hard anger in that kind face when she thought things were not going on as well as they might. It was a face that lighted up sweetly towards children. The Queen took flattering notice of Lord Russell's little boy and of the children of Viscountess Barrington, who were of the same age as her own three or four elder children. At the time when she used to give children's parties she showed a preference for aristocratic children, and among them for those of the Duchess of Sutherland, her magnificently handsome Mistress of the Robes, who could not help overshadowing and eclipsing her as she sat at her side in the state-carriage on the day of the coronation and in many of the opening of Parliament-processions. I do not remember any particular marks of favour being extended to Mr. Gladstone's children, who were brought up merely to be true to themselves and useful in their several spheres. Perhaps it is well for a monarch to draw to his or her Court the aristocratic only. Courts, however exemplary and excellent the sovereign, are places where character deteriorates, and standards are set up that do not suit elsewhere.

I have been in houses of ex-Premiers. The drawing-room walls of all were adorned with engravings of different portraits of the Queen, with her autograph beneath. I was never at Hughenden, but am told that some of the inscriptions under cabinet photographs were most flattering. Those I saw were tokens of "regard" or "esteem," but I never saw a token of "friendship." I have seen numbers of presentation copies of the Queen's "Leaves from our Journal from the Highlands"—and I have seen one on the Quay Voltaire, with uncut leaves. There is an illustrated edition that one does not find at the publishers, which the Queen presents to Ministers, Viceroys of India, and ambassadors who have been in attendance on her in her holiday Continental trips. I heard at Cairo that she honoured Lord Cromer with a copy. The engravings are in the old-fashioned "keepsake" style, and from paintings by Landseer and, I think, Corbould. Of course there are also copies of her Majesty's sketches.

Having spoken of the Queen's constitutional advisers, I come to the præter-constitutional advisers. Need I say they were: her husband, her uncle, M. Van de Weyer, and Baron Stockmar. If the Princess Alice had married in England and continued to help her mother, she might have belonged to this class. The word "unconstitutional" has a rather bad sense, and I do not therefore use it. Not that I think it desirable that the principle should be accepted of a knot of foreigners gathering round the throne to sway the sovereign. But, *as it happens*, no great harm, so far as we can as yet see, was done by this innermost Cabinet. Great harm, however, might have followed. The personal character of the monarch, her taste for a quiet life, for her nursery, her model-farm at Windsor, and rural improvements on her private estates, prevented the family council from becoming troublesome. There can be no doubt that Sir Robert Peel meant to prevent self-constituted advisers obstructing advisers constituted by Parliament when he claimed the right to change the Queen's ladies. Peel had no suspicion that Stockmar was a power behind the throne, though Palmerston knew he was, and did not at first object to him. He may have thought of Mrs. Masham, and he did think of backstairs influence in the reigns of the two last Georges. Stockmar wished to advise for the best, but most irresponsible advisers do that.

The Queen's reign has never been so beneficial as since she has stood alone. England is a country of such unbroken tradition that a very active or busy sovereign is liable to do more harm than good. The causes that worked so well for the Queen would have worked ill in a revolutionary country. A quiet, private life was impossible for Napoleon III. He had to bear the whole weight of government, and if not successful go to the wall. He could not, like the Queen, choose the very best men to help him in the work of government, for there was a well-founded fear of their rivalry. Since 1861 the Queen has

governed less than she did before. She has done better in just being a guiding influence in home affairs and a standard of international morality to her Ministers. Nevertheless, she has attended industriously to routine business. In the course of a visit to the Châlet she stayed at near Lucerne, I was taken to a spacious rustic kiosk. It looked down on the rushing Reuss. Everything, save a great round table, was old. Why was the table, I asked, so new? It had been ordered for the Queen. She sat there, with all the windows open, for hours in the forenoon, writing and signing papers. A favourite dog sat on a chair. As there was no Regent to replace her Majesty in England (and never has been), Queen's messengers often came and left; but we are not to suppose these gentlemen only bore mysterious State papers in their despatch-boxes. The Messenger Department of the Foreign Office is a good deal a parcels delivery office for the convenience of royalty. All the members of the Royal Family have gastronomic leanings. When the Princesses Alice, Helena and Louise were girls, they were carefully instructed in the art and mystery of cooking. They prepared, when the Court was at Osborne, one dish each day for the Queen's table. They also used to send by Queen's messengers to the Crown Princess of Prussia, cakes, pies, and other dainties they made themselves, and flowers. This way of utilising Foreign Office messengers is not peculiar to England. The Empress Augusta, when Queen of Prussia, bought, once in two or three years, a dress bonnet of Madame Marx-Weill, of the Faubourg St. Honoré; but she usually sent it back twice to be cleaned and re-trimmed. The bonnet was carried backwards and forwards by a King's messenger. Whether she continued to give her custom to Madame Marx-Weill's successor I am not aware.

King Leopold was an irresponsible adviser. He came to England at different times between the Prince Consort's and his own death in 1865, but he was too ill and too uneasy about his daughter Charlotte and her husband, the Archduke Maximilian, to serve as a monitor. The unexpected death of the Prince had been almost as severe a blow to Leopold as to the Queen. He had not the courage to attend the funeral at Windsor, where, forty-four years previously, he had consigned the Princess Charlotte's remains to the royal vault. He arrived, however, at Osborne almost as soon as the Queen, who, in pursuance of his urgent advice, was hurried away from Windsor. Leopold had been named executor of the Prince's will—an office entailing work and trouble that he was ill able to get through. He found the Queen "inert from sorrow," and could not resolve to leave her before he noticed a change for the better. It was long coming. She had lost interest even in her infant daughter Beatrice. What frightened most the uncle, who had known her from the cradle, was her "tearless grief." When the Queen has been suffering from nervous depression,

tears restore the balance. What at length roused her was the self-sacrificing helpfulness and affectionate devotion of the Princess Alice, who said she must put off her marriage so long as her mother remained in a state of dull, sullen depression. The Queen could not accept any sacrifice of her daughter's happiness. She pulled herself together—a graphic expression not meant to be disrespectful. The recovery was slow. Leopold was painfully uneasy at the diplomatic game that Bismarck had begun to play with Napoleon III. A visit of the King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Hohenzollern and Bismarck, had been paid to the Emperor at Compiègne, to prepare for a spring on the Danish Duchies directly Frederick VII. should die. Leopold was too ill to confer with the Queen's constitutional advisers, and she was too weak to lay before them memoranda embodying his views. But he would have gained little had he been able to exert himself as of old. Bismarck had lured the Napoleonic eagle with promises he never meant to keep, and temptations that he threw in his way. By our words shall we be judged. Just at this time the Empress Eugenie and her circle were one evening playing at "Questions and Answers." The question that fell to the Emperor was, "What is your favourite amusement?" and his answer, "Seeking the solutions of insoluble questions." This painted him. He was a strange dreamer, and so secretive that nobody could guess of what he was dreaming or with whom he was conspiring.

In March 1865 the King of the Belgians was again desirous of reviewing the state of Europe with the Queen's Secretary for Foreign Affairs; but by the time he reached Windsor he broke down. On April 15 he wrote to General Chazal this letter, which has been communicated to me:

"I had arranged to leave on the 18th, but found I could not move without danger. I was never so miserably ill as during this visit. Palaces are not good places for sick old men, though I am the object of the greatest tenderness and care from the Princesses. I have not been out once for days, and am a prisoner to my room. Let us hope improvement will soon begin. In any case, heaven protect you. Always your faithful friend,

"LPLD."

Leopold, in 1863, did not see that the Queen could do better than fold her arms and trust to the constitutional machinery. Remaining quiescent, she held all royal power and prerogatives in abeyance. Government was so settled in England that it almost went on by itself. This was his chief consolation. Where the master's eye was needed was in army and naval administration. This reminds me how conservative the Queen is in matters relating to military uniforms. The big bearskin cap of the drum-major costs £60. I could not believe this, had I not been told so by one of the principal officials at the War Office. The ordinary cavalry bearskin caps are also very

expensive; but the Queen will not hear of their being replaced by others of a cheaper model. However, she behaved extremely well when Mr. Campbell-Bannerman wanted the Duke of Cambridge to be removed from the office of Commander-in-chief.

I have alluded to the fears of the King of the Belgians when the scheme for German unity seemed on the point of being worked out. He said: "I do not like to prophesy evil, but it does seem to me that Fritz and Fritz Carl are plunging Europe into a Battle of Armageddon. Nor am I sure that Bismarck will suffer them to wear the laurels they reap. He will snatch them for himself." The Geffcken correspondence is the best commentary on this prevision.

The Queen must have felt like Mrs. Shelley's Modern Promethæus with Frankenstein before him, when the Austro-German war succeeded the war of the Danish Duchies. Lord Aberdeen remarked, in 1849, that the Prince Consort "was an incorrigible and violent partisan of German unity. He would not hear of any moderate plan of Federation based on the Treaty of Vienna, but insisted on a new German Empire, with the King of Prussia at its head." In the long run the world will adapt itself to this arrangement, or the world to it. But meanwhile? Conceive how the tender mother must have felt when her most cherished daughter cried out against the horrors of a fratricidal war. "Nobody," wrote the Princess Alice, "wants it. Every one hates it. The Emperor of Austria is furious at being dragged into it. Could not the other Great Powers band together to prevent such a calamity? Why did they not propose a Conference?" The landwehr men could not bear to leave their families. Farmers knew they were ruined when their horses were requisitioned. The Prussians pillaged everywhere. Neighbours crowded to the Residence to hide their valuables there. Worn out with anxiety, over-exertion, ill-health, the Princess had to collapse. But her bedroom where she lay was filled with men coming to ask what they were to do. Her courage forsook her. There was no ray of hope. Cholera was in the Prussian army, which, after making peace with Austria, invaded the Grand Duchy on three sides. Just one consoling circumstance to note—"the flag of beloved Louis's cavalry regiment has not been seized." For why? The Princess hid it in her bedroom. And this afflicted Princess was the incomparable daughter King Leopold had seen at Osborne, his great-niece, "so rich in heroism and resource and so modest. She received there Ministers, secretaries, home and farm stewards for the Queen; and then, to rouse her from her tearless grief, played before her with the baby."

Leopold's last visit to the Queen was in 1865. The storm that burst in 1866 was gathering. Leopold feared for his little State, and expected to see Luxemburg a French prefecture. He wished the Queen to draw close to France, more to hold her back from confederating with

Bismarck than anything else. But a severe cold, aggravated by a painful chronic malady, prevented him acting as an adviser of the Queen. He was played out. He could neither pay nor receive visits, nor confer in any way with Ministers of the Crown. Sir Henry Thompson was summoned to attend him. In a letter to General Chazal, from Windsor, Leopold spoke of the Queen as being in deep distress, and yet under the shadow of her great sorrow, though serenely. He was almost glad family cares pressed on her, because they drew her out of herself; but they were cruel cares. He was sorry to have to give up his walks in London, with no companion but his umbrella. Because he could not do otherwise, he had departed from his rule of four hours a day, in all weathers, in the open air—a rule the Queen has followed also. Leopold had been suffering so "atrociously" for thirteen months that he was glad to lie by and think of nothing. The worst of it was that no exercise meant sleepless nights. Thompson had done him good; but his strength was so exhausted from suffering that he could not do him all the good he wished. He told Leopold that, had he gone to a private room in a hospital he could have recommended, he would have been well in three months. Conversation, of which he used to be so fond, had become too fatiguing. He was too weak to listen long to music, but he devoured novels. The Queen, he noticed, was growing more self-reliant. She had to depend on herself, for all her supports had been taken from her. Leopold felt it was selfish to complain in a palace where sorrow had come to stay. He died in time not to witness the tragical end of the Mexican adventure of Charlotte and Maximilian.

May we not call the Queen's household servants her humble ministers? Brown was Minister of the Queen's safety. These servants are the objects of her motherly care and friendship. She enters into their joys and sorrows, and is a kind disciplinarian. On long railway journeys she arranges for the stokers, engine-drivers, and guards to have comfortable meals and refreshments, and not to be kept a moment waiting. One of the reasons why the Queen has dismissed so few servants and had so few quarrels is her quiet firmness. She does not like to remind twice any one about her of slackness. A second reproof is a serious affair, and may have for its consequence that the Queen will never again speak to the person who deserved it. She is sincere with her servants, and they are expected to be sincere with her. The Queen is careful to keep them out of bad company. At Balmoral no Minister, were he even Prime Minister, is privileged to bring his valet; a servant of the Queen attends at his toilet. This ill suits elderly noblemen whose domestics have grown grey in their service. Being used to their masters' growing infirmities, they do not mind them. Nor do the masters mind the old servants, to whom their little tricks of the toilet have become a matter of course. The old valet knows

what shoulder has a gouty ache, what shoes pinch, and how to hide greyness. A Parliamentary leader does not like to confess to a strange servant to what a degree he is indebted to his dentist for his excellent articulation. The Queen can have no direct knowledge of servants' halls, but what she has heard of them makes her anxious to keep her own servants' hall free from black sheep. She is also afraid, were Ministers allowed to have their valets at Balmoral, that there would be no more real privacy there. Literary men invited by the Grand Chamberlain to Compiègne sometimes took young relatives with them disguised as valets. They saw Court life from the backstairs, and heard what their colleagues in the servants' hall had to say about the brilliant guests.

The Queen's Ministers have, with the course of time and the rise of the middle class to wealth and power, improved in morals. A Melbourne would now be scarcely possible, or perhaps a Palmerston, or for that matter a Duke of Wellington. Some curious gossip used to circulate among the Corps Diplomatique about Lord Beaconsfield and his conquests in the aristocracy. But his vanity may have been the only cause for the chatter. He liked to be petted by marchionesses. Balzac could not have been more pleased and proud than he was to receive distinguished attentions from duchesses. Lady Palmerston was Melbourne's sister, and had the ideas of her class and time. They were really the ideas that Byron paraded in "Don Juan." Aristocratic society was just what Byron said in that poem. The jaunty statesman was careful, however, not to let Mrs. Keats or any other beauty who twisted him round her fingers, interfere with the patronage of his department. William IV., as Duke of Clarence, agitated among the peers for a divorce law "to moralise the families of military and naval officers." "Husbands," he said, "had to go abroad and for long periods. In their absence their wives made other arrangements, which could not take a permanent character because there was only divorce by special Act of Parliament."

Lord Whitworth did not think himself offended to be sent, entirely because he was a handsome man, as Ambassador to the Empress Catherine. The Duchess of Gordon was just as reckless in speaking about her own curious adventures as the Duchesse d'Orléans (Princess Patoline) was in writing about those of the great personages of the Court of Versailles among whom she lived.

The private lives of the Queen's later Ministers, aristocratic or other, would bear being looked into. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain's foes at Birmingham may say of his politics, they speak of his private life as almost puritanical. Lord Salisbury is almost too domestic. He is as an *homme d'intérieur* in his home life, the admiration of his French bourgeois neighbours at Puy and Beaulieu. The middle class has been omnipotent through the greater part of the present reign. The Queen herself, in her virtues and her tastes, is more middle class;

as she cannot be higher she has a quietude that is wanting in a class where individual members are often feverishly eager to advance themselves in life. She is free from the defects of a social state in which competition plays too great a part. We have furious trade and political competition, competitive examinations, competitive singing in drawing-rooms as much as at the opera, competitive preachers, competitive toilettes. The throne is above competition, and should not compete with any class or representative man. This is one of the reasons why it remains and is likely to remain long popular.

What with her Ministers great and small, public and domestic, the Queen has reigned sixty years. Every people, save one, that came under her sceptre in 1837 has sat under her shadow with great delight. The representative of Mehemet Ali, at the first Guildhall banquet she attended, prayed that her shadow might never be less. It has greatly increased in the course of her long reign, and now projects itself over Egypt. Perhaps, as the world now goes, it would be better were the Ionian Islands still under that shadow. But their cession to the Greeks was a free gift. The humble household Ministers, by contributing to free the Queen from friction and petty worries, have helped to extend the duration of her reign, which is now the longest in English history.

EMILY CRAWFORD.

THE DEAD-LOCK IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

SITUATED between the almost homogeneous empires of Russia and Germany, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, with its dozen of nationalities and races, can only have one policy ;—that is, to maintain, above all, the principle of conciliation of all the races and nationalities within its borders ; to concede the greatest possible measure of self-government or autonomy to each of the nationalities ; and to bring into harmonious agreement all their different interests. Every attempt of any one nationality to obtain supremacy over the others ; to dictate in absolute fashion, though perhaps by so-called constitutional means, to the other races, is bound to lead to the most violent and dangerous internal struggles, and ultimately to the destruction of the Austrian Empire. Under a completely absolute, paternal, despotic system of government, such as formerly existed in Austria (that part of the monarchy which to-day is called “ Cisleithanien,” in contradistinction from Hungary or “ Transleithanien”) the only guiding principle of the Emperor was *Divide et Impera*. This theory of governing his peoples (in the plural, not “ his people”) proved quite satisfactory. But with the dawn of a new era new methods had to be found, and even invented, for the purpose of governing so heterogeneous a realm. According to the latest official figures the numbers of the different nationalities and races are as follows :

IN AUSTRIA.		IN HUNGARY.	
Germans	8,461,580	Magyars	7,426,730
Bohemians & Slovaks	5,472,871	Servians and Croats	2,604,260
Poles	3,719,232	Roumanians . . .	2,591,905
Ruthenians	3,105,221	Germans	2,107,177
Slovenians	1,176,672	Slovacks	1,910,279
Servians and Croats .	644,926	Ruthenians	383,392
Italians	675,805	Slovenians	94,679
Roumanians	209,810	Gipsies	82,256
Magyars	8,139	Other nations . . .	94,679
Total	23,473,756	Total	17,295,357

Of the 41,000,000 subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph the majority by far are Slavs; the Germans in Austria proper (Cisleithanien) are 8,000,000 out of 23,000,000; all the rest, with the exception of not quite 1,000,000 of Italians and Roumanians, are of Slavonic descent, though separated into different nationalities.

After the battle of Sadowa, Austria ceased to belong to Germany (of course, the German Empire did not then exist; the word Germany is therefore not used in its present sense), and Hungary obtained again its ancient Constitution, with all its liberties. The dual system was introduced into the monarchy, and the kingdom of Hungary became a separate possession of the Crown of the Hapsburg monarch. Whenever the expression Austria is used in this article, the word is understood in its narrower constitutional sense, meaning Cisleithania in contradistinction to the kingdom of Hungary.

The constitutional war in Austria has already lasted for over thirty years (as a matter of fact since 1860). The Cisleithanian Germans in Parliament, as well as in the local diets, cannot, or will not, give up the pretension that they ought to be the dominant race in the State, not only *prima inter pares*, but *princeps*; the nationality, paramount above all others, to which alone the hegemony, if not all the power, ought to belong. Of course the Slavs have never acknowledged this pretension of the Germans in Austria; they have always declined to be considered the pariahs of the empire, and maintained that, according to the very fundamental idea of an Austrian realm, its nationalities ought to be on an equal level, and ought to possess the same rights and privileges; that the Slavs ought not to be considered as belonging to an inferior class of subjects, a kind of second-rate citizens under the domination of their German fellow subjects. Such a "Germanisation," the Slavs declared, was the idea of the former absolutist method of Austrian government, but could not be tolerated under a constitutional régime, when equality of rights was promised and guaranteed to all nationalities. And experience proved, they said, that such an attempted "Germanisation" in Austria was always incompatible with liberty.

When, after 1848, the revolutionary movement had been suppressed, the Viennese German lawyer, Bach, became the leading member of the new "reactionary" Austrian Cabinet. No measure of repression was severe enough for this tyrant. He invented, or at least promulgated, for the purpose of punishing the Hungarians, the so-called theory of forfeiture;—that means to say, the Hungarians were deprived of their ancient constitution, of all their former political rights and privileges, because they had risen *en masse* against the violation of their *Magna Charta*. The whole structure of Hungarian public law was cut down with one stroke of an Austrian pen in a German hand. All the old landmarks disappeared; Hungary was divided into five Austrian provinces, with German satraps (called Bach-Huszaren) at their head. The Hungarian language was proscribed; German became

the official language ; all former Hungarian laws, private as well as public, were abolished, and the Austrian codes were introduced. Nothing Hungarian was to remain ; nothing should remind the people of their old kingdom, or its former laws, customs, or institutions. A ubiquitous police, recruited in and sent to the conquered country by Bach from Austria, for the purpose of spying into every house, into every town of Hungary ; a tyrannical *gendarmérie* with strict orders to shoot at sight on the first suspicion of a word of dissatisfaction ; suppression of newspapers and books ;—these were the blessings of the Austro-German system. And when this despotic, centralised method of governing the whole empire *über denselben Leisten* ("on one last") had succumbed on the battlefields of Magenta and Solferino, and a crude and openly absolutist system, under the joint despotism of crozier and sword, no longer appeared feasible, it was again the leader of the German party, Ritter von Schmerling, who introduced a system of sham constitutionalism for Austria as well as for Hungary. No real liberty to the people, only make-believe liberal ordinances. The Austro-German official mind seemed to be incapable of the idea of true liberty. The so-called Liberal legislation of 1860 and 1861 consisted of sham constitutional decrees, which merely meant the supremacy of the German element in Austria over all the rest—a kind of constitutional Schmerling Hussar instead of the former Bach Hussar for Hungary. But the Hungarians remained sullen in passive resistance, and the Slav portions of the monarchy declared openly their dissatisfaction with the bogus Parliament in Vienna, which they called the *Schmerling Theater*, and to which they refused to be elected. Schmerling defiantly declared, "We (the German party in Austria) can wait," meaning, of course, that the Hungarians and the other dissatisfied elements would become pliable, and would, after all, crowd into his theatre. But they did not come. Instead of them Sadowa came, the break-up of the old Austrian monarchy, and—bitter irony of history—the expulsion of the Germans of Austria from the Germany of the Germans.

Austria had then reached its lowest depths politically and financially. The first financial step of the Government, under the tuition of the German party, was a partial repudiation of the national debt, or at least a reduction of the interest, which practically came to the same thing, and which closed to them the London Stock Exchange as well as the London Money Market. After some years the credit of Austria began to rise again, and the price of Austrian Rente went up gradually and continually ; but this happened when the German party was not any longer at the head of the Government. *Schreien hilft nichts ; Thatssachen beweisen*, says a German proverb.

The leaders of the German party may boast as much as they like in their organs or in Parliament ; the fact cannot be gainsaid, that it was only in the Premiership of Count Taaffe, who entirely emancipated

himself from the German party, and under Finance Ministers, who did not and do not at present belong to, that party, that Austrian Rentes commenced their upward movement and reached their highest quotation, whereas the Germans had brought them to their lowest depth.

A former Austrian Cabinet Minister, one of the shrewdest of men, a great lawyer and statesman, who once acted as arbitrator in an international difficulty between England and a South American State, said to me, about twenty years ago: "In any quarrel between Francis Joseph and Friedlander (the first editor of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*) I would always back Francis Joseph." Now, this Minister is really a Liberal, an enlightened Liberal, even according to English advanced ideas. But he clearly saw that the Liberal German party, with its dogmatic "omniscience" and claims to *Allein seligmachen*, the unpractical, professional, and dictatorial tone of its leading paper, its pretence of being alone able and authorised to understand and interpret the Constitution, and to be the only constitutional party in the Empire, could not in the long run remain a governing party, or even a dominant party, in an empire which consists of so many nationalities and races.

The German party have been for many years at the helm of affairs in Austria. They tried to "bully" all the other nationalities, and to create the belief in the mind of the Emperor that, of all the races of the Empire, they were the only loyal Austrians. But this trick also was found out. The fact that after the publication of Bismarck's secret Germano-Russo treaty, which constituted clearly a betrayal of his Austrian ally, the leading German newspaper in Vienna became the mouthpiece of Prince Bismarck, contributed a great deal to open the eyes of the Emperor.

A political party in Austria, whose rule of conduct was, if not entirely directed, at least certainly prompted from Friedrichsruh, could not be the party into whose hands the Austrian Emperor might safely put the guidance of the ship of State. The Emperor Francis Joseph is, before everything, an Austrian and a gentleman, and he certainly cannot forget the treaty which was concluded behind his back by Prince Bismarck with Russia. After all, the only really dangerous enemy of Austria is Russia; and it was apparently in order to counter-balance that danger that Bismarck had induced the Austrian Emperor to conclude the treaty with Germany in 1879. And suddenly it came to light that that treaty was, in fact, no guaranty, no defence, no protection at all. This duplicity of the German Chancellor gave a great shock to the Emperor Francis Joseph; and it cannot surprise anybody that, from the moment when he became aware of the secret treaty with Russia, he would not trust a political party which still continued to look to the author of that treaty as their guiding star and as the director of their home politics. What could the Emperor think of a political party in his realm whose patriotism was not

love for their country, irrespective of the political colour of the Government of the day, with which they did not happen to agree, but a mere lip patriotism, the principle of which consisted in the thought within their innermost heart, "*We will remain in existence somewhere else, even if our country should no longer be in existence*"?

The German party in the Austrian Parliament continually reproached the Czechs and other Slav nationalities in Austria with a secret hankering for Russia, with gravitating toward Moscow. The Slavs always spurned that accusation; all they wanted was to be able to maintain their respective nationalities. It was ridiculous, they argued, to accuse the Poles or Ruthenians of a secret love for Russia, their greatest and most cruel enemy. And now that the Bohemian Slavs (Czechs) are politically united with the Poles and other Slav nationalities in Austria, there is not the slightest danger nor the slightest reason for the accusation, or even suspicion, that the Slavs in Austria gravitate towards Russia. What they particularly object to is to be Germanised. Germanisation in Austria, they maintain, always means and always did mean, as experience proves, a return to absolutism and a denial of popular rights. From an English point of view, and according to English experience, this assertion of the Slavs in Austria certainly seems to be correct. Whether under Palmerston or under Gladstone, whatever Liberal Government was at the head of affairs in England, Austria, governed by Ministers of German nationality from Metternich's time onward, was always in good spirits when the Liberals in England went out of office. Though perhaps somewhat antiquated, the following extract from a despatch of Prince Metternich to the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in London, dated November 29, 1834, will show how fully aware Lord Palmerston was of that fact. Metternich writes:

"The same day on which I received your report of November 15, Mr. Strangway received a note from Lord Palmerston, dated the 16th, which he permitted me to read. Its contents are, as nearly as possible, as follows: We are out; the Duke of Wellington is Prime Minister, and entrusted with the formation of the Cabinet; to-morrow we shall give up the seals into the King's hands. I have no time to tell you more, occupied as I am with putting my affairs in order. Ever yours, &c. P.S. Lose no time in taking this note to Prince Metternich. I am convinced he will never in his life have been more overjoyed than when he reads it, and that I shall never have seemed so agreeable to him as now that I am bidding him Good-bye!"

I know very well, that at that time Austria was an absolute monarchy, whereas to-day it possesses a constitutional government. But the fact nevertheless remains, that the paramount influence of the German element in Austria even after 1848 boded no good for the cause of liberty. The German party in Austria claim a monopoly of the love of liberty. Nothing could be further from the truth. They pretend that without their help the whole machinery of the government of the Empire would stop. The Germans in Austria have no right to demand a paramount position over and above all the other

racés of the empire. They are not numerically a majority; they have never yet shown any remarkable political tact, like the Magyars, nor can they boast of success in guiding the destinies of the empire. At the time when the influence of the German element was supreme in Austria, when the other races were considered and treated as Helots, when the German language alone was permitted as the official language, the unfortunate wars of 1859 and of 1866 took place. The Magyars under Marie Theresa—be the cry, "*Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresia*," historically correct or not—had at least to some extent saved the monarchy. The Germans, who were all-powerful in Austria during the two last wars, could not avert Solferino nor Sadowa.

And since the great events of 1870 the dangers of Austria have increased in an extraordinary manner. It would be incorrect and unjust to accuse the whole German party in Austria of want of loyalty towards their emperor, of "hankering" for Germany, or gravitating towards Berlin. But it cannot be denied that a portion of the German party, including some of its leaders, make no secret of such a desire. As early as 1878 a member of the German party openly declared in the Austrian Parliament that daily the cry became louder in some of the German provinces of Austria, "If only we belonged already to the German Empire." And what was the cause of that treasonable cry? It was that the Cabinet of the day did not obey in all things and in everything the behest of the German party in the Austrian Parliament; because the Government had consented to the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which, after all, they had to do, according to the mandate of the Great European Powers. You call that patriotism? cried a Slav deputy in the Austrian Parliament. A threat, a wish to secede from the empire, because the Government of the day happens on one question to have a different opinion from your own. As far as my knowledge of the German language goes, "I should call it by quite a different name." And lately we have seen more sensational performances on the part of that extreme wing of the German party. As soon as they found that they could not carry everything before them with a high hand, they began to threaten to call the German Emperor and the German nation to their help; they even held party meetings in Germany, and commenced a "*Germania irredenta*" agitation. They and the whole German party, who formerly could not find vituperative words enough to hurl against the members of the Slav nationalities, when they tried to obstruct the proceedings in Parliament, now themselves obstructed with such violence that the session had to be closed because no business could be done.

The political situation in Austria is serious, and might even become dangerous. There is a complete parliamentary deadlock, as far as Cisleithania is concerned; the strife between the different races and nationalities

ties is more violent than ever. The German party are apparently irreconcilable, and their opponents are equally firm, and determined not to yield. The decree requiring the members of the Civil Service in Bohemia to know the Bohemian language is only the first appearance of a flame; there is fuel enough for any number of conflagrations. The details, however, of all the different national, racial, and religious difficulties in Austria cannot interest, nor would they be understood by a foreigner.

To these internal questions must be added the problems of foreign politics, which are not less delicate, not less difficult, and not less dangerous. They concern not only Austria (in the narrower sense of the word), but the whole Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Of course the Triple Alliance is still in existence; but Italy may be left out of the reckoning, as far as the real difficulties of Austria's foreign policy are concerned. The choice lies between the neighbour on the north-east and the power to the north-west of the Hapsburg monarchy, between Russia and Germany. As to the degree of reliance that can be placed on some treaties of alliance, the famous, or rather infamous, treaty of neutrality which was concluded by Prince Bismarck between Germany and Russia behind the back of Austria can have left no doubt in the mind of the Emperor Francis Joseph. A *rapprochement* between Austria and Russia, a closer understanding between these two Powers, seems therefore the most natural and sensible step on the part of Austria. The language of the organs of Prince Bismarck concerning this *entente* cannot surprise anybody. They seem to be inclined to cry "quits" now, and try to compare this Austro-Russian treaty with the German-Russian neutrality treaty. But the Austro-Russian *entente* has absolutely nothing in common with that Bismarck treaty. The latter was signed behind the back of Austria, Germany's loyal ally; whereas the Austro-Russian *rapprochement* was effected openly, in broad daylight, and to all appearance with the full knowledge of Germany. Besides, the agreement arrived at between Austro-Hungary and Russia does not in any way directly affect the interests or policy of Germany, whereas Bismarck's secret treaty most seriously touched the interests of Austro-Hungary.

The crisis which the German party in Austria has lately brought about, shows clearly one of the great dangers which threaten the peace and, perhaps, the existence of Austria. Even the question of the Austro-Hungarian compromise, a matter which recurs every ten years, is at the present moment less threatening, and not so burning and acute as the seemingly irreconcilable difficulty between the Germans and the Slavs in Austria. Cabinet Ministers, mere politicians, or party leaders cannot do anything to make a durable peace between the jarring and warring parties. Only a few days ago they showed themselves incapable of effecting a short truce. The Emperor Francis Joseph alone can in some degree bring order into this chaos; for he is

trusted by all parties; he is looked upon as the incarnation of honesty and good faith, and his word is implicitly believed. What the Emperor intends to do is, up to this moment, a secret to everybody; but whatever his proposals may be, it cannot be doubted that they will restore peace, at least for some time, at all events during his lifetime. This is all very well, as far as it goes, for Austria and for the peace of Europe. But what will happen when, in the course of time, Francis Joseph will be succeeded by a monarch who has not the vast experience nor the extraordinary popularity of the present Emperor? That is the question. To put it in one short sentence: the peace of Europe, the question whether Austro-Hungary can and will continue to exist in its present form and shape, depend on one life. And therein lies the danger of the situation for Europe as much as for the Hapsburg monarchy. How will things go on in Austria when there will be nobody who commands universal respect, and to whose will all parties in the Empire finally give way? Should the Germans then tend towards the north-west and the Slavs to the north-east, with nobody in power to prevent this double centrifugal motion, a general conflagration and a general European war would be unavoidable.

And for this reason the present bickerings between the German party and the Slavs in the Austrian Parliament, unimportant as they may appear to be at a superficial glance, possess the greatest importance, the most serious significance for Englishmen, as well as for the citizens of all the other European countries.

AUSTRIACUS.

P.S.—The great demonstration made by the Emperor Francis Joseph, in paying a long visit to the English Ambassador in Vienna on the occasion of the Jubilee, is a step unprecedented in Austria, where the rigid Spanish Court etiquette of the Middle Ages still holds good. In contrast to this friendly behaviour is that of the German Emperor, the eldest grandchild of the Queen, who—incredible as it may appear—neither held a review in her honour, nor attended a church service, nor paid a visit to the British Ambassador, nor even sent a telegram to his grandmother. During the last few days it has appeared as if Berlin had been wiped out by an earthquake from the face of this planet. From all parts of the world messages of goodwill and of congratulation were published by the newspapers, but none came from the capital of the German Emperor. That the reptile press organs of the old Djenghis Khan in Frederichsruhe have only words of vituperation or of raillery concerning England and her Queen is quite natural. The sight of a great free people has the same effect upon Prince Bismarck as the cross or holy water has upon the prince of darkness. For the serious politician the conduct of the two Emperors shows to some extent which way the wind blows, and will blow in the future.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE AND THE HISTORIC EPISCOPATE.

THE fourth Lambeth Conference, which meets this month, raises many questions of peculiar interest alike to those within and those without the Anglican Church. The bishops represent, in a sense, the whole Anglican Communion throughout the world; but they leave unrepresented the large majority of English-speaking Christians who are gathered into other communions.* The significance of their communion, however, is not one that statistics can express. The Anglican Church has, for both historical and political reasons, a function and meaning all its own. This the bishops in their last Conference recognised in their own way, by inviting "other Christian communions of the English-speaking races" to confer with the various branches of the Anglican Communion on the basis of four articles then and there agreed upon. Of these, that touching "the historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of nations and peoples," has naturally attracted most attention. And it seems timely to ask if there has been since then any considerable movement of thought on the subject of that article, whither it tends, and what it involves.

Anglicanism has a twofold attitude. As it faces Catholicism, it asks, "Will you at length recognise that I have 'the historic Episcopate' and that my Orders are valid?" To this Rome has quite recently answered, "No." As it faces other Protestant communions, it says, "Will you not seek peace and unity under the shelter of my historic Episcopate?" To which the present reply would seem to be,

* As regards England and Wales, Mr. Howard Evans has recently, in this REVIEW, adduced statistics to show that the Evangelical Free Churches, alone, number more *bond fide* members than the Established Church, and provide more sittings. If one takes a wider view, and embraces all English-speaking countries, the Episcopal Church often becomes one of the smaller denominations.

"Let us be quite honest with ourselves. If it is a 'Catholic' episcopate that you invite us to accept as a basis of reunion, then we reply that we cannot sacrifice our own Orders for the sake of what the chief representatives of Catholicism disown. On Catholic principles, their consensus, Eastern and Western, is far more impressive than your own estimate touching yourselves. If, on the other hand, you commend your episcopate to our respectful attention as having good witness borne to it by history, then we gladly admit the claim, but ask for reciprocity; for history also knows other types of episcopate, under which we and our forefathers have lived and received full tokens of God's approbation. How stand we, then, on these points?"

The first of these two lines of reply has been lucidly developed in the pages of this REVIEW by Principal Rainy, in his remarks on "The Pope and the Archbishops." He argues that the Church of England, so far as it courts Rome's recognition, is involved in a fatal inconsistency on the crucial point of Church theory. It is trying to be Protestant and Catholic at one and the same time. The party in it which makes all turn on technical validity of Orders, and so begs the Pope to own their Orders even though in an heretical and schismatic body, understands "Catholicism" in a new and non-natural sense. That Orders *outside the communion of the collective episcopate* of Western Christendom could rank as Catholic, this surely is the merest "private opinion." It is self-deception to talk of the Reformation in England as simply a breach with Papacy. Why, it was a breach with practically the whole Western episcopate, and so with the *Unitas Ecclesiae* as conceived by Catholic tradition from Cyprian onwards. No doubt Cyprian is apt to prove a rather double-edged weapon to any who put their trust in him. Thus no Catholics can find his doctrine of the liberty of each local pastor (bishop) to observe the usages approved by himself and his own Church altogether to their minds. Least of all can he be cited in support of an Act of Uniformity touching such matters, framed and forced upon a largely reluctant clergy by civil enactment. If, however, there is one thing more than another for which Cyprian stands, it is the principle that the Catholic Church inheres in the episcopate *as a whole*, so that the grace of office and sacraments alike evaporates, as it were, for those who fall out of this episcopal unity. Yet who can doubt that the English Church did fall out of harmony with the Western episcopate? The latter stood by the Papacy and what took shape at the Council of Trent; whereas the former preferred the "unauthorised" interpretations of the Gospel found in, say, the Augsburg Confession, and cultivated communion with the Reformed Churches in general—Orders notwithstanding. Thus Catholic continuity was broken, and nothing can make it otherwise.

One thing only could make the negation of Catholic principle more

complete. This was, that the schismatic withdrawal from the episcopal concert should be effected by the will of the secular authority, rather than by the collective conscience of the Anglican episcopate itself. Nor was this, too, lacking. Contrast the English Church of the twelfth century with the Elizabethan Church. Of the former a typical High Anglican writes as follows :* "Organised as a society apart from the State, for the worship of God and the religious government of man, with her own administrators, her own legislature, her own code of law, her own courts of justice, her own sentences of punishment, extending even beyond the mysterious portals of death, she wielded an authority equal, and where conscience was tender superior, to that of the king." Now consider the Elizabethan Church. "The arrangements" defining "the position of the Church of England in her reliance upon Scripture and upon antiquity," as well as the nature of the royal supremacy, "could boast of no sort of ecclesiastical sanction whatever. They were purely the work of the civil government. Convocation had not been consulted either about the Prayer-book of 1559 or about the Act of Supremacy. . . . Neither in its original form of 1552, nor in its revised form of 1559, did it [the Prayer-book] receive any ecclesiastical sanction whatever. Convocation was not consulted, and the vote of the bishops in the House of Lords was given unanimously against both the Act of Supremacy and that of Uniformity." Where does the continuity of Catholic principle, in its fundamental ideas of Church and episcopal prerogative, come in? Mr. Wakeman naïvely replies† that "the sanction which the Elizabethan compromise may rightly claim to have from the Church is not that of formal acceptance but of subsequent acquiescence." Very naturally, when a new bench of bishops was created on condition of acquiescence. But which merits the title Catholic; the new bench, or the old one, which felt the breach with Catholic principle and had the approval of the Western episcopate? It is also Mr. Wakeman's opinion that this sanction of acquiescence "is really more binding, because more searching, than the formal vote of an official body." But what is Mr. Wakeman's *Catholic* authority for this maxim? If it is his "private opinion," then he is a Protestant *malgré lui-même*. This playing fast and loose with Catholicism is a peculiarity of the Anglo-Catholic mind, and ends in creating schism with either wing. It finds in existence a practical compromise, working fairly well with the average Englishman, whose instinct for moderation makes most compromises work fairly. It tries to reduce the English Church to theory. It succeeds in producing a medley of Catholic and Protestant principles, and calls it the *media via*.

A consistent Protestant like Principal Rainy has no difficulty in

* Mr. H. O. Wakeman, in his "Introduction to the History of the Church of England," p. 119.

† *Op. cit.* 312.

detecting the fallacy. With a clearer insight into the genius of the Catholicism which he deliberately rejects, he asks: "Is the mere continuity of technical Orders of much weight compared with the broad defiance, at the time of the Reformation, of the episcopate and the episcopal authority of the whole existing Catholic Church?" And what fuller proof of discontinuity with Catholicism can be had than the simple fact of fraternal relations with non-Catholic communions,* Lutheran and Reformed, as sister Churches? A Church, like an individual, is known by the company it keeps.

Surely, then, with Rome's repudiation of Anglican Orders fresh in mind, the English Church may well be asked to consider anew the claims of those "other Christian communions of the English-speaking races," which, while recognising the historic heritage of their elder sister, point with growing emphasis to the stake which they, too, have in history.

Accordingly it will be the aim of the following pages, first, to clear up some of the historic issues; and then to indicate lines of natural approximation between leading communions of the English tongue.

I.

1. To begin: What conception of the Church does the New Testament itself contain?

So obscured by controversy has this topic become that it might have been passed over in silence, crucial as it is, but for the recent publication of a study of the problem by one of the most judicial minds of this generation.†

It would be out of place to retrace in these pages the full argument by which Dr. Hort establishes his positions one by one. But the gist of the matter is as follows. The Founder of Christianity is recorded to have spoken explicitly of His Church on a single solemn occasion. No explanation of the term is given, presumably because it was used in a sense already familiar to Jewish hearers. Having regard then to Old Testament usage, whether in Hebrew or Greek, the sense is best given by paraphrasing, "On this rock will I build my Israel."‡ The new Ecclesia "had a true continuity with the Ecclesia of the Old Covenant; the building of it would be a rebuilding."§ "We shall go greatly astray if we interpret our Lord's use of the term Ecclesia in this cardinal passage exclusively by reference to the

* Hooker's attitude alone would serve to verify this point.

† "The Christian Ecclesia: A Course of Lectures on the early History and early Conceptions of the Ecclesia." By F. J. A. Hort, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1897.

‡ So St. Paul invokes peace upon "the Israel of God."—Gal. vi. 16.

§ In Acts xv. 16, the Christian community is taken as fulfilment of Amos ix. 11: "I will build again the tabernacle of David which is fallen."

Ecclesia known to us in Christian history." Nor may we simply identify the Christian Ecclesia with the Kingdom of God, though it doubtless is its "visible representative." Rather we are to seek it in "the discipleship which accompanied our Lord's ministry" "the conditions by which the Ecclesia subsisted afterwards, faith and devotion to the Lord, felt and exercised in union, and consequent brotherly love." Where these are, there *ipso facto* is the Ecclesia as Christ founded it.

These conceptions of the Messianic Ecclesia are continued in the Acts. "At first the oneness of the Ecclesia is a visible fact due simply to its limitation to the one city of Jerusalem," and later to the Holy Land—the proper home of the Jewish Ecclesia. Then discipleship on a large scale springs up at Antioch, so forming a new Ecclesia in the narrower sense (*i.e.*, an *assembly* of the wider congregation). And now a great multiplication of such *ecclesiae* takes place through the agency of St. Paul, who both shows practically that Jewish and Gentile *ecclesiae* are really one Ecclesia, and develops the theory of its unity on the more spiritual side. This he does, not only by the metaphor of a body constituted of many members, but also by "catching up and carrying on the language of prophets about the ancient Israel as the bride of Jehovah." Here he quite transcends the level to which specific offices or methods of organisation are relevant. The notion of the one universal Ecclesia in Colossians and Ephesians "comes more from the theological than from the historical side;" Christ's "Headship was felt to involve the unity of all those who were united to Him."

"Not a word in the Epistle (Ephesians) exhibits the One Ecclesia as made up of many *ecclesiae*. To each local Ecclesia St. Paul has ascribed a corresponding unity of its own: * each is a body of Christ and a sanctuary of God; but there is no grouping of them into partial wholes or into one great whole. *The members which make up the One Ecclesia are not communities but individual men.*† The One Ecclesia includes all members of all partial *ecclesiae*; but its relations to them are all direct, not mediate. It is true that St. Paul anxiously promoted friendly intercourse and sympathy between the scattered *ecclesiae*; but the unity of the universal Ecclesia, as he contemplated it, does not belong to this region: it is a truth of theology and religion, not a fact of what we call ecclesiastical politics. To recognise this is quite consistent with the fullest appreciation of aspirations after an external Ecclesiastical unity. . . . At every turn we are constrained to feel that we can learn to good effect from the apostolic age only by studying its principles and ideals, not by copying its precedents."‡

* Exactly the same idea meets us later in Ignatius, to whom the congregational bishop is the centre of such unity.

† I italicise a sentence which should be written in gold, as showing that to primitive Christianity church unity could not depend on any forms of corporate organisation between *ecclesiae* of any sort. True Christians are ever united by what used to be called "internal communion," a communion which leaps into actuality as they come to know each personally, not denominationally.

‡ Hort, pp. 168f.

To what a large and reconciling conception of the Church does Hort here lead us. And yet this is just a restatement of what the Reformed Churches read from the same source, the New Testament interpreted by kindred experience. It was on this that they took their stand, in conscious rejection of the so-called "Catholic" idea of the Church, on which the Roman Church had from time immemorial stood. It was involved in their "Protestantism." They knew it to be a fresh discovery, as compared with the consciousness of Mediæval Catholicism; and the residuary legatee of that Catholicism recognised the fact by summarily rejecting it as innovating and heretical. Between the two there can be no real compromise. The one makes collective organisation under a hierarchy of the essence of Catholic unity; the other does not, whatever the precise value it may attach to collective organisation. And so we pass on to consider the meaning and place of organisation in the apostolic age, and then the phases through which it passed in the ancient or pre-Mediæval Church.

2. Organisation must be relative to the life of the Ecclesia. What, then, is the true ecclesiastical ideal? In answering this question, Hort devotes especial attention to the Pastoral Epistles, in which St. Paul sets forth "how men ought to behave themselves in a household of God, which is an Ecclesia of a living God, a pillar and stay of the truth."* And he concludes from the apostolic Epistles as a whole that "the true ecclesiastical life and the true Christian life and the true human life are all one and the same."† This being borne in mind, we are to beware of "a certain ambiguity in the word 'organisation'" in common usage:

"Nothing, perhaps, has been more prominent in our examination of the Ecclesiæ of the apostolic age than the fact that the Ecclesia itself—*i.e.*, apparently the sum of all its male adult members—is the primary body, and, it would seem, even the primary authority. It may be that this state of things was in some ways a mark of immaturity; and that a better and riper organisation must of necessity involve the creation of more special organs of the community. Still, the very origin and fundamental nature of the Ecclesia as a community of disciples, renders it impossible that the principle should rightly become obsolete. . . . The true way, the apostolic way, of regarding offices and officers in the Ecclesia is to regard them as organs of its corporate life for special purposes: ‡ so that the offices of an Ecclesia at any period are only a part of its organisation. . . . There is no trace in the New Testament that any ordinances on this subject were set up as permanently binding by the Twelve, or by St. Paul, or by the Ecclesia at large."§

* Such, he emphatically argues, is the true rendering of the passage grammatically and contextually.

† P. 200, *cf.* 228.

‡ Compare Hort's striking chapter on "Gifts" and "Grace." It is surely forgotten that each Church was held to be a Spirit-possessed body, when men talk of "commission from below" as involved in the view of those who reject what is called "apostolic succession."

§ P. 229f

As to the actual offices that did emerge in the apostolic age, the only governmental one in general or normal use was the Eldership:

"Of officers higher than elders we find nothing that points to an institution or system, nothing like the Episcopal system of later times. . . . On the other hand, the monarchical principle, which is the essence of episcopacy, receives in the apostolic age a practical though a limited recognition . . . in the position ultimately held by St. James at Jerusalem, and also to a limited extent in the temporary functions entrusted by St. Paul to Timothy and Titus when he left them behind for a little while to complete arrangements begun by himself at Ephesus and in Crete respectively. . . . The apostolic age is full of embodiments of purposes and principles of the most instructive kind; but the responsibility of choosing the means was left for ever to the Ecclesia itself, and to each Ecclesia, guided by ancient precedent on the one hand, and adaptation to present and future needs on the other. The lesson-book of the Ecclesia, and of every Ecclesia, is not a law but a history."*

We may, I think, frankly accept this closing estimate of the authority of the apostolic age, and set it down as one of our more recent gains, so long as we remember that there are certain distinctive principles of the Gospel, among which is this: "Be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your teacher and all ye are brethren. Neither be ye called masters, for one is your master, even the Christ. But the greater among you shall be your servant." On the other hand, it seems needful to say a word on "the monarchical principle" in the special cases to which Dr. Hort refers.

The position of James at Jerusalem, whatever its exact nature, was perfectly unique. The mother *ecclesia* itself was unique; and the man appears to have owed his high standing there, amounting to that of an "apostle," to his almost unique privilege of being "brother of the Lord."† In a word, to judge from the fact that he was succeeded by another kinsman of the Christ, and that yet more remote scions of the house guided the Judean churches at a later date, ‡ it seems that some dynastic idea was at the bottom of James' position. There is no real parallel in the apostolic age; it was the outcome of special conditions such as had no application to *ecclesiae* at large. For "the temporary functions entrusted by St. Paul to Timothy and Titus" surely cannot by the very terms of the statement, be erected into precedents for a permanent office. All analogy points to the communities in question being left to self-government, like those at Philippi, Thessalonica and Corinth, once their organisation was fully set going.§ Thus, there is no anticipation of a permanent "diocesan" episcopate, whereby one man presides over many Churches. Hence "it is evident unto all men diligently reading the Scriptures and ancient authors, it is not

* Pp. 229-233.

† Gal. i. 19.

‡ Eusebius, H. E. iii. 11, 20.

§ Hort clearly shows that Timothy had received no special commission for this particular piece of quasi-apostolic work, 1 Tim. i. 18, iv. 14; 2 Tim. i. 6, all referring to his original mission as apostolic companion in Acts xvi. 1-4.

that from the Apostles' times have there been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church—bishops, priests, and deacons ;” but that the normal local ministry of the *ecclesiæ* knew nothing superior to presbyters and deacons.

But two other things are equally evident—namely, that the “monarchical” episcopate emerged “out of the Presbyterate” (Lightfoot) about the beginning of the second century ;* and that such monarchical episcopate was not diocesan but parochial or congregational. One bishop, one *ecclesia*, such is the “historic episcopate” proper ; and it lies at the base of most of the ecclesiastical polities of to-day. If these facts were taken as a starting-point for inter-ecclesiastical discussions, we should make better progress towards a truly comprehensive and catholic, because fully historical, polity, in which the rich variety of existing types of Church life might be once more reconciled, as at the first. For their germs are to be found within the apostolic age. The differences of later ages are due to “the natural falling apart of ideas which in the apostolic writings are combined and complementary to each other.” Herein lies “the real significance of the enormous changes which had begun indeed before the end of the second century, but which, for the most part, belong to a later time (for the West the names of Cyprian, Ambrose, and Augustine will be sufficiently representative).” Dr. Hort himself, alas ! was never able to execute his plan of sketching the course of these “enormous changes.” Hence one is left to essay the task, so far as it is involved in the subject of this paper, without the help of his rare knowledge and ripe judgment.

It is an error, to which even clear-headed writers are curiously prone, to assume that the “historic episcopate” existed at the end of the second century in a sense which cannot be proved of its beginning. People are apt to imagine that great men must have had great parishes. But even granting that this was sometimes true of their spheres of influence—moral dioceses as it were—it cannot be taken as typical of episcopate in general. We know how highly the bishops of that anti-Gnostic period were esteemed as guardians of the traditions of Churches, tracing their continuous life back to the apostolic age ; and how apt men were to suppose—what is in most cases demonstrably false†—that the first predecessor of the single bishop then presiding in each *ecclesia* had been instituted by some apostle. But as a matter of fact the primitive form of the office, as it existed in Ignatius' day, had not undergone any real change in function or sphere of action, as

* The present writer has exhibited the evidence at length in this REVIEW (for June 1894), in an article entitled “The Development of the Historic Episcopate.”

† The Roman Church is a crucial case. It professes to give the names of its bishops up to the very apostles who, it was (wrongly) assumed, had founded this Church. But it is proved by contemporary documents that no monarchical bishop existed there before 115 A.D. at earliest.

distinct from the ideas becoming associated with it. Speaking broadly, then, and ignoring peculiar local conditions in virtue of which a certain filial sentiment kept some churches in villages subordinate to the original centre of evangelisation in that district, the rule at the end, as at the beginning, of the second century, was "one city, one 'parish' or *ecclesia*; and one *ecclesia*, one bishop or chief local pastor." This means that so far episcopacy was congregational.*

Nor did things change abruptly with the close of the second century. In the middle of the third century the statement still holds good for most regions. Thus in North Africa, of which Cyprian's Epistles afford exceptional opportunities for judging, the average bishop was practically the rector of a large parish † under a voluntary system, controlled moreover by the necessity of consulting his council of co-presbyters and, in graver matters, his whole congregation. He was elected by his flock, was bound constitutionally to defer to its mind in matters of discipline, and was liable, according to Cyprian, to deposition from office by his congregation in case of sinful life.‡ The "historic episcopate," then, was still, and, apart from some exceptions, long remained, a congregational pastorate.

But while at the first Churches and their bishops were not only congregational, but likewise mutually independent, by Cyprian's day inter-ecclesiastical organisation had already developed to some extent, if in differing degrees in different parts of the world. This was a natural and spontaneous outcome of the fraternal spirit, which is the essence of Church life, whether in the local community or in the sum of such communities in which the mystic "Israel of God" attains a visible expression. We see it at work in the sisterly letter of concern addressed by the Roman congregation to Corinth about 96 A.D., when the good name of Christ was being compromised by strife in the

* An attempt has indeed been made, for instance in the *Church Quarterly Review*, vol. xxvi. 317 ff, to prove that episcopacy was from the first diocesan rather than congregational, by dwelling on the fact that each ancient city (*πόλις*, *civitas*) reckoned within its bounds a certain zone of country "sprinkled over with villas and home-steads" which found their civic and corporate life in, and not apart from, the city. But this does not really touch the point at issue, which is this: Did all the Christians in each "parish" (*παρoικία*, corresponding to the civil *civitas*), form one congregation for worship and discipline, under the immediate superintendence of one pastor or bishop? Only one answer, the affirmative, corresponds to the known facts; e.g. Justin's account of Sunday worship, in which "city and country" unite in one place. The country members "would come to the city long before the city would go out to them." "If," then, "we are to give a name to these primitive communities with their bishops, 'congregational' will describe them better than 'diocesan.'"—Dr. Sanday, "Expositor," III. viii. 332f.

† At Cyprian's Third Council on Rebaptism in A.D. 256 there were present eighty-seven bishops, fifty-five being from the Roman province of Africa alone. Nor is there any reason to suppose that these nearly exhausted the actual number of bishops in that part of the world; for in the next century we have conferences between the Donatists and the "Catholics," consisting of some 500 or 600 bishops. And, as far as our evidence goes, their "parishes" seem sometimes to have been villages rather than cities.

‡ Ep. 67. "The Laity mainly have the power in either choosing worthy bishops or in rejecting unworthy ones," although the assent of neighbouring bishops was involved in their readiness to ordain (at this date) the elect of the congregation.

latter Church. We see it, too, in the loving help afforded by the Roman Church to more needy sister Churches in various places,* the first and most genuinely Christian form of Roman supremacy. But so far no organisation proper, even in a tentative way, is involved. The beginnings of this are only seen in connection with certain common problems of discipline and ritual soon after the middle of the second century. And here it is most essential to observe the exact nature of these beginnings. It was a most natural thing to wish to take the sense of the Christian consciousness outside of each local Church, especially on fresh issues touching which there was no actual tradition to fall back upon. It was done in more than one way. Dionysius of Corinth, for instance, was consulted, on account of his repute for wisdom, by many Churches in the most various and distant places, with which he could have absolutely no organic relations. But mutual conference of adjacent Churches was an obvious way of gaining the wiser counsel that is given by many heads. And so informal conferences were convened to discuss matters. "At first such conferences were held irregularly. There was no stated time or occasion for them. There was no fixed president. There was no limitation of the area from which their members were drawn."† The earliest known instances were simply *ad hoc* conferences, to consider the specific questions of Montanist "prophecy" and the Paschal Controversy. Nor were they mere meetings of church officers, bishops or others. We are told in a contemporary notice‡ that "the faithful in (the province of) 'Asia' often and in many places of Asia met together on this business," and tried and rejected Montanism as spurious prophecy. Naturally their regular leaders played the chief part on such occasions; and we hear of certain "men approved and bishops" doing the actual cross-examination of Montanists. But none the less the idea is an important one, that "the faithful," as such, co-operated in the decision reached.§ With this agrees the language of Tertullian early in the third century, when he speaks of the "Shepherd" of Hermas as having been judged apocryphal "by every Council of churches," and still more emphatically in the following passage:¶ "There are held besides, throughout

* "Epistle of Dionysius of Corinth," c. 170 A.D. (Euseb. iv. 23).

† These words of Dr. Hatch, having been challenged, were reaffirmed by Dr. Sanday (*ut supra*, p. 333), who says: "I cannot see anything in this description that is not strictly in accordance with the facts. And when Dr. Hatch goes farther, and instances the Council of Ancyra as showing that this state of things lasted on into the fourth century, I cannot dissent." The point of principle here involved is the tentative nature of early inter-congregational association. It was spontaneous and not "authorised" by anything but expediency.

‡ Cited by Eusebius, v. 16.

§ So the same writer says that he himself, finding the *Ecclesia* in Ancyra of Galatia stirred on the question, "argued on several days in the church assembly, so that the church was exultant and was strengthened in regard to the truth."

¶ *De Jeuniis*, 13; "per Græcias illa certis in locis concilia ex universis ecclesiis." The former reference is to *De Pudicitia*, 10.

the Greek world, those Councils in fixed spots composed of whole Churches; whereby both all the higher themes are handled in common and the representation itself of the whole Christian name takes place with great veneration." Of course, the larger the area from which the Churches came, the more the method of indirect representation by the standing officers must have obtained of necessity. Yet the older idea still persists under the changing conditions. Thus the third African Synod on Baptism, in 256 A.D., consisted of bishops, with presbyters and deacons, in the presence of a numerous laity. In North Africa, indeed, the actual voting seems by this time to be confined to the bishops on behalf of their respective congregations. But this was by no means universal. Firmilian of Cappadocia says, in writing to Cyprian, that "each year we assemble presbyters and presidents (bishops) to arrange those things which are entrusted to our care." The synodal letter on Paul of Samosata is in the name of the bishops, presbyters,* deacons, and the Churches of the region. While at the Spanish Synod of Elvira, c. 306 A.D., the names of more presbyters than bishops are given in the official acts.

What, then, was the dominant element in ecclesiastical life prior to the fourth century? Not the episcopal as known to-day; for this is diocesan—subordinating many local pastors to one autocratic superintendent—and clerical, in the sense of excluding the laity from any real voice in things ecclesiastical. Not the Presbyterian; for this means compulsory subordination of each congregation to the will, first, of adjacent churches (presbytery), and, finally, of all the churches in the territorial communion (General Assembly). Accordingly it is in modern Congregationalism that we find the main features of primitive ecclesiastical polity best reflected. For (1) in both, the unit of organisation is the local church or congregation,† with its full complement of officers—bishop, or pastor, and council of colleagues (whether called "presbytery" or "diaconate" is a matter of terms, not actual functions). One and all are elected directly by the church members, "the saints," or "sacred priesthood," of New Testament‡ and primitive thought. (2) In both, discipline is congregational. Thus Cyprian even will not restore to Church fellowship without the people's consent, even where their view does not quite coincide with

* It was the presbyter Malchion who finally brought Paul to book on this occasion. And Dionysius of Alexandria speaks (Euseb. vii. 7) of decisions on Baptism before his own day "in the most populous churches, and in the synods of the brethren at Iconium and Synada [c. 280 A.D.], and among many."

† In neither is this conception taken in a narrow or doctrinaire way. As a third century urban *ecclesia* might have daughter rural *ecclesie* dependent on it, so to-day. Only the modern Congregationalist sees that it is natural for a daughter to *grow up* and herself become adult, perhaps a mother.

‡ St. Paul, *passim*; 1 Peter ii. 5; Rev. i. 6. Compare several vigorous passages in Bp. Lightfoot's "Christian Ministry." This for instance: "the sacerdotal functions and privileges which alone are mentioned in the apostolic writings, pertain to all believers alike and do not refer solely or specially to the ministerial office."—"Philippians," 244f.

his own.* (3) In both, each Church is also independent. Again Cyprian casts his weight into this scale, as far as usages—even when implying grave matter of principle—are concerned. Thus he definitely declares, in reference to the rebaptism of those baptized by heretics, that each bishop in an African Synod is to give his own opinion without fear of being denied communion in case it be other than that of the majority of his brethren. "For there is none of us who constitutes himself bishop of bishops,† or pushes his colleagues with a tyrannous terror to the necessity of compliance; since every bishop, according to the scope of the liberty and office which belongs to him, has his decision in his own hands, and can no more be judged by another than he can himself judge his neighbour; but we await one and all the judgment of our Lord Jesus Christ, who one and alone has the power both to promote us in the governing of His Church, and to judge our conduct therein."‡ This case brings out the principle all the more forcibly that an earlier African Council, of some forty years before, had already declared for the practice which Cyprian approved, but had not been regarded as closing the question. In such matters, at least, the authority of synods was simply moral, so leaving congregational autonomy unimpaired.

The fact is that these meetings were of the nature of voluntary associations, carrying great and just moral weight, but no compulsion save in the case where breach with the elementary doctrinal basis of unity was thought to have taken place. Then, indeed, active communion was withdrawn from the minority or the individual church, as the case might be. But no further pressure, no non-spiritual method of compulsion, was brought to bear; nor was it thought of until the fateful alliance with the State came about. Congregations simply fell out of line with the majority. This is not presbyterianism, much less modern episcopacy; but it is the method of modern Congregationalism, which has its voluntary "county associations" of churches, and its general assembly (the Congregational Union), which has rather more authority than the Church Congress, but no compulsory powers.

3. But it will be said, "All or much of this may be true. Yet the difference of Orders still remains." Touching the supposed indispensable "grace" of episcopal ordination, I can only say that, after having read and weighed all that Canon Gore adduces in his "Church and

* Hence the "Church Reform League," while claiming for the laity "a real control in the appointing of their pastors, and in all matters of ecclesiastical organisation and administration a concurrent voice with the clergy" ("Leaflet," No. 1, Principle ii.), falls short of primitive principle in excluding the laity from jurisdiction in matters of discipline, in which they are most interested.

† *I.e.*, as Stephen of Rome was virtually doing by his peremptory tone.

‡ Speech in opening the third council on baptism: *cf.* Letter in name of its predecessor (ED. 72, 3), repudiating the wish to compel uniformity of practice.

the Ministry" as evidence for the first three centuries—and it is significant how little this is, compared with that cited from the fourth* and fifth—I am impressed by the singular absence of expressions *connecting* any special grace with the "laying-on of hands." There is one passage, indeed, in "Hippolytus," in the second decade of the third century, possibly going back to an isolated sentence in "Irenæus,"† which seems to claim a special endowment of the Holy Spirit of truth for bishops, as standing in the apostles' place as primary teachers of the Ecclesia. But there is not a hint that this gift was gained in the act and article of ordination. On the contrary, Irenæus traces the "assured gift of truth," which is in question, to the "good pleasure of the Father," which recalls the direct inspiration attributed to the typical apostle Peter as explanation of his sure grasp on the truth at Cæsarea Philippi, rather than any ritual condition of bestowal. And further, he styles the recipients of such grace "presbyters;"‡ and in the same context goes on to speak of these custodians of apostolic doctrine as being of "the presbyteral order" (*presbyterii ordo*). So that it is unlikely that distinctive episcopal grace is here in his mind at all.

On the whole, then, we have no real evidence that "ordination" for the first three centuries meant more than the solemn institution of a fit person in sacred office, somewhat after the manner of installation into civil office.

"Jewish usage," says Dr. Hort,§ "in the case of Rabbis and their disciples, renders it highly probable that (as a matter of fact) laying on of hands was largely practised in the Ecclesiæ of the apostolic age as a rite introductory to ecclesiastical office. But as the New Testament tells us no more than what has been already mentioned, it can hardly be likely that any essential principle was held to be involved in it. It was enough that an Ecclesia should, in modern phrase, be organised . . . and that all things should be done decently and in order."

Grace for the special function involved in each office was viewed as already given to the selected candidate, and on this basis he was

* It is most instructive to note that Canon Gore, while quoting largely from the "Apostolical Constitutions," cites passages from Bk. viii. *alone* for the idea of grace (as opposed to authority) being conferred by the laying-on of episcopal hands. Now Bk. viii. is not earlier than c. 350 A.D. There is, moreover, an altogether earlier form of Bks. i.-vi., from which he never quotes, and from which the larger part of even the "sacerdotal" language cited from Bk. ii. (of the fourth century recension) is wanting.
† "Adv. Hær." iv. 26, 2, "(presbyteri) qui cum episcopatus successione charisma veritatis certum secundum placitum Patris acceperunt."

‡ The fact that they are credited with "succession in episcopate" or oversight creates no necessity to narrow the reference to the *presiding* presbyter or bishop. Irenæus' language in such matters is confessedly primitive, and the "presbyters" named in 1 Clement, 44, possess the "episcopate"; while it is quite in keeping with the analogy of his age, witness Clement of Alexandria, to reckon the bishop among the presbyters.

§ "Christian Ecclesia," p. 216, where he examines the layings on of hands in the New Testament, and argues that they afford no real precedents for normal ecclesiastical office.

elected by the Ecclesia. Hence the great stress laid on the requisite qualifications in the New Testament.* Where these were present, ordination could but confer official status. The great thing to the primitive Church was the "testing" of character and spiritual endowment,† not the formal act of institution with prayer. Striking confirmation of this is found in a rule of about the end of the second century,‡ that a very small Church should invite the neighbouring Churches to send three select men to help in testing the fitness of the candidates for the episcopate—probably the germ of the three ordaining bishops later in vogue. Here the idea is simply the safeguarding of fitness and order. Similarly Tertullian § explains that "the difference between the Order (the clergy) and the people is constituted by the authority of the Church and by the consecration of the office (*honor*) indicated by the sitting together of the Order." And so he can continue: "Thus where there is no bench of the ecclesiastical Order, you (a layman) may offer (the eucharistic offerings) and baptize and be your own sole priest." "In his time," says the late archbishop, "the substantive priesthood of the laity was an understood reality. This it was which it was perceived to be foreshown in the Levitic priesthood, not that official priesthood of the clergy which was rightly constituted by the authority of the Church"—and which therefore cannot confer or guarantee special grace. And the same writer has brought out pointedly the fact that Cyprian, while perhaps the first to reimport the Jewish notion of indefeasible prerogatives inherent in a Levitic priesthood, yet did not conceive episcopal sacrosanctness to hinge on ordination but rather on God's providential choice and calling of the individual to an office of momentous import. ||

Looking back, then, at the ecclesiastical principles of the New Testament, as expounded by Dr. Hort, and at the general features of ante-Nicene organisation, one inquires after the divine sanction for the changes involved in a full-blown Episcopalian system, for which such high claims are often made. By what right did bishops come to rule other bishops, so becoming what Cyprian scornfully styles a "Bishop of Bishops"? By what right were the laity stripped of sacred duties and functions once exercised? Hort has said that "the fundamental nature of the Ecclesia as a community of disciples renders it impossible that the principle (of lay control) should rightly become obsolete"

* E.g. Acts vi. 3, "men of good repute, full of (the) Spirit and wisdom"; and the pictures of the presbyter-bishops and deacons in the Pastoral Epistles.

† So 1 Clem. 42, where the apostles are said to have appointed (*καθίστατες*) their first converts to the ministry, "having proved them by the Spirit."

‡ In the "Constitutions of Clement," ch. 15, assigned by the *Church Quarterly* reviewer to Egypt and (for this part) to a date not later than the early third century.

§ "De Exhort. Cast." 7. I use Archbishop Benson's rendering. He adds ("Cyprian, his Life and Times," p. 20, note) that "*Honor* is like *Ordo*, a constitutional word, signifying the office of any magistrate or dignity."

|| See the quotation given above, p. 12.

—that the very notion of an organised community postulates it Yet obsolete it has become. *Quo jure?* Finally, what principle of Christ or of His apostles warranted the majority of a conference of bishops to coerce a minority, or to refuse to any single congregation the right to fall back on its own conscience and so serve its Lord? If it be replied that it was expedient under the then conditions, one may answer, first, that there are fundamental principles which ought not to be sacrificed to “expediency”; and, secondly, that expediency changes. Amid the general ruin of free institutions that marked the fourth and fifth centuries a certain organisation may have seemed natural to the bulk of Christians. And the same may have fitted well with the autocratic type of mediæval authority and the pupillage of the ruled. But conditions have again changed. Not pupillage, but self-government, that trains the men who have a hand in it, is the ideal of the modern world. And the very fact that a certain type of “historic episcopate” was an integral part of mediæval and feudal England, creates a presumption that it must be profoundly modified by the spirit of religious democracy, if it is to be in vital touch with the soberly democratic England of to-day. But this means some return upon the principles of its own democratic past, those of the ante-Nicene *Ecclesiæ*.

II.

The Pan-Anglican Conference of 1888 expressed the belief that “both from deeper study and from larger historical experience there was in the present day a greater disposition to value and to accept the ancient Church order.” The present writer echoes this belief. But he ventures to question the tacit assumption underlying these words—namely, that “the ancient Church order,” taken in its most natural sense, and before the closer relations of Church and State under Constantine, corresponds more nearly to modern Episcopacy than to modern Presbyterianism or Congregationalism. To him it appears that the moral of the deeper study and larger historical experience of our day has been fairly summed up by Dr. Sanday, when he says : *

“The inquiries which have of late been made into the early history of the Christian ministry seem to me to result in an Eirenicon between the Churches. The inquiries in question do, I think, stand in the way of aggressive partisanship. . . . Our confessional differences are indeed reflected in primitive Christianity, but not as mutually exclusive. They represent not conflicting and irreconcilable conceptions of the original constitution of the Church, but only successive stages in the growth of that constitution. The Church passed through a congregational stage . . . it also passed through a presbyterian stage. If any one wishes to single out these stages and to model the society to which he belongs upon them, he is

* “Expositor,” III. viii. 335f.

zealous for a pure and primitive polity; he clings to the Bible and what he finds in the Bible; he will not allow himself to wander far from that ideal which he thinks that Christ and His Apostles have left him."

Here Dr. Sanday is himself speaking of no more than the first century of Christianity. But the principle is the same, and applies with all the greater force, if I have at all succeeded in showing that the congregational stage lasted in the main (with some modifications of form) for nearer three than two centuries.* And when he goes on to say, "I would guard myself against being supposed to imply that what is good once is necessarily good always," he still carries me with him. Only we should, perhaps, apply the principle differently. He would tend to see in episcopacy the "survival of the fittest." I, on the other hand, would dwell on the newer conditions with which its irresponsible "monarchy" ill accords; and, emphasising the danger of a dualism between the genius of the political and ecclesiastical politics in the present, would urge a large infusion of Congregationalism as a pressing need. But the main note of the Eirenicon from both sides is the frank recognition of the relativity of all existing ecclesiastical politics. Each has its own characteristic strength and weakness. And the true problem is this: How to blend the strength of each—Diocesan Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Congregationalism—into a finely adjusted polity, so as to minimise the abuses to which each alone is liable.

That this is no academic notion, but something towards which considerable approximations have already taken place, it now concerns me to show. In the first place, then, Episcopalianism has already made some experiment of the sort in certain of our colonies—those freer trial-grounds for new growths—in response to the more democratic influences there prevalent. An account of "The Church in a Colonial (Australian) Diocese" appeared in the *Guardian* of June 5, 1895; and the main points were these. Parochial clergymen are chosen by a joint board of nominators, half being elected by the Diocesan Synod and half by the parish vestry. Similarly, bishops are elected by the Diocesan Synod, subject to the approval of the General Synod, if sitting, or of the standing committees of the other dioceses of the province. The Methodist Episcopal Church of America, again, presents another type of "mixed polity," which recalls the superintendent-bishops of early Scotch Presbyterianism—an institution which some modern Presbyterians would not be disinclined to restore. In Presbyterianism itself the last generation saw a large infusion of the congregational element, in the liberty of choosing their own pastor conceded in practice to each church. On the other hand, the formation, since the beginning of the century, of county associations and

* As I understand "presbyterianism," it never came to clear expression in antiquity. But its leading principle, that of a representative aristocracy, was a potent factor.

of a general Union with half-yearly assemblies, has shown that British Congregationalism is ready to take a leaf out of the Presbyterian book of experience. And the result has been a considerable mutual approach in sympathy and appreciation; while in America the *rap-prochement* is even greater.*

And here we seem to get a hint as to the process by which any more organic union is to come about. The ideal of mere absorption of other bodies by any one polity in its present form may be dismissed, not only as a dream but as an irreverent dream which ignores the voice of God in history.† But even the formal federation or fusion of any existing bodies is not the first stage in their union. What one may term the "internal fusion of ideals" is a vital prerequisite, whereby the temper and genius of each is partially appropriated by the other before ever the external fusion is essayed. Now such subtle interpenetration of spirit is going forward silently but surely, and will bear fruit in due season. This is the encouraging side of the present outlook, the mutual assimilation of one another's root principles without giving up what is positive in one's own traditions.

Its *rationale* is well expressed by Dr. Hort‡ in writing to Dr. Hatch :

"I quite go with you in condemning the refusal of fellowship with sister Churches merely because they make no use of some element of organisation assumed to be *jure divino* essential. But it seems to me that the rejection of theoretical and practical exclusiveness clears the ground for the recognition of at least the possibility that other kinds of (relative) *jus divinum* may be brought to light by history and experience. In organisation, as in other things, all Churches have much, I think, to learn from each other, the Church of England as much as any. . . . They have all much need of development, but each from its own historical base."

On the other hand, over against this large Protestant Catholicism, docile to the teachings of Divine Providence in modern times, as well as in the remote past, stands the shadow of a *doctrinaire* Catholicism which is a mere clericalism unworthy the noble name of High Churchmanship. This latter is the peculiar prerogative of no one Church and of no one school or party in a Church. It exists in all those who feel that the Christian society, in any one of its many forms and in them all, has a high function to perform in the economy of human redemption; and who are ready to sacrifice personal wishes in order to

* So much so that mutual ministerial eligibility between the two is there quite a recognised thing.

† The American Protestant Episcopal Church in 1886 stated emphatically that it did "not seek to absorb other Communions but to co-operate with them on the basis of a common Faith and Order, and to discountenance schism." This is surely the true attitude for each communion until a more truly comprehensive type of Order than any existing one shall begin to emerge.

‡ "Life and Letters," ii. 357.

foster its fellowship as defined by Christ and His apostles. It is being grievously wounded to-day unawares in the house of its friends. For to some it identifies itself with High Clericalism; to others it largely defines itself by contrast thereto. But surely those who set up conditions which, to say the least, can claim no explicit sanction in words of the Church's Founder, have most to answer for in relation to such lack of unity as exists among us. At a time when non-episcopal Churches at home are showing not only a growing desire, but also a capacity for closer mutual relations; and when, on the other side, Roman Catholicism has shut the door with a bang against overtures in that direction; is it not about time for the Anglican Church to reconsider the whole situation afresh and right to the bottom?

What modifications in the notion and methods of their "historic episcopate" (once very differently regarded by Churchmen) are they really ready to allow to historic and present facts and to Christian unity? The possible presence of a Russian orthodox bishop as a visitor at an Anglican synod does not carry one very far towards union. If a Jansenist archbishop * finds the Anglican ministry wanting in that very "sacerdotal" character which a large part of its clergy make the middle-wall of division between themselves and fellow English Christians whom they will not recognise as forming Churches of Christ, is it likely that the great Russian Church will be more complaisant? It comes back again to this: that the High Anglicans court those who repudiate their Catholicism, and on the ground of this very repudiated Catholicism repulse those at their very doors who approach them with respect.

Meantime we rejoice to believe that the blind instinct towards greater unity is itself growing, and will in due time see its way more clearly. Truer methods of exegesis and a truer historic sense are gaining ground; and it is hardly too much to hope that books like Dr. Hort's careful discussion of the original conception of the Ecclesia of Christ, which is really assumed in all our thoughts and words on Church unity, but is seldom made a topic of serious study, may help to hasten the day of clearer light and larger charity.

VERNON BARTLET.

* "The Established Church of England knows nothing of a sacrificing priest in the Catholic sense, as her Thirty-nine Articles and other declarations prove. . . . Until the Anglicans reject their Thirty-nine Articles there can be no question of reunion between us and them."—Archbishop of Utrecht.

OUR TRADE WITH PERSIA.

IT is a misfortune, no doubt, for England to have only a small trade with a foreign country ; but it is a greater misfortune to have no trade whatever. Years ago we had a paramount influence in Persia. That influence is now on the wane, and our trade with the Persians has steadily and persistently dwindled. I have just completed a journey from one end of Persia to the other, noting facts here, listening to complaints there, and I came away from the land with a strong sense that England was allowing her commercial opportunities to slip away, and that, with the loss of those commercial opportunities, her political strength was failing, so that now the Persian authorities do not ask, "What will England say?" but "Will Russia permit us?"

Now English trade with Persia is small and insignificant, a mere drop in a great bucket ; and that is, perhaps, why politicians at home disregard it, or think that it is not worth while to make any effort to regain lost ground. But the puffing of chaff shows the direction of the wind equally as well as the uprooting of forests. In 1889 the exports of Manchester goods from England to Persia were valued, in round figures, at £2,000,000. Six years later the exports had dropped to £650,000, and last year (1896) the official returns recorded a value of £470,000.

Let me explain the cause of this violent fall, and, if possible, suggest a remedy. The first portentous word that flashes into one's mind is Russia. Russia has hedged in the whole of Northern Persia, and, by unbearable customs dues, has restrained foreign traders from sending their goods by way of the Caspian Sea or *via* Batoum. Consequently the only British goods that reach North Persia filter in by way of Trebizond ; and Russia will one of these near days have the power to

close that port also. All the foreign goods, therefore, north of Teheran are Russian. The Russian Government encourages its own manufacturers by export bounties, paying back the duty on imports of raw cotton if it is exported in the shape of textiles. I found the bazaars of Tabriz and Kasvin flooded with wretched inferior Russian prints. Knowing the excellent stuff our own mills and print works can turn out, I asked the reason why—after taking into account the cost of freight to Trebizond and the expensive caravan transit overland—our own manufacturers did not compete. Mr. C. G. Wood, our Consul-General at Tabriz, gave me a disheartening reply :

“Manufacturers at home,” he said, “think they know better than the Persians themselves what patterns to print. The Persian is particular about the pattern ; and, where the Russian printer will supply exactly what is wanted, the Englishman refuses, and sends what he considers best. But there is another and more serious complaint which I have to make against my own countrymen. Many a time a Persian merchant has brought me a piece of cloth, authentically marked, but decidedly short in length. I don’t say there was cheating at home. What I do say is that a Persian should have what he pays for. The English manufacturer, however, when he has been told of this, instead of apologising for the trouble and making good the short supply, will reply to the Persian merchant, ‘Sir, your account is now closed.’ That has happened not in one instance, but in many instances. Our opportunities for trade in North Persia are few ; but our own manufacturers, by their arbitrary, high-handed conduct, make them fewer.”

Other powerful reasons are at work crippling our trade with Persia. Ten years ago half the Manchester exports to Persia ultimately found their way into Afghanistan and Transcaspia. This has been disputed, I know, but every man who has studied the question on the spot recognises that for centuries British trade with Persia has been a transit trade, feeding the Asiatic “Hinterland,” and dropping on the road whatever was required for Persian consumption. What has happened ? Russia has closed the Afghan and Transcaspian frontiers to our goods, and our commerce in that direction is irrevocably at an end. This explains to a great extent the alarming falling off in trade. Another reason is that English exports, instead of always travelling from Bushire by the Shiraz and Isfahan route up to the capital, are now frequently sent by an easier way around by Baghdad, and therefore, goods really destined for Persia appear officially as “exports from England to Turkey.” Added to all this, there is a decrease in the buying power of Persia owing to the fall in the gold value of silver ; and further, there is stagnation of trade due to increased misgovernment and the Oriental torpor, which is not to be eradicated.

But, unsatisfactory as are England’s commercial relations with Persia, she has more advantages in trade than other nations, and the question very naturally arises, “How does England’s position compare

with that of those other nations?" I leave Russia out of the account, not because Russia should not be reckoned with, but because she has so infinitely got ahead of us that comparison is unnecessary. Russian influence is paramount in Persia, and so cautious and long-sighted is her policy—which is a waiting policy, based on the fact that yearly her Asiatic neighbour is becoming weaker and will therefore, in the end, fall an easier prey—that where she cannot open up trade herself or make use of concessions, she sees that others are hampered and restrained, and if possible defeated. Still England, besides Manchester goods, sends out to Persia copper sheets, candles, broadcloth, hardware, and silver; and in return Persia supplies us yearly with about 750 cases of opium, valued at £55,000, and carpets worth, roughly, £50,000. British India sends to Persia sugar, spices, stationery, and coffee, and used to send a great quantity of tea till the closing of the Transcaspian provinces stopped the importation of the last-named product. Holland and Belgium supply candles, piece-goods and window glass to the accumulated value of possibly £10,000; France provides about £35,000 worth of loaf-sugar; and Germany and Austria do a little trading in sugar, silks and broadcloth. Persia sends annually £250,000 worth of opium to China and £15,000 worth of lambskins to Russia. All these figures are small, and in the commerce of a great trading nation hardly to be taken notice of. But they show, what I want to show, the relative position of other countries to Persia.

I travelled from the north of Persia to the south, from the sphere of Russian influence to a sphere supposed to be exclusively British. At Teheran I asked our Minister, Sir Mortimer Durand, bluntly: "Is our influence in the south of Persia increasing or is it on the decrease?" Sir Mortimer is too old a diplomat to give a direct reply to such a question. All he would say was, "I don't think we are losing ground in the south," which, freely interpreted, meant that we were losing it pretty fast. At Teheran we are doing nothing. True, the Persian Bank is English; but much that might be accomplished in the way of manufacture has been spoilt for a long time through the miserable bungling of the Tobacco Regie, which ended in a fiasco, the worse than bungling in connection with the Mining Rights Corporation and the shameless leakage of money in working the Persian Road Company, Persia is not South Africa, except, maybe, as far as company promoters are concerned; and capitalists and investors have been frightened from the land of Iran. To uphold an influence a position must be maintained, and Britain's position in Teheran is almost nil. Meanwhile, little Belgium is showing the way. Sixteen miles out of Teheran I visited a Belgian sugar factory, an enormous establishment with elaborate machinery and lit by electricity. Beet-fields stretched all around, and the manufacture of sugar on the spot will put an end to France's dealings with Persia. Another Belgian company, or

perhaps another branch of the same company, is busy making glass-ware and producing excellent profits. Still another Belgian company holds the contract for lighting the Teheran streets. All this demonstrates that there are doors open in Persia for foreign enterprise to enter, and it is a marvel why England stands aside, or rather allows herself to be pushed aside.

But here rises another question : Has Persia anything to give in return for Britain's running very obvious risks by establishing a vigorous commercial policy in Persia? Persia is not a land exactly flowing with milk and honey, but it is a land capable, under proper management, of being four times as rich and prosperous as it is to-day. The time is inevitably coming when Persia will fall into the hands of foreign masters, and as those masters will be the Russians and the British, it is for us British to look to our own interests and see that Persia, south of Isfahan, if indeed not south of the capital itself, ultimately comes under the dominion of the Indian Government, and not under that of the Czar. The rule of the Shah, though more beneficent than that of his rapacious father, Hasr-i-Din Shah, is rotten at the core. All is bribery and corruption ; there is no body to carry out public works ; every Persian is greedy and without self-respect. Persia for the Persians is impossible. They will sell their country, as they will sell their daughters, to the highest bidder, for they know no shame. I have talked with Persians who have clasped their hands and raised their eyes to heaven and prayed that the day might be at hand when England would take possession of Persia. Had I been a Russian, no doubt they would have expressed an equally strong desire for the Muscovite flag to be waving over their houses. The constant expressions of goodwill towards the British should therefore be taken as meaning naught. The Persians dislike us cordially, as they dislike the Russians ; but they respect the Russians because they fear them, while the conciliatory, friendly, easy-go-lucky attitude of the English they take to be an indication of weakness. I am not going to labour the political importance of warding off Russia's attempt to ultimately obtain a port on the Persian Gulf, and preventing her rapping at the door of India over the Baluchi frontier. At the present moment I am considering Persia as a field for English commercial enterprise.

What, then, can be done to open up the Shah's dominions, which are rich agriculturally, rich minerally, so that not only Persia, but British traders may benefit? At present we take our goods into Persia by way of Bushire, and then by mule caravan up the kotals to Shiraz, from whence they are sent on by camel caravan. Now this road between Bushire and Shiraz is probably the worst in the whole world. As a matter of fact, it is not a road at all ; it is a track, narrow and dangerous, up the sides of three or four mountains. Anything too large to go on the back of a mule cannot

be sent up these kotals, and the making of a road—far less a railway—is well-nigh impossible. I look then to the abandonment of Bushire as a British port, and the finding of some other means of reaching the interior. Some day we may have a railway down the Euphrates Valley, and then English goods which are now sent by way of Bombay and Kurrachee would go *vid Bussorah*, and save over eleven hundred miles. The lie of the land between Baghdad and Teheran is good, and there would be little engineering difficulty in constructing a railway line. Were an English company started to accomplish this it must anticipate considerable opposition from Russia. A less ambitious scheme is to open Shushter on the Karun River as a British port. We already hold a concession, of which little use has been made; but Shushter places us on the threshold of Northern Persia, and our goods could easily hold their own in the Teheran bazaars with those of Muscovite origin. Russia is strongly antagonistic to our using Shushter, because ultimately she wants Shushter herself. But we hold the concession. Yet, unless something is done very soon, we must abandon hopes of ever accomplishing anything with that port. We are being pushed more and more to the south, and ten years hence we shall as soon think of British influence swaying at Shushter as of asking for the evacuation of Merv.

There is a port on the south coast where we have long been predominant, and which I would strongly urge on those most closely interested as an excellent base of operations in the future, and one that could not meet with resistance from the Russians. It is the port of Bunder Abbas. In former times it played a big part in commerce, especially after the adjoining island of Ormuz had ceased to be the great emporium of the world. A light railway could be run up to Yezd and Kerman; it could be extended to Isfahan, and have arms reaching to Teheran and Shiraz either way. Once there is good transit in Persia—and the absence of this has been Persia's commercial stumbling-block—means of irrigation will be found and immense tracts will grow wheat. Meanwhile, with diffidence, I would urge on our home Government the establishment of more consulates in Persia. The new consulate at Isfahan has done much to check England's waning influence, and if consuls were also placed at Kerman, at Shiraz and elsewhere—men of character, and not puppets, who would be supported by the Foreign Office—I think that ere long the country would be commercially exploited to the mutual benefit of Persia and England, and we should be no longer confronted with a sinister array of figures showing that our trade was decreasing steadily to the vanishing point.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

THE HOUSING OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

ENGLAND is fortunate beyond all other countries in the solicitous pride with which her position in art among the nations is regarded by those who are best able to influence it. Recognising, perhaps, that the ultimate word addressed to remote posterity by a race or a great community is the message delivered by their love of, and performances in art; and impelled, no doubt, by the more practical idea of pleasure immediately conferred and opportunities for study and improvement afforded—a whole succession of benefactors has carried on that tradition of endowing the public with a wealth of art to which the nation was slowly awakened soon after the birth of the present century. No other country, I apprehend, can point to such a series of gifts as those identified with the names of Vernon, Sheepshanks, William Smith, Mr. Tate, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Watts, or bequests the equal of those of Turner, Holwell Carr, Wynn Ellis, Townshend, Henderson, Jones, and Wallace—a list which, by the inclusion of bequests not many degrees less important, might be extended to a length unsuspected by the ordinary visitor to our galleries. The disposal of such gifts as these usually gives rise to little trouble and affords no legitimate occasion for outside criticism and suggestion. But when the event is one of national importance, carrying with it as an indispensable condition a large outlay of public money and involving deeply the convenience and needs of the people who are to enjoy, and the students and designers who are to profit, those who concern themselves with the artistic prosperity of the country feel themselves free to express their views on the subject on which the authorities are called ultimately to adjudicate.

This public interest in our art collections—dating originally from the agitation which finally brought about the establishment of the

National Gallery out of Mr. Angerstein's collection in 1824—has gone on steadily developing to the present day. All persons of culture hail each new presentation with applause, not primarily in the light of an addition to the national wealth, however valuable the offering may be, but as a new link in the chain of the historic sequence of art, and as a further means for that study of the arts of design which is daily raising the taste, and with it the importance of many of the crafts and trades of England, with singularly happy results. In France, generally speaking, the land of the bureaucrat and the *fonctionnaire*, such gifts are made to the State, which is regarded, so to say, in *loco parentis* to the people. The latter, accordingly, appear to be allowed but an indirect voice and to exercise but the veriest shadow of influence in respect to their art acquisitions, and in the disposal and the management of the national collections. Here in England gifts are nominally made not to the State, but to the Public—a sentimental difference in the main, perhaps, but a very essential one in the interest that is aroused in the popular mind. For the system appeals to us rather as individuals than as a community. Everybody's business is nobody's business; but the business of each is the business of all, and that which interests the public directly and personally is a matter of concern to every one of us. Successive Governments have recognised the principle over and over again; and, I believe, this country stands alone among the nations of Europe in giving some sort of heed to the views of those who may be supposed to hold opinions worth considering, whether or not, by their official position or by such opportunities of personal intercourse with the authorities as they may enjoy, they are regarded as experts, professional or amateur.

It arises, therefore, that on the occasion of any great artistic event of importance the public voice is raised, offering suggestions and devising schemes which the Press puts before the authorities for what they may be worth. On the occasion of Mr. Henry Tate's first munificent presentation no fewer than five distinct schemes for the housing of his proffered collection and for due provision for its development were brought forward and fully discussed; and if a sixth was ultimately adopted, it was because the serious objections, or the harassing conditions and restrictions that seemed inseparable from all of them, suggested to the donor the advisableness of making entirely new provision by doubling the value of his original gift and presenting the casket along with the gems, the Government affording only the space whereon to place it.

In the case of the Wallace bequest a discussion not dissimilar has arisen which cannot, however, be closed by a settlement such as the expansive benefaction of Mr. Tate was able to effect. In the present instance, not fewer than seven separate schemes have been proposed, every one of them possessing some sort of attractiveness, though two only have been

reserved by the process of elimination for final decision. For the sake of history, the first four may be glanced at in rapid succession. The initial suggestion advanced was that the collection should be added to the South Kensington Museum. It was argued that the character of a very considerable portion of it had more affinity with the contents of that museum than with any other collection in London; that its superb furniture would, along with that already existing in the gallery devoted to the Jones bequest, and in other corridors of the building, constitute a *Garde Meuble* almost unequalled throughout the world, while the gems, miniatures, and other *objets d'art* would similarly reinforce the cases of the museum. But the terms of the will were thus clearly ignored, not less than grave distrust with which the South Kensington administration is at present regarded, entirely apart from all considerations of the danger of fire to which the congeries of ill-constructed buildings and shanties is daily exposed.

A second scheme of happier inspiration was the erection of a large building on the west of Exhibition Road on the space to the north-east of the Natural History Museum—a space in no way encroaching upon the ground understood to be appropriated to the Science and Technological Museums facing the Imperial Institute. The advantage claimed for this scheme must to some extent be allowed; it would have permitted the erection of a large building consisting of a single ground floor in the style of the Trianon, in which the whole Wallace collection could have been arranged according to methodical classification; the building itself being designed in that order of architecture most in harmony with the French character of the majority of the works in question, while the picture galleries themselves might have formed a model for the whole of Europe to envy. And there was the further advantage that, while it remained absolutely independent of the Science and Art Department and all its works, the student and the visitor to South Kensington might, by merely crossing the road, complete in the Wallace Gallery the studies he had been making in the museum. The suggestion, nevertheless, received little support on the primary ground that the district of South Kensington did not meet the condition laid down in the will of being “in a central position.”

A similar objection was fatal alike to the proposal that Kensington Palace, or a gallery immediately contiguous to it, should be made available for the collections. This was a favourite scheme of Sir William Agnew and others when the Tate collection was before the public. The vacant space of ground immediately to the north of the Palace is available, and a new gallery erected thereon would, with the old building, when viewed from the gardens, present an unbroken front. There were here, it was urged, better light and freer air than could be found elsewhere; the surroundings of foliage, grass, and flowers composed a setting worthy of such a palace of art which, with the in-

expensiveness of the style of architecture, the fair accessibility and the historic associations would combine to form a Hampton Court for London that would be almost irresistible to the metropolitan mind. Moreover, it was believed that the consent of the Crown could easily be obtained, and that any sum demanded for ground-rent would be expended on the urgently needful restoration of the Palace now falling rapidly into decay. The state-rooms of the old palace itself might have been used for the display of the furniture, and its walls for such of the pictures as harmonised in point of period and character with the faded splendours of early Georgian days; but the prospect, alluring though it was, stood no chance of acceptance in view of the definite condition more than once alluded to.

Although no similar objection stood in the way of the selection of the City of London as a home for the Wallace collection, no response was elicited for the proposal tentatively revived in favour of that site on the Thames Embankment, between the Temple Avenue and Sion College, which was originally discovered by Mr. Humphry Ward during the Tate discussion. That proposal was not unattractive when the opportunity for fine architectural display was taken into consideration; but the City Fathers were hardly more likely now than then to make to an art gallery sacrifices greater than those they had refused to the Salvation Army, which had bid for the same plot; more especially, perhaps, as they considered that their duty to art, now actively prosecuted at the Guildhall, is as liberal as they could, in the character of a commercial community, be expected to perform. Moreover, a considerable portion of the land at that time available has since been allotted to other building enterprises.

A suggestion of striking originality, which presents advantages enough to recommend it, is that which would make over to the Wallace Gallery the whole of the south side of Leicester Square, that facing the Empire Theatre, absorbing St. Martin's Street itself as far as Orange Street. From the south-east corner of such a building, it was urged—touching as it would the parade-ground of St. George's barracks—it would be easy to construct a connecting bridge a hundred yards long, or less, to the north-west corner of the National Gallery, in the manner of that Florentine covered way that links the Uffizi Gallery to the Pitti Palace. The area to be occupied would probably be greater by 10,000 square feet than the site either of Hertford House or Hampton's warehouses, and might claim that it would be less costly than the latter, while offering the further boon of superseding a slum with as fine an edifice as the architect employed could raise.

All these schemes are now dead; and the final choice lay between the two which have been seen from the beginning to offer the most satisfactory and the most natural solution to the problem. The first of these is the acquisition of the freehold and the fabric of Hertford House, and its retention, after certain alterations, as the home for the

collections which it has so long contained. The second—which, it must be admitted, offers by far the most magnificent prospect yet advanced for the approval of the public—is the erection of a gallery in immediate proximity to the National Gallery, whose collections it would augment and supplement in a manner so felicitous as would render that collection, without question, the completest and most superb in the whole civilised world. There are also contingent advantages to which I propose to call attention; advantages of so concrete and pressing a nature that what may be admitted as the superior claims of the National Gallery might eventually end in housing the incomparable collection of the Marquis of Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace, not in Manchester, but in Trafalgar, Square. Against this delightful vista is to be set the somewhat more serious expense of the scheme—an expense hardly to be incurred, perhaps, in a year when the completion of South Kensington Museum, too long delayed, is engaging the startled consciences of the Government, who are understood to have decided, it is to be hoped not finally, in favour of Hertford House, in spite of any superior claims of intrinsic merit or financial convenience that the National Gallery scheme could urge.

As a matter of fact, what appear at first sight as drawbacks in the National Gallery proposal are in reality strong arguments in its favour. There is the obstacle, it is true, that the Wallace collection must be separately housed; but whether or not separately controlled—independently of any existing body or institution—it is an obstacle easy to surmount. A new building, practically, if not actually, in contact with the National Gallery, could be had by paying for it. Such a building—if not a new street—is inevitable in the end, for the public will assuredly not much longer concur in the risk of destruction from fire to which our great collection is hourly exposed—a danger hardly less than that to which South Kensington is admittedly threatened, as I have over and over again borne witness. The initial expense, then, may be thought heavy (if the saving on the Hertford House purchase be not considered), but to meet it at once will, in the end, be found the cheapest course, as it involves the buying up of the freehold on which are erected the extremely dangerous shops and warehouses on the west and the demolition of a portion of the barracks on the north. This purchase and this reconstruction are foreseen, and, I believe, accepted in principle by every one connected with the Gallery; so that by immediately proceeding with the work the contingent future rise in price of the land may be forestalled, and the expense accounted in equal shares to the two sister collections—the National Gallery and the Wallace bequest. It will be seen, therefore, that the difference in the estimates between the two sites must be allocated, as to one half, to the building fund of the National Gallery.

When William Wilkins, R.A., who first conceived our National

Gallery, and was set to build it in part out of the old materials of Carlton House, and thenceforward was subjected to the literally mortal annoyances of Government officials, parochial authorities, and petitioning slum proprietors, succeeded, in the nick of time and by his own independent efforts, in saving the site it occupies from the erection of shops already planned and arranged for, he had foreseen the necessity of providing for expansion. But, for some reason he never satisfactorily explained, he left the eastern wing of the gallery—that which was for some years to be occupied by the Royal Academy—otherwise than fireproof. Whether the dangerous condition of this portion of the building, especially of its roof, has been remedied since it was reported against by the Select Committee of the House of Commons I am not aware; but it is certain that the imminent danger arising from actual contact with the St. George's Barracks to the north of the Turner room still exists as it did when Wilkins was forced by the ignorant interference of persons whom he stigmatised as “amateur architects,” to thrust back his building fifty feet, and leave it in perpetual jeopardy against a non-fireproof building peopled by soldiers. Some years ago, when I drew public attention to this alarming fact, Mr. Plunket declined to take any other step than to set up an extra hydrant, to be used in case of an outbreak, so that to the danger of destruction of the pictures by fire there might be added as a set-off the risk of ruin by water. I understand that the Government do so far recognise the gravity of the danger that they propose at some future date to remove the southern half of the barracks and to break contiguity, assuming that the National Gallery is then still standing; and on the space thus cleared to complete the parallelogram of the National Gallery buildings according as more space is wanted. As the War Office resists, on public grounds, entirely to vacate yet awhile a spot of considerable tactical value,* it becomes necessary to accept the concession already foreshadowed, and to complete the safety of the National Gallery by the acquisition of the site already alluded to, lying between the National Gallery and Whitcomb Street on the west, and between Pall Mall East and the lower end of St. Martin Street on the north. In favour of such a scheme it may be urged that a plot of ground would be secured somewhat larger than that now occupied by the fabric of Hertford House, and equally larger than the portion of the barrack-ground of which the National Gallery is understood to have the reversion; that ample space would thus be obtained for the Wallace collection; that direct communication would at once be established through the west wall of the Turner room; that the extension advocated upon Wilkins's plan would be duly carried out; and, above all, that the extreme daily danger of fire arising from the *absolute contact* of the block of buildings containing the

* The Duke of Cambridge attached no importance to it.

inflammable furniture-shops and bedding-warehouses of Hampton's, the linen establishment beside it, and the other dwelling-house would at last be averted.

It appears to me incredible that the Government and the public—duly warned that our National Gallery, containing a collection still more valuable than that housed at South Kensington Museum, is in direct contact on the north side with the canteen of the barracks which have more than once been on fire, and on the west with one of the most inflammable of all kinds of trade warehouses, and knowing as they must that an outbreak of fire is likely, in a country where the prevalent wind is from the westerly direction, to spread into an irresistible conflagration, in which the National Gallery is practically certain to be involved—should be content to leave the matter carelessly and indifferently in abeyance. Now, by the acquisition of the block I propose, the triple expense of the purchase of Hertford House, of the freehold, and of the necessary alterations, would be saved; the terms of the will would be respected; the safety of the National Gallery would be secured, and the one collection brought close to the other, so that they may be studied in perfect sequence and as a whole. But if the Government adhere to the view of a committee, perhaps not acquainted with the whole case as I have set it forth, they, or at least the public, will be vastly the losers in the long run; for the furniture and bedding block will have to be acquired before long, or, as an alternative scheme of safety not very much less expensive, and certainly far less effective, a new street on the immediate west of the National Gallery cut through from south to north. I do not think that the impartial taxpayer will hesitate between the two proposals. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared in the House of Commons that the joint matter of the South Kensington Museum and Hertford House must be considered in connection with the large expenditure which must soon be incurred for Government offices generally. Would it not be well were the Government, before ratifying beyond recall the Hertford House recommendation, to examine the question independently, in the light of the arguments put forth by those who are moved, for the reasons here given, to accord their support to the case for the National Gallery?

When the first announcement of the bequest was made vaguely public the general opinion was undoubtedly strongly in favour of the acquisition of the fabric and freehold of Hertford House for the maintenance of the collection in the house which had been built specially for its proper display and care. It was a view which appealed to sentiment and judgment alike. But further knowledge of the terms of the will and of the conditions of exhibition at Hertford House materially modified the views of many of us who had strongly proclaimed for the Manchester Square scheme. We had been influenced

by the fact that a building, isolated as it is, runs little risk of fire; that a gallery in the neighbourhood of Portman Square was extremely desirable in a district ill enough served with means for artistic education and knowledge; and that no newly constructed gallery was likely to be better fitted for the reception of the Wallace collection than the casket which the owner had already fashioned for his treasures. Moreover, the continuance there of these works of art seemed extremely becoming on the ground that the donor would have wished it so, and that the taste displayed in the formation of the collection had already been expended in supplying the galleries.

But the counter-argument, supported by facts subsequently made known, appears to have cast the balance greatly in favour of Trafalgar Square. There is now little doubt that Sir Richard Wallace was not himself of opinion that Hertford House was desirable as a permanent home for his collection. When years ago he had offered to bequeath to the nation the gift which his wife's subsequent munificence has now assured us, he was coolly invited by the Government of the day to add grace to his generosity by adding the house in which it stood. Thereupon he withdrew his offer, and, as every one knows, died intestate: for his drafted will was never executed. Whether he was more influenced by the gross character of the Governmental *gaffe* or by his disapproval of their choice of Hertford House has not been stated; but the assumption is justified that the proposal did not recommend itself to him. And the argument against the Hertford House scheme, as against the several South Kensington proposals, is to be found in the will of Lady Wallace herself. She, free as she was to dispose of the collection as she chose, preferred scrupulously to carry out what she knew to be the desire, if not the instruction, of her husband; and it is hardly to be imagined that in the conditions with which she accompanied it she was inspired by any other object than the realisation of his wishes. The "express condition" that "the Government for the time being shall agree to give a site in a central part of London, and build thereon a special museum to contain the said collection;" the specific direction that the bequest should not remain at Hertford House for a period exceeding four years from the date of the testatrix's decease; and the further special bequest of the Louis XIV. balustrade at Hertford House to be used in the aforesaid museum, *another being substituted for that removed*—all this admits of but one construction, namely, that the retention of the collection at Hertford House was, so far as Lady Wallace is concerned, never for a moment in contemplation. But it will be agreed that sentiment is a quality which can properly be charged against no Government—least of all against a Chancellor of the Exchequer. If, by ignoring the wishes of a testator, and circumventing the conditions of a will, some sort of cash saving may be effected or

profit assured, sentiment is apt to be regarded as a luxury beyond justifiable indulgence by plain business people of the Government. This view is not an honourable one; neither is it wise, if regarded only in the narrow light of public policy; for intending donors not yet dead are little likely to be encouraged by such a spectacle of stolid indifference to the wishes and express stipulations of those who have departed.

But the main objection—which ought properly to have proved fatal—to the Hertford House proposal is the utter inadequacy of the galleries that hold it. I am aware that the committee appointed to look into the matter have come to a somewhat lame conclusion in respect to the inquiry, considerations of expense apart. The reference to this committee, it may be explained, was as follows: "Where, in what manner, and at what probable cost, provision may be best made for housing and exhibiting the art collection recently bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace, and to make any recommendation which may seem fit to them as to a trust in which this collection may be vested;" and the committee of which Lord Lansdowne was chairman, the other members consisting of Sir William Harcourt, Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Freeman Mitford, Sir F. Mowatt, Mr. Walter Armstrong, Mr. A. de Rothschild, and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, have, by a majority, subscribed to the more makeshift plan, which in this year of stress for the Government is likely to relieve to a certain degree the strain suddenly thrown upon its financial department. It must, however, be clearly understood and frankly recognised on the evidence of those who have lately examined the collection *in situ* that Hertford House, *as it stands*, is entirely unsuitable for the adequate display of its treasures; and it is difficult to see how, otherwise than by radical structural alteration, a satisfactory arrangement of a permanent character can be made. This is also the view of one who may be considered the leading authority in the country, and is, I believe, so regarded by the Government. "I am sorry to hear," he informs me, "that it is decided to keep the collection at Hertford House, by which course the making of suitable provision is only shirked and evaded. The collection is shamefully shown now." Equally, it must be borne in mind, that when the alterations are made which are admitted by the committee to be necessary, Hertford House will have lost all that charm and character of a lordly dwelling furnished in princely fashion which has hitherto distinguished it: it will simply become an ordinary top-lighted museum-gallery.

In the circumstances, then, there appears no satisfactory alternative to the scheme which I have suggested as the best—the extension of the National Gallery on the west. The northern extension for the natural development of the collection proper is thus left untouched. By the connection of the two institutions by short fireproof passages

closed at nights by double iron doors, the advantage of combining the collections would be obtained, while the required independence would be thoroughly respected and maintained. The visitor would pass from one gallery to the other—as one walks across the border from one country to another—without the slightest hindrance or inconvenience, enjoying the benefits offered by so incomparable a survey of works of every art. As in the Louvre, the masterpieces of the cabinet-worker, the jeweller, the enameller, the potter, the artificer, and craftsman would properly be represented alongside those of the painter. As in the Luxembourg, and in the Salons of Paris, the creator of the *bibelot* and the *meuble d'art* would be accounted for what he truly is—the artist of the chisel, the chaser, and the kiln, not less worthy of attention than the artist of the brush.

But there is another advantage more attractive, perhaps, than any of these. It is the fact that the Wallace collection is strong where the National Gallery is weak; so that, by arranging the new palace of art beside the old, a complete panorama of the world's art would be presented to the student's eager gaze. At the present time, it is notorious that in the National Gallery certain masters are not well represented, or not represented at all; the Wallace collection will supply the want. Up to the present, too, the French school has with us been strangely ignored; in Hertford House there is, ready-made, a series of the masterpieces probably unequalled outside the public galleries of France. Nay, more: certain painters of the English school may be seen far better than is possible at the National Gallery—a matter not lightly to be passed over by the champions of the art of England, now that the opening of Mr. Tate's National Gallery of British Art witnesses the withdrawal to its spacious rooms of near a hundred of the examples of our modern school housed hitherto at Trafalgar Square. Beside the National Gallery, if not in it, fine works of English artistry would still be seen and honoured.

Imagine, then, the Wallace collection established in a twin building alongside the National Gallery, and, maybe, some of the schools at the latter gallery so rearranged that they might in a measure lead up to, or harmonise with, the scheme of classification adopted in the former. In the first place we should enter a gallery which would enlighten the untravelled Englishman for the first time as to the highest qualities of the French school. In five canvases he would learn the piquant grace of Nattier—the artist who as a painter of feminine charm is at present as highly esteemed in France as Reynolds and Gainsborough, Hoppner and Romney, are here; and in another he would discover the talent of Largillière. No fewer than eleven superb examples of Watteau, of the very highest excellence and value, would meet his eyes; five by Fragonard, fifteen by Pater, three by Géricault,

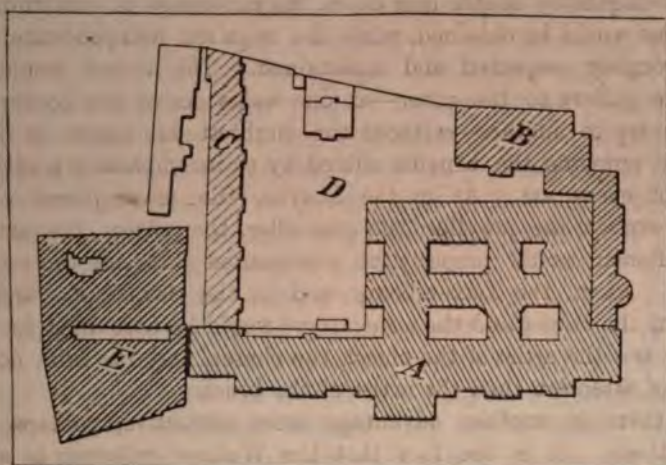


FIG. 1.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND NEIGHBOURING BUILDINGS.

- A.* The National Gallery. *B.* The National Portrait Gallery.
C. St. George's Barracks touching and overtopping the National Gallery. *D.* Parade Ground.
E. Block of Shops, Warehouses, &c., touching and overtopping the National Gallery.

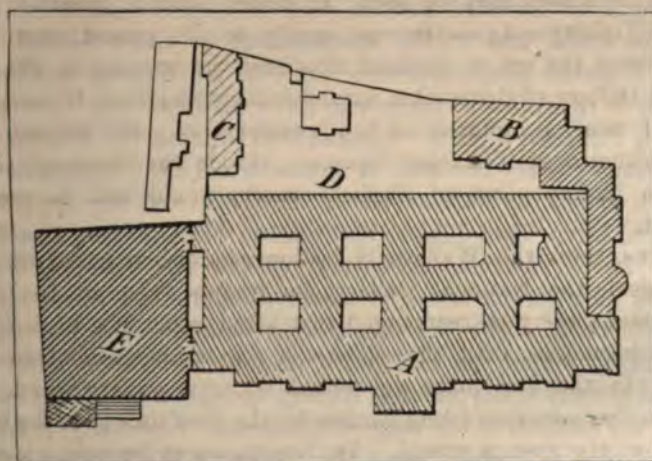


FIG. 2.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY COMPLETED, WITH NEIGHBOURING BUILDINGS, AS PROPOSED.

- A.* The National Gallery. *B.* The National Portrait Gallery.
C. St. George's Barracks, as promised by War Office.
D. Parade Ground. *E.* Wallace Gallery as proposed:
 Furniture and arms below, pictures, miniatures, bric-à-brac, &c., above; square entrance to ground floor, steps to upper floor.

and two by Gros ; twenty pictures by Isabey, thirty-one by Decamps, fifteen by Delaroche, two by Delacroix, four by Diaz, and examples, selected for their superlative quality, by Prud'hon, Corot, Couture, Robert Fleury, Troyon, Claude Vernet ; together with fifteen of the most exquisite works of Meissonier, and chosen pictures by Dupré, Bellangé, Boilly, Gérôme, and many others—all belonging to a group of painters at the present time *entirely unrepresented in the National Gallery*. In addition, eight works of Lancret supplement the eight already in Trafalgar Square, where Boucher is represented by one canvas as against eleven in the Wallace collection, Ary Scheffer by two as against five, Horace Vernet by one work as against forty-one, and Mme. Rosa Bonheur by one as against three.

If other details were needed to add to the allurements of the proposal, the names of the Old Masters comprised in the Wallace collection, but entirely absent from the National Gallery, might be set forth. They would include Albano, Brauwer, Jordaens, Boursse, Miervelt, Cagnacci, Camphuyzen, Alonzo Cano, De Vos, Everdingen, de Heem, Porbus the elder, Van Stry, Pieter Wouvermans, Van Loo, Zeeman, Vanderwerff, Pynacker, Eglon Vanderneer ; while the names of many eminent modern painters, foreign and English, might be added. The reinforcement, too, that would result in the case of other masters is hardly less striking. The single Bonington, by which that painter's genius is feebly represented now at Mr. Tate's gallery, would be supplemented by the thirty-eight examples in oil and water-colour which the Marquis of Hertford had the taste to acquire ; seventeen superb Canalettos would add to the completeness in which the skill of the brilliant Venetian is already seen ; and the ten Guardis, not less fine, would be a revelation to those who know his hand only by the single canvas in Trafalgar Square. Against four Greuzes, the Wallace collection possesses twenty-two, and in numbers, and often enough in quality as well, it excels the National Gallery in the case of Berchem, Murillo, Jan Steen, Cuyp, Paul Potter, Philippe de Champaigne, Sassoferrato, William Mieris, Weenix, Metz, and Adrian van Ostade. Furthermore, the magnificent series of eleven Rembrandts, eleven Rubens, twelve Reynolds, eight Velazquez, eight Vanderveldes, and six Van-dycks, might almost be said, were they to be placed hard by the examples already at the National Gallery, to render possible a complete study of the methods of the respective masters. And lastly, it might be suggested that in certain cases the riches of the Wallace collection might influence the authorities to release from the National Gallery certain works rendered redundant there, and accordingly available for loan to our provincial museums and art galleries. Indeed, it has been proposed that by the sale of these works, including certain fine but, as some would say, repetitive examples by Hobbema and Ruysdael, contribution might be made by the National Gallery towards its own

salvation. I need hardly point out how strenuously any such proposal should be resisted.

The problem and its solution are of importance so unusual that the refusal of the Government to permit any parliamentary discussion of the matter must presumably be accepted only as the expression of its irritation at the exposure of South Kensington, at the pressing necessity for immediate rebuilding there, and, it is to be hoped, at the extremely unsatisfactory position of the fabric of the National Gallery; while the Minister on whom falls the responsibility of providing the necessary grants claims as his consolation the luxury to be derived from settling the matter (or leaving it unsettled) without advice and without supervision. It remains to be seen whether this independence will be used with the primary view to effective figures in an annual budget, or for the lasting advantage of the public and of their noblest art institutions.

Why is it, it may well be asked, that in such matters as the housing of our works of art there should always be these difficulties, discussions, schemes, and counter-schemes? Apart altogether from the interest taken by the public in threshing out the advantages and drawbacks of every proposal advanced, there is ever this same nervous, irritable, anxious passion for finding out the best course to pursue, as though the matter were among the most intricate and most imposing of all the problems that engage the attention of the Government. Why is not such a matter dealt with as its straightforward simplicity demands? Merely because the Government always understands by "the best," the cheapest course; because it never seeks, be the public building or the public matter what it will, thoroughly to do, but only to patch. Look around at the capitals of Europe, and you will see the Louvre at Paris, the Galleries at Vienna, the Pinakotheks at Munich, and the rest, even in cities of the second rank, buildings handsome and adequate, splendidly constructed, finely placed, wherein no proper expense has been spared to make them worthy of their purpose and of the people that own them. In England the halfpenny-wise, pettifogging spirit is ever with us, and the cheapest plan which is not wholly inefficacious is usually the one selected: the choice leaving us not less disgraced in the eyes of the nations than discontented with our own short-sighted, makeshift, "practical" niggardliness. Who else besides John Bull, the shabby-genteel millionaire, would leave such an institution as the British Museum closely surrounded by dwelling-houses which mask with an inflammable screen the greatest temple of knowledge in the world? Who else would leave the buildings of South Kensington Museum a ready prey to fire and the despair of his own "practical" children? or consent to the maintenance of such a condition of things as the Treasury willingly suffers in the case of the National Gallery? No doubt the Government too often looks

for private subsidies, having no more scruple than a Marshalsea Dorrit in accepting assistance from such individual donors as will come forward, out of very shame, to save the case from the discredit of irrevocable makeshift. I doubt whether the cost of all the museum and gallery structures for the reception of works of art ever erected in London with national funds up to the present day equals the sum wasted in a single ironclad which has disappointed its designers and which the Government of the day passes over with an airy speech in the House of Commons. Here we have three schemes. That of Hertford House, likely to cost (as near as can be estimated at a guess) £130,000; the Leicester Square, probably costing £400,000; and the National Gallery (with all its vital advantages to *both* collections) £500,000. That which is finally chosen, it must be remembered, is to enclose a collection the value of which has been estimated at about three millions sterling, so that a considerable sum may justifiably be spent upon such a legacy. But who can doubt that it is the cheapest in the short run that will most strongly recommend itself to the authorities? —unless, indeed, the Government determine to take the matter seriously in hand, and by the issue of a Public Buildings Loan make such adequate provision for our art institutions as will meet their needs and be an honour to the country.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE ARCHETYPE OF "THE HOLY WAR."

IN the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of last October I suggested that the Anabaptist tradition was the source from whence Bunyan drew his material for his "Pilgrim's Progress," and I cited several passages in proof. I propose now to do the same with reference to his "Holy War." As the hypothesis is one that has to be proved by cumulative evidence, the proofs given in this article will obtain increased value if those adduced in the former one be taken into account. Should it, after all, appear to some readers only an ingenious and plausible theory, I would ask them to consider whether this may not be owing to their having, in common with most people, an inadequate idea of the importance of "Anabaptism" in the social and religious history of Europe. Let any one look with sympathy through such a work as Van Braght's "Bloedig Tooneel," the Anabaptist martyrology, and he will see in the Bible-like appearance of the ponderous volume, with its powerful artistic illustrations, depicting the cruel fate of Baptist martyrs in various countries, England included, what a place Anabaptist traditions had in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century, the only country in which Anabaptism had wealth and position sufficient thus to express itself. But its memories, its traditions, its spirit, had not therefore died out elsewhere. They were indelibly engraved in the hearts of those who in all ages represent the soul of the people.

The manner in which Bunyan spoke of magistrates and of the benefits to be derived from kings may seem inharmonious with Anabaptist ideas and traditions; but when the kind of Anabaptism which obtained in England is considered, the difficulty vanishes. As Anabaptism never formulated any common creed or confession, statements concerning its doctrine can only be made in a general way;

it cannot, however, be very venturesome to affirm that the Melchiorites, or followers of Hoffmann, not only admitted the bearing and use of arms, the taking of oaths, and holding of civic offices, but that their theology tended rather to be a modification, in an Anabaptist sense, of that of Luther and Zwingli than to be a distinctly opposed scheme. That, however, the real, abiding Anabaptism essentially was. Driven to make a choice the Melchiorites would have had to fall back on the Bible minus the Gospels; the real, abiding Anabaptism on the Gospels minus the rest of the Bible. Now it was the Melchiorite Anabaptism that seems chiefly to have influenced England, and this, perhaps, explains how it was that the Baptist Churches formed by disciples of Hoffmann, and more or less in sympathy with the Münster Anabaptists, yielded to the powerful Puritanism which prevailed in this country in the days of Elizabeth and James I. Naturally the poorer members, as those least affected by fashions in thought, would remain most under the influence of the old traditions and of the old spirit, and that Anabaptist spirit would lead them to sympathise with the people, who in those days, both in England and in the United Provinces, believed in kings and princes. And Bunyan's ardent faith in kings is another proof of his being a man who felt with the people rather than with the powerful classes—that is to say, he was possessed by the spirit of Anabaptism.

The experiences, moreover, of the fathers of so many of the Baptist Churches could not have been lost all at once and must have come down, at least in a traditionary way, to Bunyan's time. Allowing that the great events attending the war between King and Parliament, with those of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, tended to obliterate what had occurred in the previous century from the popular mind, there was something so analogous, so stimulating in the Anabaptist struggle that people taking such a deep interest in social questions as the Levellers and the Fifth Monarchy Men would have hardly allowed it to pass out of mind. Nor could a man of the people who gave himself wholly to spiritual things have lived unaware, especially if he mingled much with Baptist people and Baptist Churches, of the existence of a rich treasury of figure and illustration, a whole mine of wealth in a pictorial setting forth of the struggles of the kingdom of heaven, the heritage of those who had been much influenced by the life and experience of the founders of the early Baptist Churches. Obligated on every account to live under a veil of obscurity their actual experiences would more and more seek expression in spiritual forms, and thus the tradition of Anabaptist history would be handed down; and of all minds Bunyan's was the one formed to be its receptacle and to give it a new and fruitful life.

That this did really happen has already been shown by a comparison of what we know historically of the kind of experience

thousands of Anabaptists individually went through with that which Bunyan describes as occurring to his Pilgrim, and if we examine his "Holy War" in a similar way we shall find the analogy between it and the traditional history of the Anabaptist struggle of 1534-36 equally striking.

In the Book of the Restitution, published in Münster during the siege in 1535-36, setting forth the doctrines held by the leaders in the city we learn from the chapter relating to "the kingdom of Christ and the full lordship of the earth," that they thought this kingdom was about to be set up as an actual kingdom of this world. "The devil," they said, "had wickedly usurped the inheritance of Christ, and having become himself prince of this world had attained to such power over it as to prevent the manifestation of the kingdom of righteousness and peace. But the time of this tyranny had ended and Christ with His true knights and faithful servants was coming to take possession of His own kingdom and to suppress the devil and his wicked followers. Then would follow the day of vengeance and of refreshing from the presence of the Lord when each would receive according to his deserts. And finally all the saints would become one fold with one shepherd, one king ruling over all." This great struggle they believed had already opened at Münster.

This idea of the devil pushing Christ out of His kingdom, usurping His inheritance, becoming prince of this world, setting up a spiritual tyranny strong enough to prevent the kingdom of righteousness and peace shining forth, the war that followed, ending in Christ Himself leading His faithful captains and true servants to the reconquest of His inheritance and vengeance on the usurper and his followers, with the bringing in of the joyful time when all His people become one fold with one shepherd, one king ruling over all—is so exactly the motive of Bunyan's allegory that this summary of the seventeenth chapter of "The Restitution" might stand equally well for the summary of the "Holy War."

The Münster Anabaptists use very frequently, with intense force, an expression to which Luther had given currency when he described the condition of the Church under the domination of the Papacy as "the Babylonish Captivity." The Anabaptists considered that the Lutherans and Zwinglians, in calling in the powers of this world to crush whatever seemed in opposition to their aims and plans, were themselves "Babylonian," and thus the term in the Anabaptists' vocabulary came to have a very wide meaning, and to cover all that they conceived evil and belonging to the kingdom of darkness. The second proclamation issued in Münster during the siege is described on the title-page as "a wholly trustworthy witness of the vengeance and judgment of the Babylonian abominations."

Everything which, from the Melchiorite point of view, can be regarded

as belonging to that kingdom which the devil has usurped over this world, everything, in fact, that is unjust and godless, is here termed Babylonian—thus we have Babylonian power, Babylonian tyranny, Babylonian horrors, Babylonian prison. And just as “Babylonian” is the characteristic word of the Book of Vengeance, and from a work published under such circumstances we may conclude it was also of the Melchiorite manner of speaking about the great struggle into which the saints were entering, so “Diabolonian” is the characteristic word of Bunyan’s “Holy War.” When we consider that the two words had for those who respectively used them exactly the same meaning, and that they euphonise quite remarkably, is it too much to suppose that the one suggested the other? “Babylonian,” says Bouterwek, is repeated in the Book of Vengeance to weariness. And well it may be, for to root out and utterly destroy all the word represented had become the one thought which dominated the writers and their followers in Münster, just as to root out and utterly destroy all that was “Diabolonian” in Mansoul was the one thought of its redeemed citizens.

The analogy in the description of the two cities is hardly less striking. Of Mansoul we read that it was “a town for its building so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its privileges so advantageous, that there was not its equal under heaven.” If the concluding hyperbole be regarded as of no more importance than a flourish after a name, then the description of Mansoul is exactly what any one might have given Bunyan with reference to Münster. After Nuremberg, Münster was, for its building, the most curious town, perhaps, in Germany. It was, in fact, a grand old mediæval city; its many churches and ecclesiastical establishments marked its episcopal character; its noble Rathhaus and various guildhalls indicated its long established wealth and its position as a city; its Dom palace or castle, its great square with its grand but rather singular cathedral—all gave it a character which is aptly described by the word “curious.” It was well fortified, having strong walls, towers and gates properly protected. The river Ahe ran through it and drained it. Its situation between the Hanseatic towns of Bremen and Hamburg to the north-east, and the Netherlands and Rhenish cities to west and south, might well be described as “commodious.” Quite a group of towns around looked to it as a leading member of the Westphalian circle.

It might be said the description of Mansoul would apply to other mediæval cities besides Münster, and this certainly would not be a strong point taken alone, but then it is only one out of a great number of points in which the two stories agree. There is for example a most complete similarity in the spirit of the war whether it raged in the actual or the imaginary city. The whole of Christendom, and Münster with it, had, according to the Anabaptist point of view, fallen under a Babylonian tyranny, due to the teaching of the scribes and

lawyers in the Church, the schools and universities having succumbed to their Babylonian doctrine. The whole argument of "the Restitution" was that there had been a fall. The allegiance Christendom owed to Christ it had transferred to the devil. Now this is exactly what Bunyan teaches when in his picturesque way he describes Mansoul as succumbing to the artful speeches of old Ill-Pause and giving itself into the hands of Diabolus. For though the most evident meaning of the allegory is to depict the war between the powers of good and evil for the possession of an individual soul, it cannot be so confined without the limited view itself losing grandeur and infinite meaning. For it is when the struggles for an individual soul are seen to mirror those for Humanity that their grandeur and import appear, and again when the struggles for possession of Humanity are seen in the struggles for an individual soul that their reality and infinite meaning most forcibly come home to us.

The story of the fall of Mansoul is analogical in all its main points to that which in the view of the Münster Anabaptists had actually happened in Christendom. The artful wiles of the ecclesiastical scribes and lawyers had successfully opened Christendom to the devil, who thereupon possessed himself of the central seat of spiritual power. Rome, whence its law went forth, became "a den and hold" for "the Babylonian king." So far, all the reformers were agreed, but the Anabaptists, as we have seen, did not stop here, but saw in these reformers themselves a Babylonian spirit. "God," "the Restitution" said, "had indeed stirred up Martin Luther, and he had pointed out the anti-Christ and began to bring in the true gospel, but now alas he will no longer go to the front." Rome was thus symbolised in every city in Christendom. Whether the Roman camera or "forty canons" ruled, or whether it was a Lutheran or Zwinglian Council, things must stop just at the point most profitable to those who were the ruling class. And this self-seeking spirit had gone on so long, that when Pope and Emperor and many other important people saw plainly the time for reformation had come, the conservative spirit they had fostered was too strong for them, the innumerable selfish interests they had allowed to grow were so deeply rooted that they could do nothing. And though in many cities and towns a so-called reformation had been effected, it had been made with such violence and by such appeals to the interests of classes and individuals, that when it was tested by experience it was soon found that the spirit of selfishness had not been exorcised, so that the new order was only the old under another name. They had exchanged a Pope far away in Rome for a Pope nearer home. For a Church that would tolerate almost anything that did not trouble its self-complacency or lessen the flow into its treasury, they had established one that would tolerate nothing that did not agree with the opinions of its leaders. Meanwhile all the shameful scandals of Christendom went on just the same as ever

—to many, it seemed worse than ever. Altogether it looked to the seers as if the last days had come, a few more steps in the downward path and the great struggle between the Babylonians and the true Israelites would commence in which the latter would be victorious. Then would come the day of vengeance and the restitution of all things followed by the return of Christ to take possession of His kingdom.

This separated from the history of the period looks horrible, but a little knowledge of the state of things makes it impossible for us to say it was not justifiable. How unbearable the evils of the world had become is suggested by the following testimonies. At the beginning of the century the electors themselves complained that the poor were loaded with services, and oppressed by the ecclesiastical and lay tribunals in an absolutely iniquitous manner. Butzer, in 1526, declared "that they had torn the flesh off the poor man's bones, now they would suck the marrow out of his bones." Luther said, "If one looks round the world through all grades, it is nothing but a den of thieves." And that this applied not only to Germany but to Christendom appears, when we find Bernard Gilpin saying of England: "Covetousness has brought the nation to such a pass that every man scrapes and pills from others, every man sucks the blood of others." While Harrison, in his "State of England," thus graphically describes the process going on: "They lick the sweat off the poor man's brow."

The failure of the Peasant War in Germany (1525) reduced the laborious classes in Germany to despair. The more difficult a social and political revolution became, the more the desire for justice took a religious direction. Thus the popular discontent evinced itself in seers and prophets, men who saw more clearly than any politician into the heart of things, but who could only express what they saw in the mystical imagery of the prophets of the Bible. The world, or rather Christendom, appeared to them as the apocalyptic "Babylon," and they not only looked for its ruin as "the city of destruction," but called on all to fly out of it and seek a "city wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Their efforts to do this were met as Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," represents they were met, by powers whom he calls giants—Grim, Maul and Pope—who tortured their victims in a terrible manner, to get evidence to burn, drown, behead, hang, bury alive those they could not worry or terrify into submission. In a few years two thousand Anabaptists were put to death in Germany, and from seven to eight hundred in the Tyrol. Almost every city in the Netherlands was the scene of executions for Anabaptism, the authorities going so far as to scuttle and sink ships on the Zuyder Zee laden with refugees flying to Münster. And these executions represent but a portion of the misery. How many died in prison, or perished from the ruin brought upon them none can tell. What was their

crime? Entertaining and propagating opinions which cut at the roots of Christendom. For the bonds which were supposed to hold it together, infant baptism and the oath of fidelity to superiors, were denied by most Anabaptists. These things, combined with their evident sympathy with the oppressed, discontented people drew down a persecution almost exterminating. And it is no wonder that their sufferings led them to feel that what was called Christendom was only a heathen world, powerful enough to enslave the Church of Christ and reduce it to the state of *Judæa Capta*.*

The first Anabaptists spoke of the inner light and divine love, but, after these terrible persecutions, a series of prophets appear who speak more and more of the outer darkness and divine vengeance. Melchior Hoffmann saw the seven angels of the Apocalypse pouring out their plagues, Babylon destroyed, and judgment coming upon its priesthood. A city would be chosen where the magistracy would set up the banner of righteousness, and where its power would be maintained by the hundred and forty and four thousand of the Apocalypse, and then the true Gospel and the true baptism would spread over the earth.

Hoffmann's voice lost in the depths of his prison where he died, when and how unknown, another prophet arose, who announced the end of the period of oppression and the near approach of the time when God would overthrow the tyrants and bloodshedders with all the rest of the wicked. Under the preaching of Jan Matthysz and the apostles he sent out in all directions, the people began to flock to Münster, as the city where the righteous banner was to be unfurled, and, as the gathering took place, Jan Matthysz announced that the time was at hand when God would deliver His people, and that by the same means and the same way as they had been down-trodden and crushed. Not simply for their own protection were they to take the sword, but for the destruction of the wicked; the sword which the oppressors had drawn against the people of God would now pierce their own hearts. And thus the Holy War was proclaimed.

Now, if we read Bunyan's allegory as a setting forth of the struggle between the powers of good and evil for Man as a social being we shall find that the ideas of the Melchiorite Anabaptists concerning the world around him were his. Man, according to the teaching of the "Holy War," was created for the delight and glory of God, and as a society to live eternally under His government—a society which could, therefore, in the classical sense, be spoken of as "a city"—"a city whose builder and founder was God, and at whose creation the sons of God sang with joy." This human city, listening to the devil, fell, and became his captive and slave; many efforts were made for its

* For an idea of Bunyan's hatred and horror of this false Christendom see his "Holy Citie."

deliverance, but this could only be done by its own rightful prince, who himself comes and redeems it. But, though redeemed from its captivity to Diabolus, Mansoul was still a city divided against itself, for a great number of its inhabitants were Diabolonians by nature, apparently foreigners naturalised under Diabolus. These Diabolonians work together for the restoration of the power of their master, and succeed in getting their fellow citizens so to trust in the prosperous condition of affairs that they grow indifferent to their true prince, and careless concerning the stealthy progress of his adversary. When this process has gone on long enough to create a breach between Mansoul and its prince, Diabolus commences to besiege the city, and, making a partially successful assault, the Diabolonian forces enter, and Mansoul becomes, in Bunyan's forcible language, "a den of dragons, an emblem of hell, and a place of total darkness." The castle, however, still remains in the hands of the captains of Immanuel, and they keep up the fight until the prince himself at last suddenly returns to Mansoul, utterly routs Diabolus and his army, and once again re-establishes His kingdom in the city. This summary of Bunyan's allegory is equally a summary of what the Münster or Melchiorite Anabaptists in their book, "The Restitution," conceived to be the history of Christendom.

And Bunyan, while entering into the Anabaptist idea of that history, shared the Anabaptist spirit. For not only does he describe the inhabitants of this city as composed of two sorts of men, Diabolonians and servants of Shaddai, but the spirit in which the latter treat the former in the hour of triumph is exactly that with which the Book of the Restitution and the Book of Vengeance sought to animate true Israelites against Babylonians.

This ruthless treatment of those who are so unhappy as not to be among the elect is a striking feature of the "Pilgrim's Progress." To give examples of it would be to quote the whole work, since it permeates almost every page; but, perhaps, one of the most striking is the way in which a gentle girl, modelled on some Puritan maiden, and bearing the name of Mercy, beholding the corpses of three would-be pilgrims, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, hanging in irons, exclaims, "Let them rot and their crimes live for ever against them." And then she turned it into a song, saying:

"Now then you three hang there and be a sign
To all that shall against the truth combine.
And let him that comes after fear this end,
If unto pilgrims he is not a friend.
And thou, my soul, of all such men beware
Who unto holiness opposers are."

It sets Bunyan's Anabaptist spirit in a vivid light if we compare his account of the rule of the City of Mansoul under Diabolus and under Immanuel. Under the former every corrupting art is used to debauch the minds of the citizens. When Diabolus has got possession

of the town there are no shocking executions, no ghastly cruelties, but he subtly works to make it morally blind. Its men of intellect have their eyes closed by honour and wealth. Its men of conscience are ignored or misrepresented and means are sought to debauch them. Places, honours, preferments are the means by which Diabolus wins the more distinguished individuals; as to the mass of the citizens, liberty is freely given them to gratify the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life.

Then the usurper takes care to suppress any report or rumours about another kingdom and another lord; spies are employed continually to walk up and down the city, having power to suppress and destroy any one perceived plotting or saying a word on behalf of that kingdom. And then to keep a hold on the consciences of his new subjects, Diabolus makes them take an oath of allegiance to him, which Bunyan, with Anabaptist feeling, describes as "a new oath and horrible covenant." Finally, Diabolus uses the last and most deadly resort of princes of his type, the press, to complete his debauchery of the public mind. And thus, by a process of moral and mental degradation, he strives to maintain and perpetuate his rule over Mansoul.

How different the policy of the government of Immanuel, and how characteristically Anabaptist: stern dealing with Malignants, caressing, feasting, entertaining of friends. The corporation is entirely remodelled, and every Diabolonian in it is not only removed, but at once apprehended and put in prison. New judges and new jailors are appointed, and new jurors empanelled. The prisoners are placed at the bar and their trials despatched with all the celerity of the French revolutionary tribunal. The legal machine works with sure and stern severity; none escape, and yet Bunyan, with true genius, recognised that some of the prisoners, even those with the worst reputation, had at least the virtues of gentlemen: nobleness in thought, dignity in manner, and bearing adversity with fortitude. Says the late lord mayor, Mr. Incredulity: "I know not Shaddai; I love my old prince; I thought it my duty to be true to my trust and to do what I could to possess the minds of the men of Mansoul to do their utmost to resist strangers and foreigners, and with might to fight against them. Nor have I, nor shall I change mine opinion for fear of trouble, though you at present are possessed of place and power."

The remarks of the jury when they retire to consult upon the verdict show a sublime indifference to every consideration but the vigorous use of the power of the victors to exterminate the foe. Rapid almost as the Oriental bowstring is the fate of the prisoners. Tried in the morning, sentenced in the afternoon, they are executed the next day. Not however without its proving "troublesome work," for in Mansoul, under its true king, there is no such a being as a professional executioner; if such work had to be done it must be in the spirit in

which Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, and Elijah slaughtered the prophets of Baal.

Exactly in the same way does the drama move in the actual city of Münster. There we find relative severities were set aside and for all crimes the one penalty was death. When we see what the crimes were for which this penalty was to be exacted we find the criminals in Münster were exactly the kind of persons Bunyan represents as put to death in Mansoul: blasphemers, contemners of the authorities, offenders against domestic order and authority, adulterers and the like. Thieving, fraudulent, overreaching individuals; lying, tale-bearing, foul-mouthed persons; enviers, haters, quarrellers, murderers, all were alike liable to this Draconian punishment. But in justice to Münster Anabaptism it should be noted that there was an immense difference in the application of the death penalty in the two cities. In Mansoul there was no exception, no mercy, no possibility of escape; in Münster the loophole was the widest possible, for it was enacted that if the convicted person *truly repented* he should be forgiven. But in conception the idea at Münster and at Mansoul was absolutely one and the same—namely, to rid the place of all Babylonians or Diabolonians, and that by the swift and sure method of the sword. And thus in Münster as in Mansoul the work of execution was a lofty, religious act performed by the prophet, or the king, or governor of the city.

And just as ruthless severity towards the foe and caressing, feasting, entertaining of friends was the policy of Mansoul's true Prince, so it was in Münster. The story of this part of the Holy War is entirely taken up with accounts of the trials of the Diabolonians or of the processions and entertainments with which the Prince delights his people. Clad in his golden armour, riding in his royal chariot, the trumpets sounding about him, the colours displayed, his warriors following after, and the elders of the city joyously preceding, he passes through an admiring throng to the castle where he has come to take up his abode. Ere long he makes a great feast to the people, entertaining them in a manner that transports them with joy; so drowned are they in wonderment that when at home in their houses they can think and talk of nothing else. This feasting had interludes of processioning, with bell-ringing, minstrel-playing, shouting of captains and waving of banners to the sound of silver trumpets. At last the festivals were held so often that scarcely a week passed without one of them. Moreover at these feasts the Prince of princes sat down himself to eat and drink with them, while all his mighty captains, men of war, trumpeters, with the singing men and singing women of his Father, stood round about to wait upon them.

If the history of the Anabaptist kingdom at Münster had occurred after the Holy War was written one might well have imagined that

it had modelled itself on the ideal Bunyan then gave of what might be expected to happen in a city over which the banner of righteousness floated. But as Bunyan wrote "The Holy War" a century and a quarter later we must conclude that it was the actual history that gave form and colour, spirit and detail to the allegory. Remembering all that is said in "The Holy War" of processions, garment-giving, festival holding let any one read Dr. Keller's "Geschichte der Wiedertäufer," and he will see how important a part in the government of Münster was this setting forth of the royal glory. At times the King, arrayed in royal vestments, a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, rode on horseback, surrounded by his court and followed by a great troop of horsemen in liveries of blue and red, receiving, as he passed through the streets, a splendid welcome. Even until the last month of the year 1534 he kept up his festivals, entertaining the dignitaries of the kingdom not only with royal fare but also with music, broken at times for the reading of a chapter from the Bible. On one occasion he invited the whole city to a feast in the great Cathedral square. When thousands were gathered by the sound of a trumpet he appeared arrayed in silk and scarlet, wearing his crown, chains, and other insignia, with twenty-three knights as well as his men of arms. His servants waited on the guests, a repast of three courses was served; after which fine wheaten cakes were placed before him, which he broke and distributed as the concluding eucharistic act. This great festival made such an impression on the minds of those who took part in it that it has come down to us in minute detail, mixed up with much that looks like amplification and legend. But if it forms so important a part in the accounts from which most of our information of what happened in Münster in 1534-35 is taken, can we doubt that it, also, had a leading place in the traditional story Bunyan must have heard?

"The Holy War," as the "Pilgrim's Progress," may be said to be composed of two parts. There is first the fall of the city into the hands of Diabolus, and its deliverance by Immanuel, then secondly, the siege and partial capture of the city by Diabolus and its final recovery by Immanuel. The double fall of the city and its deliverance twice over is not, as Mr. Froude has pointed out, the plan of a work of art; but Bunyan had no thought of art in what he wrote; all he sought was fully to convey his moral, and that moral compelled him to adhere to the doctrine of the Book of the Restitution already referred to—that the progress of man religiously has been through a series of falls followed by a series of restorations. This the "Restitution" traces through the Old Testament history, and most conspicuously in the fall of the Jews from the law and the fall of Christendom from the Gospel. The latter, the Münster writers conceived, was the final fall, for in its desolation it exceeded all other falls. The height, they said,

to which Christ had raised Man was the degree to which he had fallen, so that no nation under the sun, neither Turks, nor Jews, nor Saracens had so abominably and shamelessly despised God as the so-called and would-be-imagined Christians had done. Such a fall must, they thought, harbinger the final restitution of all things; there could be none worse. But, though Bunyan appears to be at one with them as to the course of human history, he had another century's experience to go upon, and, possessing those peculiar qualities of character which help to keep men from great mistakes, he did not imagine "the last things" were at hand, but closes his allegory as the Anabaptists had expected their Holy War would close. And thus, while following the siege of Münster, so far as its details are in harmony with his object, he delivers Mansoul at the last moment out of the lion's mouth; Immanuel appears on the field, and "he comes with colours flying, trumpets sounding, and the feet of his men scarce touching the ground."

With this difference, the main facts of the actual history, if not chronologically sequent, reappear in the allegory. There is the same gradual change from a time of joy and festivity to days of anxiety and darkness. Anguish and sorrow fill the hearts of the people of Mansoul, for they see their city surrounded by the armies of Diabolus. The Diabolonian standard floats upon the mounts the besiegers have raised, and night after night the Diabolonian drummer beats a tattoo for a parley. Diabolus seeks by fair words to induce the city to open its gates, not only promising a general amnesty, but even the enlargement of its privileges; however, he is told that the people of Mansoul are ready to die rather than fall in with his flattering and lying deceits. Upon which he commands an assault, and, one of the gates being forced, the Diabolonian soldiers enter to the roll of the Diabolonian drum, and shouting, Hell fire! Hell fire! Although they cannot take the castle, they hold the city. "Now did the clouds hang dark over Mansoul," for the soldiers of Diabolus made great havoc, firing the town in various places, murdering and horribly maltreating even the women and children. Red-coats and black-coats walk the town in clusters, and Mansoul becomes a den of dragons and an emblem of hell. The victory, however, was incomplete as long as the citadel was not theirs. Diabolus, therefore, calls a council of war to deliberate what should be done. "So all the princes of the pit came together, and old Incredulity at the head of them with all the captains of the army, to consult what to do." And their conclusion is that Mansoul must be taken by stratagem, and that the best kind of stratagem is to make use of the Diabolonians hidden in the town. Meanwhile the wretched people of Mansoul send out one of their bravest leaders to beg Immanuel to come to their relief. Nothing enrages Diabolus more than these efforts, and he counts it of the utmost importance to get the envoy into his power.

If now, making the allowances mentioned, we compare the history

with the allegory we find there is such similarity in the detail of the siege of Mansoul to that of Münster, that if the former did not have its origin in the latter, some explanation of the similarity equally probable will have to be found.

The "Babylonian" power, which for long years had worked Münster for its own advantage, having fallen and fled, its prince, the Bishop of Münster, arrived with an army and commenced to besiege the city. After some months, without any success, it began to look as if the siege would have to be abandoned. The prince-bishop sought help from his brother princes, but they, though alarmed at the vastness and depth of the Anabaptist movement, were so filled with mutual jealousy and antipathy that they did not give the bishop effective assistance. At last, however, he succeeded in getting together a number of lords experienced in war; the Archbishop of Cologne, the Duke of Grubenhagen, the Count of Schaumburg, the Count of Isenburg, the Count of Nassau, the Count of Bentheim and many others, and they held a great council of war. After long debates it was decided to offer Münster life and freedom, and a general amnesty if it would yield to its prince. But the "Babylonians" were told that Münster was willing in case of need to suffer all things, but the city would be defended to the last man. Upon this it was decided to take the place by storm, which was attempted at six different places at once. Although the assailants got beyond the outer fortifications, they had in the end to retire, and thus it was that for many months the siege went on with even less success than the Diabolonians had in their attempt to take Mansoul. Meanwhile the beleaguered city did its utmost to obtain relief. Messengers were sent out for that end, several of whom were Münster preachers. The bishop seems to have been indefatigable in stopping them, for he overawed some of the neighbouring cities to which they were sent, and executed those envoys that fell into his power. By sheer persistence the besiegers in the end reduced the people in Münster to a state of great misery. The self-confidence and great hopes of its inhabitants began to give way before the ever-increasing sadness of present reality and the alarming nature of the immediate future. What with famine, the constant roar of the Babylonian cannonade, and the horrible roar of the Babylonian drums, the dread that fell upon Münster must have been worse than anything Mansoul is described as suffering. Meanwhile expectation that help would shortly come made the torturing anxiety worse. From the watch-towers they gazed across the country for the long expected white flag, which was to herald the relieving forces; but Münster was doomed, and was finally taken as the lords of the pit proposed to take Mansoul—by stratagem, and stratagem of the very kind proposed in the Diabolonian war council by Beelzebub: "Let us advise again with our trusty Diabolonians that are yet in their holds in Mansoul, and set them to work to betray the town

for us." A traitor who pretended to be a true Israelite, but had always been one of the baser sort of Babylonians, escaped from Münster and offered to show the besiegers where they might find a weak point in the defensive works of the city. His plan was welcomed, the besiegers effected an entry, and after a long and desperate fight, the defenders of the city were overcome. A savage slaughter, horrible, ghastly and remorseless, took place.

The fearful lesson was no doubt necessary, but not so much for these poor men and women of faith, since they must have learnt it well before the awful catastrophe came, as for those who in the ages to come should have still more exasperating forms of Babylonianism to contend with, and who, in defence of themselves and the oppressed, should be tempted to deny the evangelic precept: "Resist not evil," and seizing the weapons of Cain seek to turn them against Cain himself.

Writing on the morrow of a catastrophe not very dissimilar—the fall of the English Commonwealth and the return of a king of the Diabolonian order—Bunyan was doubly in the right in reversing the conclusion and describing the glorious deliverance of Mansoul by the sudden appearance of its long-lost Prince. And immediately Diabolus and his troops vanish like the Assyrian host, the leaders flying to the pit, the rank and file dropping as dead men. Then, delivered from all fear, the gates of Mansoul are flung open, the most honourable men standing at the one through which Immanuel enters. Arrayed in golden armour and in a chariot of purple and gold, he passes up streets strewn with lilies and white flowers and decked in green, concluding the display of his glory by a discourse.

A city in dreamland, where the people labour and suffer, struggle and fight, with interludes of feasting, processioning, and listening to the Word; where from darkest misery they rise to highest joy, and at last lose the memory of all their woe in unutterable rapture; such a picture set in a frame of sieges and assaults, devils and Diabolonians, arrests, trials, tortures, and execution, looks as if it came directly from the hand of a Münster artist. It is, however, a faithful representation of Bunyan's "Holy War."

The singular similarity both in the drama and in the spirit of the history and of the allegory cannot be explained, so far as I can see, except by supposing that Bunyan had heard and assimilated the story of the Anabaptist Kingdom of Münster, and had heard it, not through distorted histories, but by the living voice of tradition. And if it be admitted that the struggle of which Münster became the centre was the archetype of Bunyan's "Holy War," then we not only get an interesting literary fact, but, what is more important, a vivid light on the mind of the religious common people of England during a period when this country was as virile in its character as at any period in its history.

RICHARD HEATH.

HUSBANDRY IN THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.

IN the spring, when the new wine was first drawn off, the great festival of Dionysus was held, with appropriate hymns and with songs and games, in which the young men contended for the prize of a goat. This is looked upon as the origin of the Greek drama, the word tragedy meaning, of course, a goat-song. There were matches between the villages, and one village or one company of singers or one single singer became more famous than the rest. Then dialogue was introduced, beginning probably in a sort of chaff that filled the interludes between the choric songs, and in this way the local folk-fêtes of rural Attica prepared the way for Æschylus. When, however, the drama became a great literary and patriotic institution, it became the possession of townspeople who had no great sympathy with country life and things.

Athens, the violet-crowned, was as far as possible from having the significance of smoke and darkness of a modern metropolis; how far, any one can still realise who stands in that alley in the king's garden where, above the lovely leafage of bay and myrtle, ilex and oleander, the temples of the Acropolis suddenly appear against the clear sky, nothing else of the outer world being visible, while the faint hum of the modern city is drowned in the song of nightingales. Nevertheless, morally as well as materially, a town it was, in the most intense sense of the word; and it is doubtful if the Athenians would have appreciated an attempt to "bring the scent of the hay across the foot-lights." We cannot expect to learn very much about contemporary agriculture from the Greek dramatists, though such hints as are to be gathered from them on the subject are by no means without value.

Æschylus was the first writer to scout the idea of an early golden

era, and to recognise that primitive man had a life so hard and miserable that the most unlucky of his descendants might own himself to be better off. His description of human beings before Prometheus came to their aid has been truly said to be a correct account of the Stone Age. In the "Persians" Æschylus describes a service for the dead such as in his day was certainly often performed by the pastoral or village Hellenes, whose ritual the poet transported among their enemies without any pangs of conscience. The beautiful lines refer to the libation :

"Milk from the flawless firstling of the herd,
Honey, the amber soul of perfumed meads,
And water sparkling from its maiden source :
Here, too, the juice of immemorial vine
And scented fruit, rich gift of tawny olive
That never knows a season of decay,
And flowers, the little children of the earth,
Disposed in garlands."

So fair an offering might cheer the saddest ghost ! Fain would one forget that the same people could represent their heroes as gratified by the Dahomey slaughter of innocent girls upon their tombs. Rites of the sort mentioned by Æschylus formed the rustic obsequies both in Greece and in Italy. To this day, in the island of Sardinia, where many ancient customs are preserved, flowers and simple fruits, such as nuts, are thrown into the open grave.

Not remote among the landscapes of a golden age but present in the fairyland which is somewhere—somewhere on this actual earth, is the country by the sea of Sophocles, a dream that, out of childhood, knows that it is a dream and yet delights the dreamer :

" where each day is matured
The plant of Bacchus. In the morning's sheen
With blooming growth the land luxuriates,
Then by midday the unripe fruit expands
And as day wanes the clusters purple o'er ;
At evening all the crop is gathered in
And the wine-draught is mixed."

In the "Œdipus Tyrannus" the old herdsman distinguishes between a "bought slave" and one bred in his master's house ; and in a passage spoken directly after by the Corinthian messenger, there is an interesting reference to the practice still in force of sending the flocks from the plains to the mountains from March to September :

" . . . Sure I am
He knows when in the region of Cithæron
He with two flocks and I with only one—
I was his neighbour during three whole seasons,
From springtide e'en to autumn for six months,
But during winter I my flock drove off
Unto my sheep cotes, he to Laius' stalls."

In the same play the evil ways of Egypt are reproved where men sit

indoors weaving at the loom, and their wives earn their daily bread abroad in the fields; one of the many proofs that in Greece women were put to do no hard outdoor work, though the girls helped in gathering the grapes. In one or two places Sophocles speaks of horses or mules ploughing, and it seems that by the better-to-do peasants or landowners they were preferred to oxen. The colts were allowed to run wild till they were of an age to work, when the advent of their servitude was marked by their manes being cut short, a barbarous operation against which Sophocles' generous spirit revolted. "I mourn for my tresses," runs one of his fragments, "as doth a filly who, caught and carried off by the herdsman, hath her chestnut mane shorn from her neck by a rugged hand in the horse-stables, and then turned into a meadow with limpid brooks, sees her image clearly reflected with all her mane disgracefully shorn off. Who, however ruthless, would not pity her, as she crouches affrighted, driven mad by shame, groaning for her vanished mane?" Horse-breeding must have presented serious difficulties in a country so generally arid as Greece was even then; the best horses were brought over from Asia Minor, and the race deteriorated after a few generations. That Athens could all the same be addressed as the "breeder of horses," shows that the conviction of the national importance of the horse induced the Athenians to overcome all obstacles, and also, probably, that the country people of Attica were led to give great care and attention to horse-breeding by the high prices offered for good animals.

Far from the early Greek mind was the contempt for the cultivator which generated a vocabulary of ugly names, boor, clout, clodhopper with many more, and turned *vilain* into villain. But the amenities of civilisation and the overwhelming weight attached to purely intellectual development tend towards the depreciation of the peasant, whose philosophy is not of the Schools, and Euripides, perhaps, gave expression to a growing sentiment when he made his Hector say, as Homer's Hector would not have said:

"Full prone the mind of rustics is to folly."

But in justice to Euripides it should not be forgotten that he created one beautiful peasant type; a type that has grown into a literary race of high-minded peasants or serfs whose derivation often passes unnoticed. Euripides never drew a more distinct character, though the touches are few, than that of Auturgus to whom Ægisthus married Electra in the hopes that the slur of so unfitting an alliance might prevent her from getting her rights as Agamemnon's daughter. Clytemnestra would have probably objected to her being killed; the next best thing, Ægisthus thought, was to marry her below her rank. But Auturgus defeated the device by becoming simply the respectful protector of the royal maiden. He is called "old," but it is clear

that he was not much more than middle-aged as he is not past doing hard and incessant work. Though poor, he comes of a noble stock, a statement that does not affect his position as a true peasant any more than the kidnapping story about Eumæus made him less of a swineherd. Very likely it was all true. How many illustrious names are owned by Italian peasants; nay, in how many cases it is known that only two or three generations ago a peasant family which now lives on *polenta* would have been recognised as equals by the highest in the land. Something fairer in the skin, something more gracious in their mien, is all that is left to distinguish them from the great mass of cultivators. For the rest, their feelings, their manners, their appearance are of these. Auturgus is a peasant through and through. He has the austere gravity impressed by a life spent close to nature, watchful of the fated return of her signs, face to face with the solemn sequence of her seasons. Gently he chides Electra for working at all; he would not have her toil, she was not trained for it. She answers that it is her pleasure to help him as far as she can; the labourer coming home tired likes to find all in order in his house. So he consents to her fetching the water if such be her will; the spring is not far off. As for him, at earliest dawn he will yoke his oxen and go to plough; idle wretches who are always invoking the gods never earn a livelihood. As soon as he is assured of the respectability of the two strangers who are really Orestes and Pylades, he asks them into his house; what there is, is at their service; a woman can easily improvise a little feast. There is enough in the cottage for one day, at least, and if the food be simple, hunger is a good sauce. He has a fine indifference to their seeing his poverty, and that genuine instinct of hospitality which is satisfied when you know that you have offered of your best. "Di quello che c'è non manca niente," as they say in Tuscany. So Auturgus passes from the scene, true peasant and true gentleman; a combination not rare some thousand years ago, not rare now.

Two of the comedies of Aristophanes deal more or less directly with agricultural affairs, the "Acharnians" and the "Peace." In the former, the hero, Dicaeopolis, though a citizen of Athens, is, before all things, a country farmer. His heart is with his farm, for which he longed, "which never said 'Buy fuel,' or 'vinegar,' or 'oil,' but of itself produced all things, and the 'buy' was absent." In this play there is one of the hits against Euripides because his mother sold watercresses; Aristophanes thought it degrading to work for your bread. Tired of the Peloponnesian war, which had gone on for six years, Dicaeopolis negotiates a private peace for himself and his family. He is the "peace-at-any-price" farmer, who excites great indignation among his more patriotic or Chauvinist fellow-countrymen ("Marathon men" and other old growlers), but who goes his way

unheeding. He buys eels and all sorts of delicacies from the enemy, who may traffic with him alone. He is perfectly content, and indifferent to the sufferings of his neighbours; nay, he takes a positive pleasure in enjoying what they are without.

If there were peace, sigh the Acharnian chorus, "then would they plant a long row of vines, young fig-trees, and olives, all round the estate. What use to plant now for the spoiler?"

While Dicæopolis is greedily watching his contraband thrushes and other dainties being cooked, another and the saddest victim of the war comes in who has something worse to rue than the lack of eels or hares: the eternal victim, the husbandman. In all Greek tragedy there are few things more tragic than this sudden entrance of misery into a farce. The Bœotians have carried off the poor man's team, his land lies fallow:

"I'm ruined
Quite and entirely, losing my poor beasts,
My oxen, I've lost 'em, both of 'em."
FRERE.

His eyes are dim with weeping for his oxen. In vain he begs for the least drop of peace, which he seems to think a kind of quack medicine, kept in bottles. With the ineffable egotism of the Sybarite, Dicæopolis bids him be off "to weep somewhere else." He goes, repeating, "Woe's me for the oxen which tilled my ground."

Trygæus, in the "Peace," is a much superior person to Dicæopolis, who, living long in towns, had succeeded in mixing up the mania for luxury of the vulgar citizen with the stolid narrowness of the most benighted provincial. Trygæus is the country-dweller in the strictest and the best sense. He has learnt, from his stake in the country, to love the fatherland and understand its interests. He, too, desires peace; not, however, for himself alone, but for all the sore-tried land. He risks a great deal to accomplish his purpose, embarking on a novel and daring exploit on behalf of all the Greeks. He risks coming to a bad end and becoming a subject for a tragedy by Euripides—dreadful fate! That he went to heaven on the back of an unpleasant beetle does not lessen his moral virtue.

When he is engaged in getting Peace out of the hole in which she was imprisoned, all sorts of people try to aid him, but only the husbandmen succeed. In reward, they are sent off to till their fields, and Trygæus follows to break up the long desolate earth of his little farm, and return to the old sweet, inexpensive pleasures, cakes of dried fruits, figs and myrtles and sweet new wine, and the violet-bed near the well, and the desired olives!

Peace alone, says Aristophanes, is the end of all who lead an agricultural life. Little do the talkers in the towns, who get up wars, know of the wretchedness they bring the husbandman! Lions at home, foxes in battle, they contrive to save their skin and their

chattels, while the peasant loses both. But with peace, how enviable is the country lot! How pleasant is it to *far merenda* (the Italian word expresses the sense exactly which picnic does not) some autumn afternoon, when the soft providential rain is falling on the sown fields and the wood sawn in summer crackles on the hearth. You will call your wife to roast some kidney-beans and bring out some figs and a thrush, and a bit of hare, and call in a neighbour to share the simple feast, and remember to reserve a bit for the old father, and send the maid to call the man from the field, for to-day is wet and he cannot hoe or strip off the vine leaves.

When Trygæus goes home he finds that war has lasted so long that the boys know only war-like songs, but he would have the old songs back, such as:

"Thus they feasted on the flesh of oxen."

The poet complains more than once that the "old songs" are being forgotten. "The Shearing of the Ram," for instance, of Simonides, which everybody once knew, was out of fashion with the *jeunesse dorée*. The craze for progress had penetrated even into the country; a theme illustrated in the "Clouds," the comedy which has never been entirely cleared from the tragic suspicion of having been instrumental in causing the death of Socrates. Strepsiades, who began with driving goats, dressed in a leather jerkin, is the pattern of the enriched peasant, dense in intelligence; a sort of Attic prototype of Verga's Don Gesualdo; the fore-doomed victim of his spendthrift relations. Phidippides, the graceless but superficially sharp-witted son, who even in his sleep dreams about horses, and whose only care is to waste his father's store, gathers from the new theories taught in the Thinking-shop a mass of arguments to defend his conduct, which so enrages his father who had sent him there in the hope of reforming him, that he ends by burning the place down.

If Aristophanes has given some unlovely pictures of country-folk, when he paints Nature herself, he never fails in that lyric ecstasy which is what made him an immortal poet, and not simply a comic dramatist. The heavenly gift in him was precisely the appreciation of natural things—the song of birds, the flowery meads, the season of spring when the plane-tree whispers to the elm. Appreciation carried to the point where it becomes interpretation, counts for ninety per cent. in poetic genius.

Up to a certain point there is a great uniformity in the Greek view of nature when it is considered that, measuring by time, we might expect as much divergence as between the views of Chaucer and Wordsworth. It is always curious to reflect that, while Roman poetry is nearly crushed into a century (imagine if our poetry began with 1797!), the Greek covers, from first to last, a space as large as

modern literature. Throughout the whole period may be observed a positive enjoyment of pure beauty that was much keener, as I have said once before, than any the modern world knows of. The narcissus does not give the joy to us that it gave the ancient Greek, in spite of the narcissus farms in the Scilly Isles. That spontaneous and unanalysed joy is the permanent keynote of the Greek nature-song. But the keynote may be the same while the tune is different, and a change did appear latterly in the Greek way of looking at natural phenomena; the tendency grew to associate them with human rather than with divine affairs. The heavenly bodies, for instance, instead of compelling thoughts of godhead, became the hands of a clock which bid man go about his daily tasks, as in this very modern passage from the "Rhesus" of Euripides:

" Whose watch is it? Who is it takes my place?
The earliest signs are setting, the seven Pleiades
Show in the sky. The eagle through mid heaven
Flees. Why delay? Rise from your beds to watch!
Awake! The moon's bright splendour see ye not!
The dawning, yea, the dawning close approaches,
And this is one of the forerunning stars."

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

HOW TO INVEST.

THE difficulty of finding suitable investments appears to increase as fast as the number of investments that are offered. The creation of new securities of the face value of some 250 millions during the last two years has not had the smallest effect in checking the appreciation in the prices of stocks which are known or believed to be unimpeachable; on the contrary, after a period of monetary stringency with a 4 per cent. Bank-rate in the last quarter of 1896, and a spell of political disturbances during the present year, we find Consols less than a point below the highest price that they touched at the time of the greatest monetary plethora; and other securities, first-class in fact and by repute, are very little more affected by the apprehensions, monetary and political, that have passed over markets. The Stock Exchange has found, for the first time in its history, that war-scares are now of no use. In the days when the outside public acted on certain well-defined principles, it was safe to infer that any alarm of Continental war would bring a flood of stock to market; and those who make most of their living by anticipating movements of this kind—"jobbing on the public book," as they gracefully phrase it—had only to plant a judicious "bear" of the securities most likely to be affected, assuming almost with certainty that they would be able to get back their stock at a very comfortable profit when the slow-moving holders awoke to the facts of the situation. The events of this spring, however, have shown that a war-scare followed by an actual outbreak on a small scale only makes the public do nothing, and those who "went short" according to traditional rule had to pay dearly for this new experience. It appears that nothing short of a real financial crisis or a war between two first-class Powers can now be relied on as sure to shake

holders of securities into that stampede of indiscriminate selling which presents so favourable an opportunity to the cool-headed operator, and that since the creation of new securities of a desirable kind is quite inadequate to cope with the demand, the period of monotonous appreciation and scarcity can only be expected to continue. It is evident that the manufacture of credit, which may be described as London's staple industry, has fallen into that condition of over-production which has affected so many British enterprises. The great monetary centre has bales of money waiting for a buyer, and, moreover, whenever a desirable purchaser of credit appears there is such a scramble for his custom on the part of foreign competitors that he can name his own price, and grant, as a favour, the privilege of raising a loan for him to any money dealer that is lucky enough to secure the business. It must also be remembered that when a loan is issued it does not diminish the supply of credit, except in the rare cases of foreign loans which are followed by a drain of gold abroad. The issue of securities on which bankers will advance money actually increases the amount of credit in the market, since bankers create deposits for their customers on the strength of the security, and so add to their power of drawing cheques. Securities, in short, have become part of the currency.

Under these circumstances it is obvious that the investor, unless he is prepared to submit to an ever-dwindling return on the stocks that he may buy from time to time, will be obliged, until such time as a financial crisis or really serious war brings back the era of reasonable prices, to devote real care and attention to the question of the employment of his money. An old-fashioned lady, to whom an investment in Consols was recently suggested by her solicitor, replied with some asperity, as if she had been advised to plunge into reckless gambling, that "she had always put her money into the Funds, and always would." This principle saves a great deal of consideration, and is comfortable enough for those who have followed it for the last forty years or so, so that they already hold lines of cheap stock with which to average purchases at current prices. But it will not do for those to whom a fair return on their money is a pressing necessity. It may, of course, be hoped that the time will come when the dearness of securities will bring its own cure by checking investment and teaching folk to find a better use for their money than applying it to its own increase; but for our present purpose it must be assumed that this unsatisfactory sacrifice of the *vivendi causa* at the expense of *vita* cannot be helped.

The best-known and most often-repeated principle of investment is the saying that a high rate of interest and good security cannot go together. This is a good working maxim; but it requires certain qualifications, and, moreover, it does not take us very far. It tells us clearly enough that a security which yields 10 per cent. at its present

price must be approached with caution, but it does not allow us to be certain that a stock which yields less than 3 per cent. is absolutely impeccable ; and it cannot evade the possibility of a change in the value of the two securities which may alter their respective positions. Moreover, it must be remembered carefully that the word "high" is relative. There are many who still look upon 5 per cent. as the natural and normal rate of interest to be expected from investments, and consider that any stock which yields that, or a rather lower, rate may be regarded as beyond reproach. Such survivals are becoming scarcer ; but it is still necessary to remind investors that as the rate on "gilt-edged" securities declines, so, *pari passu*, does that on the more speculative stocks : the present yield on the ordinary issues of British railways is a conspicuous example. It is certainly true that the prices, on the whole, and as averaged over a fair period, represent the probabilities and prospects, as at present existing, of most securities with remarkable accuracy ; but, on the other hand, the probabilities and prospects of all but the most "hill-top" investments are a constantly shifting factor, and we need not go beyond the example of Great Eastern stock, which has added 60 per cent. to its price during the last five or six years, to show how rapidly the position of a security may be altered. Thus it is evident that all rules about comparative prices and rates of interest must be qualified by the closest examination of the conditions and prospects of every security. The investor must take nothing on trust if he wishes to earn a yield on his money above that given by the very best securities. Casual suggestions from his broker, or advice from friends, who happen to have heard a very well-inspired "tip," must be subjected to the keenest scrutiny in the light of any information that can be gathered. For instance, if an investment in an English railway is contemplated, the purchase should not be completed until the fullest consideration has been given to the condition and prospects of the chief trades which supply it with goods traffic, and the possible effect of legislation or commercial revolutions upon them ; then we have to canvass the chances of development of places upon the line which add, or may be expected to add, to its passenger receipts ; and, finally, we must not forget rising wages, and possible legislative interference with hours of labour, and the rates that railways may charge, as complicating a question that is already sufficiently complex. It may be contended that life is too short for all this bother over investments, and this is an eminently reasonable position. Only, those who assume it must not blink the fact that its consequences are either a beggarly return, which makes investments hardly worth acquiring, or a very considerable risk of losing both principal and interest.

Another well-worn saw that is never forgotten by those who deal with the question of investments is the phrase, "Never put all your

eggs in one basket." A most salutary maxim, but it must be qualified by the fact that one basket, strongly constructed and securely placed beyond the reach of accident, is better than many shaky ones arranged so that a puff of wind will blow them over. If the ups and downs of securities were merely a matter of chance, like the tossing of a shilling, the holding of a large number of securities of different kinds would be in itself a sufficient guarantee that, on the theory of probabilities, a bad egg here would be compensated by an extra meaty one there, and an investor would have made a sufficient sacrifice to prudence by subdividing his holding sufficiently. But, except in the case of securities which are free from all trammels of intrinsic value and go up and down in an aimless manner, according to the whim of the public or the machinations of dealers, the tossing-up analogy will not apply. Mere "distribution of risks" may only mean that the investor exposes himself in ten places instead of one; and, since the limbs of the financial body are so closely knit together by nerves and channels of sympathetic communication that, if anything goes wrong in any part, the weaker elements in every organ are affected, it becomes a question whether ten more or less considerable wounds are more easily stanchd than one big one. If distribution is to be effective, it must not be taken to imply freedom from all other cautions. When as much caution and prudence is applied to the investment of £1000 apiece in ten stocks, as to the purchase of £10,000 worth of any one, then the investor may feel that he has done something towards securing his position, and he will have done so still better if the distribution has been one of time as well as of securities. For prices must be taken on an average of years, and if the most carefully distributed investment has been made at a period of temporary inflation, its designer will find that he is receiving a lower rate on his holdings than would have been earned if he had bought them gradually, distributing the period as well as the risk. It does not follow that any one who suddenly found himself with money to invest should leave a large part of it idle for a year or two so as to spread out the time during which it is put into securities, for such a proceeding would entail a serious loss of interest. But, the investment once made, the time distribution could be secured by the reinvestment of a portion of the interest received upon it during a certain period, by way of a depreciation fund. A depreciation fund is generally regarded as a mysterious item which turns up in the accounts of certain sorts of companies, and is especially apt to eat up a large portion of the profits of the trust corporations which promised a revolution in investment methods a few years ago. In industrial concerns it is obvious enough that a certain amount should be written off the value of plant and machinery to cover wear and tear, but it is hard to convince the average investor that securities which do not appear to wear out should be treated in

the same way. The experience of the trust companies, however, teaches a very useful lesson to private investors who form trusts of their own, and is especially apt on this point of the time distribution of risks. They came into being in order to carry on investment business on a large scale, and the inducement offered to subscribers was the suggestion that those who put money into them would have it invested more cheaply because of the large scale on which the business was worked, and more wisely because of the knowledge and experience possessed by those responsible. In other words, the investor was told not to trouble any more about the selection of securities, but to buy the securities of trust companies, thus acquiring an interest in the carefully selected batch of stocks and shares which formed the companies' assets. The notion was not at all a bad one, but its successful working required not only experience and skill, but perfect integrity and an almost inhuman freedom from bias. The directors of the trust companies found themselves with a great capital power behind them, which they could use for the support of any group of securities in which they might be otherwise interested, and, if their interest was very strong, they were sorely tempted to make use of this power without considering too carefully whether they would be furthering their own interest or that of the shareholders of the trust. But, whatever was the cause, the fact remains that the early years of the history of trust companies were disastrous. Most of the more unfortunate were formed at a time when the values of securities were inflated by a period of over-financing and over-speculation, with the result that they invested their shareholders' money in securities which were far too highly priced and have proved very disappointing in the return yielded, and have necessitated the constant building up of a depreciation fund.

Such is the outcome of the collective skill and wisdom applied to the working of the trust companies. These melancholy facts are only recalled to show to private investors the necessity for doing, by way of insurance against possible mishaps, what the trust companies have been forced to do by actual disaster. If your securities have fallen all round, you must needs take a slice out of the interest on them and reinvest it to bring up their value; and if they have not, it is just as well to do so to provide against accidents—that is to say, if, in investing, you prefer to wander beyond the secure but unremunerative pale of gilt-edged stocks. The large banks set a still more severe example. With Consols standing at 113 upwards, you will find them stated in the credit side of bank balance-sheets at 95 or even at 90. It is at least as necessary for an investor, who is building up a small trust for himself, to write down the values of his securities. Those fortunate people who are in a position to lay by something every year would be well advised to reinvest the interest that they receive

as long as they are doing so. For instance, a professional man who saves £200 a year from his earnings, and invests it, should not regard the interest that he receives from this source as part of his income at all. It should go back, regularly, whence it came, by being reinvested and written off against the value of the securities acquired. The small odd amounts that would thus crop up for investment need not be a cause of any inconvenience, for the considerate State has provided the Post Office Savings' Bank as an efficient and very cheap machinery for the working of a small sinking fund. Interest warrants can be paid into it, and left to grow at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. until such time as the next investment is made, when they can be withdrawn and added to the amount so used, or else left to fructify in the hands of the State, and build up a sort of reserve investment in Government securities.

Such a policy of investment, if pursued steadily for the thirty years or so during which a man is normally at the height of his earning capacity, supported, of course, by fit provision in the matter of insurance, would leave him with a comfortable nest-egg to fall back on when his powers became feebler; and it could probably be acquired as a habit, inconvenient at first, but ultimately recognised as part of the scheme of the universe, just like going to bed at a reasonable hour, or any other of the annoyances that we have to put up with in order to secure health or other phases of welfare. It is obvious that such a system can be modified to suit the needs of the individual investor. If it were impossible to write off the whole of the interest or savings, we might strike a balance between the average rate earned and that to be derived from the highest class of securities. This may be taken, at the present moment, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and if the securities purchased return an average of 4 per cent., then $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the interest should be reinvested. Such details as these must be left to the individual taste and judgment of the investor, but it is evident that, if those who have money to dispose of will pursue some such policy of automatic insurance, they can afford to take a certain amount of risk in buying securities which yield a rate which would otherwise mark them as beyond the pale of prudence. If, however, they act so carelessly and incautiously that their sinking fund is constantly being eaten by depreciation of values and diminution of interest, they will be no better off, and perhaps worse, than if they had stayed within the charmed circle of "trustee" stocks and been content with its modest $2\frac{1}{4}$ or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It cannot be insisted on too strongly that, if investors intend to rebel against this return for their money and insist on higher rates, they must devote more attention and care to the selection of securities, and must not only take every precaution to satisfy themselves of the soundness of a stock before they buy it, but must also use unceasing watchfulness in looking out for

any change, commercial, social or legislative, that may affect its future. They will have to read money articles and financial papers and generally to study the questions of their investments in a manner that is now most unusual. Now it is obvious that, according to the temperament and bias of the investor, the effect of this effort will vary considerably. To some it will mean a very great widening of interests and the acquisition of knowledge, information and new ideas that will be an education in itself. To others it will be an intolerable nuisance. I once travelled in a railway carriage with a number of careworn men who were discussing investments and the dangers that beset the best of them—home railways ever menaced by strikes, breweries by temperance legislation, retail businesses by changes of fashion, foreign securities by the volatility of non-British mankind and vicious currency systems, bank shares by the difficulty of employing money profitably without risk. Such was the strain of the discussion. A sunburnt man in the corner summed up the conversation by saying that the best investment that he had ever bought was his cutter. Perhaps that man will die in a workhouse, but he will have had his full share of fresh air *en route*.

HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE SOUTH AFRICA BUBBLE.

THE collapse of the South Africa Committee is not only a fact of Imperial importance, but is also a very curious conundrum in contemporary history. The historian of the reign will certainly want to know how it came about that a great investigation begun with such protestations should have ended in a ridiculous *fiasco*.

The main points of that part of the history which is already public must be shortly stated in order to make intelligible what requires to be said as regards its more recent and hidden chapters.

The concession of self-government to the Transvaal after the Majuba campaign was gall and wormwood to the whole Tory party. It was part of a policy with which the present Colonial Secretary was understood to agree. At the time of the advent of the present Government to power, there very naturally arose a demand among their followers for what may be roughly called a jingo policy in South Africa. Mr. Rhodes was the Premier of the Cape Colony, and had, on the whole, full command of the Ministry and the Parliament. A charter had been granted to the British South Africa Company, by which, in consideration of the supposed security for a sane and righteous policy, obtained, by adding to the Board of the Company the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Abercorn, and Earl Grey, powers of government of the most extensive kind were placed in the hands of what was not merely a commercial but actually a speculative ring of capitalists. The supposed securities, on the faith of which that charter had been granted by a previous Administration, had been rendered, in fact, nugatory by the internal arrangements of the Company.

Mr. Rhodes had been delegated to conduct their business in South Africa, not merely with the fullest power as a managing director, but actually with a formal power of attorney which made him the absolute

master of all the resources, in men, money and influence, which the Company could command in Africa. By this device, magnificent in its audacious simplicity, he became the Emperor of Charterland—the unquestioned master of the obedience of Dr. Jameson, who was the formal Administrator, of Dr. Rutherford Harris, who was the Company's secretary at Cape Town, and of all the other employes, such as Mr. Stevens, who acted in the absence of Dr. Harris. It happened that, in his private capacity, Mr. Rhodes also controlled other undertakings of great wealth and influence, such as the Gold-fields Company.

In the Transvaal Republic, the mixed community of foreigners, for convenience called the Uitlanders, had grown with the growth of the mining industry, and by the summer of 1895 the mushroom city of Johannesburg contained a large and prosperous non-Dutch population.

As early as 1892 they had discussed their grievances against the Boer Government, and had formed an association known as the National Union, with the view of obtaining reforms by the usual methods of constitutional agitation from President Krüger and the Raad. The grievances were real and the Boers were obstinate. Moreover, the Boers were in no mind to be dispossessed of the government of their own country by the votes of these immigrants, to whom the Transvaal is merely a sort of gambling-stand, and whom the Boers, rightly or wrongly, credited with as little public spirit and as little morals, commercial or otherwise, as a community can well have. The leading spirit of the Union, in the time preceding the summer of 1895, was one Mr. Charles Leonard, a lawyer, who was making a large income in Johannesburg by his profession, and no doubt intended to make himself a home and a career in that country. He may be described as the Gracchus of the little revolution. He gave evidence before the Committee as to the grievances, and he made it clear that before the inception of what is now usually called the Jameson Plan, in the middle of 1895, the capitalists were not particularly interested in the Union. His words were (on May 14, 1897): "Up to 1895, no capitalist was ever seen on our platform; indeed, that was one of our grievances." He added that in 1893 the capitalists had actually supported President Krüger. The grievances, as he understood them, were not those of the capitalists: they concerned questions such as the franchise, the alleged maladministration and corruption, the danger that the Raad would overrule the High Court, the press laws, and, as he put it, "the conferring upon continental people concessions and powers which gave them almost complete control of our destinies."

That these grievances were real, no one doubts; that they were exaggerated, every one except the fanatics will admit; but in any case,

it is quite certain that they were not of a nature for which the Johannesburg population would have been willing to revolt with arms in their hands; and Mr. Leonard does not appear to suggest that the National Union was or was meant to be a revolutionary body until that eventful date, the summer of 1895. As regards the main point, which was the question of the franchise, it is evident that, although there were many foreigners in the country, they could not in any case receive the franchise without abandoning their nationality and adopting that of the Dutch; and this it is quite certain only a limited proportion of them were prepared to do. After 1895, another set of "grievances" became prominent, the alleged "throttling" of the "Mining industry" by the Boer Government. It would be easy to show how little there is in it. Many of the mines have done splendidly, and, in any case, it is the right of any Government to take any share it thinks expedient in the profits of its mines. The real "grievance" on this side of the matter is, that, as the charges stand, the low-grade mines will not pay. If the charges could be altered, money could be made in these—if not for the shareholder, at least for the promoter. But that is a wide question, and it is not here in point.

It is necessary to add that there had already arisen a certain friction between the Government of the Transvaal and the authorities at Downing Street and at the Cape, which culminated in 1895, over what is called the Drifts Question. This question was a very petty matter; at the best, it was in essence a railway war between two rival systems, in one of which the Cape Government was interested, while the other belonged to the Transvaal. With the view of forcing the Cape railways into a tariff arrangement which was not in itself very unreasonable, the Transvaal Government claimed the right to stop imports into their territory along certain routes. This was alleged by the Cape lawyers to be a breach of the London Convention. Perhaps it was. There were, the Cape Attorney-General frankly admitted, lawyers of great eminence who took equally strongly the opposite view. As the world now knows, one of the earliest things Mr. Chamberlain did in his tenure of office as Colonial Secretary, was to make an arrangement with Mr. Rhodes, as Cape Premier, by which the expenses of a war with the Transvaal were to be shared between them; and then to deliver to President Krüger a violent ultimatum, such as, it is safe to say, England would never have addressed in the like circumstances to a Power of her own size. Whether Mr. Chamberlain meant this to result in the submission of the Transvaal or in a war of conquest, no one knows. In any case the Transvaal submitted, and the war did not come off.

There is little risk of error in the assertion that this and the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent policy must be looked at in the light

of his peculiar personal and political position. He had obtained from his political allies the high post of Colonial Secretary, and he had undoubtedly insisted very strongly upon having his own way. At the same time, he knew that his political allies, to put it simply, hated him. He is an ambitious man, as all the world knows, and he resolved, not only to dominate, but to conciliate the Tory party. For the latter purpose there could be no better game than to provide the jingoes with some revenge for what they called the shameful surrender after Majuba Hill.

With the character of Mr. Cecil Rhodes we are not for the moment so much concerned; in any case he is possessed of an Imperial imagination, and his dream for years has been the extension of the Empire, by fair means or foul, into illimitable territories northwards from the Cape. His jingo friends desire to believe that his actions have been influenced throughout by a mere passion of patriotism. His enemies see in them nothing but a sort of splendid buccaneering. Probably both are wrong. But it matters little, for we are concerned not with his motives but with his acts.

The situation of the Chartered Company at the time in question was, to say the least of it, critical. They had annexed Mashonaland, because there was supposed to be gold there. Finding none or next to none, they had gone on to seize Manicaland in the hope of finding it. There also there was no booty. Then they invaded Matabeleland under circumstances sufficiently disgraceful. Bulawayo at last was to be the El Dorado, but this also turned out to be a vain hope. Now there was nothing left to annex—except the Transvaal itself. That there was gold there, and gold in abundance, all the world knew. If by any means and under any terms the Rand could be annexed to Charterland, the British South Africa Company might see its golden future after all. If this was not possible, it was, and still is, extremely difficult to see how the enormous amount of capital which the public have subscribed to that extraordinary institution is to earn a dividend. That the price of the shares had been inflated to a value altogether ridiculous was an additional reason for a "coup." In this state of circumstances there came about a memorable interview at Cape Town. Some time in May 1895, Mr. Beit—a young German Jew—who is one of the chiefs of the great financial concern which speculates in London as Wernher, Beit, & Co., and in Johannesburg as Eckstein & Co., visited Mr. Rhodes, with whom he had for years been associated in many vast financial schemes. They had a confidential chat about the situation; they were both, it should be said, directors of the Chartered Company. Mr. Beit was good enough to tell the Committee what their talk amounted to. The upshot was that "a rising in Johannesburg would take place sooner or later, and he (Rhodes) then thought, as the Uitlanders were not properly pre-

pared, it might be wise to have a force on the border to assist the people of Johannesburg in case of necessity." It was felt, he went on to say, that a rebellion might take place by the end of the year, and that in that event it would be advisable to send some assistance to Johannesburg, in the shape of an armed force to be sent by the Chartered Company to invade the territory of the Transvaal. Out of this conversation grew up the whole preposterous plan, and it is easy, reading between the lines of Mr. Beit's evidence in the light of subsequent events, to see what the plan was, and to supplement the natural reticence and equivocation of its authors.

From that moment the conspiracy developed with businesslike regularity. The two arch-millionaires evidently concluded that money would do anything, and they had resolved, with singular generosity, to find the money. Mr. Beit, whose confessions so far are much more frank than those of Mr. Rhodes, admits that his firm spent nearly £200,000! Mr. Rhodes owns that he advanced—out of Chartered funds, be it observed, by virtue of his power of attorney—some £60,000. If this was all, it was frugal. When the Raid failed, and the whole conspiracy was unveiled, Mr. Rhodes paid up that money out of his private purse; but there is not an atom of reason to believe that he originally meant to do so. If the plan had succeeded, and the Chartered Company had come well out of it, the "New Concessions Account" would doubtless be open in the Company's books to this day.

Why was all this money wanted? For two purposes. First, to get up and arm an artificial, in fact, a bogus revolution in the "Gold Reef City." Next, to equip an invading force. The second was easier than the first; but it required some arrangements. The Charterland did not at that time march with the Transvaal. For a "jumping-off place" a cession of territory in Bechuanaland was required. Dr. Harris was sent home to negotiate this with the Colonial Office. He was to arrange at the same time for the transfer of the Bechuanaland "police"—a mounted force very suitable to form the nucleus of the intended Raid—to the Chartered Company. He succeeded in both projects, and went back to Cape Town in December expressly to be in time for the "flotation." Concurrently, the Johannesburg "Union," with the local Gracchus at its head, was "nobbled" by the capitalists, Mr. Beit taking the initiative. Gracchus was charmed to find that these millionaires, who had hitherto been on the side of Krüger, had seen the error of their ways. It is true they were divided. Misguided persons like Mr. J. B. Robinson were minded to stand in with the Government. Many of the Germans, who were a powerful fraction, looked askance on the movement, and evidently suspected from an early period a British *coup d'état*. But the Boer Government did some irritating things, and there was gradually more and more talk of

smuggling arms and of resort to force. When Dr. Jameson came upon the scene—*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*—he overcame all scruples, and extracted from Mr. Leonard and a ring of capitalist nominees, who had become the revolutionary junta for the nonce, the famous “women and children letter.” That document, it is safe to say, will live in history as one of the most notable lies on record. Gracchus confessed he did not like it. He signed it in the end—poor fool!—only “in his personal capacity,” and not as chairman of the National Union; and he fondly dreamt that Jameson and his chief would not act upon it till he, Gracchus, gave the final word. It was undated, and an undated cheque, of course, would not be honoured till the date was filled in. It evidently never occurred to him that those honourable men, the Premier of Cape Colony and the Administrator of Charterland, were capable of filling in that date behind his back and in face of his agonised protests. And yet that was, as we all know, what happened when the Administrator read the letter movingly to his troops, and induced them on the strength of it to “ride in,” and when the Premier and Privy Councillor cabled his copy promptly to the *Times*, with the dates arranged to suit.

This, however, is hardly the immediate question. It is only necessary to recall the shoddy history of this conspiracy, because at an early stage Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain, the *Times*, and the whole jingo party created an heroic myth about it, which, by reason of their peculiar command of the London Press, has been well hammered into the public mind. Until the telegrams and papers seized by the Transvaal Government on the field of battle were given to the world, and until the inquiry ordered by the Cape Parliament had brought out, in a fashion which could not be gainsaid, the more obvious facts and inferences concerning the miserable story, the average Londoner and the average Tory M.P. actually believed that Jameson was a heroic man who went in to save British women and children from unprovoked Boer outrages; and that the Johannesburg people had risen in despair and suddenly called him to their aid. That he—or his financial chiefs—had got up the scheme of a “rising” in cold blood and with Stock Exchange money; that the mass of the people of Johannesburg no more wanted to “rise” than the people of Whitechapel or Bradford; that even the junta organised by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit had retracted the undated “invitation” into which they had been cajoled, and were moving heaven and earth to keep the “hero” quiet in his tent, are new lights which are hardly realised even yet. But these things have been made so far clear before, and during the proceedings of the South Africa Committee, that we may assume that the “interim report” which it has suddenly resolved to present will either declare or assume them. In the course of its proceedings, however, another and a far deeper question has come to the

front. And it is because it has come to the front, and because certain members of the Committee, and a certain section of opinion outside, refused to let it alone, that the Committee has suddenly dropped the whole inquiry, just at the crisis of its interest. Whether it will be possible to gag those who know the inner facts remains to be seen. But it is very necessary to say at once a few things which are not, at present, as well known or as much pondered as they ought to be by those who care for the honour or even the interests of England.

From the very first, it was believed in many quarters, both here and in South Africa and on the Continent, that Mr. Chamberlain (to use the current and expressive phrase) was "in it." It has been persistently suggested by Rhodesian organs as well as by anti-English opinion abroad. It was made clear by the Transvaal telegrams and the evidence at the Cape inquiry, that many of the Johannesburgers had only joined on the faith of an express pledge that the moment they "rose" the Imperial High Commissioner would arrive and would throw over them the ægis of the Empire, under the decorous formula of a proposal for "arbitration," to issue in "a plébiscite." It is not denied now that Mr. Rhodes gave this pledge, and even that he had talked in some veiled way to the High Commissioner about it. It is merely said that the High Commissioner did not understand the Cape Premier to ask, and did not himself understand that he was giving, any such pledge as Mr. Rhodes passed on to the conspirators, and that the High Commissioner remained till the end in blissful ignorance that any such "rising" was in preparation. It is now known, though it was even at the time of the Cape inquiry a deadly secret, that Sir Graham Bower, the secretary and the responsible Colonial informant and adviser of the High Commissioner, had in fact been taken into the whole secret, on the cool understanding that he would betray his duty and conceal that knowledge from his chief. We have no adjective quite suitable for such transactions, for they are happily unusual in England. The French would call them *inqualifiable*. It is well to add that Mr. Newton, the magistrate at Mafeking and an Imperial officer, was also let into the secret, and that Mr. Rhodes' colleagues in the Cape Cabinet were carefully hoodwinked and deceived until the deed was done.

But what of the Colonial Office itself? The first fact that appeared was that, as soon as Dr. Jameson had actually "ridden in," the Colonial Secretary cabled to Mr. Rhodes a furious telegram actually threatening the revocation of the Charter. It further appeared, on the Cape inquiry and otherwise, that this thunderbolt took Mr. Rhodes altogether by surprise. He evidently did not expect the Home Government to take any such decisive ground against him, and, according to his colleague, Mr. Schreiner, who alone saw him at that moment, it cast him into an unusually despondent mood. It was

not, be it said by the way, enough to change the purposes of the would-be Napoleon. He refused to move a finger to recall Jameson or to help the High Commissioner, who, on orders from home, was making a forlorn attempt to save the situation. Mr. Rhodes considered of course, as he has often said, that if Dr. Jameson could win, it would be all right. He had reason, no doubt, for that belief.

Dr. Jameson failed. He failed, not by misadventure, but by condign folly. The military conduct of the expedition was absurd. The hanging about in the neighbourhood of Krugersdorp is to this moment as unexplained as the act of a lunatic; for Sir John Willoughby's version of the famous letter is plainly refuted, not only by the evidence of those who wrote it, but still more by the piecing together of the fragments which remain. But let that pass. The raid failed, anyhow. Johannesburg never really "rose" at all. The populace, including the Cornish miners, either ignored it, or flatly refused to rise for the amusement of the capitalists. The "Union" made terms with Krüger, and Jameson surrendered.

It was necessary for Mr. Chamberlain, of course, to take a line. He did it with his accustomed vigour. He declared that neither he nor the Colonial Office, nor the Cape authorities, nor Mr. Rhodes, were in any way to blame. They were, one and all, as innocent as babes. It was the headlong impetuosity of Dr. Jameson, inflamed by the nameless wickedness of the Boer Government, which had done the mischief. Nothing could be more satisfactory, if only it were true. The House and the country received the strong assurance with acclamation, and Mr. Chamberlain's reputation went up with a bound.

That it was not true as regards Mr. Rhodes speedily became plain, though the Government press as well as the other Rhodesian organs tried for a long time to throw dust in the eyes of the public. At last they have come down to this: that Mr. Rhodes and the "Chartered Magnates" *were* cognisant of "the Jameson Plan," but were quite innocent of "the Jameson Raid" because Dr. Jameson rode in, we are asked to suppose, on a day which his chief did not altogether approve. To those who know the real story of the telegrams preceding the start, this is trivial enough; but the guilt of Mr. Rhodes and of Mr. Beit and Lord Grey and Dr. Harris and the whole inner ring of the Chartered Company is less important now than the guilt or innocence of the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain spoke bravely of the innocence of the Colonial Office, as he did of the innocence of the Cape Premier. Was it with equal reason? This is, undoubtedly, the next question which the Committee exists to solve, and it is, strangely enough, the one question the Committee shirks.

Since the famous interview between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes, which was followed by the abrupt departure of the gentleman who had

sworn "to face the music," London society and the Smoking-room of the House of Commons have been full of strange rumours. Rumours, of themselves, are vain. But the odd thing about these rumours is their source. Undoubtedly they are Rhodesian rumours. All the organs of the Rhodes party, beginning with Mr. Stead and ending with the *Daily News*, are clear that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it." Mr. Hawkesley, the confidential lawyer of the group, has never wavered in public or in private from the same assertion. There are other stories of startling detail. Here is one. A Conservative of the highest honour and standing, whose word no one would dream of disputing, was travelling at the Cape and saw Mr. Rhodes. They discussed the matter freely, and Mr. Rhodes told him plainly that Chamberlain was in it up to the hilt. On that authority, the member saw Lord Salisbury and was ultimately confronted with the Colonial Secretary. "Who told you I was in it?" said the Minister. "Rhodes himself," said the critic. We omit the reply.

But the theory was started that this Rhodesian cry was a piece of blackmail: and so it may have been, in its way. It was alleged by those who were supporting the Government that Mr. Rhodes and his friends were not to be credited because they were endeavouring to use private information in order to secure from the Colonial Office in future better terms in South Africa. It is no part of the purpose of the present writer to defend Mr. Rhodes, still less to defend Dr. Rutherford Harris. There is apparently some reason to believe that threats of disclosure may have all along been used, not only by Mr. Rhodes' subordinates, but by himself, for the purpose of obtaining terms from the Colonial Secretary. As a matter of evidence, however, this makes the question, as it concerns Mr. Chamberlain's complicity, not better but worse. Unless the Rhodesian party had something to reveal, they would hardly be so insane as to use threats of revelation; and unless they supposed that that revelation would be a very serious matter for the Colonial Secretary, they could not suppose that the threat would have any other effect than to make him angry. And Mr. Chamberlain is not a man whom one can anger with impunity.

This consideration opens out the question on which the South Africa Committee has come to grief. It is a question of vital importance not merely to the personal reputation of Mr. Chamberlain, but to the reputation of the Empire. If the Rhodesian account be true or anything like the truth, Mr. Chamberlain's original statement to the country was a piece of scandalous mendacity. Further, if the Rhodesian statement be at all true, the whole Colonial Office, including Mr. Chamberlain, had at least sufficient warning to put any business man upon his guard as to the whole conspiracy against the Transvaal Government which is called the Jameson Raid. And

yet they completed the arrangement for the cession to the Chartered Company of the jumping-off ground on the Transvaal frontier, and for the transfer of armed men which provided Dr. Jameson with a sufficient force at that point for the dash into the Transvaal which was to follow the announcement of the bogus insurrection. The question therefore comes to be: Is the Rhodesian suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it" a very wicked lie, or is there ground for it?

In the early days of the South Africa Committee there was an absolute silence about the whole of this part of the case. Mr. Chamberlain made no statement; Mr. Rhodes' statement was silent as to his relations with the Colonial Office. He owned up merely to what had been already proved by the Cape inquiry. He was forced to confess that he had tampered with Sir Graham Bower and Mr. Newton. He left it to be inferred that the High Commissioner knew there was likely to be trouble in Johannesburg and knew that there was a force on the border. Beyond that Mr. Rhodes did not choose to go, and there was not at that moment in the possession of the Committee any of the material to cross-examine him further. Mr. Chamberlain, who must have known what the Rhodesians were saying as to himself, did not think fit to say a word to Mr. Rhodes about it when he had him in the chair. The arrangement, in fact, as to Mr. Rhodes' examination is one of the most significant things in the history of that extraordinary tribunal.

If the Government, who must be presumed to have known what Mr. Chamberlain knew, desired that this investigation should reveal to Parliament the truth which Parliament had a right to know, they would have themselves called for and compelled the production of all the cablegrams which have been produced, and also all those which are not yet produced, before Mr. Rhodes or any other of the principal actors were allowed to leave the witness-box. If they had been so minded they would have required Mr. Chamberlain, at an early stage, to put, at least, the Committee in possession of what he knew as to the communications between Dr. Harris and the Colonial Office in 1895, and to produce the communications which the Colonial Office had had with South Africa during the period in question. Not one of these things was done. The Government and Mr. Chamberlain preferred a policy of silence. Their majority on the Committee and, above all, their chief law officer, Sir Richard Webster, have, in fact, done everything in their power to hinder or, at least, to delay the production of this vital documentary evidence, with the result that the most important part of it is not to be produced at all; and that what was produced did not reach the hands of the Committee until practically everybody who could be usefully examined upon it had passed out of the witness-box and been released. From a constitu-

tional point of view, apart from the question of Imperial honour, it may be doubted whether such a scandal ever happened in the history of Parliament before. To such a pitch has Mr. Chamberlain carried the policy of silence that he concealed, until it was dragged out of him across the table at the Committee by an express challenge from Sir William Harcourt, the fact that he had seen the important series of telegrams which all the world is now discussing as long ago as June 1896, when, as we now know from Mr. Hawkesley, they were formally communicated to the Colonial Office. Once he had been driven to confess that fact, it was obviously necessary for Mr. Chamberlain to explain it. He has given his explanation. He maintains that neither he nor the Colonial Office had, in fact, received any of those previous intimations which the Rhodesians say they had given to it. He avers that when he first heard of the cablegrams in February 1896, he did not attach any importance to them, and that when they were ultimately shown to him on June 6, 1896, he returned them with the statement that he had no objection to their publication.

The last phrase indicates, and was no doubt meant by Mr. Chamberlain to indicate, that the Rhodesians were threatening him with publication as the means of making the Government modify its policy in their favour. He has not put that to any of the Rhodesians in the box; but it seems to be assumed on all hands that this was so. Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, practically says, even before his first interview with Mr. Rhodes, when that gentleman came home to face the music, and again at later dates, the Rhodesians have tried this blackmailing policy, and that he has defied it. This may, of course, be strong evidence against the theory that the Colonial Office can be fairly charged with any complicity at all. It may, however, also mean that Mr. Chamberlain finds it better, in the difficult circumstances of the case, to face the necessity of explaining compromising documents rather than purchase their concealment. Even on the theory that the Colonial Office was compromised, this is no doubt what any man as bold and able as the Colonial Secretary would elect to do.

Now let us go back to the Rhodesian story itself. We have it in various forms. There are the relations old and new of Mr. Stead. These are plainly inspired from Rhodesian sources, but they are coloured by Mr. Stead's personality, and must for judicial purposes be laid aside. We must also put aside the stories, such as that related above, which are notoriously current both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Then there is the evidence of Dr. Harris. No fair critic will say that Dr. Harris is unimpeachable; but he was the agent through whom Mr. Rhodes acted, and he was in fact his envoy at the Colonial Office during the whole of these critical months. His evidence, if it is true, is frank enough. We know, apart from

any question about Dr. Harris' veracity, that he wired in the latter part of 1895 not once or twice, but frequently, to Mr. Rhodes to the effect that he had communicated their projects—that is, the Jameson Plan—more or less fully to the Colonial Office. The telegram, for instance, in which he says, "I have spoken openly to Fairfield," admits of only two interpretations: either it meant that he had caused Mr. Fairfield to understand the main outlines of the Jameson Plan or that he was calmly manufacturing a deliberate lie. People must, in the absence of further information, form their own opinion as to which is the more likely theory.

The telegrams already published show that this remark was not a chance one. It is admitted on all hands that Dr. Harris had received authority from his chief to disclose the plot to the Colonial Office, if he found it desirable. It is very difficult to suppose that officers so well informed as Mr. Fairfield and the other official chiefs—who had in their immediate recollection such instances as the very serious situation in 1894, of which the Jameson Plan was a kind of improved and enlarged edition—can have been blind to the possibility that something of the kind was in the air, when all the negotiations with Dr. Harris were going on in the summer and autumn of 1895. Dr. Harris maintains that he made clear to Mr. Fairfield what the scheme really meant. Mr. Chamberlain rejoins that Mr. Fairfield was deaf. Dr. Harris says that he made allusion to the matter to Mr. Chamberlain himself. Mr. Chamberlain says that if that is true he failed to hear or to understand.

But the important point in such a controversy is to find what independent documents exist by which it may be possible to test the accuracy of the personal recollections of the parties concerned. The documents which the Opposition members have in the end obtained certainly *appear* to support the statement of Dr. Harris. They do not read like an attempt to manufacture evidence against the Colonial Office. They read naturally enough as the rough reports made by an agent to his chief from day to day. The Colonial Office has chosen to conceal its own documents bearing on the matter; but since one or two of Mr. Fairfield's letters have been used on incidental points, we may infer that there is much written matter which Mr. Chamberlain *might* disclose if he thought fit—unless, of course, he chooses to allege that there are "reasons of State" against disclosing it. If he takes that line, hostile critics at home and abroad will be inclined to imagine that the documents, if disclosed, would support the Rhodesian account. Meanwhile, we must form the best judgment we can, without the help even of the communications between the High Commissioner and the Government, and without any statement from the High Commissioner himself. The best available evidence is the series of cablegrams which passed between the members of the Chartered group; they are at

least a contemporary account of the negotiations, and, if we had them all, they ought to tell, one way or another, a good deal of the story.

By a curious chance it has happened that the most important section of this very series of cablegrams was not procured from the Telegraph Company. What happened was this. The Opposition members of the Committee insisted at the very commencement of the proceedings that the Committee should direct the Telegraph Company not to destroy the cables. For this purpose they described the messages they might want as accurately as in the absence of exact knowledge they could. It chanced that some of the most important had for accidental reasons travelled by a different route, and were not, therefore, comprised in the exact description given. All these were destroyed by the Company long before the Committee in its wisdom saw fit to call for production. They would be now lost for ever but for the fact that copies of them were actually preserved by Mr. Rhodes and his solicitor, Mr. Hawkesley, for the purpose of making good their position in relation to the Colonial Office, if the occasion should arise. It is admitted on all hands that these cablegrams—which are included in the series communicated in June to the Colonial Office—are considered by Mr. Hawkesley as proving that the Colonial Office was cognisant of the plan. Mr. Chamberlain affects to treat them lightly. It is the more significant that he concealed entirely the fact that he had ever seen them, until he was forced to admit it, and that he must be held responsible for the amazing action of the majority of the Committee in declining to use the force of Parliament to compel production, now that it is refused. Mr. Chamberlain's finesse, in fact, is responsible for a good deal of the suspicion which now rests upon the Empire and upon himself. At this point, however, we must turn back for a moment to state some facts which ought to be known to the public, as to this extraordinary phase of the proceedings of the Committee.

It will be remembered that on February 19 of this year, Sir William Harcourt asked Mr. Rhodes whether the telegrams not produced at the Cape inquiry, because they were then in England in the custody of Dr. Harris, might be produced at the Committee. Mr. Rhodes declined, by the simple statement that they were "of a confidential nature" and should not be produced "at that stage of the inquiry." The legal advisers of the Government and the majority of the Committee—marvellous as it now seems—insisted that the mere statement that such documents were "confidential" made them privileged against the call of Parliament. So it came about that Mr. Rhodes was allowed to depart without being asked to produce any of these important cables. He was never asked as to the copies he had actually sent six months before to the Colonial Office, for the simple reason that that fact was not known at that time to the Opposition members, and that Mr.

Chamberlain chose to hold his tongue. When, after long pressure and against the strenuous resistance of the Attorney-General, the Opposition members succeeded in getting at the cables which remained in the possession of the Telegraph Company, their contents made it more than ever clear that an honest verdict could not be given until the gaps were filled up. They then pressed the Committee to call Mr. Hawkesley, in order that inquiry might be made into these very documents. The majority of the Committee, in plain English, evaded the demand. The result was that Mr. Labouchere, at the end of the examination of Dr. Harris, deliberately forced their hand by exercising his right to move, while the Press and the public were in the room, "that Mr. Hawkesley be now called to produce the cablegrams he showed to Mr. Chamberlain." The Government supporters were furious. They cleared the room to discuss the matter, and they denounced Mr. Labouchere in no measured terms, knowing well, of course, that he had not only intended to force their hands, but had succeeded in doing so. The discussion in the Committee, however, was cut short by the Secretary for the Colonies. He declared, we believe we are accurate in stating, that this was a plot against him, and that Mr. Labouchere and certain Opposition journals were endeavouring to hold him up to odium by reason of the concealment of these papers. He, therefore, asked his own side to let the matter go; and it was decided accordingly that Mr. Hawkesley must be called upon to give the papers up.

Mr. Hawkesley, as all the world knows, considered himself bound by Mr. Rhodes's instructions to refuse and take his chance of going to the Clock Tower. Thereupon, according to the unwritten law of Parliament, he ought undoubtedly to have been reported to the House, in order that compulsory measures might be taken to see that the commands of the highest Court in the Empire were not defied. Let it be said at once that the person upon whom pressure was required was not Mr. Hawkesley. He was willing enough—it might seem even anxious—that the documents should be disclosed. All the world knows that he believes and says that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it," and that he considers, that in the public interest and that of all parties concerned, it is better that the truth should be known. It is more than probable that he so advised Mr. Rhodes from the beginning, and that he has had much to do with the partial disclosures which have taken place. The person, therefore, upon whom Parliament has to exercise its power, and who is, in fact, defying it, is Mr. Rhodes himself, who, though he chances to be at a distance, remains not merely a subject of the Queen, but a Privy Councillor. There are many sufficient ways of compelling his obedience.

On the question of the previous demand for cables, the Attorney-General had in the Committee used every argument he could think of to

resist an order on the Telegraph Company for production. He had been beaten from point to point; and every question of principle, on which the disclosure of the Hawkesley telegrams could possibly be resisted, had already been decided by the Committee. Nevertheless, after Mr. Hawkesley had stated that he held the documents for Mr. Rhodes, with orders not to produce them, the Government resisted the conclusion that Mr. Hawkesley must be called upon to obey. The Attorney-General, to do him justice, had already pointed out that Mr. Hawkesley could have no further privilege than Mr. Rhodes had. And Mr. Hawkesley, to do him justice also, had frankly admitted that Mr. Rhodes could allege no ground of privilege at all.

What was the result? The story will hardly be believed, and yet it is true. The Opposition members of the Committee had been meeting, of course, from time to time to consider their action. Upon this question they were agreed. At a meeting, we believe in Sir William Harcourt's room, upon one of these eventful days, they declared loudly, and none more loudly than Sir William Harcourt himself, that the attempt on the Government side to keep back the cablegrams was scandalous and intolerable, and that their production must be forced. To the amazement of at least certain members on that side of the Committee, when the Committee met to consider as to reporting Mr. Hawkesley's refusal to the House, Sir William Harcourt declared for the opposite course. The ostensible argument was that to take proceedings upon Mr. Hawkesley's, or rather Mr. Rhodes's, defiance of the Committee, would involve delay, and that it was extremely important to present a report upon the Raid immediately. It was answered that this, to put it plainly, was nonsense, since there was nothing to prevent the Committee from reporting on the Raid, after having invited the House to deal with Mr. Hawkesley, or with those behind him. Resistance, however, was useless. The proposal that Mr. Hawkesley should be reported only secured, as has been already stated in the *Times*, two votes—those of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Blake. Others, such as Mr. Sydney Buxton, remained puzzled. It was clear that the Government had suddenly, by some means unknown, secured the support of Sir William Harcourt, and presumably his more official colleagues, to the policy of silence. An attempt, we believe, was even made to pass the matter over without a formal division recording the names of those who voted. The Committee clerk, however, was demanded and sent for, and the names were taken down.

Then came a still more audacious *coup*. It was obvious to all the world that Mr. Hawkesley's examination was not concluded. It was admitted by everybody that certain members of the Committee had not yet had an opportunity of exercising their obvious and parliamentary right to cross-examine an important witness called before

a Committee of the House. The Government, however, with the astounding support of the Opposition Front Bench, resolved that this also was inexpedient, and the motion that Mr. Hawkesley should go back into the box, in order that his cross-examination might be completed, was lost. The same two gentlemen alone voted for it.

Now let us see for a moment what Mr. Hawkesley had to say. There is not the slightest indication in his evidence that he is concealing anything from the Committee, and no one appears to allege that he is anything but an honourable and truthful person. He told the Committee, on May 25, quite frankly, that when Mr. Rhodes came to England "to face the music," in the first days of February 1896, he instantly saw him, and as they travelled together from Plymouth to London, on the very day of the great man's arrival, a conversation of the utmost importance took place. It may be that Mr. Rhodes was complaining that the Colonial Office was dealing hardly with him, considering the communications that had passed beforehand. Probably the Colonial Office, under the circumstances, could not help itself, in view of the international situation which then existed; but let that pass. We have it from Mr. Hawkesley that Mr. Rhodes told him then about these cables which he had received from England in 1895. He evidently said that he had been by these cables assured that the Colonial Office was "in it." He told Mr. Hawkesley, to use the careful language of that solicitor, that these cables "had been considered by him and communicated by him to others," "that they had been acted upon," "that he had used them"—as supporting his action—"and had communicated them to those whom it concerned." In point of fact, Mr. Hawkesley makes it clear that in the train from Plymouth Mr. Rhodes assured him, not that he held possible black-mailing documents, but that he had documents on the faith of which he, Mr. Rhodes, had secured the co-operation of various persons in the Jameson Plan, *because* these documents made it clear to the persons in question—and, presumably, to Mr. Rhodes himself—that the Colonial Office was cognisant of what was going on. It is not probable, in any view, that Mr. Rhodes was lying to his solicitor. It is, to say the least, improbable that when he made this communication he was telling of things which he and his agents had deliberately faked up in order to defraud third parties into a belief that the Colonial Office was cognisant of plans which had never been in any way disclosed to them. Even Mr. Rhodes's worst enemies will hardly think him capable of that. It would be at least as foolish as it would be criminal, and it is wholly inconsistent with the general facts of the situation. Some other explanation must be found.

Now the missing cables are undoubtedly the most important part of the communications referred to in the conversation disclosed by Mr. Hawkesley. It is for that very reason that Mr. Hawkesley

speaks of it. The case, however, does not stop there. Mr. Hawkesley goes on with equal frankness to say that he thereupon advised Mr. Rhodes to communicate these cables to the Colonial Office. What this meant is plain. It meant that as Mr. Rhodes was about to have his decisive interview with Mr. Chamberlain as to the consequences of the raid and its collapse, he should first of all explain to Mr. Chamberlain that the communications in question, suggesting the previous knowledge of the Colonial Office, were not merely in Mr. Rhodes's possession, but had, as a matter of fact, been used to obtain the support of other persons in Africa. This was not necessarily blackmail. If we assume for the moment that the Colonial Office was "in it," it was sufficiently proper that they should be told at once that others—say, for example, some of the Johannesburgers and all the military officers that accompanied Jameson—had been induced to go into this eminently risky enterprise by the knowledge that Mr. Chamberlain was cognisant of what was going on. As a matter of fact, everybody understands that Sir John Willoughby and the other officers holding the Queen's commission *were* induced to enter the Transvaal on the theory that the Queen's Government did not object, and that strong representations have since been made that on that account it was unjust to deprive them of their commissions.

The result of the conversation in the train was curious and interesting. By his chief's authority, Mr. Hawkesley at once saw Mr. Fairfield, with whom he was on personal terms. What passed is not a matter of recollection, because he produces two letters which make it clear. He told Mr. Fairfield that some of his "various clients" had "sent telegrams, about Mr. Chamberlain or the Office," to the Cape, and that something which Mr. Chamberlain and the Office were "supposed to have said" had reached five or more persons supposed to be important. Mr. Fairfield communicated this to Sir R. Meade, and they both agreed that they must tell Mr. Chamberlain. He asked for copies of the telegrams and for information as to how much of the contents of these telegrams had "reached the five, or whatever number it was, and if so, whether it was in substance or in words." Mr. Fairfield also adds this careful phrase: "He does not recollect saying anything anent the insurrection which was supposed to have been impending which he would greatly care about if it became public." These are Mr. Fairfield's words. It seems obvious that they implied that the Colonial Office *had* supposed a revolution to be impending, and that Mr. Chamberlain himself *had* said something about it which might have been communicated in the way Mr. Hawkesley alleged. All it asserts is that Mr. Chamberlain would not *greatly care* if anything he had said in that line were made public. Mr. Hawkesley's reply is equally interesting. He relieved Mr. Chamberlain's mind about the existence of other documents by the statement

that all "the information given to the people in Johannesburg had been oral." Thereby we learn that apart from the military officers, or any other persons who may have been pacified by information about the attitude of the Colonial Office, such information had actually been used to help to raise the bogus insurrection. Mr. Hawkesley, evidently under further instructions from Mr. Rhodes, elected to drop the discussion at that point. He did so with another significant phrase: "Mr. C. knows what I know, and can shape his course with this knowledge." As to what that meant, we shall be better able to form our opinion when we see the cables themselves.

The matter was revived in May. Apparently it must have been revived in some connection with the question, what was to be done about the officers and their commissions. The evidence so far given does not give us any clear light as to the exact circumstances under which the copies were ultimately asked for, and sent to Mr. Chamberlain on June 6 by Mr. Hawkesley. The fact that by the highly irregular action of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends the opportunity for cross-examining Mr. Hawkesley was refused, precludes the public for the present from inquiring further into this interesting point. We do know that, after the officers had been sentenced, Mr. Hawkesley prepared a statement to the War Office, which is in evidence, in which it was directly stated, on the honour of Sir John Willoughby, that he and his officers were induced to ride in by being informed "that the steps are taken with the knowledge and assent of the Imperial Authorities." We can only presume that Mr. Hawkesley considered that the copy cables he had submitted to the Colonial Office at an earlier stage tended in the same direction. Whether the sending of them is to be considered as a general "blackmailing" effort to obtain terms by a threat of publication, or as a legitimate effort to show the Government that their alleged dabbling in the business had led others into it, the result is the same. If there was really no foundation for the charge, Mr. Hawkesley and the whole group were guilty of incredible stupidity. *Quis credat?*

One word only need be added upon another branch of the same subject. It concerns Miss Flora Shaw. She was, as we all know, a *habitué* of the Colonial Office. She had the run of it, as the Colonial authority on the *Times*. She was also deep in the Rhodesian ring, and was beyond doubt personally devoted to Mr. Rhodes. She knew, she says, what Dr. Harris knew. She also communicated her views directly and indirectly to her chief at the Cape. It is needless to repeat the well-known and somewhat comic references to her in the published cables. It is sufficient to say that they indicate that it was fully supposed in the group of which she formed part that the Colonial Office was neither ignorant or hostile. The extraordinary telegram of Dr. Harris, "I have already sent Flora to convince J.

Chamberlain support *Times* newspaper," has not so far been seriously explained by anybody. Yet it must have had a reason at the time. Probably it meant "to convince him of the support of the *Times*." If so, it is a pretty item. Miss Shaw herself stated in reply to Mr. Labouchere that in her remarkable cablegrams as to the expediency of hurrying up the revolution, she "could not" have said that the Colonial Office thought it desirable that it should come off at once, because she did not know it. But she added, "I *could* have said that probably if it was to happen *they would like it soon*." Her position in the matter remains somewhat enigmatical, but it will hardly be suggested by any one that it is likely that she would have been a party to mislead persons in South Africa by false information as to the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain.

The position, then, stands thus. The Colonial Office conceals its own documents. From none of its officials have we had any detailed or frank statement as to their relations to South African affairs during the critical period. The High Commissioner himself has not been examined. Mr. Rhodes has been allowed to go without any serious inquiry into this branch of the case. The most important cables are refused by Mr. Rhodes's order, and the Committee decline to exercise their power to compel the production of them. The story, in fact, so far as it concerns this question of the truth or falsity of the allegation that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it," is being smothered up, with an audacious disregard of the principles which guide all ordinary tribunals. The last steps in this proceeding have been taken with the direct assent of the leader of the Opposition. Everybody, therefore, is inquiring what reason can have induced Sir William Harcourt to execute this startling change of front.

There is only one reason that can, with any probability, be assigned—that is, that some member of the Government has made a "Front Bench communication" to the leader of the Opposition, indicating to him explicitly that there are "reasons of State" for stopping the disclosures. There can be little doubt that this is what has happened, and conjecture, not only in this country but elsewhere, will naturally be keen to know what the nature of this momentous disclosure was.

If Mr. Chamberlain was as absolutely free from knowledge of the Jameson plan as he has professed to be, it is hard to see how full disclosure could do any damage to the Empire, or could do anything but good to the Colonial Secretary himself. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, professes in words his private desire that everything should come out. He has not, however, assisted in the attainment of that result. The consequence is that a national and international question of very grave importance has arisen. It is said in circles usually well informed, that when the Raid occurred, it became necessary to give assurances to foreign Governments, and in particular to Germany,

that the Queen's Government was in no way compromised. These assurances, it is said, were given. It is even said that they were given expressly in the name of the Queen. Something of this kind may well have happened; but it is hard to see how, if it did happen, and if the Colonial Office was as innocent as it claims to be, the disclosure of the facts can do anything but confirm the Queen's word.

That documents exist which are supposed to be compromising, and which the very authors of them allege to be compromising, is a fact past hiding. It casts, unless it is cleared up, a damning doubt. Therefore it would appear to be the duty of all honest men, and, above all, of the Parliament of Great Britain, to see that an immediate end is put to a policy which may be aptly described as "thimble-rigging," and that the truth, whether it suits Mr. Rhodes or Mr. Chamberlain, or neither of them, must be told at last.

This is a high question of privilege, and the whole House is concerned in it. It is for the House to act.

QUESITOR.

THE NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

MR. GRENFELL and Mr. Hunt have presented the world in general with a document of the greatest interest; while to theological scholars they have given one of the prettiest problems conceivable, in the writing which they have christened "Λόγια 'Ιησοῦ." Egypt is constantly yielding up fragments which excite and tantalise us almost unbearably; and now she has surpassed herself. Here we have what purport to be fresh sayings of the most important person who ever lived; and these are preserved to us on a single leaf of papyrus, badly mutilated, and, as a glance at the facsimile will show, extremely hard to read.

During the next few months we may expect edition after edition of these *Logia* from England, France, and Germany. We shall have conjectures good, bad, and worse than bad, on the text, and we shall be told what the fragment is, when and where it was composed, what the lost portions contained, what the surviving portions mean, and what the relation of it all is to our four Gospels. But though we shall certainly learn a good deal, and probably be enabled to fill up the gaps in the second page of the text, I doubt whether we shall get any work that is on the whole more cautious and sensible than the *editio princeps*.

It is not the purpose of this article to answer any of the great questions in Christian "origins" which are sure to be raised in connection with this fragment. The time is not ripe for that. The process of assimilation of new documents is always a long one; and a document so new as the *Logia* demands years rather than weeks or months for its proper appreciation. That which on a first reading seems so unlike anything we have seen—which stands out so sharply from the background of known Christian literature—will eventually, no doubt, find its context and its environment, and drop into them naturally; but that will not be for some time to come.

It is, however, already possible to point out what the fragment is not, and to indicate the directions in which the nearest parallel to it may be found; and that is what I shall attempt to do in the following pages.

I.

In the first place, then, this document is not a leaf of a Gospel—not, at least, of such a Gospel as we know anything about.

A great many kinds of books have been called Gospels at different times, but no extant recension or fragment of any of these leads us to suppose that they had room for such a collection of detached sayings as is contained in the leaf from Oxyrhynchus. Of the *Gospel of the Egyptians*, a book which has been mentioned in connection with this fragment, we possess certain scraps, the chief one being a dialogue of our Lord with Salome; and from Hippolytus and Epiphanius we learn that it contained esoteric utterances of Christ to the Apostles. The *Gospel of Philip*, of which we have one fragment, seems to have been a "Gnostic" writing, very much like the *Pistis Sophia*, an extant work which represents Philip as the special recorder of the teaching of Jesus after the Resurrection. The very title of the *Gospel of Eve*, again, transports us into a visionary sphere totally unconnected with the earthly life of our Lord; and the solitary quotation from it, preserved by Epiphanius, confirms the impression we derive from the title. Furthermore, we know enough of the Gospels called *of the Hebrews*, *of the Twelve*, *of the Ebionites*, *of Peter*, to see that in form at least they resembled our Canonical Gospels; while those *of James* and *of Thomas* we actually possess—the first, perhaps, in its original shape, the latter in a shortened form—and we know that they dealt with the parentage and infancy of Christ by way of direct narrative, with little of direct doctrinal utterance.

Another class of Gospels was that connected with the names of individual heretics—for example, Basilides and Marcion. Marcion's Gospel, however, is well known to have been a mutilated form of St. Luke, while the attribution to Basilides of anything purporting to be a Gospel is in all probability a mistake.

All this goes to show that the books known as Gospels were of a systematic and coherent character, and were either lives of Christ or continuous reports of His teaching, not collections of sayings which had no internal bond of connection with each other.

If one were forced to fix on some one of the spurious Gospels whose names are known to us as the source of the *Logia*, I think I should suggest the *Traditions* or *Gospel of Matthias* as the most likely. We have three short quotations from it, all of which are ethical precepts; and almost all the writers who speak of it are connected with Egypt. Yet I do not think it really probable that our sayings are a part of

this book. The formula "Jesus saith," which serves to introduce each saying in our fragment, is not very suitable to an apostle recording his reminiscences of his Master's words. There are, besides, indications that Matthias, in company with Philip and Thomas, was represented by the Egyptian Gnostics as a special recipient of Christ's esoteric teachings after the Resurrection, a fact which makes it probable that, if we had the *Gospel of Matthias*, we should find it to be a book of the same general character as the *Pistis Sophia*.

In the next place, this fragment does not belong to the work which people often describe as the *Logia of Papias*.

It should be remembered that the work of Papias was not called *Logia*, but *Expositions of Logia of the Lord* (λογίων κυριακῶν ἐξηγήσεις); and both the title and the remains of the book indicate that the proportion of "expositions" which it contained must have been largely in excess of *Logia*. Its form, too, must have been more elaborate than that of the new fragment. However small in intelligence Papias may have been (and Eusebius thought him very small), he had some pretensions to graces of style. It is difficult to imagine that he would have incorporated in his book a section so very unliterary and so miscellaneous in character as this is without dilating it with some measure of exposition. However, it is wasting time to prove that this fragment cannot be from Papias. One has but to read the specimens we have of his work to be convinced that it was of a widely different complexion. And if we may extend our purview to the fragments quoted from "the Presbyters" by Irenæus, some of which are pretty certainly from the *Expositions* of Papias, we shall probably realise that the question is hardly worth debating.*

What, then, is this fragment? It may be a collection of sayings of our Lord made at a time when Gospels were only beginning, or had not yet begun, to be written. It may be a collection of extracts from

* Shall we ever recover a copy of the five books of Papias? Egypt has seemingly unlimited possibilities, and may yet give them up. Syria, too, is not entirely exhausted; and there may have been a Syriac version of the work, though I do not know that any mention of such a thing has been brought to light. But in the West, what are our chances? We know that in or about 1218 the church of Nîmes possessed a "thick volume," containing *Librum Papiæ, Librum de Verbis Domini*. To be sure, this may have been a copy of the Lexicon of the Papias who lived in the eleventh century, bound up with a copy of Augustine *De Verbis Domini*. Still, it is not very likely that those two books would be bound up along with other tracts in one volume; and, after all, the Latin version of Irenæus comes to us from the South of France, and the second-century dialogue of Jason and Papiscus was translated into Latin by a cleric in that part of the world. So that, on the whole, it is most probable that that was a true Papias in Latin at Nîmes, though it is not there now.

I am not at all sure that there may not have been a copy in England also in the fifteenth century. John Boston, the Bury monk and bibliographer, includes Papias of Hierapolis in the list of writers whose works he had seen in monastic libraries. But not all Boston's work is in print, and, until it is, we shall not know whether he actually did see the book, or whether he merely put down the name because it occurred in Jerome's catalogue of ecclesiastical writers, which is one of his chief sources.

Almost every considerable monastic library catalogue contains two or three mentions of Papias; but in all these cases it is fairly certain that the author of the dictionary is meant.

one or more written Gospels. Does the form of it help us to a conclusion?

The leaf which we have is marked with the number 11; and if it be at all fair to build anything on such meagre data, I would say that it seems likely that all the ten preceding leaves contained matter similar to this: because ten leaves of the size of ours would not contain any important writing to which this could be an appendix.

Then, again, if we look at the structure of the document, it is very difficult to make it fit into any class of sacred writings of which we have any specimens. The repeated formula, "Jesus saith," is so bare, so jejune, that one cannot conceive its occurring in any book which contained anywhere portions of narrative. It would not, however, be inappropriate either to a series of extracts from a larger book, or to a collection of sayings which contained sayings and nothing else.

Now I suppose it to be true that books composed exclusively of precepts or "gnomic" utterances are distinctively Oriental in character. Certain it is that in looking for parallels to the *Logia*, so far as form is concerned, we find the most striking general resemblances in writings like the Jewish *Pirke Aboth*, or *Sayings of the Fathers*. If we turn over the pages of this, we are constantly met by the simple formulæ, "Abtalion said"; "Shammai said"; "Rabbi said"; "He used to say." The Greek collections, such as Plutarch's *Apophthegmata Laconica*, are not of the same kind. They consist of a series of short anecdotes, which specify the circumstances that gave rise to the saying.

It is probable enough that the literature of Persia and India would supply striking resemblances alike in form and substance to the document we are discussing. These, if they exist, will be produced in due time. At present I merely wish to indicate that it is a possibility that this papyrus leaf is from a collection of sayings made as such, and not collected from larger works.

Yet in this case the introductory formula is puzzling. We should expect the past tense—*ἔλεγεν* or *εἶπεν*, "He used to say," or "He said," not "He saith." In the *Pirke Aboth* the past tense is always employed, and, indeed, it seems almost inevitable that it should be employed when we are recording either traditions or personal reminiscences. The difficulty may not strike others as important; to me it is a real one.

I do not, however, find that the same objection applies, if we may regard the fragment as a series of excerpts made for some purpose from a larger work or works. I can acquiesce in the recurrence of the bare words "Jesus saith," if I am allowed to think of them as merely paragraph-marks to distinguish one saying from another. I could fancy them to correspond to the familiar *ὅτι* with which Greek

epitomisers, such as Photius, begin each new extract from the book they are abridging.

I can also understand them very well if the collection was meant for liturgical use of any kind; if, for instance, they are analogous to the formula, "Hear also what St. Paul saith," in our Communion Service. I do not, of course, mean that the collection was made to be used in a Church service, as are the "comfortable words" to which I have alluded: but I can very well imagine that a Christian teacher should make a collection of utterances of our Lord from various sources, which he might read or quote to a circle of hearers as occasion served him.*

May I, then, with all due diffidence, set up the theory that this papyrus leaf is from a book of sayings of Christ, extracted from one or more Gospels, and leave it to be dealt with by the critics as it deserves?

II.

Something has been said of the form of the fragment; the great question of its contents has now to be approached. Are these new sayings to be regarded as probably genuine words of Christ? I think every one must be impressed by them. In the case of one or two of them the first feeling is that they justify the high claim they make. Is this claim borne out by further examination of their meaning, and by such external evidence as can be brought to bear on them?

With those sayings which are most closely allied to matter in the Canonical Gospels it would not be right for any one to deal who has not a special knowledge of the Synoptic question. Only it may be suggested by such a one that the proverb, "*noscitur a sociis*," has some application here. It is something in favour of the new sayings that they are found in company with the old. Something, not everything. The forger is well advised, it may be answered, who does not trust entirely to his own powers of invention, but uses some materials at least which he finds ready to his hand. On the other hand, if these *Logia* can be in any sense described as a forgery, they are a forgery of a class totally new to us.

The theory advanced above, that they may be excerpts from one or more Gospels—such, for example, as the *Egyptian Gospel*—would serve well to explain the presence in them side by side of elements of various degrees of authenticity; for it is most probable that those early Gospels which the Church rejected contained an admixture of genuine

* One only of the uncanonical sayings of Christ collected by Resch (*Agrapha*, No. 47) resembles ours in form. It is preserved by Origen, and runs thus: *καὶ Ἰησοῦς γοῶν φησὶν διὰ τοῦς ἀσθενούντας ἡσθένουν καὶ διὰ τοῦς πεινῶντας ἐπεινῶν καὶ διὰ τοῦς διψῶντας ἀδιδῶν.*

matter along with some that was corrupt and some that was pure invention.

The second saying in the fragment runs thus: "Except ye fast [to] the world, ye shall not find the kingdom of God: and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father." The expression rendered "fast to the world" (*νηστεύειν τὸν κόσμον*), if allowable at all, is, as the editors say, very harsh. A doubt as to the correctness of the reading *κόσμον* (the world) is natural, though it is hazardous to try and amend the work of two experienced readers of papyri: I frankly allow that I can suggest nothing better. Yet something in the nature of a parallel to "the Sabbath" in the second clause is rather needed—say, the name of a day of the month or week, or of some Jewish fast. However, as the name of a day (analogous to *τεσσαρακοστή*) would in all cases require the feminine gender; and, as no name of a fast will suit the *ductus litterarum*, *κόσμον* must stand for the present. If it stands, and if the saying is to be looked upon as genuine, we must assign to it, I think, a spiritual and not a temporal meaning. The finding of the kingdom is contingent upon keeping the true fast—the fast that God has chosen; the sight of the Father is to be attained by keeping the true Sabbath. On the other hand, literally interpreted, these words are not the teaching of Christ. He who said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," could never have made the Jewish observance which He broke down the necessary step to the attainment of the heavenly life. Rather, in that case, must the words embody the principle of some Judaising or Jewish-Gnostic sect; they can never have been uttered by our Lord.

The third saying is the most immediately attractive of all.

"Jesus saith: I stood in the midst of the world, and in flesh was I seen of them: and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the sons of man, because they are blind in their heart."

Where must we suppose these words to have been said? Must they be placed in the days after the Resurrection? If so, the presumption that they came from a Gnostic source is very strong; for the early heretical teachers and writers of Apocalypses appropriated that period to themselves, and represented it as the time *par excellence* when Christ communicated His most important revelation to His chosen disciples. The *Pistis Sophia*, the *Books of Jeu*, the *Questions of Bartholomew*, and the *Apocalypse of Peter* (as it seems) all have their scenes laid in these days.

It is perhaps significant that a rather striking reminder of this saying does occur in the *Pistis Sophia*:

"Now when the disciples heard this, they fell down and worshipped

Him, saying: 'Help us, our Lord, have pity on us, that we may be delivered from these evil chastisements, which are prepared for the sinners. Woe unto them, woe unto them, the sons of men, for they shall be as blind men groping in darkness, not seeing. Have pity upon us, Lord, in this great blindness wherein we are, and have pity upon the whole race of men, &c.'—(Schwartz's translation, p. 232).

The notion of the blindness of the whole human race, and of the compassion of Christ for them, is what is common to the two passages.

But I do not feel certain that this saying is necessarily to be placed on the post-Resurrection period. It might, I think, be of the nature of a parable. It reminds one of the words of our Lord (Matt. xxiv. 28; Luke xvii. 26) about the condition of the world in the days of Noah (and Lot). The point of these sayings is, of course, a different one; it lies in the suddenness of the destruction that came upon the careless livers; yet a certain similarity exists.

The difficulty of regarding the words as uttered before the Resurrection lies in the past tense used, and in the phrase, "In flesh was I seen of them," a phrase, by the way, which has a markedly Johannine look. Even this, however, would be tolerable in a parable such as that in Matthew xxv., in which the Son of Man says, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat," &c. It is not, certainly, often that our Lord refers to His coming upon earth as a past event; still, He does so refer to it; and I would submit that it is very possible that in this saying we have a reminiscence, perhaps garbled, but preserving a genuine element, of a parable or simile actually uttered, by Christ. In any case, the saying is a very beautiful one.

The last of these *Logia* to which I can here refer is that puzzling sentence, "Raise up the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I."

It seems to me that there are three possible lines of interpretation for this:

(1) Christ is everywhere and in everything. This, as Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have said, is favoured by the near neighbourhood of what seems to be a form of the utterance, "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them," and the sentence from the *Gospel of Eve*, which Epiphanius has preserved, supplies an attractive illustration.

(2) The emphasis is to be laid upon the hard and laborious character of the acts prescribed—the heaving up of the stone and the cleaving of the wood. We should then have a parallel to the precept, "*Ask*, and ye shall receive; *seek*, and ye shall find; *knock*, and it shall be opened unto you"; an utterance in which the command seems to me quite as important an element as the promise. Effort is necessary if the knowledge of Christ is to be won.

(3) The "stone" and the "wood" may just possibly be the important factors in the saying. Both of them are familiar types of the Lord. But I cannot give a satisfactory meaning to the whole clause on this hypothesis, though it seems just worth mentioning.

The first interpretation has a flavour of Pantheism about it, of something far removed from the ordinary lines of our Lord's genuine sayings. If the interpretation be correct, the words would better suit a "Gnostic" *milieu* than an orthodox one. But I doubt its correctness. Would any sect which is likely to have produced this mystical saying have put it in such a form? Were they not all too deeply imbued with a belief in the inherent evil of matter? Stone and wood, the productions of an ignorant or evil Creator, with whose works it is the object of every enlightened soul to have as little to do as possible, could they be spoken of in so emphatic a manner as this? I do not think that a Gnostic would thus conceive of the presence of Christ in created things. The Lord "is everywhere and heareth every one of us," say the Docetic *Acts of John*, it is true; but there is no hint to show that He is present in inanimate things of sense.

I incline rather to the second of the interpretations suggested above. It is direct and simple, and it is in accordance with Christ's known teaching. Possibly the collector of the *Logia* may have understood the sentence differently, and therefore placed it in the position in which we find it. If he did, he acted, I believe, under a misapprehension.

With these scattered suggestions I must leave the fragment. The interest of this first-fruit of the Oxyrhynchus find cannot easily be exaggerated. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have already earned our warmest thanks by the way in which they have dealt with it; and during many years to come, one is glad to think, they will be constantly increasing our obligations alike to themselves and to the Egyptian Exploration Fund.

M. R. JAMES.

MR. BARNATO.

FROM the outer courts of general business, from the inner temple of finance, and from participation in South African affairs there has now disappeared, in the person of the late Mr. Barnato, a man who was more noteworthy for his individualism than even for his rapidly acquired and securely held millions. The feverish days of the old Kimberley Camp seem to be already long past, when the horrible coach with its sixteen inside passengers or the costly post cart were the only competitors with the leisurely ox waggon for the conveyance of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and goods to the Diamond Fields from the rail terminus hundreds of miles distant. Yet twenty-five years ago, where the town of Kimberley now stands was the open, boundless, and apparently valueless veld; and where now yawns the great hole of the Kimberley mine, a small kopje or isolated hill reared its modest head. This twenty-five years has witnessed the growth of a great mining industry to which there is as yet no apparent end, and the evolution of several millionaires, of whom the one who loomed largest in the public view, the most representative of his class, was Mr. B. J. Barnato, the familiar, genial "Barney," of the old camp days. Yet he was not one of the earliest arrivals on the Diamond Fields, and it was not until the first rush there had subsided, and it had become evident that diamonds were there in plenty for years to come, that Barnet Isaac Barnato went from London to join his brother Henry, who had already established a sufficiently profitable business as diamond buyer, broker, and dealer, or, as it was termed in the camp slang, a "kopje wallopper." The diamond mining was then carried on by individuals working singly or in small associations, and the Barnato brothers, with many others, laid the foundation of their wealth by travelling round daily from claim to claim purchasing the finds. It was a very profitable if risky business, but in the hands of

the astute brothers, by unwearying toil and incessant vigilance it prospered. Already those early Kimberley days are shrouded by myths sufficient to justify antiquity; but although the brothers were at first in a very small way of business they were never reduced to any great straits, nor was Barney ever dependent upon his abilities as a showman, circus clown, or professional pugilist. So good a business man would undoubtedly have made a good showman; and possessed of great physical strength, dexterity, and an excellent boxer, with a never failing fund of animal spirits, he has on more than one occasion contributed turns to benefit and charitable performances. The last public appearance he made on the boards was in November 1893, when, at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, he played Matthias in "The Bells" at a benefit to Miss Helen Rous. From such seed a whole crop of yarns have sprung up in which Barney himself found far too much amusement ever to desire their correction.

When, in course of time, the original Kimberley claim workings began to deepen, so far as to render individual efforts and small capital of no avail, hundreds of diggers abandoned their claims and cleared out with what they had made, while still greater numbers worked on, struggling with ever-increasing difficulties, until their resources were exhausted. This gave the Barnatos the opportunity for their first great *coup*, for convinced, as it were by instinct, that the diamonds were still richer deeper, they resolved upon the flotation of companies with large working capitals, and to achieve this bought up every claim they could secure. Every pound of their own money and all that their credit could raise was embarked in this enterprise, which, ultimately successful, for a time promised ruin only. This first consolidation of claims into companies paved the way for the ultimate Rhodes amalgamation, whereby the several large companies were formed into one for the express purpose of regulating the output of diamonds and forming a monopoly.

While, however, so much of the history of Old Kimberley in broad outline is necessary to clear the ground of unauthorised yarns, the Barnato power, fame and millions had increased far more outside the sphere of Kimberley work. When the first rumours of the gold discoveries on the Witwatersrand (literally White Waters Range) of the Transvaal reached Kimberley, Henry Barnato remained in charge of the business there while Barney went up to spy out the land. At that time the possibility of gold being found in such a conglomerate formation was decried as an impossibility by scientists, who, in some cases, did not hesitate to declare that specimens produced were from salted ground. Barney, on the spot, satisfied himself that there were the outcrops of a series of gold-bearing reefs, all payable, and quietly bought up all the likely ground he could obtain, until the holdings of his firm were, as they still are,

far and away the largest on the Rand. As it had been at Kimberley so it was at Johannesburg, as the central township was called—the great majority of the early arrivals had no idea of the permanence or value of the gold deposits. There was, however, available from the first, for working and exploitation, far more capital than ever Kimberley had enjoyed, and, considerable as the Barnato resources had become, they were unequal to the realisation of Barney's pet scheme first formed—which was to acquire such a preponderating interest in every mining proposition and every industrial undertaking that he would have had control of the whole. It was a great scheme, worthy of his business instinct and financial genius, and it failed of accomplishment but narrowly. While, however, his schemes were then secrets shared with no one, his faith in the future of the Rand was demonstrated in a most emphatic manner at the time by his purchases of real estate, both in the centre of the proposed township and in the outskirts for residential purposes. He bought several blocks of ground conveniently near to the line of reef, and on one of these he erected a commodious stock-exchange, thereby determining the business centre of the new town, and afterwards, of course, forming a limited company, which has paid excellent dividends from the first. Then, on another block of ground close at hand, he erected long corridors of two-storied offices, which were at once occupied at large rentals. In the centre of the public market-square he acquired ground and built a huge Market Hall, at which others then scoffed—it should have been four times larger even for present business. When the great depression came in Kaffirs, and in 1888 and 1889, every one predicted for the Rand utter failure; when the promising young millionaires of a few months earlier found their projects reduced to naught and their scrip of no value even as waste paper, Barney gave his final demonstration of confidence in the future. Among the earliest arrivals on the Witwatersrand was Sir James, then plain Mr., Sivewright from Capetown. He saw that, whether there was gold or not, there would for some time be a large population to feed and support, and only a very small natural water supply. He therefore organised the first Waterworks Company, and himself sketched out the plans for the collection into small reservoirs of the water from some springs in the Doornfontein valley at the upper end of the rising township. When the slump came the works were unfinished, there was no money available for their continuance, and of the other mercantile and moneyed men then on the Rand not one felt sufficiently secure of the future of the gold industry to furnish further capital. Mr. Barnato had at first a nominal interest only in Mr. Sivewright's company, and he purposely waited until a writ had been issued against the company and the sheriff's officer, or rather the Dutch equivalent for that functionary, was about to take possession. He then bought

up the whole concern, lock, stock and barrel, and carried out the original plans, but on a much larger scale. Even as an act advisedly calculated to restore public confidence in the future of the gold-fields, this had a great immediate effect; but, in spite of every difficulty, the undertaking has paid well. It was, indeed, one of Mr. Barnato's business principles through his career that every enterprise in which he engaged should stand by itself and be made to produce a profit. He would never consent to set off the loss on one undertaking against the gain on another. The profit was, he held, the right and natural thing, but a loss was a thing utterly abhorrent, and if it could not be converted into a profit must be stopped. It is not intended now to in any way deal with Mr. Barnato's financial schemes, other than as they throw a light upon his personality and methods of work; but the waterworks was always one of his most favourite enterprises, and the various attempts made by men powerful with the Transvaal Government to obtain concessions for other sources of water supply kept him continually on the alert until he finally crushed all opposition less than two years ago.

The Barnato millions were not however entirely derived from the buying and selling, and general trading operations, of the most important member of the firm. Mr. B. I. Barnato added to his marvellous business instinct and capacity for figures a genius for Stock Exchange manipulations which made him the most important operator in Kaffirs, until no one could bring out a new venture, no matter how good it might be, without his help to make the market. In every good thing that was floated he had therefore to be consulted and considered, and let in to secure his help. The result has been, as he himself frankly admitted, that he made more money by aiding or frustrating the plans of others, operations in which he never appeared at all, than by the long years of unremitting attention to his own projects. In this connection he achieved some remarkable deals, and the scale and apparent recklessness of his operations were such as struck awe into more ordinary men. Yet having once planned out his course of action, he never after swerved from it, and less than twelve months ago he declared to the writer, "Worry! nonsense, I have never had a business worry since we began the Kimberley amalgamation when I had to plunge, win or lose all." It has before been said of men that all they touched turned to gold, and here was a man who for seventeen years had never had a plan miscarry. It was to no fabled converting touch of gold that he owed this success, nor, as others phrased it, to "Barney's luck," but to the unsparing, unceasing toil he devoted to every detail of his business; to his power of concentration, and to his marvellous grasp of detail. In all his mining and industrial operations there was not a single feature of the working, a single apparatus or process used, with which he

was not perfectly familiar. In all his company undertakings, such a thing as a speech prepared by others for him to read was absolutely unknown, and no man ever laboured more patiently or with more uniform success to convert the refractory when it was advisable. Both at Johannesburg and in London, the latter especially on an occasion fresh in all memories, he has had to confront angry critics, who, smarting under apparent loss, were not careful either as to the terms in which they denounced him, or the epithets they employed. But the results were invariably the same, withdrawal of all charges and renewed votes of confidence passed by acclamation without a dissentient. While, however, no one could be more conciliatory, more pleasingly explanatory than he, when it was advisable, he could take it fighting too, when his judgment approved, and then his attack was irresistible. "If you are going to fight," he said, "always get in first blow. If a man is going to hit you, hit him first and say, 'If you try that I'll hit you again.' It is of no use you're standing off and saying, 'If you hit me I'll hit you back.' D'ye understand?" "Yes, I understand," I answered; "but you are quoting Kingsley in 'Westward Ho!'" "Who was Kingsley and 'Westward Ho!'" he sharply queried. After I had explained and quoted the passage from Drake's letter to Amyas Leigh, he said, "Ah! I did not know anything of Kingsley, but when he wrote that he knew what life was and he was right and I am right, though it is queer for me to get a supporter in one of your parsons. If he was a true man he would also have to agree with our law of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' but being a Christian of course he couldn't do that. Pah! never let a man wrong you without getting square, no matter how long you wait, and never wrong a man if you can help it, because he will wait his time to get back on you and at the worst possible moment. I don't care whether it is Jew or Gentile, it is all the same." This conversation occurred during an early morning drive about two years ago, when he had just arranged his scheme for the flotation of the Barnato Consolidated Mines, and was already laying off the lines on which the Barnato Banks were to be constructed and floated.

Only a week later he gave to me a very ominous signification of his own condition. It was after the Sunday morning breakfast, which I remember included on that occasion among other guests Baron Charnacé, representing large French financial interests, and Mr. J. W. Leonard, Q.C. During the meal Mr. Barnato had borne even more than his usual full share of the conversation, and in a hasty, impetuous manner more marked than usual, which caused many anxious glances to be cast at him by the presiding genius of that most hospitable board, his clever, amiable, and most beautiful wife. The meal ended, he drew me into a small, very bare study, opening from the breakfast room, and for two hours paced incessantly up and down, talking of

his work and schemes for the future, sedulously imbibing all the time very stiff long whiskies and sodas. The interview ended, so far as related to the business part of it, he began to talk generally, and eventually the conversation drifted round to boxing and the merits of Bat Mullins as an instructor. Suddenly Mr. Barnato turned to me and, gripping my arm fiercely, said, "D'ye know what would do me good? Twenty minutes with the gloves every morning. But I can't do it now. I have hardly time to live." A few days later, and with as sudden an interruption, he said, "D'ye know, there is one thing I don't like? I never felt my work too much for me before. I could come home, leave it all behind me, go to bed and forget it. I can't now. I go to bed with it, sleep with it, dream of it, and wake up with it. I don't like it, I tell you." Of a truth, from his work he never rested, and it was unfortunate for his own life that his only relaxations were the pursuit of the lighter pleasures, but always with the same fierce energy that marked his business. Of a constitution to which the ordinary weaknesses of mankind were strange, he added a physical strength well-nigh impervious to fatigue. From feverish work to feverish pleasure was his only change. Early married to a charming, clever wife, to whom he was devoted, and who accompanied him everywhere in all his journeyings to and fro, his habits of work and life had yet been formed in the five years of the hardest Kimberley struggle that had preceded it; when the most important work was not that done in the narrow streets of wooden office huts near to the great mine, but consisted of studying men in their hours of relaxation, and knowing what every one else was doing. He never met a man without performing a mental analysis of his abilities, as to how they might be utilised for the advancement of Barnato Brothers, and never forgot a face or anything else he desired to remember. But in all this, in his office hours and in the extra office hours of various reputed pleasures, all made by him subservient to his work—himself the gayest of every party, the genial companion, the witty host—he lived a life of appalling solitude and loneliness. As in his scheme of life every man was a possible contributor to his projects, so every one who approached him did so for the furtherance of their own interests only. That any one should ever desire his friendship or be interested in his personality as a man was to him inexplicable, and therefore incredible. To him all mankind were at once chessmen for his game of life, and leeches who would suck what they could from him, and hang wherever possible. Had he lived longer, this awful frozen solitude of the heart would have melted away, and the thaw had already commenced with the first clinging finger touches of the two children, by whom the later years of his married life had been brightened. His nephews, too, his sister's sons, Woolfe and S. B. Joel, had been carefully trained and introduced into his business for their relationship alone; but they

had manifested such great ability, and were so evidently attached to him personally that their influence would have aided that of wife and children in accelerating the thaw. But it was not to be, and, by reason of his awful loneliness and lack of humanity, B. I. Barnato missed greatness, and is no more. Dead, and by his own hand, for the mainspring of that magnificent human machine, never relaxed, snapped. He who at forty-five years of age had the world at his feet, and might have been numbered among its great ones, ended his career a mere financier and nothing more.

It might have been all so different. The better one was suffered to know him the more his capacity for really great things became evident. His benevolence, so far as the general public was suffered to know it, was apparently largely subservient to purposes of advertisement, but his private charities will never be known, enormous as have been their extent. He was most solicitous, too, that his gifts should not be known, a very typical instance of which came under my own observation. I happened to mention to him that a certain well-known public entertainer had fallen upon evil days in Johannesburg, and was suffering from an affection for which it was imperative that he should have the best European surgical advice. Mr. Barnato merely said, "Ah, poor chap, he was always good, and led the best show we ever had in the old camp days" (Kimberley). "Go round with the hat and put me down for whatever you can get four or five others to do. A week later he asked what had been done, and I showed him a list of promised subscriptions. "That will never do," he said; and after calculating the amount likely to be still obtainable gave me a cheque for the difference between that and the amount we jointly considered was necessary. I was, however, myself to cash the bearer cheque and pay the amount to the fund to prevent identification. The beneficiary was gratefully astonished at the amount realised, but was much grieved that he could not remember the names of so many who appeared on the list as having substantially remembered him. Of a certainty Mr. Barnato was not one to do good by stealth and blush to find it known, for in this, as in his business, what he desired to be secret was so. Very considerable time, to him a commodity more valuable than money, was spent by him in personal investigation of appeals; and on one occasion he even, to his intense disgust, found himself taking part in a public meeting for the purpose of forming a £3000 syndicate, merely because it was the last chance in life of a sick, fragile man who claimed former acquaintance and had been of some service to him. "Here," he said, after the meeting, "is a pretty state of affairs; something for you newspaper men. Me! Barnato! reduced to touting for shareholders in a £3000 syndicate! Why, it would have been cheaper for me to have given the money right out to X instead of coming. But there, he wouldn't have taken

it ; and if I had refused to come would have coughed his soul up on the spot. You see, I had to come." I do not think Mr. Barnato was often victimised—he knew too much. Any attempt to extract money from him unjustifiably was sure to recoil on those who tried. A notable instance occurred less than two years ago, when the leaders of his own faith in Kimberley endeavoured to enlist his aid for the erection of a more magnificent and much larger synagogue. He curtly reminded them that the Kimberley synagogue had served the needs of the Jews there in the greatest boom times, when wealth was most widely scattered, and it must, so far as he was concerned, still suffice now that the Jews did not amount to a fourth of their former number. He said he did not spend his money for the glorification of building committees.

Mr. Barnato was a very keen critic of both the Transvaal Government and the Uitlanders, as was inevitable in view of his large interests so bound up with the welfare of the State and the whole community. He was satisfied with the Transvaal Gold Law, "one of the best in the world," but the dynamite and other monopolies were not merely unjust, they were stupid, as preventing the working of many low-grade mining propositions which would otherwise be affording employment to black and white, and thus increasing the resources of the State. The constant use of the Netherlands Railway Company, too, to foster other than English trade and English ports, was a cause of great irritation to him ; and he could never understand why the Government did not strictly maintain both letter and spirit of the London Convention. The agitation of the Uitlanders with regard to the Education and Franchise questions he ridiculed. "If people wanted a complete system of English schools, let them pay for it and he would do his part ; but they could not expect a Dutch Government to treat its own language as a foreign one." Again : "Men did not come to the Transvaal to vote, they came to earn money. The franchise would cost money and blood to obtain, and would never add 6d. a month to any one's wages." He always kept on fairly good terms with the President of the Transvaal and the Executive Council, but did not hesitate to express himself vigorously and in idiomatic English when they favoured an attempt to push a rival water scheme for Johannesburg. With the events of December 1895 and January 1896 he had no sympathy at all. He considered that what was done then spoiled the near chances for obtaining much-needed reforms, and that there was besides unpardonable bungling. Also his pride was deeply wounded that such action should have been taken and he not in the know. He complained bitterly of the way in which his nephew, Mr. S. B. Joel, had been forced into apparent complicity in the revolutionary measures. When the Transvaal Executive specially imported a judge to try the Reform prisoners for their lives,

because the Transvaal judicial bench considered that the milder Gold Law fully and properly dealt with the offences alleged, he became very anxious; and when the sentences were delivered he furiously denounced the President for having broken a solemn pledge, while, he said, the Executive and the specially hired judge had conspired together for deliberate treachery. Not content with fearlessly dinning these charges into the ears of Mr. Krüger himself, he publicly repeated them to the crowd at the railway station as he was leaving for Johannesburg. Words were to him, however, always subordinate, and he at once ordered the shutting down of every mine, and closing of every workshop of which he had control, if the prisoners were not released within a fortnight. Before the expiration of this period he had an interview with Mr. Krüger, and the following day the period of notice was extended, but before it had elapsed the commutation of sentences was announced, and all fines, except for A. Woolls Sampson and Karri Davies, had been paid. He regarded this as a direct tribute to his power. "No one else could have done," he said, "what I have done. If all the men (financial houses) here had combined, they might in two months time have been stronger than me, but no one but Barnato could say in a moment off his own bat, 'If you don't release these men I will shut up half the mines and throw more white men idle than you have burghers in the State.'" During the anxious time that elapsed between the sentence and commutation the Barnato breakfast-table was almost deserted and sad, the only topic of conversation being the latest news from Pretoria.

Another very great difference that he had with the Pretoria Government was caused by the determination of the Executive Council to control the Judges by declaring that resolutions by the Raad should have at once the force of law. This was directly opposed to the constitution of the State, but to Mr. Barnato it meant one thing only, and that was interference with vested interests—a thing regarded with the greatest dismay. He greatly rejoiced, too, at aiding in the frustration of a most glaring attempt to direct the courts. An important patent case involving some millions of money was pending, and an attempt was made in the Raad to add to a Patent Law Amendment Act a retrospective clause, making all patents which had stood for three years unassailable. Notwithstanding the strong feeling and remonstrances which this scandalous attempt to influence the course of justice called forth, the adoption of the amendment was only negatived by a casting vote, a circumstance which Mr. Barnato averred rendered all Transvaal business uncertain and unsafe.

His early education in the Aldgate Jewish Free School was most elementary; and there for his life his book-learning ended. He never read books, and only occasionally skimmed newspapers. Speaking of the South African papers, he said he knew all he wanted to know

before the papers were published, and as for books, "It is cheaper for me to pay a man to pick out what I want than to waste time myself in looking for it." For art he cared nothing, and his only criticism of pictures was from the story-telling point of view. A newly arrived illustrated paper, the *Graphic*, I think, was handed to him one day in a moment of waiting. "Is there anything by that chap, Wain—any of his wonderful cats?" he asked. There was not, and he would not look at other good work. Among black-and-white artists Louis Wain and Maurice Greiffenhagen were to him first of all. Absolutely careless of appearances, he did concede to London a black coat and silk hat, but elsewhere checked tweed and felt were the only wear, and all display was most distasteful unless undertaken for a definite purpose. He had to the full the old prejudice against house building, and if he indeed had any superstition it was in this. He yet made many announcements of building of palaces from motives of policy. At Johannesburg many plans were prepared and sites selected, but it was only within the last two years that work was really commenced in laying out thirteen acres of gardens. Even this was solely for the purpose of booming the villa lots he owned in the vicinity. When he was in Johannesburg a little more than a year ago, I showed him a print of the elevation of his Park Lane house, which had been issued with, I think, the *Building News*.

"I shall have the finest entrance-hall, stairs, and dining-room in London," he said.

"So you are really building at last?"

"Building?" he queried, sharply. "Oh, yes, I am building. I must."

HARRY RAYMOND.

THE NEW IMPERIALISM.

"**E**NGLAND! What, that old country running yet?" The effervescing Briton on tour has often been greeted thus in the Western States, and, though said half in jest, there lies beneath the exclamation an unquenchable spirit of youthful superiority. "England is effete, a thing of the past; we are the people of to-day and of the future"—that has in past years been the quiet ruling thought of thousands of the best of our race, not alone in the United States, but in far-distant corners of the Empire. But for it, Anglo-American arbitration must surely have found behind it a popular fervour which no mere political jugglers at Washington could have withstood. Among our own fellow-Britons this idea of British decadence has gained strength from what to the irresponsibility of colonial life has seemed the flabbiness of British statesmanship, and the all-pervading journalism of New York and Chicago—and shall we add of Sydney?—has made the most of its opportunities to drive the moral home.

We remember the uncomfortable quarter of an hour which Australasian statesmen gave Lord Salisbury at the Colonial Conference of 1887 over the New Hebrides question. A glance at the map of the Atlantic and Pacific coast-lines of Canada, and especially the spectacle of the Canadian "national" railway forced to cross foreign territory in order to reach the seaboard, recalls what Canadians still speak of as the "capitulations" of 1842 and 1846; and all round the Empire are to be found these black marks—as colonial eyes see them—of British statesmanship.

In the face of this, and the spirit at home of which this was only one outcome, is it surprising that the United States, rather than England, should have become the model of the young British com-

munities of America, Australasia and South Africa? The model was often unavowed; men do not publish their deepest convictions from the housetops. Most colonial politicians would ignore the question if asked on the point. Many of them would, perhaps, deny to-day that it ever existed; politicians have short memories. But underlying political thought and action, the quiet student of the public life of our colonies could find the firm belief that, just as surely as the boy becomes a man, so the day must come when Canada, on the one hand, would outgrow her colonial fetters and become absolute mistress of her own destinies, probably in friendly defensive alliance with the United States; and when the other groups of British colonies would respectively develop into the United States of South Africa and of Australasia.

And looked at in the cold light of statistics, some such evolution might well seem irresistible. The Government statist of Victoria estimates that the next census will show the population of Australasia to have just doubled in twenty years. The same rate of increase will make Australasia more populous in the middle of the new century than England was at the Queen's accession. Canada now has a million more people than the United States had when they took upon themselves the full responsibilities of government; and, looking at the illimitable area and natural wealth of the self-governing colonies, it would have been strange if the proud British stock who rescued these new lands from barbarism and made them what they are had not felt within them the impulse to take their place in time in the front rank of independent nations.

That, at any rate, was the colonial thought and aspiration of yesterday. It is not the thought and aspiration of to-day.

Grasp this fact, and you realise something of the significance from the colonial side of the new Imperialism with which these Jubilee celebrations have stamped the closing years of the Victorian era. The change of mind has been gradual, and in many cases reluctant; but it now amounts to nothing less than a revolution in the colonial ideal, though, perhaps, one needs to live in some outlying section of the Empire to fully realise the fact. It is the harvest in warm colonial soil of the seed which men like Mr. W. E. Forster and Lord Rosebery sowed in years gone by, and which at home bears fruit in the zeal and sympathy of Mr. Chamberlain's administration in Downing Street.

Take the case of these colonial premiers, who have been honoured and fêted as ambassadors never were before in the world's history. Many of them have now seen England for the first time. Canada is the fifth maritime power in the world; yet Sir Wilfrid Laurier had never before last month been at sea on an ocean-going vessel. What must have been the impression left on his imaginative mind by the naval

pageant at Spithead? Mr. Reid is of Renfrewshire birth, but he left Scotland before his boyish education really began. Other of the premiers were of colonial birth, and knew the motherland only by hearsay. And now that they have seen for themselves, do they find England decadent?

"I was told when I left New South Wales," says Mr. Reid, "that England would be a melancholy place to visit, that foreign competition had ruined the mother country, and that nothing but pauperism and want were rampant in London. One of the great sources of satisfaction which the colonial premiers have had in visiting the ancestral home of the race is to find that the centuries of all her troubles and trials have not made England weaker, but stronger."

What wonder that the colonial speeches of the past month have overflowed with pride of association with England, and found an echo away in the farthest prairie shanty of Canada and the loneliest bush-ranger's hut of Australia!

Exactly ten years ago Mercierism was rampant in French Canada. "Gentlemen," said M. Mercier to his political associates, who with him had swept the province, "this flag you know." (It was the tri-colour.) "It is the national flag. The Government which you have, you know; it is the national Government. It is a national triumph which we celebrate to-night, and not merely national in name, but national in tendency, aspirations, and sentiments." M. Mercier spoke as the elected head of the French Canada of ten years ago, and his ultimate goal was a French republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. His co-worker of those days now comes to England as the chosen spokesman of this same French Canada, for it was French Canada that put Sir Wilfrid Laurier in power at Ottawa. Does he talk of a French Canadian republic? On the contrary, he tells us that, were he twenty years younger, he should hope to take his place in some Council of Empire in Westminster Palace as a French Canadian representative. The sincerity of each on this point is not to be doubted. What has changed is the public sentiment.

Turn to another part of the Empire, and we find a well-known colonial journalist, who all through the growing Imperialism of the past decade has never till now ceased to hold to his republican faith, casting away his past belief and hope. "That which we referred to five or six years ago as a dream is to-day," he writes, "recognised as one of the immediate possibilities. All the sentiments that move us as a people cause our faces to turn towards the parent state."

"You used to talk at times of throwing up old England for all her bad treatment of you, and casting in your lot with the United States"—it was remarked to a Newfoundland editor in London last month. "Yes, so we did," was his reply; "but we don't now. When President Cleveland shook his fist at England we felt our blood stir within us."

We are British stock after all, and we really could not stand it. England is good enough for us."

Of old there were two stages of colonial development and two only—Colony, Nation. To these have now been added a third—Colony, Nation, Partner. Canada has by her progress as a compact federation laid claim to the status of nationhood. Australia—perhaps even Australasia—will, many believe, follow her example before the year is out; and in time the same good fate surely awaits South Africa. But that is only the second stage in their evolution. Will they and—what is more momentous, perhaps less certain—will England be prepared when the time comes for the third stage of active partnership?

Looking at the question fairly in the light of the experience which this memorable month has brought, is it not clear that the greatest danger before the Empire to-day is the danger of going too fast? And, strangest fact of all, it is the venerable senior partner at home, not the fly-away youngster from over seas, who in this instance has had to be held in. Staid old gentleman though his years should make him, it is he who has shown the most serious symptoms of breaking away from the traditions of his past, and it is the raw boys gathered round the family hearth who have brought him back from dreamland to the solid realities of the present.

Events have moved so rapidly during the past few weeks that we are apt to forget the state of expectancy which preceded this latest gathering of British and Colonial statesmen. In his invitation to the Premiers Mr. Chamberlain placed commercial union in the forefront of the subjects for discussion. And this was natural enough; for did he not lay it down as a prime maxim in the early days of his Colonial Secretaryship that all other proposals for Imperial unity are "dwarfed into insignificance in comparison with those intended to secure the commercial union of the Empire"? That was only a year ago, and it was the prelude to the scheme of an Imperial Zollverein with which Mr. Chamberlain startled the world. Canada had in 1892 declared, by the resolution of her Parliament, for preferential trade between England and her colonies and protection against the foreigner all round the Empire. The Ottawa Conference, representing the self-governing colonies generally, adopted the same idea in 1894. "Better your offer," said Mr. Chamberlain in effect in 1896; "let us have protection against the foreigner all round the Empire, but, instead of a preferential tariff, give us free trade, or at least a revenue tariff, among ourselves." Lord Salisbury publicly announced his "thorough accord" with the views of the Colonial Secretary, and in the spring of this year Canada, striking out a bold line for herself, enacted a preferential tariff for British goods. It was avowedly the

prelude to practically such a revenue tariff as Mr. Chamberlain had suggested must be the price of England's co-operation in a tariff-fence round the Empire against the foreigner.

Is it surprising that the advocates of Imperial protectionism should have heralded this latest gathering of British and Colonial statesmen as the occasion for realising their dream? How could dry economic objections, based on "the fetish of free trade," withstand the glow of Imperial patriotism? Should not England, as Sir Albert Rollit, the Chairman of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce, had declared, "make an economic sacrifice to attain a great political end," and create, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, "the strongest bond of union between the British race throughout the world"?

Yes, a stirring ideal, and when, on the arrival of the colonial Premiers, one heard Lord Chancellor Halsbury come boldly out of his convenient hiding-place and before these assembled Premiers declare himself "a rank Protectionist"; when that bulwark of old English traditions within the Cabinet, the Duke of Devonshire, a disciple of Cobden and a colleague of Bright, was heard to apologise at Liverpool, in the presence of the Premiers, for the deficiencies of free trade, and admit the necessity of finding new markets by "expanding or consolidating our colonial possessions"; when, moreover, Government organs, such as the *Standard*, which had long stood out for pure and undefiled free trade, seemed to acquiesce in the Duke's confession that free trade was the one hindrance to a much-desired Imperial unity; when all this took place, men felt that surely the Imperial protectionists must at last have captured the citadel and need now only walk up and possess the land in triumph.

But England had taught her children better than she knew. Like Elijah of old, she fancied that all the world but she had bowed the knee to Baal, and, like Elijah, she was to learn afresh the vitality of her principles. It was no mere whim that had led the mother colony of Australia to fight her way towards the English free trade ideal in the face of great difficulties. Before he touched on British soil, Mr. Reid sent the message of New South Wales to England, and it was in a sentence this: "Free trade has made you great. But for your sound economic commercial policy the British Empire would have been an intolerable aggression upon the rights of other nations. Abandon that policy, and you forswear the maxim of British greatness and development." "What we give you by our preferential tariff," said the Canadian Premier, "we give in gratitude for the splendid freedom under which we have prospered. It is a free gift. We ask no compensation. Protection has been the curse of Canada; we would not see you come under its baneful influence, for what weakens you must weaken us."

And so in one short day—for the momentous utterances of both

Mr. Reid and Sir Wilfrid Laurier reached the English public at the same moment—the dream of years was shattered. It was, we may well believe, conceived in a spirit of patriotism which commands admiration, but it is gone, and seemingly gone beyond recovery.

Mr. Chamberlain is certainly of that opinion. With a candour as rare as it is refreshing he confessed, after the last of the joint conferences with the Colonial Premiers, “It would have been hard enough to carry through the idea had all the colonies been its enthusiastic and persistent advocates. But Canada does not favour it, and New South Wales opposes it. These are the two leading colonies, and with them in frank opposition it becomes impossible. I would not now touch it with a pair of tongs.”

If Mr. Chamberlain, fearless as he is of new departures and enthusiastic in the cause of empire, will not touch the Zollverein scheme now “with a pair of tongs,” who will? For, look at it as sympathetically as you please, the proposal would have to be carried out along the line of greatest resistance—resistance in the motherland, because of the departure from the accepted principles of English commerce involved in taxing three-fourths of our import trade in order to give a preference to the remaining one-fourth, and resistance in those colonies which still cling to protection and look to the taxation of British goods for a large part of their revenue.

Of this group of colonies Tasmania is a type, and this is what her Premier, Sir Edward Braddon, says on the point :

“We have no other sources to which we can look for recouping any loss on our customs. In Tasmania we have a very heavy income-tax which we propose to reduce in the next session of Parliament, and also a land-tax which will be reduced. Beyond these there are no important taxes from which the colony could derive a revenue. The bulk of our imports is from the mother country.”

To have attempted to rush such colonies into a hard-and-fast trade bond with the motherland would have been to court certain friction and disaster. In a moment of Imperial fervour, which does infinite credit to their heart, protectionist colonies such as Victoria would enter into such a bond, but let it happen to them as it happened to Canada in 1878, when there seemed to Canadian statesmen only one means of avoiding financial and political disaster—the taxation of British goods. What a straining there would then be at the Imperial tie were this easy door of escape closed to them! England once lost colonies by insisting on taxing them; could she expect to avoid a like catastrophe if she forbade them to tax her? “The Australian,” says Mr. Reid—and he might have said the same of the Canadian and the South African—“is a very difficult person to have any relations with except on the condition that he is left to do just as he likes. And,

let me add, that when he is left to do as he likes he always 'likes' the old country." "We in Canada," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the National Liberal Club, "are loyal because we are free, and so long as we are free we will be loyal."

But this is happily not the end of the matter. Canada has by her new tariff indicated what New South Wales less dramatically indicated two years ago, that there is a line of least resistance along which the Empire may move in unison.

"Free trade as in England," that is the goal which Sir Wilfrid Laurier set before the Canadian electors, and the new Canadian tariff is a first step in that direction. It is, as Lord Farrer has pointed out, just the kind of step which England herself took in the old Huskisson days, when she approached free trade by the way of reciprocity. "Here," says Canada, "is a preference of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., to become 25 per cent. in a year's time, upon the products of every country which gives us reciprocal advantages." Mr. Fielding, Canada's Finance Minister, himself defined his position thus in his Budget speech :

"We do not offer anything to Great Britain which is offered to Great Britain alone. We recognise the fact that Great Britain alone, by her liberal policy, is in a position to avail herself of this offer immediately ; but we make an offer not to Great Britain alone but to every nation who is prepared to accept it."

It is true that Sir Wilfrid Laurier qualified this general declaration of policy by saying in his Liverpool speech :

"The Canadian people are willing to give this preference to Great Britain ; they are not willing to extend it to other countries at the present time."

But that is only a temporary limitation imposed by Canada's immediate revenue needs, and the desire to proceed cautiously in the uprooting of protection in Canada after nineteen years of continuous growth. Canada has committed herself to a free trade policy, and she means to work it out step by step in her own way. Hence her demand for the abrogation of the Belgian and German treaties, which impose limitations upon her freedom of action. As interpreted by the law officers of the Crown, these treaties compel a colony to extend to each of those foreign countries the same treatment that it extends to the motherland. Canada resents this compulsion as an unwarrantable infringement of her rights of self-government. It might have done for the sixties, but it will not do for the nineties. The Imperial Government, Canada contends, has no more right constitutionally to make a promise binding a self-governing colony in matters affecting that colony's taxation without the consent of the colonial legislature, than that Government has to bind the United Kingdom in matters

affecting the taxation of the United Kingdom without the consent of the British Legislature.

These old engagements were entered into under conditions of colonial government which have long since passed away. They are out of keeping with the status of the colonies, and the unanimous colonial demand for their revision, as voiced at the recent conferences with Mr. Chamberlain, must and will prevail. Germany herself is a Zollverein, with perfect freedom from foreign interference in her internal affairs. How can she resent the desire of England and her daughter colonies to secure a like freedom within the British family?

And what a magnificent future this initiative of Canada and New South Wales opens up before the British Empire! The ideal of Lord Beaconsfield was a British Empire hemmed in by a high Imperial tariff and soldiered and taxed by an autocratic England. The ideal of which we now catch the first outline is far different.

The British Empire is everywhere; wherever, as Mr. Reid has said, wood or iron can float, there is the British flag; one person in every four of the world's inhabitants is a citizen or a subject of the Queen. Where other flags go, petty harassing restrictions go with them; the British flag carries with it the boon of open ports to the whole world, and the civilising influences of free institutions and an unfettered commerce. The men who gave England free trade gave the colonies the priceless blessing of self-government. Most of these colonies have in their haste of youth tried short-cuts to prosperity at the expense of their neighbours, and so many of them are of the same mind still, that a free-trading British Empire must at best be some way off. One of the accepted principles of the Australian scheme of federation is a protective tariff for the commonwealth against the outside world; but one tariff in place of six is a decisive step forward, and means a new conquest for free trade. Even the United States has not proved big enough for whole-hearted protection free from the heresies of reciprocity; and the spectacle of a Canada unfettered and prosperous must hasten the day when, in the words of the Duke of Devonshire, we shall be "a people Imperial and at the same time free."

Canada has thus by her tariff gift made herself the pioneer of the new Imperialism in one direction. The Cape Colony has, by her free-will offering of a battleship, opened up an even wider vista for the Empire in another direction. "To-morrow morning (April 23)," said the Finance Minister of Canada, "we throw open our customs-houses to British goods from Atlantic to Pacific, and ask nothing in return." "To-day (July 10)," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, "I received the present of an ironclad at the hands of a British colony," the Cape of Good Hope. These must surely remain historic dates in the history

of the British Empire, for they mark departures of the highest moment.

And let those who have been so foolish as to attempt to claim the new Imperialism as the monopoly of one political party in the State note that just as the Canadian departure is made by men who are life-long adherents of the principles of the Manchester school, so this South African departure is based upon a theory of national defence which Mr. Gladstone was one of the first to authoritatively propound. The follies and short-sightedness of colonial administration have in the past been the monopoly of neither party; nor have its wise liberty and its later conceptions of true Imperial expansion. As far back as 1861 we find Mr. Gladstone discussing the report of a committee on the proportionate cost of national defence, and laying it down that, as regards the colonies,

"the whole question is a question of supremacy at sea, and the maintenance of our supremacy at sea is vital to our existence. England would no longer be England the moment she lost it. If she has supremacy at sea her Colonial Empire is virtually safe. . . . I have not the smallest doubt," he continued, "that in the proportion that responsibilities are accepted by communities they will be disposed to go beyond the bare idea of self-defence and to tender loyal and effective assistance in the struggles of the Empire."

The Canadian help in the Soudan and the offers of armed assistance from New South Wales and from Canada at other crises in British history during the past few years, attest the truth of the prophecy, and it is even more forcibly fulfilled in this dramatic gift from the Cape. The Australasian squadron was created as a weapon of home defence; its operations are expressly limited to Australasian waters. Sir Gordon Sprigg makes no such restrictions. The gift is "absolutely unconditional"; the battleship H.M.S. *Afrikander* is to go where the Admiralty thinks best and do what is thought at home will most effectively further Imperial interests. In the words of Mr. Gladstone, the offer goes beyond "the bare idea of self-defence," and recognises that in this matter of sea supremacy the interest of colony and mother country are one.

"But," say some, "this would be very nice of Sir Gordon Sprigg if he really had the authority to make this handsome gift. All that the Cape Legislature authorised him to do was to 'enter into provisional negotiation with her Majesty's Government and report to Parliament next session.' The word 'provisional' was expressly inserted, and only upon its insertion was the resolution passed without division."

No doubt Sir Gordon Sprigg has given a liberal interpretation to his instructions, but it is not the habit of Britishers to weigh such matters too nicely. The Legislature presumably meant business when it passed this resolution, and though a little natural timidity marked

its first step on a new path it will assuredly thank the Premier for boldly taking the second step on its behalf. Even should it not prove so, an object lesson of the highest significance has been presented to the whole Empire, and, based as it is on sound principles of naval strategy, its effect must be far-reaching.

Here again, however, the greatest danger is the danger of undue haste. It was made clear enough during the visit of the premiers that as yet these ideas of naval strategy have not been fully grasped in some of the colonies. Mr. Kingston, for instance, speaking for South Australia, would prefer that the whole Australian contribution should be devoted to the establishment of local naval reserves available for the training of efficient seamen. When Mr. Goschen made use of the Royal Colonial Institute banquet last month to urge his ideas of the duty of the colonies towards the navy, Mr. Reid laughed aside his perfervid appeal as "a latent design upon the public purse of Australia," and bluntly reminded the First Lord that "colonies in distant parts of the earth with small populations have before them a task in the execution of which they can better promote the greatness of the Empire than by crippling their finances and resources for the right honourable gentleman's pecuniary benefit." Canada takes much the same line, though she puts it more politely. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the interview published in the *Daily Chronicle*, could not see what need Canada had at present of formidable naval armaments. Her only possible assailant is, he said, the United States, and war between England or Canada and the United States would be so great a folly and a crime that he declined to discuss the contingency.

To naval strategists and impetuous First Lords this is, no doubt, very disappointing. They grow impatient because Canada and Australia do not at once realise that the battles of empire, which are colonial battles, may have to be fought thousands of leagues away from colonial shores. Let England lose her sea supremacy, and of what avail against the enemy would be a few warships hugging Australian coasts, still less Canada's fine belief in the chivalry of nations? So say the experts, and no doubt it is true, and, being true, will in time be recognised. But to those of us who are neither naval strategists nor First Lords this colonial hesitation suggests once again the wisdom of "going slow" in all these matters of co-operation. To attempt to push the colonies into expenditure beyond their means and beyond their desires would be the greatest folly. Their hearts are in the right place, as their past sacrifices and present vows prove. Give the good seed sown at Spithead, at the Downing Street conferences, and all through this Jubilee period, time to germinate in colonial soil, and the harvest is certain and abundant.

What will that harvest be? One thing is quite certain. Magnificent as is this free gift from the Cape, and heartily as we may welcome the spirit which dictates the trust in British statesmanship which attaches to it no conditions, it cannot end there. Australasia, doubtless, will, as the result of the conferences of the Premiers with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen, go as far as her limited resources at present admit in the naval scheme of the Duke of Devonshire's Committee, and British North America, may be, will do something as a beginning by the creation of a naval reserve among the splendid fisher-folk of her Atlantic and Pacific coasts and the hardy seamen of Newfoundland, who now drift off to swell the fishing-fleets of New England States. France finds in these North Atlantic waters a nursery for her navy; why should not England do the same? Such first steps must, as the population and wealth of the colonies increase, lead to a more direct share in the naval defence of the Empire.

And what then? Sir Gordon Sprigg talks magnanimously of free gifts and no control. The Cape is to pay her money into the Imperial Exchequer, and the sapient gentlemen in Downing Street are to call the tune. Very idyllic, no doubt. But who that knows anything of the stuff of which Britons all the world over are made will suppose that any such arrangement can possibly last? Talk as you please about generosity and trust, taxation must, where Englishmen are, mean representation sooner or later, and the more effectually the colonies are led to co-operate, the more certain is this sequel. Why even the Cape Premier, while speaking of his "absolutely unconditional" gift, said, almost in the next breath, that many of the difficulties in South Africa to-day were due to weak-kneed British statesmanship, and that he relied upon the people of England to keep their Governments up to the mark in "supporting distant dependencies with all the might and power of England." But suppose the people of England do not see a given colonial question in the same light as the colonists. They certainly did not seem to do so in the days to which Sir Gordon Sprigg darkly alluded. What reply can an inactive England then make to sons of her own whose money she accepts but whose opinion she shuts out of her counsels? Englishmen at home have constitutional safety-valves for their grumbles at the officials who spend their money, and so must Englishmen overseas if this Imperial consolidation is to be real and abiding.

And really, when we come to face this question of a colonial voice in Imperial administration, we shall wonder why English statesmen have so persistently refused to treat it seriously. Even men like Lord Rosebery, who find in Imperial unity a cause more stimulating than all others, have deliberately put it on one side as an idle dream. Yet, if this new Imperialism means anything at all, it is a matter which

cannot for ever be put on one side, and for which we had far better prepare ourselves by quiet, calm deliberation. Here Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the biggest statesman of all. "To-day," he says, "we in Canada number only 5,000,000, but to-morrow or the day after we shall be 10,000,000 and 20,000,000. To-day we are contented with our lot; but we are Britons too, with our hopes and dreams, and we shall in years to come look to be something more than mere colonies, appendages of the British Crown."

It is quite true that in the matter of parliamentary representation, as in that of commercial and naval federation, all may be wrecked by going too fast. As Mr. Reid has said, the greater the number of ties the greater the opportunities of friction. The *Toronto Globe* puts the truth with the directness of Burke himself when it says:

"The British Empire is not a thing constructed, but a growth. It is a living thing, not a thing of words and clauses and agreements. To begin to set down Imperialism in 'whereas' and 'therefore' would, in all probability, end in absolute futility. The strongest bond of union is the mutual goodwill and admiration that never was stronger than it is now."

This is all so true that we cannot be reminded of it too often. The future must be a perfectly natural sequel to the present—a gradual evolution. But that is no reason why we should tightly shut our minds, as we have hitherto done, against the most simple and natural solution of the problem to which the unifying movements in commerce and naval policy are bound to lead. Without hurrying and without impatience we can cease to refuse to let the inevitable tendency of things dwell in our minds.

Why should we talk with bated breath of an Imperial federation founded on the spirit of partnership? May not the British peoples all over the globe be trusted to quietly face this realisation of their hopes without making themselves a laughing-stock? Mr. Reid makes merry over the picture of a Duke of Woolloomooloo; and well he may, for what could be more supremely ridiculous than an attempt to turn the Gilded Chamber, as it is now constituted—the home of caste exclusiveness and privilege—into the supreme expression of the will of the young democratic nations of New Zealand and New South Wales? On such lines the prospect of a union of Parliaments would, as Mr. Reid says, be "really too appalling." What is likely enough to be evolved in course of time—and why should we not recognise and quietly prepare for it?—is a supreme representative assembly, as Britons all the world over understand the phrase, in the election and deliberations of which every part of the Empire will take its proper share according to population, and by which will be decided the lines of Imperial policy, leaving to each colony the perfect sense of independence in local affairs which it now enjoys.

These periodical conferences between British and Colonial statesmen—the Conference of 1887, the Ottawa Conference of 1894, and the London Conference of 1897—tend in the direction of some such participation of the colonies in the councils of the Empire. The High Commissioner for Canada and the Agents-General for the other colonies are already a kind of informal committee of advice in close touch with the Colonial Office; and when Australasia and South Africa can each speak with one federal voice, as Canada now does, this informal committee may well be constituted into a permanent consultative council in which the Colonial Secretary, the Foreign Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary for War will have places. And so, proceeding step by step as the pressure of circumstances demands, and always with that “delicacy and reserve” upon which Mr. Chamberlain insisted the other day, and which the speeches of Mr. Reid and Mr. Kingston show to be essential, we must in course of time reach an end worthy of the genius of the British race.

And is it too much to hope with Sir Wilfrid Laurier that when this day comes there may be established a bond of friendly emulation and mutual pride in our common race between ourselves and the other great section of the English-speaking world? Said Sam Slick in his “Wise Saws” half a century ago:

“Now we are two great nations, the greatest by a long chalk of any in the world—speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitution don’t differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United, we are more nor a match for all the other nations put together. Single, we couldn’t stand against all, and if one was to fall, where would the other be? Mournin’ over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that help to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on.”

We have our Behring Sea wrangles and our Venezuelan scares, but to doubt that in the end this must prove a true prophecy is to doubt the sagacity and ruling power of our race.

PERCY A. HURD.

THE CYCLE MARKET

THE answer to the question, "What is the matter with the cycle trade to-day?" is supplied in two words—"Over-production."

The demand has not only created a supply, but an over-supply, and the natural result has followed. The causes which have produced this state of things can be easily set forth; the ultimate effect is more difficult to foresee.

The position can be most satisfactorily explained by glancing at the history of the now popular sport. The original type of cycle was that known as the Ordinary bicycle. It was the high machine of the seventies and early eighties, essentially a youth's vehicle, a machine which was not easily mounted, which needed careful riding, which was not very safe, and was decidedly uncomfortable to fall off. In short, a machine for the expert, and not attractive to the novice, unless the novice was young and active, and did not mind—perhaps rather enjoyed—the risk. Yet upon this machine marvellous feats were done, long distances covered upon the highways, fast time accomplished on the path; and, as time went on, the public took a growing interest in the sport. Many firms manufactured bicycles, and manufactured them successfully, but each rider required his particular size of driving-wheel, ranging from fifty to sixty inches in diameter, and many of the machines were made to special order.

In due season the Dwarf machine was developed on lines laid down by its inventors, Kirkpatrick Macmillan, about 1875, and Henry Bate, about 1876. The blending of numerous details, designed and perfected by many inventors, produced the successful machine now known as the Safety bicycle, which was designed by Mr. J. K. Starley; many of the drawbacks and dangers of the high machine were eliminated, and almost at once a much wider field was opened to the trade. A

vast number of recruits flocked in, especially from the large class of persons who had taken to tricycle riding as the most suitable form of cycling for them.

Then Mr. Dunlop re-discovered the pneumatic tyre. In 1846 a pneumatic-tyred brougham was being driven about the London parks. The tyres upon it were the invention of Mr. Thomson, C.E. They differed but little from the pneumatic tyres of to-day, and had there been cyclists in 1846 they would have exploited and heralded Mr. Thomson's invention as a great discovery. But, the cyclists being wanting, no such result followed, and Mr. Thomson's pneumatic tyre patent lapsed.

The perfected machine, thus developed, presented itself to the world at large, but the world at large was in no hurry to take it up, for the simple, but none the less cogent, reason that cycling was not considered a high-class sport. Cyclists had once been dubbed "Cads on Castors," and seeing that the original type of machine was suitable only for the use of the young and active, there is little doubt that the exuberance of youth was occasionally a little trying to the older members of the community. Further, the cyclist was perforce a conspicuous object, and he often "put on frills," to use an Americanism, as on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, when a dusty wheelman at the Hampton Court Meet approached a haughty personage wearing the colours of the Guards Club, and inquired, more in sorrow than in anger, "Are you aware, sir, that you are wearing the colours of the Upper Tooting Rovers Bicycle Club?"

But at length the day of emancipation for the cycle came. Many doctors recommended the exercise. The cycle was admitted, under quaint restrictions, to some of the parks, and the boom was with us.

The cycle trade had grown steadily, but not phenomenally, considering the spread of the sport, and this sudden development took it by surprise, and there was a famine in cycles. Anxious purchasers besieged the depôts and sought to buy machines. Failing to get suited at one place, they visited others, and the unfilled order was repeated over and over again, and all but the shrewdest of managers were deceived as to the extra business which could have been done had machines been obtainable. This point should be noted, as it explains much that follows. Take an extreme case, and suppose a would-be buyer went to twelve depôts, one after another, without finding what he wanted. If at each of those depôts the manager noted his demand as an unfilled order, the result would be the increase of the supposed demand by twelve machines, whereas in effect but one was wanted. Read by this light, the many statements about the number of unfilled orders in the "boom year," 1896, may well be credited.

Small makers, and makers of relatively inferior bicycles, obtained

the surplus orders which their big competitors could not fill, and American makers flooded the English market with cycles, none of which, good, bad or indifferent, were built on English lines, or suitable for use in our climate or on our roads.

The novices came in in thousands. They knew nothing of cycling or cycles, and they bought almost anything which presented itself in the similitude of a machine. The tremendous profits earned by the tyre-making companies drew the attention of financiers to the trade, and almost at once the flood of promotions set in. Some cycle-making concerns had previously been turned into limited liability companies, and certain limited companies had taken up the manufacture of cycles, but nothing to compare with the activity of the last two years had ever taken place before. Capitals grew in magnitude weekly. It was no longer a question of values or returns. Big makers no longer entertained modest ideas as to the amounts they should ask. The basis of flotation took rather the form of arguing that if the business of A——, a competing trader, fetched so much money, the business of B—— must be worth so much. When this point was reached and negotiations were opened, it sometimes happened that the actual results, as tabulated by the accountants, hardly showed the returns which a careful investor might expect; and then the fact referred to above came into play, and the vendor, in turn, set forth his "unfilled orders," and that very useful unknown quantity, the "estimated increase"—with generous allowances, of course—became quite a feature in cycle company prospectuses.

These estimated increases were, of course, based upon a fallacy, a radical error, and it has not unfortunately taken long to demonstrate the fact very clearly indeed. There will be increases doubtless, in some instances, but they will only be the exceptions which prove the rule; and even when the actual output is increased, the net profit on each machine will not be equal to the profits secured when the agents and the public were clamouring for deliveries, and were so anxious to secure machines, that they did not permit the question of price to delay their orders.

That this was the case in 1896 many people can testify, and this introduced another radical error into these too optimistic estimates.

The amount of profit secured was abnormally large, and the returns from the estimated increases were based upon it; but at the first breath of such a calamity as over-production the profit was bound to shrink with alarming rapidity.

The situation will be the more easily understood if we glance at the methods of production. The cycle is, broadly, an easily constructed vehicle. As is demonstrated daily, it is a machine which can be built by any competent workman. It is not large or heavy. It calls, in its primitive form at any rate, for no highly specialised machinery,

and the tourist finds in every town some little maker, who, in a back room, or some convenient shed, can not only effect repairs, but also build a few more or less satisfactory machines for local customers.

And such a maker's task is yearly becoming easier by reason of the highly specialised parts and component making companies, which are constantly improving the parts of the bicycle in detail, and supplying them to their customers in a more finished state. Tubes, castings, bearings, pedals, completed frames, built-up wheels—in short, every part of a bicycle—can be bought by any one, whilst the necessary equipment for the smallest of factories can be purchased in the same way. Firms will nickel-plate finished work, enamel it, and so on, and that this can be done on the smallest scale is well known to every one who interests himself in the trade.

This being so, it is not astonishing that the golden era of the boom year caused the up-springing of innumerable firms for the manufacture of cycles. From Land's End to John o' Groats the demand was felt, and the smallest village cycle-maker found his orders overwhelming. All he could build he sold; and he could not obtain from the maker whose agency he held supplies sufficient to meet his wants. What more natural than that he should lay himself out to produce more cycles in the coming season, and order an increased number in his capacity as an agent? Small makers who perhaps turned out two or three complete machines in a week in the beginning of 1896 made arrangements to produce five or ten, or possibly more, per week in 1897. Nor were the makers of component parts behind in this direction. Component parts are for the most part, "good stock," to use a well-understood phrase. Steel balls for bearings do not change their pattern year by year. Tubes, castings, and similar parts are equally saleable; so the producers of such goods laid themselves out to manufacture largely, to meet the demand which they clearly foresaw.

The result is obvious. Not only have the big companies become bigger, and increased their rate of output up to the big figures estimated in their prospectuses, but the little makers, down to the very humblest, have also increased their production, in some cases more largely in proportion than their gigantic competitors. I have no figures before me on which to base a close or reliable estimate, but from what I can gather I am sure I must be well within the mark, when I say that, taking every maker into consideration, and allowing for the new firms which have come into the trade—as, for example, the great ship-building firm of Messrs. Palmer of Jarrow, which certainly did not come into the cycle trade to build a dozen machines a week—the actual production of cycles in England this year has been up to now at least 100 per cent. more than in 1896!

Have the buyers increased in the same proportion? In my opinion

the answer must be emphatically, No! Of course there are more buyers than there were last year. Of this I have no doubt, but there has been nothing like a proportionate increase. The boom brought buyers by the thousand. Many of them are content this year with the machine bought last year. Many have relinquished the sport. Still the number is on the increase; but the supply has outrun the demand.

But the English trade does not depend solely upon the English market, and here again the boom year had most disastrous effects. Foreign agents, on account of duties, carriage and so on, have to stipulate for very close terms, and consequently there is not so large a profit upon consignments sent abroad as upon goods sold at home.

Still, that the foreign trade is worth cultivating is shown by the fact that in ordinary seasons manufacturers give it their best attention, and in more than one instance have established branch factories abroad. But last year every bicycle made could be sold in England, and sold at a better price; and in a great many cases without doubt the foreign agent got short deliveries, the machines which should have gone to him being sold in England. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that a number of foreign agents took the major part of their custom elsewhere this year, and that in some places American cycles have been pushed in preference to English machines, for the American makers passed through a crisis such as is now impending over the English trade, last year, and thereby learned wisdom; and wisdom teaches all traders in due season the advisability of letting their agents share in the prosperity of a fat year, even at some loss to the producers, so that when the lean years come along, the agent will still be pushing the goods, and doing the best he can to promote trade. Without doubt one of the causes contributing to the present state of things is to be found in the fact that foreign agents, with a few exceptions, are not asking for the usual number of cycles from England, and that the course taken in 1896 has disturbed confidence, and allowed American and Continentally manufactured cycles to get a firm foothold in many countries, despite the determined effort made a while back by the cycling press of Germany to check, if not exclude, the American product.

But if the trade has been wrong in the course it has taken with Continental buyers, I have reason to think that it has been still more unwise in its dealings with colonial buyers. English manufacturers find their markets all over the world, even in face of heavy duties and trade restrictions. Sir Wilfred Laurier has taken the first step in a course which will in due season make our colonies by far our best customers, and England the best customer of her colonies, and surely we ought not to be ousted, or even seriously threatened, in English colonies. But, as a matter of fact, we are. As far as I can gather,

anything in the shape of a cycle is thought good enough for the colonies by some cycle traders. Cases have come under my notice in which inferior goods have been sent there—machines without distinctive numbers, apparently experimentally constructed—which should never have passed the factory gate except for trial by trusted hands. The whole thing was illustratively summed up in a letter from an Australian town, in which the writer said that the only two cycles that ever reached it which were up to the standard he had been accustomed to at home were ordered from a prominent firm through a shipping agent for export to—Chicago! After receipt the address was changed, and these were the best machines ever seen in that part of Australia.

Without question the cycle manufacturing companies will in the near future pass through a severe crisis. I do not propose to discuss them individually; but if the total of the capital invested in such companies in 1894 could be ascertained, and compared with the total capitalisation in 1897, it would be recognised at once that the increase in the total amount was far out of proportion to the increase in the demand, the tremendous increase in 1896 notwithstanding. Even the famine prices, at the time of the 1896 rush, for the whole of the vastly increased output arranged for, if it was attained, would, in view of the increase of expenditure which usually follows upon the flotation of a private business as a public company, not produce the profit necessary to pay a satisfactory return upon the capital invested; for, of necessity, the return upon a fluctuating commercial venture must be larger than that secured by more stable investments; but, in view of the comparatively slow growth of the demand, and the present fact of a vastly increased supply, it seems a certainty that the inevitable results attending on such a situation will follow, and the moment price cutting is seriously begun it will be simply *sauf qui peut* with some of the absurdly over-capitalised concerns with plethoric stock-rooms. Of course production may be checked, but it can only be checked by heroic measures, measures which cannot be kept secret; and if large numbers of operatives are discharged, what becomes of that increased output which practically was all that some of the companies referred to were floated upon? Mr. Henry Sturmey, who is regarded as an authority upon such matters, in a recent issue of his paper, *The Cyclist*, remarked on the fact that a large number of hands had been discharged from Coventry factories after the Jubilee, and added, "This, however, is only what the trade were accustomed to expect at this time of the year, prior to the boom." But Mr. Sturmey appears to me to overlook the fact that, prior to the boom, capitals, actual and available capitals as they were then, were computed in thousands, whereas to-day they are computed in tens of thousands on paper, which is sometimes at a discount.

The net result, unless some remarkable development takes place, must be disaster, and disaster to inflated concerns is certain to affect the sound companies adversely. Sarcastic critics have suggested that intending investors should wait until the drop in the shares brings the actual capitalisation down to the original value, or thereabouts; but still more acrid commentators remind the critics that when the capital went up, salaries, fees and emoluments went up with it, and that consequently, even if the price approximates to the original figure, the dead expenses are vastly increased, and the salaries and fees are fixed at figures which would have staggered the original proprietors before the "boom"—to adopt Mr. Sturmev's phrase—to mark the epoch of cycle company promotion.

That in due time the demand for English-made high-class cycles will overtake the supply I have no doubt at all. The sport has unquestionably come to stay. It possesses many merits. It numbers all sorts and conditions of men and women amongst its votaries. It is health-giving, a nerve tonic, a rational, reasonable, and convenient exercise, and in fact it only falls short of a well-advertised patent medicine in its claims on the community at large, and the one bar to its adoption by good class people has been overwhelmed and swept away utterly, by its adoption by society two years ago. Society cannot retract. Nothing can check the spread of the sport. The society cyclist of to-day who rides in the park with his trousers folded round his ankles and his handles up under his chin may decide to give up cycling, but he is much more likely to adopt a suitable dress, lower his handles, and, without adopting the "scorcher" attitude, pose himself more reasonably for the work in hand, and ride far away into the country, no longer a "bikist" but a cyclist. If but ten per cent. of the park promenaders come to this end the sport will grow, and the demand for cycles increase.

From the financial side all that can be said must of necessity savour of platitude. Some companies will live, others will die. Well-managed concerns may survive, even if over-capitalised, but troublous times are in store for the shareholders. Ill-managed concerns are bound to go under, whilst several companies cannot hope to carry their heavy load of capital through the coming struggle. Cycle-making will not be a highly profitable undertaking for some time to come, as far as I am able to judge from the facts before me, and, in view of the fact that a machine of last year's pattern is out of date, it seems more than likely that, in many cases, the profits secured on early deliveries may be wiped off by losses on stocks on hand. In the same manner, but in a markedly less degree, the component and parts-making companies may suffer, not because their stocks depreciate to any great extent, but because there is serious competition, and, with cycle-makers reducing their output, the demand for parts must

necessarily be materially reduced. The only component parts-makers likely to secure success are those who make an intelligent and sustained effort to influence the eventual buyer of the completed cycle. Any trader who possesses any speciality of real merit which has not received cordial support from the trade—and the trade is very conservative and gives weight to many incidental considerations—should try and convince the eventual purchaser of the merits of his speciality, for, however conservative the trade may be, nothing sooner breaks down a prejudice than a constant demand from the customers for a certain accessory, despite the weighty arguments of the *depôt* manager against it. The manager wearies of his task, and advises the works that such and such a detail must be supplied, as it is asked for by customers. Companies making accessories with merits, adequately protected by patents, will, if properly managed, survive the storm.

G. LACY HILLIER.

THE NOVELS OF MR. GEORGE GISSING.

IN the general acceptance and in the spirit of most reviewing, a cheerful alacrity of story, together with certain grammatical observances, are apparently the end of the novelist's art. It is, no doubt, the most obvious function of the novel of commerce, that it should fill, if possible without resort to split infinitives, the gaps where the texture of unadventurous lives thins out to the blankly uneventful. But if the novel is to be treated as literature, it must rise unmistakably above this level of bogus gossip entertainingly told. Tried by the lower standard, it is doubtful if the novels of Mr. Gissing would procure him a favourable verdict; it is said they are "depressing"—a worse fault surely even than "unreadableness." But in the study, at any rate, they are not so lightly dismissed. Whatever their value as pastime, it is undeniable that so soon as Mr. Gissing's novels are read with a view to their structural design and implications they become very significant literature indeed.

The earlier novelists seem to have shaped their stories almost invariably upon an illustrative moral intention, and to have made a typical individual, whose name was commonly the title of the novel, the structural skeleton, the sustaining interest of the book. He or she was presented in no personal spirit; Tom Jones came forward in the interests of domestic tolerance, and the admirable Pamela let the light of restraint shine before her sex. Beauty of form does not seem to have been sought by the earlier novelists—suffice it if the fabric cohered. About the central character a system of reacting personages and foils was arranged, and the whole was woven together by an ingenious and frequently complicated "plot." The grouping is at its simplest and best in the gracefully constructed novels of Jane Austen. As the novel developed in length under the influence of

periodical publication, the need of some sustaining structure of ampler dimensions than the type individual led to the complication of "plot" to hold the bulk together. Plot grew at last to be the curse of English fiction. One sees it in its most instructive aspect in the novels of Dickens, wherein personages, delightfully drawn, struggle like herrings in a net amidst the infinite reticulations of vapid intrigue. Who forgets Mr. Smallweed, and who remembers what he had to do with Lady Dedlock's secret? And in the novels of Wilkie Collins the plot in its direst form tramples stark and terrible. But in the novels of Dickens there also appears another structural influence. As Poe admirably demonstrated, the "plot" of "Barnaby Rudge" collapsed under its weight of characters, and the Gordon riots were swept across the complications of the story. The new structural conception was the grouping of characters and incidents, no longer about a lost will, a hidden murder, or a mislaid child, but about some social influence or some far-reaching movement of humanity. Its first great exponent was Victor Hugo, as Stevenson insists in one of his all too rare essays, and in the colossal series of Balzac each novel aims to render a facet in the complex figure of a modern social organisation. Zola's "Lourdes" and "Rome," and Tolstoi's "War and Peace" are admirable examples of this impersonal type of structure. This new and broader conception of novel construction finds its most perfect expression in several of the works of Turgénév, in "Smoke," for instance, and "Virgin Soil," each displaying a group of typical individuals at the point of action of some great social force, the social force in question and not the "hero" and "heroine" being the real operative interest of the story.

No English novelists of the first rank have arisen to place beside the great Continental masters in this more spacious development of structural method. The unique work of Mr. Meredith and the novels of Mr. Hardy are essentially novels of persons, freed from the earlier incubus of plot. Diana and Ethelberta, Sir Willoughby Patterne and Jude, are strongly marked individuals and only casually representative. In the novels of Disraeli—in "Sybil," for example—political forces appear, but scarcely as operative causes, and George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward veil a strongly didactic disposition under an appearance of social study rather than give us social studies. Within the last few years, however, three English novelists at least have arisen, who have set themselves to write novels which are neither studies of character essentially, nor essentially series of incidents, but deliberate attempts to present in typical groupings distinct phases of our social order. And of these the most important is certainly Mr. George Gissing.

The "Whirlpool," for instance, Mr. Gissing's latest novel, has for its structural theme the fatal excitement and extravagance of the

social life of London; Rolfe, Carnaby, Alma, Sybil, Redgrave, and Mrs. Strangeways are, in the first place, floats spinning in the eddy. The book opens with the flight of the insolvent Wager, leaving his children to the landlady's tender mercies, and broadens to the vivid contrast of the suicide of Frothingham in his office, while his home is crowded with a multitudinous gathering of the semi-fashionable. The interlacing threads of the story weave steadily about this theme. Rolfe marries Alma, and for a couple of years they live an ostentatiously simple life in Wales, only to feel the fatal attraction grow stronger, and come circling back at last towards the vortex. Carnaby and his wife wander abroad seeking phantasmal fortunes for a space, but the fortune does not come and the exile becomes unendurable. Sooner or later the great eddy of strenuous vanity drags them all down (saving only Rolfe) to shame and futility, to dishonour and misery, or to absolute destruction. The design has none of the spare severity that makes the novels of Turgénév supreme, but the breadth and power of its conception are indisputable. It is, perhaps, the most vigorously designed of all the remarkable series of novels Mr. Gissing has given us. But the scheme of his "Emancipated" is scarcely less direct, presenting as it does, in an admirably contrived grouping, the more or less complete release from religious and moral restraints of a number of typical characters. "In the Year of Jubilee" is more subtly and less consistently planned. The picture of lower middle-class barbarism, relieved by the appreciative comments of Mr. Samuel Barmby, voracious reader of a latter-day press, was conceived in a fine vein of satire, but the development of the really very unentertaining passions of the genteel Tarrant robs the book of its unity and it breaks up into a froth of intrigue about a foolish will and ends mere novel of a very ordinary kind. But Samuel Barmby, with his delightful estimate of progress by statistics, the savage truthfulness in the treatment of the French sisters, the description of Nancy's art furnishing, the characters of Horace Lord and Crewe, atone for a dozen Tarrants.

So far as the structural scheme goes there is an increased conventionality of treatment as we pass to Mr. Gissing's earlier novels, to "Thyrza," "Demos," and "The Nether World," and from these the curious may descend still lower to the amiable renunciations in "A Life's Morning." "The Unclassed" has its width of implication mainly in its name; it is a story of by no means typical persons, and with no evident sense of the larger issues. But "The Nether World," for instance, albeit indisputably "plottésque," and with such violent story mechanisms in it as the incredible Clem Peckover and that impossible ancient, Snowdon, does in its title, and here and there in a fine passage, betray already an inkling of the

spacious quality of design the late works more and more clearly display. Witness the broad handling of such a passage as this :

"With the first breath of winter there passes a voice half-menacing, half-mournful, through all the barren ways and phantom-haunted refuges of the nether world. Too quickly has vanished the brief season when the sky is clement, when a little food suffices, and the chances of earning that little are more numerous than at other times ; this wind that gives utterance to its familiar warning is the *avant-courier* of cold and hunger and solicitude that knows not sleep. Will the winter be a hard one ? It is the question that concerns this world before all others, that occupies alike the patient work-folk who have yet their home unbroken, the strugglers foredoomed to loss of such scant needments as the summer gifted them withal, the hopeless and the self-abandoned and the lurking creatures of prey. To all of them the first chill breath from a lowering sky has its voice of admonition : they set their faces, they sigh, or whisper a prayer, or fling out a curse, each according to his nature."

The treatment of the work of Mr. Gissing as a progress, an adolescence, is inevitable. In the case of no other important writer does one perceive quite so clearly the steady elimination of immaturities. As a matter of fact his first novels must have been published when he was ridiculously young. I cannot profess research in this matter, but a raid upon dates brings to light the fact that a novel—it is unnecessary to give the curious the title—was published before 1881. It was long, so long that a year, at least, must have gone in the writing of it. And a convenient compendium of literary details informs me that in this year of grace 1897 Mr. Gissing is thirty-nine years old. This helps one to observe, what is still apparent without this chronological assistance, that he has been learning life and his art simultaneously. Very few novels indeed, of any literary value, have been written by men below thirty. Work essentially imaginative or essentially superficial a man of three and twenty may do as well as a man of forty ; romance of all sorts, the fantastic story, the idealistic novel, even the novel of manners ; all these are work for the young, perhaps even more than the old. But to see life clearly and whole, to see and represent it with absolute self-detachment, with absolute justice, above all with evenly balanced sympathy, is an ambition permitted only to a man full grown. It is the consequence of, it is the compensation for, the final strippings of disillusionment. "There am I among the others," the novelist must say, "so little capable, a thing of flimay will, undisciplined desires and fitful powers, shaped by these accidents and driving with the others to my appointed end." And until that serene upland of despair, that wide and peaceful view point is reached, men must needs be partisans, and whatever their resolves may be, the idealising touch, the partiality, the inevitable taint of justification, will mar their handiwork.

Through all the novels of Mr. Gissing, fading with their progress, indeed, and yet still evident even in the latest, runs this quality of bias, that intervention. Very few of them are without a "most favoured" character. In the "Whirlpool" Rolfe plays the chief sympathetic part. Contrasted with the favoured characters of the earlier works he is singularly inert, he flickers into a temporary vitality to marry, and subsides; his character persists unchanging through a world of change. The whole design is an attraction, a disastrous vortex, but he survives without an effort; he remains motionless and implies fundamental doubts. He reflects, he does not react. He has, in fact, all the distinctive inhumanities of what one might call the "exponent character," the superior commentary. If he errs he errs with elaborate conscientiousness; in all the petty manifestations of humanity, irritability, glimpses of vanity, casual blunders and stupidities, such details as enrich even the most perfect of real human beings, he is sadly to seek. Beside such subtle, real and significant characters as the brilliantly analysed Alma, Hugh Carnaby and his wife, Buncombe, Felix Dymes and Morpew, he gives one something of the impression one would receive on getting into an omnibus and discovering a respectably dressed figure of wax among the passengers. But Rolfe is but the survivor of a primordial race in the Gissing universe; like the ornithorhyncus he represents a vanishing order. Personages of this kind grow more important, more commanding, more influential in their inhuman activities, as one passes towards the earlier works, and to compare Rolfe to Waymark (of "The Unclassed") and that eloquent letter-writer, Egremont, in "Thyrza," is to measure a long journey towards the impersonal in art. In "The Nether World" there are among such indubitable specimens of the kindly race of men as Pennyloaf and the Byasses, not only "good characters" but "bad" also. The steady emancipation is indisputable.

In one little book at least, "The Paying Guest," published about a twelvemonth ago, the exponent personage has no place; so that is, indeed, in spite of its purely episodic character, one of the most satisfactory of Mr. Gissing's books. It presents in a vein of quiet satire, by no means unfeeling, and from a standpoint entirely external, the meagre pretentiousness of a small suburban villa, the amazing want of intelligence which cripples middle-class life. It is compact of admirable touches. The villa was at Sutton, so conveniently distant from London that "they had a valid excuse for avoiding public entertainments—an expense so often imposed by mere fashion." And while the negotiations for the Paying Guest were in progress, "at this moment a servant entered with tea, and Emmeline, sorely flurried, talked rapidly of the advantages of Sutton as a residence. She did not allow her

visitor to put in a word till the door closed again." These are haphazard specimens of the texture. Their quality is the quality of Jane Austen, and whenever in the larger books the youthful intensity of exposition, the stress of deliberate implication relaxes, the same delicate subtlety of humour comes to the surface. Nearest to "The Paying Guest," in this emancipation from the idealising stress, come that remarkable group of three figures, "Eve's Ransom," and the long novel of "New Grub Street."

Apart from their aspect as a diminishing series of blemishes, of artistic disfigurements, the "exponent" characters of Mr. Gissing deserve a careful consideration. If they are, in varying proportion, ideal personages, unstudied invention that is, they are, at any rate, unconventional ideal persons, created to satisfy the author rather than his readers. Taken collectively, they present an interesting and typical development, they display the personal problem with a quality of quite unpremeditated frankness. In that very early novel, "The Unclassed," the exponent character is called Waymark, but, indeed, Egremont, Quarrier, Ross Mallard, Tarrant, and Rolfe are all, with a varying qualification of irony, successive Waymarks. At the outset we encounter an attitude of mind essentially idealistic, hedonistic, and polite, a mind coming from culture to the study of life, trying life, which is so terrible, so brutal, so sad and so tenderly beautiful, by the clear methodical measurements of an artificial refinement, and expressing even in its earliest utterance a note of disappointment. At first, indeed, the illusion dominates the disappointment. "The Unclassed" is still generous beyond the possibilities of truth. It deals with the "daughters of joy," the culinary garbage necessary, as Mr. Lecky tells us, to the feast of English morality; and it is a pathetic endeavour to prove that these poor girls are—young ladies. Jane Snowdon, the rescued drudge in "The Nether World," Mr. Gissing's parallel to the immortal Marchioness, falls short of conviction from the same desire to square reality to the narrow perfections of a refined life. She is one of nature's young ladies, her taste is innate. She often laughs, but "this instinct of gladness had a very different significance from the animal vitality which prompted the constant laughter of Bessie Byass; it was but one manifestation of a moral force which made itself nobly felt in many another way." The implicit classification of this sentence is the essential fallacy of Mr. Gissing's earlier attitude:—there are two orders of human beings. It is vividly apparent in "Thyrza." It is evident in a curious frequency of that word "noble" throughout all his works. The suburban streets are ignoble, great London altogether is ignoble, the continent of America also, considered as a whole. This nobility is a complex conception of dignity and space and leisure, of wide, detailed,

and complete knowledge, of precision of speech and act without flaw or effort; it is, indeed, the hopeless ideal of a scholarly refinement.

As one passes to the later novels the clearness of vision increases, and the tone of disappointment deepens. "The Emancipated" is a flight to Italy to escape that steady disillusionment. People say that much of Mr. Gissing's work is "depressing," and to a reader who accepts his postulates it is indisputable that it is so. The idealised "noble" women drop out of these later works altogether, the exponent personages no longer marry and prosper, but suffer, and their nobility tarnishes. Yet he clings in the strangest way to his early standards of value, and merely widens his condemnation with a widening experience. In "Eve's Ransom" and "New Grub Street" the stress between an increasingly truthful vision of things and the odd, unaltered conception that life can only be endurable with leisure, with a variety of books, agreeable furniture, service, costume, and refined social functions, finds its acute expression. The exponent character—a very human one—in "New Grub Street," Reardon, is killed by that conflict, and the book ends in irony.

"'Happiness is the nurse of virtue,' said Jasper.

"'And independence the root of happiness,' answers Amy.

"'True. "The glorious privilege of being independent"—yes, Burns understood the matter. Go to the piano, dear, and play me something. If I don't mind I shall fall into Whelpdale's vein, and talk about my "blessedness." Ha! Isn't the world a glorious place?"

"'For rich people.'

"'Yes, for rich people. How I pity the poor devils!—Play anything. Better still if you will sing, my nightingale!'

"So Amy first played and then sang, and Jasper lay back in dreamy bliss."

So ends "New Grub Street" with the ideal attained—at a price. But that price is still only a partial measure of the impracticability of the refined ideal. So far, children have played but a little part in Mr. Gissing's novels. In "The Whirlpool," on the other hand, the implication is always of the children, children being neglected, children dying untimely, children that are never born. "The Whirlpool" is full of the suggestion of a view greatly widened, and to many readers it will certainly convey the final condemnation of a "noble" way of life which, as things are, must necessarily be built on ignoble expedients. Mrs. Abbott's room, "A very cosy room, where, amid books and pictures, and by a large fire, the lady of the house sat reading Ribot," would surely have been the room of one of the most exemplary characters in the days before "New Grub Street." But the new factor comes in with, "She had had one child; it struggled through a few months of sickly life, and died of convulsions during its mother's absence at a garden party." In the opening

chapter, moreover, Rolfe speaks of children, putting the older teaching into brutal phrases:

"They're a burden, a hindrance, a perpetual source of worry and misery. Most wives are sacrificed to the next generation—an outrageous absurdity. People snivel over the death of babies; I see nothing to grieve about. If a child dies, why, the probabilities are it *ought* to die; if it lives, it lives, and you get the survival of the fittest."

The fashionable, delightful, childless Sybil "hates housekeeping." And Alma, pursuing the phantom of a career as a musical genius, leaves for the future one little lad, "slight, and with little or no colour in his cheeks, a wistful, timid smile on his too-intelligent face." In the early novels it would seem that the worst evil Mr. Gissing could conceive was crudity, passion, sordidness and pain. But the "Whirlpool" is a novel of the civilised, and a countervailing evil is discovered—sterility. This brilliant refinement spins down to extinction, it is the way of death. London is a great dying-place, and the old stupidities of the homely family are, after all, the right way. That is "The Whirlpool's" implication, amounting very nearly to a flat contradiction of the ideals of the immature "Emancipated." The widowed Mrs. Abbott, desolate and penitent, gets to work at the teaching of children. And finally we come on this remarkable passage:

"It was a little book called 'Barrack-Room Ballads.' Harvey read it here and there, with no stinted expression of delight, occasionally shouting his appreciation. Morton, pipe in mouth, listened with a smile, and joined more moderately in the reader's bursts of enthusiasm.

"Here's the strong man made articulate," cried Rolfe at length. "It's no use; he stamps down one's prejudice. It's the voice of the reaction. Millions of men, natural men, revolting against the softness and sweetness of civilisation; men all over the world, hardly knowing what they want and what they don't want; and here comes one who speaks for them—speaks with a vengeance."

"Undeniable."

"But—"

"I was waiting for the *but*," said Morton, with a smile and a nod.

"The brute savagery of it! The very lingo—how appropriate it is! The tongue of Whitechapel blaring lust of life in the track of English guns. He knows it; the man is a great artist; he smiles at the voice of his genius. It's a long time since the end of the Napoleonic wars. We must look to our physique, and make ourselves ready. Those Lancashire operatives, laming and killing each other at football, turning a game into a battle. Women turn to cricket—tennis is too soft—and to-morrow they'll be bicycling by the thousand; they must breed a stouter race. We may reasonably hope, old man, to see our boys blown into small bits by the explosive that hasn't got its name yet."

"Perhaps," replied Morton meditatively. "And yet there are considerable forces on the other side."

"Pooh! The philosopher sitting on the safety-valve. He has breadth of beam, good, sedentary man, but when the moment comes—The Empire; that's beginning to mean something. The average Englander has

never grasped the fact that there was such a thing as a British Empire. By God! we are the British Empire, and we'll just show 'em what *that* means!"

"I'm reading the campaigns of Belisarius," said Morton, after a pause.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Thank heaven, nothing whatever."

"I bore you," said Harvey, laughing. "Morpheus is going to New Zealand. I had a letter from him this morning. Here it is. - I heard yesterday that H. W. is dead. She died a fortnight ago, and a letter from her mother has only just reached me in a roundabout way. I know you don't care to hear from me, but I'll just say that I'm going out to New Zealand. I don't know what I shall do there, but a fellow has asked me to go with him, and it's better than rotting here. It may help me to escape the devil yet; if so, you shall hear. Good-bye!"

"He thrust the letter back into his pocket.

"I rather thought the end would be pyrogallic acid."

"He has the good sense to prefer ozone," said Morton."

Of course Rolfe here is not Mr. Gissing, but quite evidently his speeches are not a genuinely objective study of opinions expressed. The passage is essentially a lapse into "exposition." The two speakers, Morton and Rolfe, become the vehicles of a personal doubt, taking sides between the old ideal of refined withdrawal from the tumult and struggle for existence, and the new and growing sense of the eternity and universality of conflict; it is a discussion, in fact, between a conception of spacious culture and a conception of struggle and survival. In his previous books Mr. Gissing has found nothing but tragedy and the condemnation of life in the incompatibility between the refined way of life and life as it is. But here, in the mouth of a largely sympathetic character, is a vigorous exposition of the acceptance, the vivid appreciation of things as they are.

Enough has been written to show that "The Whirlpool" is a very remarkable novel, not only in its artistic quality, but in its presentation of a personal attitude. The clear change in the way of thinking that Mr. Gissing's Rolfe is formulating (while the Whirlpool should be devouring him) is no incidental change of one man's opinion, it is a change that is sweeping over the minds of thousands of educated men. It is the discovery of the insufficiency of the cultivated life and its necessary insincerities; it is a return to the essential, to honourable struggle as the epic factor in life, to children as the matter of morality and the sanction of the securities of civilisation.

To those who are familiar with Mr. Gissing's work, the conviction that this character of Rolfe marks a distinct turning-point in his development will be inevitable. That his next work will be more impersonal than any that have gone before, that the characteristic insistence on what is really a personal discontent will be to some extent alleviated, seems to me, at any rate, a safe prophecy. Mr.

Gissing has written a series of extremely significant novels, perhaps the only series of novels in the last decade whose interest has been strictly contemporary. And even this last one, it seems to me, has still the quality of a beginning. It is by reason of his contemporary quality, by virtue of my belief that, admirable as his work has been, he is still barely ripening and that his best has still to come, that I have made this brief notice rather an analysis of his peculiarities and the tendencies of his development than the essay I could write with ease and sincerity in his praise.

H. G. WELLS.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL TÜRR IN 1897.

NEXT to Garibaldi, General Türr is, with the exception of General Cosenz, almost the only one of the great Garibaldians now alive, and even when they were all alive Türr towered above them. He was Governor of Naples for those two memorable months which followed Garibaldi's capture of the Sicilies, and it would not be too much to say that Victor Emmanuel owed his crown as King of Italy, and *all* Italy, as much, perhaps even more at the last moment, to Türr than to the immortal dictator.

It was thirty-seven years ago since I had seen General Türr, when, being in Rome in the month of May 1897, I heard that he was in the city. I immediately called at his hotel, sent up my card, and was in another minute in his presence.

This is how I first saw Türr. It was in Naples in 1860. I was seated on the top of a lamp-post in the Toledo. The rain came down in torrents. The streets below me were one surging sea of Neapolitans, wild with revolutionary enthusiasm. My position was much envied, and, armed solely with a green umbrella, I had for about an hour a considerable difficulty in keeping my place, after which time the attacks from below ceased and I was left in peace.

I saw the cuirassiers ride down a mid avenue kept open for the king. I saw Victor Emmanuel seated in an open carriage alongside of Garibaldi, thus making his triumphant entry into Naples. Garibaldi, the Dictator of the Two Sicilies, sat on the king's left; General, then Colonel, Türr rode on horseback at the General's side; and De la Rocca, the royal aide-de-camp, rode on the king's right. Mordini and Pallavicino, the pro-dictators of Palermo and Naples respectively, sat facing the king and the dictator.

Thirty-seven years passed away, and again I was face to face with

Türr. I should have known him anywhere. The black hair was white, but the tall figure was noble and erect and martial as ever. It was the same firm, benevolent face, the same masterful but gentle manner, a man sure of himself and accustomed to command, with all the repose of conscious strength. This was the man whom Garibaldi had declared indispensable to him. From the first he completely won the Neapolitans as Governor of Naples. I contemplated his face for a moment with strange memories and emotions—there was the vast, full moustache, prolonged and, when not stiffly curled like Napoleon's, hanging and somewhat draggled, the pointed beard, as beards were then habitually worn, the grand bearing—yes, I should have known General Türr anywhere. He bore his years lightly. I immediately spoke to him of his old comrades-in-arms—of Medici, who was his right hand in the Austrian campaign; of Cosenz, still living; of Bixio, of Kairolì, so often wounded, and, though distrusted by Cavour, at last Prime Minister of Italy; of Missori and Millo, who rode before Garibaldi's carriage when he captured Naples alone with his staff-officers, without a single corps of soldiers; of Milbits and the troublesome little Dr. Bertani, who at one time, together with Crispi and Cattanio, gave the Moderates, represented by Garibaldi and Türr, such infinite trouble and anxiety. I reminded Türr of many casual incidents which could leave no doubt whatever upon his mind that I had been in Naples all through Garibaldi's last phenomenal campaign and was intimately acquainted with the men and events of that memorable time.

It will be remembered that Garibaldi in the spring of 1860, in the teeth of Napoleon and in opposition to Cavour's openly expressed policy, had sailed one night from Genoa, in two small steamers, with the famous Italian Legion, afterwards known as the Thousand of Marsala, on board. His destination was more than suspected, although Cavour, when appealed to by Napoleon III., professed to be in entire ignorance of it. Garibaldi had started, in fact, with a handful of Red-shirts to overthrow the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples and annex both to the dominions of King Victor Emmanuel.

Now there were certain points that I had never quite understood, and I wanted to know, amongst other things, what determined Garibaldi's departure from Genoa, and why there was such undue delay between his starting and his arrival in Sicily. "I will explain that to you," said Türr; "it was very difficult to obtain accurate information about the revolution that had already broken out in Sicily. If it was crushed, the General did not mean to start. General Garibaldi consulted me upon the subject. I told him that I did not know the internal state of Sicily; all I could say was that, if he meant to go, I would go with him. Three times we discussed this question, when suddenly Crispi comes in with a telegram in cipher. (He had fabricated the telegram himself. I say this in his praise.) He

wanted to force the situation, and he did so. The telegram declared that the revolution was at its height in Sicily. The General read it and said, 'Then we must help them.' By some fatality the ammunition-boats did not arrive, so Garibaldi, donning the uniform of a general, resolved to visit the fortress of Talamone, where, however, we only found a few cartridges and a small cannon; so we were obliged to go on to Ortebello. General Garibaldi now was seized with some official scruples, and turning to me he said, 'My dear friend, I beg you will employ all your diplomatic skill to procure us ammunition at Ortebello. Upon your success the fate of our mission depends.' I jumped into a cart, and in about two hours arrived at the fortress. I found Colonel Giorgini in command. To him I said, 'We left Genoa yesterday with two steamers under command of General Garibaldi, and are on our way to help the Sicilians. By ignorance or blundering of our boatmen we have not got the powder and shot which have been given us by the Government. (Of course this was my invention.) I therefore come to beg you, in the name of the General, help us with any ammunition you may have.' The colonel answered me, 'These are military stores, and you must see that it is impossible for me to accede to your request without an official order from the Government.' 'Well,' I said, 'to obtain such an order, all that is necessary is for a statement to be sent on behalf of his Majesty the King, with a letter which I will write in your presence.' This was the tenor of it: 'DEAR TRECCHI,—Please inform his Majesty that the ammunition destined for our expedition has been left at Genoa; therefore we beg that his Majesty will order the commandant at Ortebello to give us all that he can out of the arsenal there.' When the letter had been folded up and sealed, I said to the commandant, 'To get an answer to this letter (for, as luck would have it, there was no telegraph in those days) we should have to wait five days, and before the Government helps our expedition the poor Sicilians will be all massacred. And the fault will rest with those who have refused us ammunition, although I was in a position to assure them that we had left with the consent of the King and the Government,' &c. &c.

"With such arguments I belaboured the commandant, who at last said to me, 'Colonel Türr, you put me in a dreadful position; but, if you can assure me that this adventure of yours is under the King's auspices, I will give you everything in the arsenal.'"

So this is the little bit of secret history which kept Garibaldi's expedition hanging about the neighbouring coast of Genoa for four days.

"Dr. Bertani, who ought to know, has said that the English steamers covered your landing at Marsala," I ventured to remark.

"It is not true," said Türr. "We found at Marsala Neapolitan gunboats and an English warship; the Neapolitans fired on us, but

did little damage; the English ship looked on, and did nothing at all."

The landing, the rising at Marsala, the fighting march through the island, the incident at Milazzo, where Garibaldi, surrounded by Neapolitan cuirassiers, nearly lost his life, but escaped, as usual, without a scratch; the plucky battle at Calatafimi; the surprising capture of Palermo, where the Neapolitan army, 20,000 strong, were shut up in their barracks by a handful of Red-shirts, who brought them their rations twice a day, whilst the Neapolitan fleet capitulated in the harbour—all this and much more we talked of as we sat at dinner thirty-seven years after the event in the Quirinal Hotel saloon. I then learned that it was in this Sicilian campaign that Türr was badly wounded. "You see," said the general, stretching out both arms, "one is shorter than the other. I was hit in the bone, and a piece had to be cut out and the bones joined."

"What made you march on Palermo instead of subduing the country on your way?"

"Well, it was difficult to decide, and the General himself wavered. So at Piacia di Grecchi the General said to me, 'You know that I am not in favour of war councils as a rule, but I think at this moment it will be well to call together Sirtori, Crispi, Orsini, you and Bixio' (Bixio, being at the advance post, could not come).

"Sirtori was of opinion that we ought to disperse over the interior and organise, but I thought we should march at once to Palermo and take it by a *coup de main*. We should then produce a startling impression, and we could organise our plan of action from Palermo. If we began a vague kind of guerilla warfare we should soon get scattered and lose the confidence of the Sicilians.

"General Garibaldi, who always preferred the most difficult exploits, agreed with me that first of all we should take Palermo, and so it was decided."

Türr then gave me a most characteristic touch of Garibaldi's singularly sentimental character. "I remember," he said, "that during one of our silent night marches I was riding by the side of the General when presently he looked up with infinite calmness and serenity at the vault of heaven. It was a brilliant moonlight night. He said with that sweet smile of his, 'It is strange, when I was quite a lad I said to myself, every man has his star, and I chose mine. Look, do you see yonder star in the direction of the Great Bear? That is mine. It is called Arcturus.' 'Well,' I said, 'shine out Arcturus; it is a sign that we shall enter Palermo!' 'Undoubtedly,' said the General, with one of those emphatic inflexions expressing a deep and absolute confidence which admitted of no doubt about his destiny."

But before our conversation left Sicily I was fain to ask Türr about

the fate of the general at Ortebello whom he had persuaded by a *ruse* to give him ammunition. "Oh," said Türr, "I left Sicily to get well of my wound, but after taking a few baths I was back in Sicily. Passing through Turin I heard that the commandant of the fortress of Ortebello had been arrested and shut up in the fortress of Alessandria. I instantly went to his Majesty King Victor Emmanuel, and said to him, 'If any one deserved imprisonment it was myself, for it was I who led the commandant into error, making him believe that we were acting under your Majesty's orders.' The King said, with one of his short laughs, 'Perfectly true; I have got to square accounts with you, for you have robbed one of my fortresses.' But I answered, 'We have given your Majesty the crown of Sicily, and presently will follow the crown of Naples!'

"The King promised with a smile that no harm should come to the commandant. He then told me to speak to the War Minister, General Fanti. To him I gave an accurate description of the way we had got the ammunition, and I obtained from him the assurance that no proceedings whatever should be taken against General Giorgini.

"After this," continued Türr, "I had some discussion with Garibaldi about the policy of annexation. At this time he was still to some extent influenced by Mazzini, and could not be called quite sound on the annexation policy. I was in favour of declaring openly for annexation before we left Sicily, and told him so. The dictator looked at me with his piercing eyes and said, 'So you are beginning to lean to Cavour's policy!' It was well known that ever since the last campaign against the Austrians the relations between Garibaldi and Cavour were of a strained nature. So I said to the General, 'If you have any doubts about me for the future, I will simply do my duty as a soldier and let us talk no more politics.' The General, who was of a most pure and noble spirit, and supposing that he had rubbed me up the wrong way, at once strove to cancel the impression in his own exquisite manner.

"At this time a section of us, egged on by Bertani, were in favour of attacking the Romania instead of Naples, and I was inclined that way myself. When I came to the front, the troops being drawn up at Milazzo, the soldiers raised a shout, 'To Rome! To Rome! we want to go to Rome.'

"I walked quietly up and down in front of them. When silence was restored I said: 'Garibaldi is dictator in Sicily. The troops will march in obedience to the orders of the General. If any of you are not satisfied you have got nothing to do but go about your business.' With such words I calmed their feverish temper."

As I wish to describe one or two more passages of what I may call the secret history of the revolution, I will briefly recall the capture of Naples, which followed the capture of Sicily, and which is certainly

quite the most romantic episode in modern warfare—if warfare it can be called.

When news reached the unfortunate King of Naples, Francis II., that Garibaldi had landed in Sicily, he made him an offer of fifty million francs, and proposed to lend him the Neapolitan fleet, if he would only go off and take Venice instead. An attempt to arrest the earth's motion would have been as successful.

On August 18, 1860, Garibaldi, being now master of Sicily, embarked with 4000 men for the conquest of the kingdom of Naples. Instantly on landing their ships were seized by the Neapolitan troops, and being cut off from retreat they retired to the mountains. Presently news of the capture of Reggio was borne to Naples on the wings of the wind. "Cæsar," in the words of Suetonius, "had landed and announced his arrival in a clap of thunder." They marched towards Naples, and the war-cry, "Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel!" flew from promontory to promontory along the Calabrian coast.

On October 6, at the news of Garibaldi's approach, the king fled from Naples, leaving it strongly garrisoned by royal troops. On the same day Garibaldi received from his ex-Prime Minister, Don Liborio, the following telegram: "To the invincible Dictator of the Two Sicilies. Naples expects you with anxiety."

On the 7th Garibaldi announced his intention of entering Naples. He left his army behind him and advanced alone with a few staff officers to capture the city in the teeth of the Neapolitan garrison.

The vast populations of Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici turned out, covered the lines, climbed on the train, so that it had to stop more than once. At a snail's pace the carriages of the invaders approached Naples. The scene now baffles all description. Swarms of *lazzaroni*, gaping Neapolitan *gensdarmes*, stupefied National Guards, rival committees with rival flags, all mixed up together, deafening shouts of "Viva Garibaldi! Viva Victor Emmanuel! Viva l'Italia!" blended together with drums, trumpets, and a general pandemonium attempting Garibaldi's hymn in a hundred different places. As the carriages advanced the Castel Nuovo and the fortress of St. Elmo, bristling with cannon and crowded with sullen Neapolitan soldiers, who alone took no part in the festival of liberty, hove in sight. The cannon were pointed, the matches lighted; they waited the word of command to fire. On rode Majors Missori and Millo on horseback, Garibaldi and Cosenz followed in the first carriage amid deafening shouts; the *cocher* lost his head and whipped up the horses, when the General's voice was heard above the din, "Slower! slower! drive slower." As the carriage stopped under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, and the officers were heard frantically exhorting the men to fire, the General stood upright in his carriage with one hand on his breast and looked steadfastly at the artillerymen. The fate of

Italy trembled in the balance ; the suspense hardly lasted a minute. Three times the order to fire was repeated ; at the third the artillerymen flung down their matches, threw their caps wildly into the air, shouted " Viva Garibaldi," and the revolution was over.

"If I remember rightly," I said to General Türr as we sat chatting at dinner at the Quirinal Hotel over these grand scenes, "you were not there at the time." "No," said Türr, "I was away in charge of the Red-shirts ; but about twelve hours after these events I was summoned to Naples by Garibaldi, who then asked me to undertake the command of the city and province of Naples. Pallavicino accepted the pro-dictatorship in the absence of Garibaldi at Caserta, where was our military hospital, and which was also Garibaldi's headquarters during the siege of Capua, to which city the Neapolitan army had retired, and—and—our difficulties now began."

By this time it can be readily imagined that I was listening with all my ears. It was the exact moment in the revolution which I had never clearly understood. "What were the difficulties?" I asked. "Mazzini!" replied General Türr. "He was in Naples all the time. Garibaldi with considerable hesitation, and, indeed, almost all of us, had practically informally adopted the programme of annexation, Italy and Victor Emmanuel. We were republicans in heart, but convinced that the unity of Italy was possible with the king, but not at that time with a republic. We adhered to the monarchy, and were known as Moderates. Mazzini was perfectly irreconcilable. He plotted even at that critical moment when the fate of Italy was still doubtful—when Capua had not yet fallen ; he plotted against the Moderates—that is, the Garibaldians, he who had inspired us all with the love of freedom and had created the ideal of Italian unity, in his fanatical devotion to the republican idea was actually fomenting civil war between the two sections of patriots ! He was a very great difficulty, all the more because we loved him. Between him and Garibaldi matters were strained to the uttermost. The situation was becoming impossible. A revolution amongst the Liberators of Italy was on the point of breaking out."

"But who supported Mazzini?" I asked. "There was the danger," said Türr. "Crispi and Cattanio, and little Dr. Bertani was in it too—most useful, most able, most intriguing and unscrupulous of men. All three were at that time fierce Mazzinists, and furious at the idea of the annexation of Naples to the North of Italy under Victor Emmanuel, and they were at that time powerful men in our councils. I shall never forget the crisis we passed through. As military governor of the province my responsibilities were very heavy. A false move now and Victor Emmanuel might never have been King of Italy. When Garibaldi heard that an insurrection was on the point of breaking out he hurried from Caserta.

"It was on October 12 when Crispi asked me to see him at his house, to whom I said, 'You and your colleagues have decreed the annexation at Caserta, and now you oppose it.' He answered, 'I understood that the annexation was desired by the General; but I am not so sure of it now.' We had some angry words, and Crispi ended by saying, 'I won't discuss matters with you.' I then turned to General Garibaldi: 'If you appoint such men as these to be Ministers,' I said, 'I beg you will appoint another military governor, for I cannot remain in office along with them.' Pallavicino also resigned his office as pro-dictator. Garibaldi then turned to me, saying, 'My dear friend, I count on you because you are the man who will know how to defend our programme even behind the barricades.' 'Ah,' I answered the General, 'if you speak to me like that I will remain—on condition that the National Guard and the police are placed absolutely under my control,' though at this time I knew that Garibaldi was still under the influence of the Mazzinist faction, whilst Cattanio and Crispi were working tooth and nail in that direction. Cattanio turned round sharply to me and said, 'I would not have believed it, Türr, that you could have turned Piedmontese and Cavourian.' I answered in extreme irritation, 'In my opinion I am a better Italian than you are, because you are driving us into civil war, which, in its turn, will bring back the Bourbons to Naples and the Austrians to Milan. As I don't want to see this, I am in favour of annexation. Now that we have a third of our little army killed, or lying wounded in the hospital, we should aim at uniting the forces of the country and creating a solid organisation, if we wish the unity of Italy.' Garibaldi, seeing my irritation, asked me to go with him to the Palazzo Forestaria, outside which an enormous crowd had congregated. On our way I told him about the scene I had had with Cattanio. Arrived there, the General went out and harangued the people, as he alone knew how. Some were screaming 'Death to Mazzini,' who wanted a republic; and others, 'Death to Cavour,' who wanted a monarchy. He succeeded in calming them; and just afterwards meeting Pallavicino, who had resigned office, he begged him to come at two o'clock to the Palazzo D'angri, desiring me to join the council. Just after that I met a deputation of the National Guard begging that the dictator would not allow Pallavicino to resign, for they said that a report to that effect had got about Naples. The momentous point which we were now to discuss at two o'clock with our Mazzinist colleagues, Cattanio and Crispi, was, whether or no we should declare for annexation. Conforti, President of the Council, Crispi, Cattanio, Pallavicino, and the General were all there.

"Conforti gave an impartial description of the situation. Pallavicino spoke strongly for annexation. Crispi and Cattanio followed with passionate speeches repudiating the monarchical form of government

and insisting on a republic. I listened and said nothing, but I saw that Garibaldi was wavering now. I had that morning received a petition with thousands of signatures from the Neapolitans in favour of annexation, and I had it in my pocket. When Crispi and Cattaneo had quite done, Garibaldi walked to the window. At that moment the destinies of the monarchy were really at stake. I then went up to Garibaldi, told him of the Neapolitan petition, and showed him the signatures, and assured him that neither Pallavicino nor myself could serve except on the programme of Italy and Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi rejoined the group, and turning to Pallavicino said, 'You have offered to resign, but I have still need of you.' He then turned to me and said, 'You are the only man who can govern Naples; you must remain. I declare for annexation.' Crispi, seeing that I was at the bottom of it, turned to me in a rage and said, 'You are not worthy to be an Italian!' I replied, 'Do you pretend to be a better Italian than Garibaldi himself?'

All this, I confess, seemed to throw quite a new light on the story of the revolution. For the first time it was plain to me that it was the firmness of General Türr at this crisis that nipped the fatal Mazzinist rising in the bud and influenced Garibaldi to give the casting vote in favour of annexation. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that, at the last moment, it was Türr as much as Garibaldi who made Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. "Fortunately," added Türr, "Mazzini was almost unknown at Naples and in the south. Had he been as powerful there as at Milan and Turin he would have given us infinite trouble and possibly defeated our programme."

"Did you have any difficulty with the Neapolitans?" I asked. "None," said Türr. "The following episode will give you an idea of our relations. Demonstrations were the order of the day. I had only been governor of Naples two days when, looking out of my windows at the Palazzo Forestaria, I saw an immense crowd of about 10,000 persons coming along shouting, 'Death to the Bourbons!' I sent out to invite three of the ringleaders to confer with me as to what they wanted and what it was all about. One of them was Gambardella, a great leader amongst the fishermen, who informed me that they wanted 400 Bourbons whose names he had down in a list and handed to me (*scorticarli*). I said, 'Gentlemen, pray sit down and let us discuss the question. Now what do you think Europe would say when it hears that under the government of Garibaldi and Gambardella 400 Bourbons have been killed.'

"'But, my lord general,' says he, 'do you not know the way in which we have been treated? I myself have been in prison and received twenty-five blows with a stick.'

"'Why, my friend,' I said, 'that is the very point. For having committed suchlike brutalities the government of the Bourbons has fallen.

And if we imitated their example, all we should prove is that we ourselves are unworthy of liberty.' With these and similar words I succeeded in soothing their mad rage, and from that moment Gambardella placed himself at the head of a new movement (in those days every one had to be at the head of some movement), and was in the habit of making me his counsellor and acting according to my advice. Garibaldi got to know him later, and liked him very much. But one morning the poor man was stabbed in the street."

"Were you ever in England?" I asked the general. "Yes," said Türr, "and that time I visited Lord Palmerston. Conti was then Secretary of Legation, and I am afraid I rather startled him. In the course of our talk Palmerston said the Mincio ought to define the Italian frontier. I said, 'My lord, sooner than leave one square foot of Italian soil in the hands of the enemy I would light up war in all four quarters of Europe.' Conti looked much alarmed, and hurriedly making his excuses left the room. I do not think I really offended Palmerston, but some days afterwards I happened to ask a mutual friend what he had thought of my opinions. 'Oh,' said Palmerston, 'if Garibaldi has many generals like Türr, I quite understand how he has done all he has.' I twitted Conti afterwards with leaving me in the lurch. He got out of it cleverly by saying, 'Don't you see that I was in an official position at the Embassy and was bound to be perfectly impartial?'"

Of Crispi, Türr said, "Before leaving Naples, Crispi said to me, 'Ere we part I have come to grasp the hand of the man who has done so well for Italy. You were annoyed with me, I know, but you are mistaken if you think I was really opposed to annexation. All I wanted was that the annexation should have been decreed by a constitutional assembly, as was done in Tuscany.' I answered him shortly, 'Bertani and his lot would have hurried us into civil war.' When I came to Turin I saw Count Cavour," continued Türr, "to whom I made a minute report on the situation in Southern Italy, and I urged upon him to move promptly for political unity whilst keeping up the greatest possible decentralisation in the provincial administration, together with a good organisation of the carabinieri."

"The following conversation took place only a few days before the death of our illustrious statesman, and in the course of our colloquy Cavour expressed to me his deep regret that he had not always been on good terms with Garibaldi. When I told him that it all sprang from Garibaldi being surrounded by certain people who misrepresented everything, Cavour replied, 'You are not far wrong. But I have never been influenced by people who exaggerate. There are those, for instance, about me who want to persuade me that I alone have created Italy. But I know that, in spite of our good planetary influences, to succeed we required, first, a king like our Victor Emmanuel, a disinterested captain like Garibaldi, and, perhaps,

just a little, a Minister like myself.' Cavour was right. To Garibaldi remains the eternal glory of his programme, 'Italia e Vittorio Emanuele.' To the republicans who were against it he said, and learned to say heartily, 'What you want would divide us, but the name of Victor Emmanuel unites us.'

"To create Italy," concluded Türr, "the revolution needed a monarchy to hold her together. To become King of Italy the help of the revolution was nevertheless necessary."

Unhappily the great men of the revolution have left no successors, and those who, like Crispi and Kairolì, came into power later, under the *régime* which they had been instrumental in creating, discovered that it was harder to establish a new *régime* upon secure foundations than to destroy an old one already rotten to the core. The glamour of the revolution once over, the wide temperamental differences between north and south hastened to assert themselves, and interests began to clash, whilst increased taxation for the army pressed heavily upon all classes alike. There was, however, no flag, no cry capable of exciting anything like national enthusiasm. There was a good king, but his *rôle* was no longer dramatic; there was a charming queen who won the people's love and admiration but was scarcely a factor in politics—there were clever Ministers who found themselves between the Scylla and Charybdis of revolution and despotism, but there was no longer a popular idol ruling all hearts like Garibaldi, nor a consummate Minister equal to all emergencies like Cavour.

H. R. HAWES.

TWENTY YEARS OF TRADE.

IT may be interesting and instructive to take a rapid survey of the world's trade in the last twenty years, and to compare the growth of British commerce at decennial periods with that of other countries. In the first place, we find that the year 1896 has been an *annus mirabilis*, the sum total of British imports and exports (excluding goods in transit) being the highest on record, and of course never approached by any other nation in ancient or modern times. In the second place, it appears that the trade of the whole British Empire is now 37 per cent. of that of the world, as compared with 36 per cent. twenty years ago. This shows that the energy of our people at home and abroad has not declined during the period under consideration.

As regards the United Kingdom, the following table shows the value of imports retained for consumption, and that of British exports, thus :

Year.	Millions £.				
	Imports.		Exports.		Total.
1876 . .	319	...	201	...	520
1886 . .	294	...	212	...	506
1896 . .	385	...	240	...	625

There was a decline between 1876 and 1886, but since the latter year we have to record a rise of 24 per cent. in the aggregate amount. In the above interval of twenty years there was a stupendous fall of prices, for, according to Sauerbeck's table, the price-levels of 1886 and 1896 were respectively 28 and 36 per cent. below that of 1876. If prices had remained unaltered the trade returns of 1896 would have been 975 millions—that is, 88 per cent. over those of 1876. Hence it would appear that the volume of trade rose 88 per cent., or four times as fast as population.

Imports.—If we take the ten principal items of bulk, four consisting of food and six of raw material, the weight will be found to aggregate as follows : *

	1876.		1886.		1896.
Food, tons . . .	7,340,000	...	8,220,000	...	12,460,000
Raw material, tons.	11,240,000	...	12,890,000	...	19,390,000
Total . . .	18,580,000	...	21,110,000	...	31,850,000

During twenty years there has been an increase of 70 per cent. in the weight of food imports, and of 72 per cent. in raw material. In other words, for every additional ton of food received from abroad we have at the same time imported nearly two tons additional of raw material. Identical results are obtained when we compare the value of food items with that of all imports at the three decennial periods—viz. :

Year.	Millions £.		Ratio of food.
	All imports.	Food.	
1876 . . .	319	131	40·9
1886 . . .	294	122	41·5
1896 . . .	385	158	41·0

There is something remarkable in the fact that during twenty years food imports have steadily held the same ratio of 41 per cent. of the total: they simply grow with the general expansion of our trade, and show that, although we become every year more dependent on foreign countries for the necessities of life, our industries keep pace with the growth of such requirements. The weight of food imported is shown as follows :

	Tons.			Pounds per inhabitant.	
	1876.	1896.		1876.	1896.
Grain . . .	5,960,000	9,760,000	...	395	555
Meat . . .	330,000	860,000	...	22	50
Sundries . .	1,050,000	1,840,000	...	70	105
Total . . .	7,340,000	12,460,000	...	487	710

For each inhabitant of the United Kingdom the annual consumption of imported food (including what is used for cattle) is equal to seven times, that of raw material eleven times, his own weight, whereas the ratios in 1876 were only as five times and eight times respectively. This emphatically points to the increasing importance of our foreign commerce, so closely identified with the supremacy of our mercantile navy. In the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of December 1894 I took occasion to show that we possess 56 per cent. of the world's carrying-trade on the high seas. This enables us to draw our supplies of food

* See detailed tables in Appendix.

and raw material at less cost than other nations, an advantage of the highest importance to us. This island of Great Britain is, in fact, a great workshop, of which textiles and hardware are the chief products: the importation of raw material for such industries has risen as follows:

	1876.	1886.	1896.
Cotton, wool, &c.—tons .	930,000	1,095,000	1,270,000
Minerals „	1,530,000	4,010,000	6,540,000

Imports of textile fibre have risen 36 per cent. in twenty years, those of minerals have quadrupled, a proof that the industrial power of Great Britain grows apace, and if we would see what effect this had on the wealth of the country we have only to take the income-tax assessments (excluding Ireland) for the period under consideration—viz.:

Year.	Millions £.			Rate of progress.	
	Industrial.	Total.		Industrial.	Total.
1875 . . .	257	536	...	100	100
1885 . . .	282	594	...	110	111
1895 . . .	326	652	...	127	122

Here again we see a certain relationship between the rise in imports and the increase of wealth, for, whereas in a period of twenty years the former increased 20 per cent., the assessed incomes of Great Britain rose 22 per cent., and those of the industrial or commercial class (Schedule D.) no less than 27 per cent.

Exports.—The returns under this heading are equally satisfactory, as must needs be the case, since all commerce in the long run is an exchange. The official returns show thus:

	1876. £	1886. £	1896 £
Textiles and yarn .	106,600,000	104,100,000	105,400,000
Hardware .	38,800,000	42,900,000	56,400,000
Sundries .	55,200,000	65,400,000	78,100,000
Total exports .	200,600,000	212,400,000	239,900,000

The most remarkable feature is a rise of 45 per cent., since 1876, in hardware, embracing under this name all kinds of metallic industries and machinery. Altogether exports show an increase of 20 per cent., the same as in imports, and also in population. Meantime, if prices had not fallen, the value of exports in 1896 would have been 374 millions sterling, equal to 190 shillings per inhabitant, against 120 shillings in 1876, from which it would appear that as regards bulk each inhabitant now exports 60 per cent. more than he did twenty years ago.

Our Customers.—During the last twenty years there have been some notable changes in the currents of our transmarine trade. Our relations with France and India have declined, those with Germany and Canada have lost ground as regards ratio, while those with the United States have grown prodigiously. The following table shows the aggregate value of imports and exports exchanged with the several nations (including goods in transit):

With	Millions £.			Ratio.	
	1875.	1895.		1875.	1895.
United States . . .	95	131	...	14·4	18·6
France . . .	75	69	...	11·5	9·8
Germany . . .	56	60	...	8·6	8·5
Australia . . .	42	53	...	6·4	7·6
India . . .	56	52	...	8·5	7·4
Canada . . .	20	20	...	3·1	2·8
Other States . . .	312	318	...	47·5	45·3
Total . . .	656	703	...	100·0	100·0

There is a striking difference between our relations with Canada and those with Australia; the former is the nearest of our colonies, and her trade with us does not reach £4 per head of her population; whereas Australia, the most remote of our possessions, carries on a trade with the mother country of nearly £13 per head. Let us hope that Mr. Laurier's proposed fiscal reforms in Canada may give an impulse to her commercial relations with Great Britain.

Gold and Silver.—No survey of British trade would be complete without including the current of the precious metals, which is of special importance, because the bi-metallists endeavour to promote a belief that our stock of gold is suffering steady diminution owing to the fact that our imports of merchandise exceed our exports in value. The official returns as to imports and exports of precious metals for fifteen years ending December 31, 1895, show as follows:

	Millions £ sterling.	
	Imported.	Exported.
Gold . . .	277	221
Silver . . .	141	152
Total . . .	418	373

This shows a considerable surplus of gold, and a small outflow of silver, the aggregate giving us a net import of precious metals equal to £3,000,000 per annum, an amount quite sufficient to meet the requirements of coinage and manufacture.

The World's Trade.—We have no later complete returns than those of 1894, which compare with preceding decennials thus :

	Commerce, millions £ sterling.			Increase in 20 years.
	1874.	1884.	1894.	
British Empire . . .	846 ...	967 ...	1,038 ...	23 per cent.
Germany . . .	298 ...	323 ...	346 ...	16 "
France . . .	288 ...	303 ...	273 ...	0 "
United States . . .	233 ...	287 ...	313 ...	35 "
Other States . . .	656 ...	745 ...	845 ...	30 "
The World . . .	2,321 ...	2,625 ...	2,815 ...	21 "

This shows that in twenty years the trade of the British Empire has increased in greater ratio than that of the world in general, although the United States have had a still higher ratio of progress. But it must be observed that the conditions of the United States are exceptional, owing to the rapid increase of population.

Whether we take the United Kingdom, which has advanced, as we have seen, 20 per cent. since 1876, or the British Empire, which shows a rise of 23 per cent., the figures compare very favourably with those of Germany or France, the former having only risen 16 per cent., the latter actually declined. We have also seen that the trade of the United Kingdom for 1896 was 24 per cent. over that of 1886, while the latest returns (1894), as given above, show that in ten years the trade of the United States rose only 9 per cent., that of Germany 7 per cent., and that of France declined 10 per cent. Under these circumstances it is impossible to regard the condition of British trade as other than highly satisfactory.

APPENDIX.

I.—*Value of Food Imports into the United Kingdom.*

	1876.		1886.		1896.
	£		£		£
Grain . . .	51,400,000 ...		43,100,000 ...		52,500,000
Meat . . .	18,100,000 ...		21,200,000 ...		35,100,000
Dairy Produce . . .	16,600,000 ...		17,900,000 ...		27,600,000
Sugar . . .	19,500,000 ...		15,300,000 ...		18,200,000
Tea . . .	10,400,000 ...		9,100,000 ...		9,300,000
Fruit . . .	4,600,000 ...		5,100,000 ...		6,800,000
Vegetables . . .	2,900,000 ...		1,800,000 ...		3,400,000
Sundries . . .	7,300,000 ...		8,300,000 ...		5,100,000
Total . . .	130,800,000 ...		121,800,000 ...		158,000,000

II.—Imports of Raw Material.

	1876. £		1886. £		1896. £
Timber . . .	19,100,000	...	12,600,000	...	19,400,000
Cotton . . .	35,700,000	...	34,100,000	...	32,700,000
Wool . . .	12,300,000	...	10,600,000	...	14,100,000
Flax and Jute . .	7,300,000	...	5,500,000	...	7,100,000
Minerals . . .	11,100,000	...	12,200,000	...	18,900,000
Sundries . . .	10,100,000	...	7,300,000	...	22,800,000
Total . . .	95,600,000	...	82,300,000	...	115,000,000

III.—Weight of Imports.

	1876. Tons.		1886. Tons.		1896. Tons.
Grain . . .	5,960,000	...	6,440,000	...	9,760,000
Meat . . .	330,000	...	470,000	...	860,000
Sugar . . .	890,000	...	1,100,000	...	1,540,000
Butter and Cheese .	160,000	...	210,000	...	304,000
Timber . . .	8,100,000	...	7,100,000	...	10,650,000
Cotton . . .	573,000	...	677,000	...	701,000
Wool . . .	97,000	...	127,000	...	178,000
Flax and Jute . .	260,000	...	290,000	...	390,000
Seeds . . .	680,000	...	690,000	...	927,000
Minerals . . .	1,530,000	...	4,010,000	...	6,540,000
Total . . .	18,580,000	...	21,114,000	...	31,850,000

IV.—Trade of European Continent, Imports and Exports.

Millions £ sterling.

	1874.		1884.		1894.
Germany . . .	298	...	323	...	346
France . . .	288	...	303	...	273
Holland . . .	97	...	163	...	213
Austria . . .	102	...	109	...	125
Russia . . .	143	...	113	...	124
Italy . . .	91	...	96	...	85
Belgium . . .	96	...	111	...	115
Scandinavia . . .	66	...	68	...	83
Spain and Portugal .	51	...	66	...	71
Roumania . . .	10	...	19	...	29
	1,242		1,371		1,464

V.—Trade of British Colonies.

Millions £ sterling.

	1874.		1884.		1894.
India . . .	97	...	155	...	200
Australia . . .	83	...	119	...	112
Canada . . .	48	...	46	...	52
South Africa . . .	12	...	15	...	29
West Indies . . .	15	...	18	...	17
Other Colonies . . .	41	...	54	...	62
Total . . .	296		407		472

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

ETHICS AND SCIENCE.

THOSE who can look back, through the mists and storms of nearly half a century, to the comparative lull between the political agitation of the Crimean war and the intellectual agitation stirred by "The Origin of Species," will recall the publication of a book the immediate effect of which was much stronger than its permanent position in literature would appear to justify. Buckle's "Introduction to the History of Civilisation" remains, indeed, a volume of much interest, and has its warm partisans, whose claim for it would chime in with all that was felt by its earliest readers; but a remark made on it by one who was among its most enthusiastic admirers on its first appearance—Charles Darwin—recurs now almost as a verdict. "How curiously the fortune of books changes!" he said, on re-perusing that one shortly before his death; "what a stir that book made among us when it first came out, and now it is dead!" Its significance for the student of to-day is that of some ancient mark of high tide where the land has gained upon the sea—it records a limit that has long vanished. Its argument may be summed up in a few sentences. There is in the world such a thing as progress; civilisation is a growing thing. Morality, on the other hand (he assumed), is evidently a stationary thing. A good man at one age is much the same as a good man at another. Therefore civilisation (he inferred) must depend on something which is capable of increase, and this is evidently knowledge. The momentum and the direction of progress are given exclusively by science. As one gives this bald summary of a book which took the world by storm, one wonders that its wealth of illustration and vigour of expression could blind its readers to assumptions so baseless. But Buckle, daring heretic as he thought himself and was thought by others, when he assumed that moral development was only individual, merely

echoed a view then common to the thoughtless and the thoughtful. John Mill, in his essay on "Utilitarianism," urges that on the issue whether morality is intuitive or what he called utilitarian—decided, that is, by considerations referring to general enjoyment—depends the further issue, whether it is an advancing or a stationary thing. "How so?" asked a reviewer (in words here necessarily remembered and not copied). "Why must we take this for granted? Why should not the general conscience be a growing thing, as well as the general knowledge?" The review, which is traceable to the pen of Dr. Martineau, was the earliest protest I can recall from contemporary literature against a view which ignores or defies the lessons of all history.

Nothing is more unquestionable, surely, than that the character and actions which men admired and approved, for instance, in the thirteenth century are different from those which we admire and approve now. Many people think that the good man of the nineteenth century is better than the good man of the thirteenth; a few think that he is not so good; the wise and thoughtful, who are also few, consider that he is both better and worse; but all would agree that he is different. The best of men were ready then for actions from which the worst would shrink in our day. Who, in our time, would burn a fellow-creature alive? Six hundred years ago it would have been the most ardent philanthropists who were ready for that action. We cannot say that philanthropy was unreal then and is real now. We may be very thankful that it is purged of noxious and hateful superstition; but if we suppose that it was in no spirit of love for mankind that a St. Dominic desired to burn a heretic, then we are equally blinded by superstition of our own. We cannot measure our approximation to the moral feeling of the past by our actual nearness to it. If we look back a little way we shall find ourselves among men who felt very differently from the way their representatives feel to-day; if we go back much farther we may find ourselves among people much more sympathetic with our own standard. Cicero and Horace would be more likely to agree with nineteenth-century men of the world than Dominic and Francis of Assisi would. Mr. Huxley or Mr. John Morley would be more out of sympathy with Luther than either of them would be with Pericles. But, just as there is an increase of temperature from January to July, and a decrease from July to December, though a warm day in January or December may sometimes be as warm as a cold day in July, so there is a change in the progress of the ages—a change which some may assimilate to the first of these and some to the second, but which, one way or another, none can ignore. The change would generally be summed up in the word "progress"—we can, indeed, hardly find another word to describe it—although the implied decision that the progress is in the right direction is not accepted by every one. I remember it being abjured, to my

great surprise, by Mr. Froude. I know not whether he has ever maintained in print a view which seems so much out of keeping with the general tenor of his work, but it was certainly serious at the time, now far remote, at which he expressed it to me, and it is one in which he was not absolutely singular. But belief in the change, with or without satisfaction in it, is now universal.

We do not need to open those records of the past which we label as history for proofs of a change in men's impulses and feelings quite as great as any in their beliefs, habits or knowledge. Men now living may remember, might possibly have fought, a duel. Certainly there is nothing in which people *less* differ than in their objection to a violent death. Yet a number of people who in our own time would be quite incapable of an act requiring so much nerve, were ready, less than a hundred years ago, to stand to be shot at. It was at least as dangerous to fight a duel, in the days when duels were a reality, as it is to jump into the water to save a drowning person, and we may surely say that most people would rather save a life than destroy it; yet not all those who in former days would have fought a duel would now jump into the water to save a drowning person. We do not explain the change in ascribing it to the influence of public opinion. What makes public opinion? It is not as if one set of persons somehow made another set of persons go and fight; it was a practice which society imposed upon itself. Nor can we say that the progress of knowledge had much to do with the abandonment of a practice which lingered only among the classes attending the universities. We may say that the decay of duelling is a result of the spread of humane feeling, or of the shrinking of military feeling; both statements are true, and each is incomplete. In either case, it is an illustration of that principle of evolution, so strangely ignored till it was universally accepted, by which men's desires and emotions change from generation to generation, whether the change be regarded as loss or gain.

It is difficult to realise that the recognition of anything so obvious is recent. But much publication of new truth is, in fact, an illumination of the obvious; certainly this is true of the doctrine of the Origin of Species by Natural Selection. That more animals are brought into the world every year than can survive to leave offspring, that those who do survive to leave offspring must be the fittest to survive, that their offspring inherit more or less of those characteristics which fit them to survive—these are not opinions. They may be described as a string of truisms. Some of them are also important truths. Long before the publication of "The Origin of Species" the moral bearing of heredity weighed with any wise master who engaged a servant, with any wise father who sanctioned a marriage; other things might outweigh it, but there it was. The resemblance of child to

parent is, indeed, even more moral than it is intellectual. A father cannot bequeath his knowledge otherwise than by giving his son the opportunity of learning, as he might give it to any one else. He may not, it is true, bequeath his ideal of conduct—a Marcus Aurelius may leave a Commodus as his heir, but the very conspicuousness of that contrast marks it as exceptional. To ponder over the fact that every generation transmits to its successor some feelings and impulses derived from its predecessor is to discern the bearing of moral evolution. No one ever denied the facts, though, as translated into theory, they revolutionised the world of thought.

The influence of a new philosophy is a complex thing, and may be stated, from different points of view, with what looks like inconsistency. If Buckle were living now, he might point out the moral vicissitude of the closing century as a striking illustration of what he had meant to say, though he would have to modify his dialect in expressing it. "Was there ever a greater change produced in the moral world," he might ask, "than that which resulted from the Darwinian theory of creation?" or, as he would doubtless have expressed it, from a knowledge of a true method of creation. And in whatever else we might disagree with him, we could not deny that the change, which may be briefly described as the substitution of a world making for a world made, was the greatest in our intellectual history. It was an alteration similar to that by which the law regulating the movement of an apple or a falling leaf was recognised as regulating also the movements of worlds vastly greater than our own. And in that case also a moral accompanied an intellectual revolution. The astronomers who, in the picturesque and homely words of Mr. Huxley, "swept the cobwebs from the sky," swept away much besides. The old mediæval conception of the earth, with the heavens above and a dark world below, though it had undergone much modification before the time of Newton, embodied and typified a whole system of ethics, which was destroyed only with the "cycle and epicycle, orb on orb," to which Milton alludes in the very crisis of their disappearance. The ideas of the moral world have been almost as different, since the time of Newton, as the ideas of the physical world. Everybody knows, more or less, what is meant by the spirit of the eighteenth century; it has come to be a synonym for criticism, scepticism, disbelief. How much of this is a result of the vast change which revolutionised men's conceptions of the physical universe is not equally a matter of general agreement; but there was surely some connection between the two things. The revolution which discarded what ordinary common-sense had assumed, which taught men to invert the conceptions of tradition, and believe that the seeming stationary body was whirling rapidly—the seeming motion was imaginary; this taught men also to call in question all their inherited views, it stimulated the mental act of rejection, it gave

new theory the prestige of a recent and glorious victory. With that victory, the antithesis of heaven and earth disappeared alike from the physical and moral world. From one point of view heaven itself disappeared. The high "above" changed to the wide "around"; the words "above" and "below" lost their meaning. How wonderfully linked are the sensible and the spiritual worlds! We may repeat what has just been said of the former with almost equal applicability to the latter. The high and the low, to a great extent, lost their meaning here also. Earth, in its new brilliancy, attracted men's whole attention.

The change which took place then is strikingly analogous to that of our own age. What the discovery of gravitation did for space, that the discovery of evolution did for time. As under the influence of the first a law supposed only terrestrial expanded to fill the universe; so under the influence of the second, a process supposed complete in the six days of Creation, expanded to fill the ages of our planet's existence. The first change cancelled the antithesis of heaven and earth, the second change cancelled the antithesis between Creation and that unmiraculous condition which we supposed to have followed it. The stationary world vanished as the dark world had vanished, and we found ourselves the spectators of creation as we had found ourselves the inhabitants of a star. Of conceptions so vast as these it is difficult to say that they are *merely* anything, but, so far as we can concentrate our attention on their limits, we may say that the views of the universe introduced both by the Newtonian and the Darwinian science are purely intellectual. Yet there is no reasonable doubt that both register a moral change. All who ponder over the history of thought will allow that at the time when this earth was seen itself to be one of "those wandering fires which move in mystic dance," the secular interests of men took a new importance. If we turn from the great men of the seventeenth century—Cromwell, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Bossuet, and Fénelon—to the great men of the eighteenth—Walpole, Locke, Pope, Voltaire, and Rousseau—or even to such survivals of the elder spirit as Berkeley and Butler, we feel that life has taken a new colouring, untinged by the hopes and fears that are associated with eternity. The moral transformation is not an unquestionable gain, the intellectual acquisition is a triumph of truth, and yet surely these two changes are not unrelated. The new world was a suitable environment for the new race.

But far more is this true of the moral change produced by the idea of evolution. An alteration regarding time is a more spiritual thing than an alteration regarding space. The principle of evolution concerns the whole future as well as the whole past. We cannot say it was active up to a particular date and then ceased working, nor can we say it is true of man's bodily organs and not of his soul. It is simply the

name for creative activity everywhere and always. Such a conception cannot suddenly conquer the world without producing a moral result. The stir created by "The Origin of Species" was caused not merely, I think not chiefly, by the enforced surrender of the first two chapters of Genesis. It was the half-conscious recoil of a traditional morality from a new influence pregnant with revolution. From the first it was possible to discern that the new doctrine concerned not physical life alone. The Sabbath benediction under the light of evolution appeared in the future; the history of our planet traced a slow approach towards the golden age which had vanished from the past, every generation seemed to measure a step towards a clearer vision as well as a more complete development, and we might mark our approximation towards a better condition by the mere process of comparing dates. This, at least, was the first aspect of the new doctrine as it appeared under the guise of "the survival of the fittest." A principle which traced all development to accumulated variations from an original type added some inferences not indispensable to every theory of evolution. If the origin of new species was to be sought in the eccentricity of individuals, a potential sanction seemed impressed on what had been regarded as transgression and mutiny. Variation being regarded as the instrument of creation, the *direction* of variation appeared a secondary matter. What was wanted was experiment. The action of Eve ceased to be a sin and became a duty. To adhere to the standards of the past was to arrest development. The burden of proof was thus shifted from him who would introduce the new to him who would retain the old. *Because* a relation, a custom, a moral attitude was right yesterday, it appeared, under the new light, likely to be wrong to-day. Our goal, then, must now be our point of departure.

Observe how this ideal has modified all that grouping of human relations which forms the framework of duty. We may say, with very little exaggeration, that whatever was a dogma to our fathers has become a problem to our children. We cannot take up a novel or a magazine without finding something called in question which half a century ago seemed as fixed as the stars. Perhaps the Ten Commandments were as little obeyed then as they are now. But their authority was then denied only by a few daring heretics, liable in extreme cases to civil penalties. Now we can hardly point to one which is not habitually and fearlessly called in question. Honour to parents, fidelity to the spouse, reverence to God—all have been denied to be duties; covetousness, theft, murder—all have been denied to be vices or crimes. Socialists in our day believe that it is right to take the money of the rich and give it to the poor—that is, to steal; Nihilists believe that it is right to put kings to death—that is, to murder; and a number of novel-writers and other writers believe, or

81 at least say, that it is right for ill-assorted couples to separate and choose other mates—that is, to commit adultery. Is it advisable that a husband and wife should be united by a permanent bond? that the act which makes them one should be irreversible? or is change here to be always an open question? To debate this in the past was to start a daring heresy. Now it is to apply the principle of evolution. The whole question of sexual relation has thus, for the fashion of the hour, entered the realm of experiment. When we turn those fictitious pictures of life which reflect the most important moral assumptions of a time more clearly than any transcript from experience, we find that a certain fearlessness in disregarding what used to be felt the limits of permissible frankness is now as sure to make a novel widely read, even if it be not remarkable for talent of any kind, as in former days it was sure to keep it from being widely read, even if it were remarkable for talent of some kind. Unreserve is the dividing-line of science and literature, and the sphere in which it is fatal to withhold facts has in this respect encroached on the sphere in which it is fatal not to withhold facts. I remember the great writer, who chose to be known as George Eliot, answering a question of mine about John Stuart Mill's book on the subjection of women by asking me: "Do you not think Mill's views on such subjects are deprived of much of their importance by his want of attention to physiology?" I thought at the time that she was confronting a great change on its least important side. But the words were both a sign-post as to the direction which was to be taken by fiction and also the explanation of a fashion already discerned to commemorate the defeat of literature as much as the triumph of science.

The change by which the link uniting husband and wife has become a problem to investigate rather than a bond to reverence is not the only case in which the relations of the family have been transferred from the realm of religion to that of sociology. If we turn to the relation of parent and child, the influence of the new ideas is even more conspicuous. This relation was hallowed in former days by an association with that between the human and the divine. It is now as incoherent as the relations of civilised invaders to savage tribes. The notion of obedience being a duty at any age, is one that is not only weakened, it is, in the eyes of many who most represent the views of the age, almost exchanged for its contrary. Look, again, at fiction. All stories written for the young used to be more or less moral lessons on this duty. There were bad parents as well as good in such stories, for instance, as Miss Edgeworth's; but, bad or good, their children, her readers feel, are under some sort of obligation to obey them. In any modern representative of this class of fiction, on the other hand, the question of obedience hardly occurs. The ways of children are studied and described as the ways of birds; they

are interesting, not moral. We are called upon to observe them with a "wise passiveness." The very fact that children's dialect is so much more often put in type than it used to be has a certain significance. Imperfect utterance must always have had a charm for the fond hearts of parents, but it would have been thought, in former days below the dignity of even childish literature to reproduce it in print. Now we must all be familiar with the endeavour, if we glance at children's books. Children are given us, we think now, rather to observe than to train. There is, indeed, a sense of responsibility with respect to those who bring them into the world which is something new and a vast moral improvement, but the children, once here, are hardly supposed amenable to direction or control, except such as they share with all the world, and sometimes not even that.

The deliquescing influence of evolution on the moral grouping of the past is even more conspicuous in national than in family life. The nation may appear a more artificial group than the family. None of the three great races of antiquity, whose influence we sum up under the names of Greece, Rome, and Judæa, were what an Englishman means by a *nation*, and the very fact that he cannot find a suitable term to name his own is an expressive exhibition of its comparative novelty, and, to a certain extent, of its precarious tenure. The sacredness of some sort of political unity is probably the oldest sanctity of civilisation, but the passage from the city of antiquity to the nation of the modern world appears, to many of those whose influence an attempt has here been made to describe, part of a process by which all such limitations as are involved in national existence are to be got rid of altogether. And hence has sprung up a feeling of timidity in dealing with political offences which is almost universal. There is a striking passage in Froude's "History of Henry VIII." contrasting the earlier and later associations of the word *heresy*. Where our ancestors saw the poisonous weed, we (he says) recognise the first green blades that promise harvest. Almost the same thing might to-day be said of the cognate expression *treason*. Any attempt to disturb the existing conditions of society enlists so much sympathy among us that, instead of being itself a crime, as it was to our fathers, it is often regarded as a palliation of every other crime. The nation has come to be too small an object for loyalty almost before it has ceased to be too large a one.

The world of duty, under this new view of things, has lost its landmarks. We may say that it has lost its organisation. It assumes the group; it started from the relations of father and son, husband and wife; it expands to take in civil relation; and deals with man as member of a family, as member of a nation. Not that the survivor of his race or the exile from his country is unclaimed by duty, but the duties of man to man will be all different if we refuse to recognise the duties of a son to a father, of a husband to a wife.

Now this to some extent is what has actually happened. The family in the view of the past was an organism. The moral relations of its different members were almost as definite as the physical relations of the different members of the body. Now there is no conception of anything organic in the life of the family. It is as if we gave up the idea that the heart had anything to do with circulation or the lungs with respiration, and began to inquire whether any one organ might not do the work of any other.

The change which has come over the world, vast as it is, seemed greater a generation ago than it does now. It has here been described as it affected the generation which read, with mature attention, "*The Origin of Species by Natural Selection*," and were led to regard the processes of evolution as adequately described by those words. The transformation takes a rather different aspect for those who look upon it first at a later stage. On the whole, the perplexities of evolution were, for the adherents of a view older than either, the perplexities of Darwinism, and although the converse be not equally true, we need not here take that into account. But as we look backwards we see that what really happened when the *world making* was substituted for the *world made* was less a change of beliefs, though it was largely that, than a vast and legitimate transfer of human attention. I have recalled a remark of George Eliot's bearing on the new importance of physiology in its relation to morals. I should like to add a similar reminiscence which few readers, I imagine, will consider too trivial to repeat here. She told me once that, before beginning a new story, she made a study of many circumstances which few would think of connecting with the acts and characters of her fictitious creations, and she laughed as if she were quizzing herself as she added, "even the physical geography of the country where the scene is laid." She might at that moment have been one of her own critics lamenting the over scientific and almost pedantic colouring of her later work. The minute attention to outward scenery which these words imply does not of itself bear on the right or wrong of any action, but this sense of a physical background, always present to imagination, gives moral reflection a new keynote. The *influence of the environment* has in our time taken a wholly new importance and scope; the philanthropist, the legislator and the judge have all been obliged to study anew the scenery of life, and the importance of that which is in no sense scenery has been, in proportion, inevitably diminished. Men have been transported to a world where everything tends to shut out the meaning of the word *ought*. An interesting account of that journey of Buckle's in the East which ended his life, given by his companion, mentions his exclaiming, after meeting with some instance of ignorance and indifference to knowledge, "I think I hate that state of mind worse than crime." Perhaps he

apoke more truly than he knew. There is an inherent antagonism—prophetic, like many other antagonisms, of a close union—between a disinterested search for truth, and that spirit which groups mankind in the family and the nation. They are separated by an inverted attitude to that principle which we know as faith. The moral world is the world of faith. The scientific world is the world of verification. If a husband begin to make experiments on the fidelity of a wife, their union is at an end. If a chemist refuse to make experiments on the truth of a theory, his science is at an end. Where one kind of activity begins the other must end. We cannot regard at any moment with equal attention what ought to be and what is; it is impossible, while we are seeking to catalogue the contents of existence, to observe any other connection than that of cause and effect. Hence the scientific antagonism of true and false withdraws attention from the moral antagonism which it so closely resembles, of right and wrong, and substitutes another focus which spoils the eye for the first.

But the influence of evolution, we are beginning to see, has been to light up the meaning of faith no less than to expand the scope of knowledge. While the whole world lived, speaking broadly, under the influence of religion there was no need to inquire how much human duty rested on the principle of faith, because the very root of human duty was fixed there. Under a scientific régime many have awakened to the discovery that faith is no merely theological virtue, but the basis of all true human relation. Who does not feel Imogen's ready admission of Iachimo's plea for pardon—that his attempted seduction was an experiment authorised by her husband—a blot on the delineation of her wifely devotion? The true wife, we feel, would disbelieve the plea, or receive it with anguish, in which love must perish. Yet, what does one human being mean when he, or she, says to another, "You ought to have trusted me"? Surely not, "You ought to have thought me infallible." There is no one capable of any real love, anything more than a mere fondness for his own belongings, who is not sometimes forced to realise that trust is a duty, because, as exercised towards finite beings, it is a *creative* act. Any approach to that state of mind on scientific ground (and it is a state of mind not so impossible as it seems) is the only deadly crime that science knows. To say "I will not doubt" is, on the one ground, the beginning of life; on the other, the beginning of death. It is impossible that the one state of mind should be suddenly stimulated without a pause in the activity of the other. The correlation of forces is one of those vast truths which hold good in the spiritual as well as in the physical universe. The sudden quickening of thought is the partial deadening of feeling. We see it on the ground of history; such eras as the Renaissance show its meaning on a large scale; we feel it also as a simple truth of individual experience. How many have plunged into some intel-

lectual work to deaden mental anguish, or, again, have felt it the bitterest result of mental anguish that it rendered intellectual work impossible. Men who give their lives to intellectual work are about as much removed from animal temptations as from spiritual aspirations. To lead thought is to be occupied with interests which shut out both. But the leaders of thought are also arbiters of legitimate desire, and when the old restraints are removed it is not interest in science which will everywhere replace reverence for a conventional standard. The pleasure of experiment may mingle with other pleasures, but will not among the many suffice to bridle and supplant them. Buckle's remark was the expression of a person probably himself incapable of crime. But it was the utterance of a feeling that might very well increase crime. And some discernment of this important truth, I doubt not, animated the opposition which met and embittered the triumph of evolution.

The remark that some moral disturbance is the price paid for every sudden intellectual advance may seem rather a truism than a paradox, although it be often neglected. But more has been urged here than that the ideas of evolution have been perturbing to the morality of our time; certain moral changes—disastrous changes, if the traditional view of Christendom be any test of moral disaster—have been traced to certain intellectual ideas—true ideas, if the adherence of all leaders of thought in Christendom be any test of truth. It is not only a deserted standard, but to some extent an inverted standard, which an attempt has been made to connect with new truth. The endeavour seems, at first sight, to confuse all that we have believed most firmly, both as to the influence of truth and the ground of morals.

The sudden publication of new truth is like the shock of some vast earthquake which should substitute for a tranquil lake the rush of rapid streams in opposite directions. It reveals to men doubts and convictions which it could never create—doubts and convictions which have slumbered in their own hearts, and which the shock awakens to vivid life, but on the existence of which it has no bearing whatever. Is man the one source of volition and purpose in our world, or is he the creature and offspring of volition and purpose? Is his life here the sum of its duration, or its seed-time for a harvest reaped elsewhere? These are questions which have never been unasked, but which half a century ago were asked only in whispers. Our time has heard them both asked and answered fearlessly; the problems they open have been expressed in homely or fashionable language, and discussed, or at least decided, by the ignorant and the thoughtless. The libraries which are filled with the records and speculations of evolutionists contain absolutely no data for answering them. Nothing that is true of the mode of creation can either prove or disprove the existence of a Creator. But half a century ago the proof seemed given in

the mere fact of national adherence and supported by the corroboration derived from all the framework of society. Those who mistook the mere acquiescence in this national assent for faith in God have exchanged that acquiescence, according to their temperament, for vigorous denial, careless neglect, or consistent and careful ignoring; while by some a faith in the nation has been exchanged for the faith of the nation. Which result has been more common in our day it would be an audacious thing to attempt to decide, and perhaps the decision, if it were possible, would not be very important. The battle will not be decided by the numbers of those who at the first shock ranged themselves under the opposed battalions, nor, indeed, by numbers at any time. At first this test was peculiarly misleading. What was swept away was vast, and intricately woven in with the web of moral convictions; what was substituted seemed inadequate to fill the chasm, and at the same time had much that tended to widen it. For it cannot be denied that the doctrine of Natural Selection is bewildering to the seeker for a moral order. The method of creation, thus explained, is unlike any humane dealings with sentient beings, or, indeed, with any economic principles of dealing even with non-sentient nature. But it is somewhat surprising and very instructive to note the vast moral influence of a doctrine which merely opened men's eyes to the world as they had always known it to be. The doctrine of Creation, in this respect, all in it that was trying to faith, did no more than mirror the facts of creation as we see it around us now, and force upon the unthinking a conviction, long familiar to any one who attended to inexorable fact, that the government of Infinite Wisdom cannot be explained or imitated by finite wisdom; that there are dealings with the human that become devilish the moment they cease to be divine. If a man cannot accept this conviction, then for him Atheism is the only rational creed. But these are the alternatives of experience, obvious and unquestionable. With the difficulties of evolution they have nothing to do.

The difficulty in the way of any Christian acceptance of the idea of evolution—the fact that two millenniums after the Divine took human shape, we live in such a world as we see around us—this difficulty was just as forcible when we thought the creation began on a Sunday, about the time that we now assign to the building of the Pyramids, as it is now. There was just the same recoil from views which emphasised unquestionable fact then as now; it was, indeed, brought forward far more aggressively against Malthus than it ever was against Darwin, that the doctrine which from a different point of view we have known as that of Natural Selection ignored a Creator. That doctrine merely turns up the gas, as it were, on facts which a man must be a lunatic to deny. If Christianity involves that spirit of slumbrous optimism which insists on keeping dark corners in our view of the

world, then assuredly it must perish before the growing light. But already the nightmare dream is past. As in the fine image of Berkeley, the fountain curve of scepticism begins to revert towards its source. It has been already a part of the influence of science—illustrating the truth that the knowledge of contraries is one—to light up the meaning, though it can never affect the grounds, of that which we know as faith.

For it is a poor and timid claim for the beliefs that lie at the basis of all others that they may be *harmonised* with those which seem to contradict them. They must, if they be the reflex of eternal realities, stand to all other beliefs as the gnarled oak roots to the acorn. Whatever be the truth of evolution, it must be a truth concerning that which is deepest in man. And that doctrine, in its most negative aspect, has brought home to every thinker the truth that Christianity, if it be the teaching of a divine being, must have a future. It is strange that it should be necessary for us to take up this idea from a new quarter. But erroneous notions as to this further development and their inevitable renunciation by any one who looks back through the vista of history have caused this anticipatory attitude of faith to be forgotten, and men have been satisfied to look to a distant heaven for all that the words of Christ would lead us to anticipate on this earth. When the stir and rush of new ideas have passed into acquiescence, and the débris of shattered prejudice has been cleared away, it will be seen that if the name Christianity appears unsuitable to the phase of faith embodying this new discernment it will be only because we have associated that name with limitations which oppose themselves to the idea of growth, and force us to take up an attitude towards the past incompatible with that atmosphere of promise which the ideas of evolution spread everywhere around us. But in truth it is only that later form of Christianity which we know as Protestantism to which these ideas are strange. The elder Church embodies an idea of development which it has neither exhibited nor enforced, but in which, latent and confused as it is, perhaps lies no small portion of its mystic charm and its enduring dominion.

At all events, the attitude which averts attention from any new revelation or expansion of spiritual truth finds no warrant in the words of Christ; some of those words contain a warning and protest against such an attitude. Evolution speaks of a progress from the plant to the animal, from the animal towards the human. Christianity speaks of a progress from the human towards the divine. It has often been interpreted as if the approximation between the human and divine were an exceptional event, a vast miracle interpolated in the sequence of history, to which we could only look back with awe and faith, or of which, if we anticipated any recurrence, we must again teach ourselves to believe in something out of harmony with the

natural events of every day. If we could read the New Testament without prejudice we should at least there find nothing of this spirit of limitation. We should indeed recognise that the divine, in its perfect incorporation with humanity, produces results of which its imperfect incorporation in humanity affords neither reminiscence nor prophecy, but a refusal to convert this discernment into a dogma of separation between the divine and human would find clear warrant on the ground of science. Look at a steam-engine rushing by with a weight behind it that an elephant could not cause to stir. Every time the sun shines on water we see a far-off approach to the production of that power by which the weight is moved. But as long as the thing which is heated remains *water* we find no hint of its latent powers. It may be what our sensations would confuse with boiling water and still fail to reveal the mighty agent which has transformed our civilisation. There is a point at which water is saturated with heat; we give it then another name, and it has other properties and other powers. Whether we may say that it is another thing then is a matter of dialect. What is certain is, that wherever we see water there we see possible steam.

Need we draw out the parallel? Are we not conscious, each one of us to whom the word has a meaning, that he has that within him which is divine? Perhaps, in proportion as frail human beings feel this, they are conscious of the limitations and impotence which startle them by their association with what is best in themselves. A noble soul is consumed with pity for our toiling masses. A great impulse of passionate pity goes out towards them, and the result, so far as human eye can see, is either nugatory or disastrous. He would give his life to heal their ills, and after an attempt to mitigate the lot of a single sufferer, he may decide that it would have been better to do nothing. He reads of One whose compassion healed the sick and opened the eyes of the blind. Is it more bewildering to feel omnipotent compassion at once the same and different from impotent compassion, than to contemplate the same difficulty with regard to steam and water?

To one who objects to the association of the ideas of Christianity and evolution, because two millenniums from the birth of Christ have left the world what we see, it might be enough to ask if the difficulty could not be simply retorted on those who believe only in the last. That a thousand years are to the Creator as one day is what the evolutionist must believe as firmly as the Christian. But we might also ask whether the relative strength both of compassion and of justice in the best men of antiquity and of our own day does not justify the impression that man is nearer the divine now than he was then. We cannot thus justify any statement whatever about Christianity, because the debate would always remain on which side was cause and on which effect. What you call Christianity, our opponent might urge, including the

history of its founder, is a mere natural result of a widening humanity. But at least the idea that the development of humanity is towards something higher than itself more harmonises with the ideas of evolution, than does the assumption that man, being once man, there is nothing beyond. What name we should choose to describe those among our descendants who, rising to their true heritage as sons of God, will recognise all the more that they are sons of man we cannot tell, or whether new desires and new faculties will constitute what we have been accustomed to call a new species. We know that Christ has declared that their miracles will exceed His own. We know, on the other hand, that that invasion of some higher influence, which we may trace within the world of nature, and which thus permeates nature itself with what may be called the principle of the supernatural, is a sudden influence in its manifestation, however gradual in its approach. Cold water is as much and as little expansive as hot water; and to one who dwelt on a tropic island cut off from artificial heat, the conversion of water either to a gas or a solid would be all that we mean by a miracle. Here Nature betrays no tendency till she records an achievement. Does not the life which triumphed over death exhibit that truth as dominant in a higher world? With confidence thus fortified by the teaching of science, as well as by a message speaking to a part of our being which science cannot reach, we venture to look not only for a new heaven, but also for a new earth, wherein dwelleth *righteousness*.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

WHAT TO DO IN THE EAST.

PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES'S article* on "Cyprus, Actual and Possible" should not be allowed to pass unnoticed or unregarded. It reveals to our longing eyes the one ray of light and hope that has shone on us wanderers in the darkness for several years. Instinct as his paper is with the eloquence of knowledge and thought and enthusiasm, there is some danger that it may be taken as only the vision of an enthusiast, instead of what it really is—a statement of ideas and plans that are entirely true and perfectly practicable. Being eager to do anything I can to aid in keeping his ideas on this point before the public, and to reiterate them until they may sink into the minds of men and work themselves out into a practical re-organisation of the eastern Mediterranean lands, I venture to add a few supplementary paragraphs, which may perhaps seem to some to be more practical and commonplace in proportion as they are less eloquent and profound.

Why should Asia Minor and Cyprus, the richest countries of the world during the early centuries of our era, be now among the poorest? Why should it now be impossible to find enough of coined money to change a *medjidié* (worth 3s. 4d.), or even a quarter *medjidié*, in a large village, where the "written stones" of the third century record long subscription lists, in which scores of donors give their thousands of *denarii*?

By an accidental coincidence, Professor Geddes and I have almost simultaneously been describing the causes of this change from wealth to penury, and he at least has gone a long way to show where lies the cure. He has been to Cyprus and studied the question on the spot; I have been revivifying the impressions of twelve years' wanderings in

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June 1897, p. 892 *ff.*

Anatolia. He has been studying the question mainly from the point of the economist and naturalist and agriculturist; I have been most interested in the social aspect of the question. But our experiences and our ideas are in perfect harmony; and each makes the other more intelligible. There has been a change in the character both of the people and of the land; but the causes are to a considerable extent determinable, and, with time and knowledge and patience, curable.

The Turkish conquest of Asia Minor, as I have elsewhere pointed out, was achieved, not through victories in battle, but through a long process of sapping and destroying the social fabric created by Roman laws and government. The Turks triumphed by breaking up intercourse and trade, destroying industries and manufactures, and flooding the land with a sea of wandering tribes, so that the soil passed out of cultivation, the population decreased, and all sources of wealth shrank—in short, by bringing about the nomadisation of Asia Minor. To restore prosperity to the country there is only one way—viz., to revivify the industry of the country, to recreate its trade, agriculture, and manufactures, to set the people in the way of making their own wealth by intelligently using the resources of the soil.

Again, Professor Geddes has rightly seen that the old creative spirit and industrial power of the people are not dead, but only sleeping, ready to waken into full vigour at the educating kiss of peace. He has the eye to see "the old Turkish spirit that lives in the strong, silent faces at the mosque, the Hellenic spirit that sparkles from the children's eyes." Similarly, I have, in a humble way, attempted to describe the strong qualities of Turks and Greeks, qualities totally different, but mutually complementary and necessary all together in a strong and complete nation; and we have both been urging the principle that in amalgamation, not in separation, nor in the destruction of either, lies the true path of progress. He has also observed, what was unknown to me from want of the eye for agricultural facts, that the Armenians possess an agricultural tradition and aptitude, and sometimes also training of a scientific character, even from the Western point of view.

Further, he has noticed the signs of artistic power among the Greeks of Cyprus, and detected in them the embryo of the architect and the potter, wanting only opportunity to spring once more into growth and creative energy. All who go among the real Greek people, as distinguished from the idle crowd that throngs the *cafés* of Athens from morning to night, and observe with eyes that are not either superficial or blinded by prejudice, will agree with him, and will bring forth many facts from their experience to support him. The skill of the Greeks at the present day as water-engineers is one of the few relics of ancient knowledge that remain in Turkey, as is

pointed out sufficiently elsewhere.* An English friend, to whom I was much indebted until his death, who, entering Turkey as a stranger, had been mainly instrumental in creating one of the largest industries in Turkey, the trade in liquorice-root, and who in doing so acquired great experience of the Greek population of the *Ægean* coast of *Anatolia*,† used often to praise their natural gifts as architects and skilled handicraftsmen. He pointed out, what I have often observed in practice, that they will make, in good serviceable style, from a model, or even from a verbal description, many articles of ornament or use which Europeans want in their household or camp equipment, from a bath or a camp-bed to a well-planned mansion. They are capable of doing almost anything that native quickness, ingenuity, and adaptability can be reasonably expected to accomplish without special and high training. In the pottery at the *Dardanelles*, at the town called from it *Tchanak Kalessi*, we purchased a number of articles of coarse ware, which show the persistence of many old types familiar to every one that has seen early Cypriote ware, and prove (what other reasons had made me believe) that the ceramic art of *Cyprus* stands in the closest relation with similar art on the mainland. The visitor to this pottery will recognise, even in the rude ware that is now produced, traces of the old potters' skill, needing only opportunity to revive again.

Further, Professor *Geddes* has been studying more especially the change in the soil of *Cyprus*, which has been going on concurrently with the change in the social and industrial conditions of the people; and his remarks are perfectly applicable, with some slight modifications, to the neighbouring *Asia Minor*. In those lands the prosperity of agriculture is entirely dependent on the water supply; give water, and you have a garden; deny water, and you have a wilderness. The soil is everywhere fertile; but in many places the agriculturist must provide the water, for Nature has not supplied it; or, rather, Nature supplies the water in the wrong place, and the agriculturist must direct and guide its course into the vivifying channels. That was done in ancient times, with the result that great part of *Asia Minor* was a land proverbial and inexhaustible in its fertility and wealth. The water has ceased to be guided in the proper ways, and most of the country is uncultivated; so that the most valuable product in great stretches even of the fabulously rich *Mæander* valley is a weed growing wild—the liquorice—whose roots are collected by the peasantry, and the soil again left to lie waste. But it is easy to bring the water again into the useful channels, and to restore the old fertility to vast tracts of country, provided that certain conditions are fulfilled. There must, first of all, be safety for the life and person and family of the agriculturists; next, there must be peace, and order, and a fair, stated,

* "Impressions of Turkey," p. 76.

† Mr. A. O. Clarke.

calculable amount of taxation, levied in a reasonable way; * thirdly, there must be security that the earnings of the agriculturist and the artisan shall remain his own property, to use freely for the benefit of his family. With these conditions fulfilled, all the other difficulties will rapidly disappear—religious hatred will cease to be a serious trouble, and the various religions will readily find a satisfactory mutual adjustment, as they always do in Turkey when public order is sternly insisted on. Then education will grow of itself; and the aptitude of the Greeks for the higher kinds of skilled labour, with the agricultural endowment of the Armenians, will rapidly discover and put into practice the best methods of applying the fertilising water to the fertile earth.

The want of judgment in the introduction of improvements, of which Professor Geddes complains, is a fact that has struck every attentive observer. Many schemes are dreamed of, or even attempted, on too big a scale, and end in dismal failure. I have known of several cases in which landowners (not Turks, of course), eager to adopt the methods of civilisation, introduced steam machinery for agricultural purposes. One gentleman told me, in 1881, of his experiences with a steam ploughing apparatus (if I recollect rightly), which no one would work, and, when injured, no one could mend. Steam threshing machines have been tried, but the straw which they produced was useless in Turkey, for the horses would not or could not eat it. Now the staple food of horses is the chopped straw from the old-fashioned threshing floors, where the passage of the sharp flints innumerable times over the straw cuts it up into very minute fragments; and this fine residuum is preserved in pits through the winter, and served out daily to the horses, whose routine of life is a month or two at grass in the springtime, and ten or eleven months on chopped straw through the rest of the year, with a little barley added to it when hard work is required. A pack-horse is fed in this way on the journey; but, when it is stabled in a khan during the interval between journeys, it seems to get only chopped straw. Even on the journey the practice is to make up the horse's bag with a lot of chopped straw on the top, so that he may half fill himself therewith before he gets down to the barley; for it is considered to be bad for him to eat barley on an empty stomach. Accordingly, when the chopped straw was no longer produced by the threshing machines, the whole economy of farming was thrown out of order, and the machines had to be discarded.

Similarly, in road-making, there has been a vast amount of work and of money wasted in Asia Minor on the construction of brand-new

* The tithes must be estimated at present while the crops are standing. The official valuator is often so late in making his estimate that the crop is half ruined before it can be cut; and there is a fruitful field open for bribery to induce him to come in time to make the valuation.

roads. I do not refer to the amount embezzled by officials (which is, doubtless, considerable, though the employment of forced labour cuts off many fine opportunities), but to the amount actually sunk in road-work. The broad roads constructed in the modern style are not required for the traffic of the country. Moreover, the surface of the new road is not suitable for the feet of the animals, which carry all goods, for the small loose stones annoy them. Hence the muleteers prefer the old narrow tracks, which are better adapted to the animal's feet.

These faults prevent the roads from being so useful, even if their construction is finished; but, as a general rule, they are only half or less than half made, in the way described in my "Impressions of Turkey," p. 69. In any case, no provision is made for keeping the road, such as it is, in repair; the parts of the half-built road, and the entirely built road, alike are left to the influences of Nature. I have sometimes marked, in successive years, the way in which the rains gradually wash away a new road that has been constructed with much toil along the side of a steep declivity.

In the special department of irrigation, I remember an example of the useless grand schemes which are occasionally projected. Fifteen years ago, the Pasha of Konia, Ingleez Said, the most capable, enlightened and honest of Turks,* who had been educated at Woolwich, talked of a great cutting to bring the water of a large lake, Soghla-Geul, a distance of about forty-five miles to irrigate the plain of Konia. An engineer had suggested this scheme to him, having found that the lake was at a higher elevation than the plain. So far as I could learn, the following points were left out of account in this scheme. (1) There is a natural channel through which a river at times flows from the lake Soghla-Geul to the plain of Konia. The level of the lake varies greatly; it is reported sometimes to be nearly dry, when the water flows away by an underground channel (*duden*), and swells the stores in the bosom of the earth. At other times the *duden* seems to become closed; the lake increases, and the river flows into the Konia plain; but in my experience it has always been dry, as there is not sufficient difference of level between the lake and the plain (less, I think, than 200 feet). (2) In the plain of Konia there is abundant water in the vast marshy lakes west and north-west of Kara-Dagh to irrigate the whole plain. It is not more water that

* I am under the impression that his honesty and loyalty to the reigning family are responsible more than any other cause for the elevation of Abd-ul-Hamid to the throne; but that belongs to the period before I knew Turkey, and I speak only on hearsay. The story is that Said, who naturally belonged to the reforming party, recoiled from the "thorough" policy of Midhat, declared for the heir by law, the hope and champion of the reactionists, and placed him on the throne. The natural result followed. As soon as the Sultan could safely do so, he rid himself of the inconvenient presence of a member of the reforming party in Constantinople. Said was roused at night by a message that he was to leave on the instant for Angora; and first there, and afterwards at Konia, he spent many years in the honourable exile of a Pashalik.

is needed in the plain, but proper distribution of the water that is there always.

The evil is not that these big schemes are in themselves bad, but that they divert attention from the immediately important schemes. In Anatolia, as Professor Geddes finds in Cyprus, there is rarely any opening for the system of irrigation from a great reservoir; but there are numerous small sources which are still capable of being used, as they must have been in ancient times. There are some great rivers, but several of these flow in cañons so far below the level of the plain, that their water could not be made available by operations on a practicable scale. The valleys of others, as, for example, the lower course of the Mæander, and the valleys of Pamphylia and Cilicia, are naturally so soaked with moisture as to need very little irrigation. These regions are, of course, correspondingly malarious, and must always have been so. The moisture of the soil is the source at once of their fertility and of their malaria. My statement (in "*The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170*," p. 62), that Pamphylia must always have had a depressing and enervating climate, rests on this fact, as well as on the situation of the country on the sea level under the shelter of lofty mountains to the north; and the objection advanced by two critics, that I am not justified in assuming the ancient conditions to have been the same as the modern, does not touch the real facts. The difference between the past and the present is distinctly that in ancient times there was, as a rule, more moisture in the soil than in modern time. Where cultivation is thorough, the worst features of malaria are diminished, but the climate remains relaxing and enervating in most of the coast lands.

The destruction of forests, which has gone on apace, at least in recent centuries, perhaps even longer, is of course responsible for a diminution of the water supply. Forest fires of great extent have occurred within my own experience in Turkey; and residents in the country have often spoken to me of the destructive habits of the Yuruk wanderers among the mountains, who will burn down a fine tree to get one piece of wood, or will light a fire at the base of a tree for cooking purposes and go away leaving the fire smouldering. In the heat of summer such simple causes are sometimes responsible for the loss of great tracts of valuable trees.

But, after diminution is allowed for, there remains the fact that the existing and accessible water-supply is not employed as it might be. The ancient method of conducting water in the most useful lines of distribution must be studied and revived. It can be studied, as it still remains not wholly destroyed in some parts of the country. For example, near Herakleia-Kybistra (Eregli) in the south-western corner of Cappadocia, I have seen an irrigation channel in which flows a body of water three feet deep and five or six feet broad for miles

along the hillside in an easterly direction; but at the present day this magnificent supply is almost unused, and finally goes to waste in forming a marsh. This channel is derived from a fountain-head of great magnitude near Ivriz; but the numerous fountains, some smaller, a few even larger, which abound in all parts of the plateau of Asia Minor, are rarely used for agriculture, and in many cases stagnate in vast marshes. Yet a great amount of skill is shown by the Greek workmen in carrying the smaller springs from their source by underground channels to the ever-running *tcheshme* by which they are delivered to the use of villages, often at a distance of many miles; and the same skill could be readily turned to irrigation purposes on a larger scale (as it is occasionally turned even now on a small scale). The ordinary traveller would never observe how many hill-springs are flowing unseen under his feet to refresh distant villages in a district where no water is visible; but when his attention is once directed to this subject, and he inquires into the origin of the numberless *tcheshme* in the villages, he begins to realise how well even the driest plains are still supplied with water, and he understands that in this water supply lies the secret of the old wealth, and the ready source of future wealth for the country.

Irrigation must be used with judgment; and judgment is not always now applied. The secret of moderation is sometimes not properly understood; and there is no doubt that scientific education in the department of agriculture by irrigation is urgently required, and might produce excellent results.

The same friend whom I have already quoted told me a good example of the accidental and unexpected causes, lying in the customs of the country, which may ruin a scheme excellent in itself. Experiments in irrigation, made on the northern side of the lower Mæander Valley, produced much heavier crops, but these were about a fortnight later in ripening than the lighter unirrigated crops. Now the custom of the country gave the universal right to turn all cattle loose in the fields, as soon as the crop is gathered in; and it was found absolutely impossible, even by fires and a host of guards, to keep the hungry cattle from the crops of the irrigated land. They charged the defences, overthrew the guards, and utterly destroyed the crops. Here is a case in which the existing social customs must be interfered with, before agricultural irrigation can be successful.

Agricultural education, then, is an urgent need, and here is an opening whereby Britain can do something to repair the mischief that has been wrought in the Turkish lands during recent years. An agricultural training college established in Cyprus would prove an incalculable boon to the East, if conducted on sensible lines and not on the principle of despising all operations except those that are on a gigantic scale.

The proper lines must be left to experts to trace, but even the least instructed person can see what a magnificent and beneficent work opens before us in this direction. The educational equipment of the Turkish world* is at present almost confined to American mission schools and colleges, and schools founded by the enterprise of the Greeks. Both are deserving of all praise for what they have achieved in a dark country; but it is indubitable, and probably unavoidable, that the education which they give is too purely intellectual, too much adapted to produce the citizen voter and merchant, and too little directed to the land and to nature and to the relation of man to nature. What they have done is in itself good, but it is not everything.

"'Tis something; nay, 'tis much; but then
Have they themselves what's best for men?"

No one who looks into my "Impressions of Turkey" will accuse me of grudging recognition of the American educational organisation; but they have left a great gap for Britain to fill; and if Britain, after seizing Cyprus in a not too honest fashion, continues to neglect its duty in the development of that once rich island, it will continue to deserve the contempt which it has been earning during recent years. If, on the other hand, it founds and maintains on sensible lines such a scheme of practical education, it will, as it has often done before, bring at last good out of evil.†

There remains, of course, much more to be done in the East. Such a scheme is only the initial step; but its advantage lies in this, that it will put the native races in the way of making the subsequent steps for themselves. We do not need in Turkey elaborate constitutions and codes of rules (such as diplomatists love and believe in) to prescribe to the people what they ought to do in all conceivable situations. All action of that kind has been, and must always be, a failure. What we have to do, what alone is worth doing, is to stimulate into activity the dormant vitality of the population.

W. M. RAMSAY.

* Those who know about Turkish arrangements as they exist on paper, and not in reality, will appeal against me to the system of Turkish education, elementary schools in every *mahalle*, higher schools or *rushdiye*, and colleges or *medresse*. Those who have seen the facts as they are will endorse what I have said here and elsewhere on the subject.

† Incidentally I may quote Prof. Geddes's reference to the west wind on page 897 of his article, as an example of his observation of natural facts. I have talked with many visitors to Cyprus, and read about Cyprus in recent books a good deal; but I do not remember that any of them has mentioned that striking fact of the persistence of the west wind, which plays such an important part in several questions of ancient, and especially Pauline, history (as is elsewhere set forth).

THE REFERENDUM IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

A VERY suggestive discussion took place some years ago as to whether the referendum might advantageously be introduced into England, and no less an authority than Professor Dicey appeared as the champion of the people's vote.* From that time referendum questions have attained a certain importance in England, and we now study the system, not as a mere constitutional curiosity, but as a possibility of the future. It is therefore interesting to find that the referendum has become a question of practical politics in Australasia. No less than five of the Colonial Parliaments were occupied in discussing Referendum Bills during the last parliamentary year. In four of them—New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand—these Bills were government measures, and in Victoria the bill, though introduced by a private member, was supported by the Government, who had appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the question in 1894. None of the bills, however, became law that session, the farthest advanced being that of New South Wales, which was thrown out in the Upper House. There is nevertheless every likelihood of the referendum becoming law in the near future, especially as it is proposed to submit the Australian Federation Act to the popular vote. In South Australia at least it will be no innovation, for an experimental referendum on the education question was actually taken there at the time of the last general election in April 1896, in consequence of a parliamentary resolution. The constitutional interest of the Australasian referendum lies in the fact that it is an attempt to incorporate into a monarchical government of a parliamentary type a highly democratic expedient peculiar to a republican and federal state, and its organisation may therefore prove an object lesson for the mother country. The very term "referendum" is borrowed from Switzerland, and denotes the popular voting on

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April, 1890; the *National Review*, February March and April, 1894.

legislative questions submitted by the Government. It is organised in such a manner that the Swiss people are virtually in the same position as a sovereign in a monarchy. They have the right of vetoing all laws, a right which they frequently exercise. The great fact about the Australian referendum is that it is not an attempt to constitute the people sovereign, but to substitute their assent for that of the Upper House should the Upper House continue to reject a Bill passed by the Lower House. The government bill, which aimed at establishing the system in New South Wales, was entitled "A Bill to provide means of Legislation in case of Disagreement between the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly," while the Victorian Bill went a step farther, and inserted a clause that bills submitted to the referendum, and accepted by the people, should bear the following style: "An Act passed by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly and with the approval of the People of Victoria." All mention of the Legislative Council is omitted. The New Zealand Bill, which was entitled "An Act to refer to the Electors of the Colony certain Motions or Bills for their Decision," had a wider scope, and provided not only for a referendum when the two Houses should disagree, but also that *both* Houses might by a resolution submit *any* motion or bill to the vote of the electors. All the bills provided that when a measure should have twice passed the Lower House and should have been twice rejected by the Upper House, or should have been amended in such a way as to amount to a virtual rejection, or if the other House should fail to pass or reject the bill within a certain time, then it was open to the Lower House to pass a resolution submitting the measure to the referendum. The Governor, on being notified, would publish the law in the official gazette and fix a date for the popular vote to be taken. Thus, provision was made for three debates in the Legislative Assembly before a bill should be submitted to the people—two debates on the bill and a debate on the resolution. In New South Wales, before the resolution could be carried, it had to be supported by an absolute majority of the members on the roll. The New South Wales Bill further provided that at least 100,000 valid votes must be recorded at the polls before the bill could become law. The number was afterwards reduced in committee to 80,000, but the clause is in itself interesting as an expedient to force people to vote.

Copies of the law were to be posted in all court-houses and post-offices and school-houses for at least a fortnight beforehand, and in New South Wales copies of the proposed bill would be given gratis to any applicant. The machinery brought into play in the case of a general election was applied to the referendum. There were the same writs, returning-officers, polling-places, and penalties. The ballot papers were to contain the name of the bill and the words "For" and "Against." The voter, if he wished to support the bill, struck out the

word "Against"; if he wished to veto the bill, he struck out the word "For." Two other curious provisions remain to be noticed. The first is the provision in the New South Wales Bill which provides that, in the event of a referendum and a general election coming together, both should take place on the same day and at the same time. It would seem as if the law must inevitably suffer in this case. At election time a man is not in the frame of mind best calculated to give an impartial judgment and adequately to consider a measure in all its details. People are then divided into distinct parties and as many camps. To vote for a law at the same time as for a representative would probably intensify the feelings of the voters, add to the difficulties of the election, and effectually negative the possibility of any calm, dispassionate judicial opinion on the measure.* This clause has now been omitted in the last New Zealand bill, and it was expressly provided that the referendum should not take place on the same day as a general election or a licensing election. The other curious proviso, contained in the New Zealand Bill, permitted the vote to be taken through the post-offices as an alternative, in which case the postmasters would act as returning-officers. The reason for this is the great saving of expense.

A clause in the New South Wales Bill gave any fifty electors in the same district the right to appeal against the return.

It is generally provided that, if a bill be negatived at the polls, the question shall not be brought up again for three years; the New Zealand Bill, however, adds the qualifying clause, "unless 10,000 citizens should demand it." Should, however, a majority vote for the bill, it is then to be sent to the Governor for his assent, as if it had passed the Upper House in the regular course of events. The referendum in no way affects the Governor's right of *veto* except in New Zealand. There a bill accepted by the people is to become law on a date to be named by the Governor by proclamation. His assent seems to be unnecessary.

The New Zealand Bill further provided that *both* Houses might decide to refer a question to the people, in which case the same procedure was to be followed, but the people were only to be consulted on a general motion or resolution, not on an Act of Parliament. Should the answer be an affirmative one, the duty of at once preparing a bill to give effect to such alteration or proposal devolves upon the Colonial Secretary, and must be brought in within ten days of the opening of the next session of Parliament.

It will be noticed how very different the referendum as proposed in Australia is from the referendum as organised in Switzerland. There the voting is chiefly on a bill that has passed both Houses. Only in

* In Switzerland it is not unusual for an election and a referendum to occur at the same time. Party feeling, however, does not run high, the electors are very quiet—40 per cent. being unopposed and the old member is practically certain of being re-elected.

one case does the law provide for a referendum in case of dispute between the two Houses—*i.e.*, when they disagree as to the necessity for a total revision of the Constitution. This has never yet occurred. All laws affecting the Constitution go to the people at once for their assent or veto. In the case of ordinary federal laws they vote when 30,000 citizens have demanded that it shall be submitted to the people, or when 50,000 citizens have demanded a new law, or a change in the existing law. Thus the Swiss people usually vote on the initiative of a fraction of their number. The movement comes from below, not above. Nothing like this has been proposed in the colonies. The initiative of setting the referendum in motion rests entirely with either the Lower House in case of dispute, or, in New Zealand, with both Houses, should they wish to refer anything. The referendum therefore, depends on the option of Parliament. This form is not unknown in Switzerland. It was tried in the canton of Berne, but it did not work at all. The minority were always demanding an appeal to the popular vote, and the majority would never accede to their request. It has been criticised by a great Swiss constitutional writer, who says that it will only take place when either the Legislature has no doubt of the result, or wishes to shift the responsibility of a grave decision on to the shoulders of the people.

Thus far we have been concerned with the dry details of the organisation of the referendum, and they show us that, though the Australians have gone to Switzerland for their idea, yet the system proposed is quite new and original. The case for and against the referendum has been fought out in lengthy debates in all the Parliaments during several sessions. The arguments brought forward by its supporters have been based on the defects of representative government in general and of the Australian Upper Houses in particular. The great fact they all insist on is, that the Upper House obstructs legislation. In Victoria it was said that the Legislative Council had rejected fifteen bills since 1891, and that a bill to prevent plural voting was rejected three times, and the Legal Professions Amalgamation Bill no less than five times. In New South Wales it was said that the Mining Bill had been hanging on for twenty years. The only remedy for this sort of thing was either a general election or the tacking of money bills on to ordinary bills. The tacking process, it seems, had been tried in Victoria without success in 1865. A new tariff was proposed which involved protection. The other House held Free Trade views, so the tariff was tacked on to the Appropriation Bill, which was thrown out in consequence. Thereupon the Government had to levy taxes on the mere resolution of the Legislative Assembly; they had to make arrangements with the various banking houses, and the Government had to furnish the salaries to public servants without the necessary authority. A dissolution returned a majority in favour of protection. The Upper House again refused to

consider the Appropriation Bill with the tariff tacked on. The Ministry resigned. There was no one to take their places. They were reinstated, gave in, and finally sent up two separate bills.

The same thing happened to the bill for the payment of members. The only other alternative, therefore, was a dissolution and a general election. This penalised the Lower House, but did not affect the Upper House. One member thus expressed it: "They say they do it for the people, but they do not have to go to the people." Once a general election comes on, the supporters of the referendum said, besides the expense and turmoil it entails, the issue is apt to be obscured. Other questions crop up besides the one upon which the Lower House went to the country. People do not distinguish between men and measures. The law is not judged on its intrinsic merit, but is affected by the fact that the candidate is a good sportsman or by the immediate popularity of the Government. The referendum is in every way more direct. It is the common-sense way of obtaining the will of the people when there is a doubt as to what the will of the people really is. Thus the Royal Commission in Victoria report: "The Commission are strongly impressed with the advantages of the referendum. It provides a simple method of obtaining an accurate expression of the popular will on any question."

It was also urged that a general election does not always have the desired effect. The other House has refused bills even when the people have pronounced for them, but the referendum leaves the other House out altogether. It is therefore immediately efficacious and settles the dispute once for all, and deadlocks are averted. It was also urged that the referendum would improve the position of the Upper House, the people would no longer feel that the Second Chamber was needlessly obstructing or was actuated by jealousy or selfish motives. It would, therefore, obtain the confidence of the people. The referendum would also prove a check on the Lower Chamber and a safeguard against over-hasty legislation. It was pointed out that so many disturbing influences affected a bill in the making—the threat of a Ministry to resign, the weariness of the members, the fact that a grant was made to certain localities all influenced its progress, but once introduce the referendum and laws could not be enacted "by an accidental majority, by party logrolling or the mercenary vote of professional politicians."

Thus the arguments were that the referendum is a better method of deciding than a general election, it is more direct, less hard upon the Lower House, finality is attained and a law is judged on its merits.

Another line of argument was directed to a general panegyric of the system of the referendum itself, not as an alternative to a general election. It would have, so it was said, a most educative effect. The people would take a far keener interest in politics if they knew that

questions might come before them; it would engender a feeling of responsibility, promote national unity, prove a safety-valve for political agitation and conduce to the tranquillity of trade and of the colonies generally. It is, moreover, the proper way of recognising the sovereignty of the people.

A great deal was said in the debates about the fitness or unfitness of the people to judge laws of this kind. Those who advocated the referendum declared that if the people were able to choose representatives they could pronounce on laws. There is no danger of over-hasty legislation, they said, for there is always a greater temptation to say No than to say Yes, inasmuch as there are more points to which a voter can raise objections than points to which he will feel inclined to assent. It is so easy to find flaws. The referendum, they pointed out, is not an appeal from knowledge to ignorance. What is the special knowledge of members? The virtue of parliamentary discussion lies in threshing the matter out. Electors are only required to record their approval or disapproval after a matter has been threshed out. A very different talent is required to make an Act of Parliament than to say whether it be good or bad. The people are already practised in such questions. They are accustomed to vote on Local Option, on the imposition of new rates, and on new loans raised by their municipalities. The votings on these subjects are only referendums in miniature. The referendum in Switzerland is quoted, and a deal is made of the fact that in that country it has proved to be a most conservative measure.

The opponents of the referendum maintained that the remedy was worse than the evil. There was a great deal to be said for the system, but its disadvantages outweighed the advantages.

"Every three years,"* one speaker said, "you get the public voice on highly important and leading questions. You therefore do not want a referendum. If you would take a referendum on second-rate questions on the ground that you do not get a vote on them at elections, the expense, the annoyance and the weariness will be so great that the people will beg and implore you to do the business here and not worry them with it. The referendum is only a general election in miniature, and if you increase the frequency of these elections you will weary the people out and render them apathetic and unintelligent. At present only a very small percentage of those entitled, vote at licensing elections, a subject in which they are really interested."

The same tendency, it may be remembered, is very strong in Switzerland, where the abstentions have been so great that the governments of some cantons have been forced to adopt the system of compulsory voting to counteract it.

Another speaker put the case tersely by saying that to engraft the referendum on the parliamentary system was like buying a dog and barking yourself.

* The system is that of triennial Parliaments.

It was also urged that Parliament must, from the nature of things, do its work better than any substitute :

"It is not advisable," one speaker argued, "to take the ultimate power away from a tribunal like Parliament and give it to a tribunal that is not forced to study questions, or to obtain a knowledge of them, or to discuss them. It means legislation without discussion. Expert education and expert advice are very desirable things. The very coming here and being elected is in itself a liberal education. A man cannot gain the confidence of the people without showing that he has studied public questions, and that he possesses a decent and fair amount of elementary knowledge of them. He gains a great deal more knowledge and studies a great deal further by coming here. A tribunal of practical well-informed politicians is a much safer body than the mass outside. They already fix general principles; the representatives should have a free hand as regards details. Many of us, after free and honest discussion, see our way to modify our opinions on certain details, even on important details. That is the use of arguments on both sides. In the referendum you hand the question over to a body that is not compelled by the conditions of its existence to go through all the process of listening and weighing and studying and judging."

It was also pointed out that the referendum would not obviate the evils of the party system as its supporters had urged. The Ministry must resign if the country pronounces against them at the poll on the bill, and if they are in a majority there was nothing for it but a dissolution. Party organisations would be just as active to secure the rejection of a bill as the election of a member.

"Are we to suppose," said an opponent of the referendum, "that if a bill is laid before the country every man will vote upon it entirely without personal considerations and uninfluenced by side issues? If a Liberal Government is beaten on a measure twice, would Conservative electors vote upon it simply upon the merits of the question itself? Would they not be influenced by the fact that it came to them from a Liberal Government, supported by their enemies the Liberals, and opposed by their friends the Conservatives? If men do not vote upon the merits of the question here, why are the people to be so superior?"

In the New South Wales debates it was urged that it would be so ignominious to have to appeal to the country because the Lower House had been twice flouted by the Upper House. To secure the acceptance of the bill it would be necessary to rouse the country from one end to another. Every engine of government, every appeal to passion and democratic feeling would be brought into play to cover with opprobrium the men who had voted against the bill. The consequence would be that you would not get a decent man to sit in the other House.

Several speakers objected to the conservative character of the referendum. They said it was difficult enough under the existing system to get laws passed; fresh checks would only prove an extra burden, and be a great obstacle to progress. A question negatived

by the popular vote would be thrown back indefinitely for years, whereas there was always a chance now of hammering out a compromise with the other House.

Want of time and inclination on the part of the people were also adduced as arguments against the system. It is absurd, one speaker said, to present detailed Bills to the electors, for lawyers are the only people who understand them, and they differ as to the meaning of every clause.

Mr. Shiels, who dissented from the majority in the Commission on the Referendum in Victoria, said in his report:

"I recognise that there are some manifest advantages in the use of the referendum, and approve it as the best means of ascertaining the true opinion of the people on propositions involving grave constitutional changes, the issues of which can be submitted in clear and simple form to the direct Yes or No of the electors. For settling other differences between the Houses of Parliament on complicated matters of general legislation I prefer a dissolution of both Houses. This method is in harmony with representative government, and gives no advantage to the voters of cities and towns against the country electors, who cannot so easily and conveniently record their suffrage."

It is a curious fact that the expensiveness of the referendum, which is so marked a feature of the popular vote in Switzerland, has only been dwelt on in the New Zealand Parliament. A far more serious objection, however, urged in both New South Wales and New Zealand, was the nomadic character of the population. No less than between forty and fifty thousand who had voted in New South Wales in 1894 were disfranchised in 1895 because they had changed their residence. It is impossible that mere birds of passage and raw immigrants can have any permanent interest in laws or understand the legislative situation.

There is, therefore, a great deal to be said both for and against the popular veto, and many of the arguments of the colonial statesmen are applicable to and have a direct bearing on the referendum question in England. One cannot, however, conclude an account of the referendum question in the Antipodes without describing the education referendum in South Australia which decided the question of religious instruction in schools and the State grants to denominational schools. Under the system which was then put on its trial all education was compulsory and, in the State schools, free. No grants were made to denominational schools for the results achieved by them in secular matters. In the State schools Bible reading and distinctly religious instruction by the teachers were not allowed during school hours; but "moral lessons" were prescribed, and the reading lessons were "permeated with unsectarian Christian teaching." Before 9.30 A.M. the teacher might read the Bible to any scholars whose parents should choose to send them, but attendance was not compulsory. This system seemed

to be most unpopular, judging by the number of petitions against it which Parliament received every session, and many and fruitless were the discussions which took place on the subject within the House itself. Finally, by a resolution of the Lower House in September 1895, it was decided to refer the matter to the people at the next general election in April 1896. The electors were furnished with ballot papers on which the three following questions were printed, and these papers were handed in at the same time as the elector voted for his representative. The questions were:

1. Do you favour a continuance of the present system of education?

2. Do you favour the introduction of scriptural instruction in State schools during school hours?

3. Do you favour the payment of a capitation grant to denominational schools for secular results?

The electors could either answer Yes or No or leave the space blank. This means of getting at the opinion of the country relieved the candidates considerably. There was no need for them to pledge themselves, since the electors had the matter in their own hands. It also gave the people a better chance of choosing able men in spite of their attitude on the schools question, because their attitude was no longer of much importance.

It must be remembered that this voting did not take place in consequence of any Act of Parliament. It was merely a method of getting at the opinion of the country apart from the numerous complications and measures which determine the result of a general election. But the result was by no means necessarily final, only instructive for the legislators. There was, however, no doubt but that they would shape their course accordingly. The occasion was all the more interesting since it was the first time that women had voted under the Adult Suffrage Act, and the religious question was one on which women might be supposed to have very strong opinions, or to reflect very strongly the opinions of their spiritual advisers.

The result of the vote was a conservative one. The existing system was supported by a majority of about 34,000 out of 90,000 voting; 21,000 of these were silent on the subject altogether. The scriptural instruction during school hours obtained 19,299 votes for and 34,951 against. There was, in fact, a majority against it in every district; 36,603 votes were silent on this point. The State grant was negatived by a majority of over 28,000. Thus, by their vote on the three questions, the people showed conclusively that they wished for no change in their educational system, and the general result of the referendum was to clear the air. It is interesting to note that the women must have been comparatively uninfluenced by their spiritual popes. The Wesleyan Conference recommended that

"Yes" should be put to the religious instruction question, so did the Presbyterian Association and the Anglican Conference. The Roman Catholic Archbishop wished for an affirmative answer to the scriptural instruction question if there were also a grant to denominational schools. Thus practically all the great sects were in favour of "Yes" to the second question. 39,312 women voted—*i.e.*, 66 to 68 per cent. of the registered female voters, but the religious instruction question only obtained 19,000 affirmative votes. Thus, if every person that voted for it had been a woman, still more than half the women must either have been silent or voted on the other side.

The example of South Australia has proved infectious. A Bill was brought in last session in the Victorian Parliament "to provide for the taking of a plébiscite of the electors of the colony" on the question of the Scripture lesson-book to be used in State schools, whether it should be "The National Scripture Lesson-Book" or not. The Bill did not advance beyond a second reading. It is, however, comparatively easy to refer such questions in new colonies like South Australia and Victoria. There are no powerful century-old corporations or generations of vested interests to be considered or to complicate matters. The people were not consulted for or against an Act, but merely on a question of principle, which simplifies matters for them. On the other hand, it makes strongly in favour of the *status quo*. The people know what they have got, and they are not quite sure to what they are pledging themselves. They might dislike the next system more than the existing one. They do not know what it will be, only that it will embody certain principles. They, therefore, give the present system the benefit of the doubt. This attitude is characteristic of the mass of electors on referendum questions generally, whether in Switzerland or Australia.

To sum up. The referendum is to be introduced into the Australian parliamentary system to settle questions of dispute between the two Houses. The people are not to be the supreme legislators, but arbiters. The possibility of a referendum on non-disputed questions is considered in New Zealand, but in that case it is not proposed to refer a law to the people but a resolution couched in general terms, and the reply is in the nature of a mandate to the representatives. The referendum in South Australia is interesting from the fact that it was used to solve questions which are pressing for solution here in England to-day. Competent writers on the Swiss referendum have always been very dubious as to the result of the system when transplanted.* For my own part, I do not think it will be often resorted to, should it become law, and I also think that it would probably

* See Lowell, "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe." Vol. II. Longmans. 1896. Also an article by Mr. Numa Droz in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March 1895.

contribute to the prestige of the Upper House. The referendum is apt to prove a very conservative agent. Swiss experience has proved that the people are invariably opposed to anything of a far-reaching or radical nature. The result would, therefore, probably be the victory of the Upper House over the Lower. At all events, the Australian referendum is highly interesting as an attempt by five of the great colonies in the Antipodes to solve the question of the Upper House by substituting the popular vote for the Second Chamber.

LILIAN TOMN.

THE ORLÉANS PRETENDERS.

HALF a century, all but a few months, ago, Louis Philippe fled from Paris, never to enter it again (February 24, 1848). A little less than a decade before that, a grandson had been born to him (August 24, 1838), whose father was the most popular prince that ever saw the light in France since the founder of the Bourbon dynasty lay in his cradle at Pau. Four years after the birth of this son, the father broke his spine in a carriage accident at Neuilly (July 13, 1842), "shattered a diadem on a curb-stone, because the postilion had not his cattle well in hand," as Alfred de Musset put it. From that moment, the future of Constitutional Monarchy and the hopes of the Constitutional Monarchists in France became practically centred in this orphan boy, for his grandsire was close upon seventy, and, though hale and hearty, could not be expected to live much longer. He lived, however, long enough to see his throne overthrown, to taste the bitterness of exile as an epilogue to his reign, just as he had tasted it as a prologue to it. He lived long enough to witness from afar the first act of a drama of usurpation—a drama which was to differ from his own by a greater degree of lawlessness, daring, and also grandeur.

"Shattered a diadem on a curb-stone." There is no reason to suppose that Musset intended to be prophetic. Truly, he must have felt that the Crown of France would have rested more securely on the head of the son than on that of the father, who had now and again remarked that it was not so comfortable for utilitarian purposes as a nice beaver hat; but the poet could not foresee that the shattered diadem would not be picked up and pieced together by the uncles of the orphan lad, of whom there were four, on the day Louis Philippe converted what might have been a dignified fall into a flight—not to

use the word "fitting"—which, to say the least, was not consistent with the dignity of a king. I have no fear of being contradicted on this point; but, in order to show that I am not judging harshly, I may be permitted to give one incident connected with this "too hurried departure." When, on September 4, 1870, Empress Eugénie made her way surreptitiously out of the Tuileries, she, at any rate, took the precaution to provide herself with some money; she sent for change for a 100-franc note. Louis Philippe was so anxious to go, that he left without a penny upon him, he who knew the value of money so well. His wife was equally unprovided, and it was only when they were on their road that the awkward position was discovered by Madame de Dolomieu, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting. She herself was in the same predicament; she subsequently confided to a friend that the "hurry-scurry" was so great as to prevent her thinking about anything. She managed, however, to borrow 60 francs from M. Savalette, an erstwhile mud and dust contractor, one of the mounted troopers of the National Guard, a detachment of which was escorting the royal carriages.

Was it physical fear that caused the stampede of the aged sovereign and his consort? We doubt it. A man who begins his life by performing deeds of valour such as Louis Philippe performed at Valmy and Jemappes is not likely to turn coward in his latter days. Was it want of courage which prevented all but one of Louis Philippe's sons from attempting to strike a blow for the preservation of their father's and their nephew's throne? Doubt, which would be a gratuitous insult to the memory of the dead in the one case, would be a contemptible blunder in the other, for history, whether ancient or modern, has recorded no more conspicuous instances of bravery than those that stand to the credit respectively of the Ducs de Nemours and d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville. If their youngest brother, the Duc de Montpensier, shone less brilliantly in that respect, it was simply because fewer chances of distinguishing himself fell to his lot. It will not do to attach too much importance to compliments conveyed in after-dinner speeches, but it may safely be asserted that no truer sentence ever fell from an after-dinner speaker's lips than that of Sir Robert Peel when he toasted Louis Philippe as "that privileged Frenchman, all whose sons are brave, and all whose daughters chaste."

Yet this bravery accomplished nothing, and what, from our point of view, is more curious, did not attempt, except in the case of the Duc de Nemours, to accomplish anything. He was the only one of Louis Philippe's sons to counsel resistance to the last. When the Duchesse d'Orléans, accompanied by her two children, the late Comte de Paris and the present Duc de Chartres, appeared in the courtyard of the Tuileries, after the king, at the instance of Emile de Girardin, had

written, *not merely signed*, his abdication, she found her eldest brother-in-law surrounded by a numerous group of officers. She asked him to accompany her to the Chamber of Deputies, where she intended to make a personal appeal in favour of her son, whom the king in the document just penned by him had designated as his successor. The Duc, who was the least popular of Louis Philippe's children with the Parisians, although in reality, or because, he understood their temper better than any of his brothers or his surviving sisters, foresaw the futility of such a step. He suggested that she and the lad should get on a gun-carriage, pledging himself to drive them to St. Cloud in that way, escorted by a regiment, which would constitute the nucleus of an army of resistance. This was a means which would unquestionably have commended itself to the Duchesse de Berri, the mother of the late Comte de Chambord. The Duchesse d'Orléans, though not less courageous than the Legitimist princess, was of a different temperament; she did not think fit to adopt the plan, but proceeded to the Palais Bourbon, whither the Duc de Nemours, considering that, under all circumstances, his right place was by her side, followed her in a few minutes on what proved to be a fruitless journey. No further proposal was made by him either to stem the tide of the revolution or to ride back upon its crest to the tottering throne which in less than an hour afterwards was both figuratively and literally overthrown and carried off to the Place de la Bastille to be burned there. The Duc de Nemours simply confined himself to protecting his sister-in-law and his nephew from the violence of the mob, in which task he barely succeeded. In less than twenty-four hours he was on his way to England; and, odd to relate, the same train that conveyed him to the French coast took back the future Napoléon III. to within a certain distance of Paris, where Prince Louis had his first and unsuccessful interview with Lamartine.

This was absolutely the whole of the resistance offered by Louis Philippe's eldest living son to a revolution, the origin of which, if carefully analysed, would be found to belong to the domain of burlesque, rather than to that of history proper, seeing that neither the leaders nor the rabble that really led them, knew what they were fighting for, or displayed a single act of ordinary, let alone of extraordinary, daring.

When we come to the Duc de Montpensier's share in the proceedings of the day, the whole affair grows more inexplicable. The filial love which caused Æneas to carry Anchises away on his shoulders from burning Troy is, no doubt, worthy of praise; but the Tuileries was not in flames; there is, moreover, not the faintest proof that Louis Philippe ran the slightest risk of personal danger. Half an hour before he signed his abdication, not contemplated at that moment, he had shown himself amid the 4000 troops—infantry, cavalry, and

the National Guard—with which the Place du Carrousel was lined. There had not been a single directly hostile cry, only a few isolated ones of “Vive la Réforme,” from the National Guard; the regulars, on the contrary, shouted “Vive le Roi.” Had there been the least apprehension of risk, the Duc de Nemours, who, we cannot insist on it too much, was common sense and courage personified, would not have allowed his father to expose himself to it; to say nothing of the objections that would have been raised by the Queen, Louis Philippe's sons-in-law, two of whom were at the Tuileries, his daughter, and his three daughters-in-law, and by the Duc de Montpensier himself. They all concurred in advising the step, and appeared on the balcony to encourage the septuagenarian monarch by their presence. These 4000 troops never budged until a considerable time after the king had left the Tuileries, and although, according to one of their captains, they were more or less demoralised, we may take it that they would not have allowed the mob to invade the Tuileries, even if the latter had been sufficiently numerous to make the attempt, which was not the case; for we must bear in mind that in all such street encounters the populace, unless they are at least four times as many as the soldiery, do not stand much chance, especially if they are unarmed, and consequently unable to check from a distance the wheeling of serried cavalry.

Why, then, did the Duc de Montpensier allow his father to abdicate at the bidding of virtually one man—an honourable and honest man, it is true, for I am not alluding to Thiers, who was in the room at the same time, but to Emile de Girardin? Why did he not give his father a few moments for reflection, instead of telling him, as he did, to write quickly, which recommendation drew from Louis Philippe the reply, “I never wrote more quickly in my life”? Did he feel that the shortest delay would not only ruin the monarch, but also the prospects of the monarchy in France? Was his faith in Girardin's words, which are embodied in the previous sentence, so absolute as all that?

It is difficult to say; but if the hope to save the dynasty for his nephew at the expense of his father weighed with the Duc de Montpensier at that juncture, how, then, shall we explain the conduct of his two elder brothers, the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville? They, though not on the spot, were practically more powerful than those who were, for they had a whole army to do their bidding, and the week or ten days that would have elapsed before they could have reached Paris with it would have made little or no difference in the situation. At any rate, the experiment was worth trying.

The reader need not take my word for it. My principal, but by no means sole authority for what I state is the late General Fleury, whose “Memoirs” have recently appeared. I have not yet read

them; I quote from a different source, equally unimpeachable. The conversation from which I extract this note took place between the Comte Henri d'Ideville and the former Master of the Horse of Napoléon III. about the middle of 1881. I can give the exact date if necessary. There is no occasion for me to insist upon the devotion of the late General Fleury to the Second Empire and to the memory of the Emperor. This devotion, however, did not prevent him from sincerely admiring the great military capacities of the Duc d'Aumale, who is also gone to his last account, and but for whose death, as I shall endeavour to show directly, these pages would not have been written. Fleury also failed to understand the want of action of the Duc d'Aumale and his brother Joinville in this crisis. "I cannot help remembering," he said, "that in 1847 I was within an ace of being appointed aide-de-camp to Mgr. le Duc d'Aumale when he became Governor-General of Algeria. I repeat, the appointment was as good as settled. What a tangled skein is fate! I may be mistaken and too self-confident; nevertheless, I fancy that had I been by the side of the Duc d'Aumale in February 1848, the Prince would not have relinquished his command. In fact, up to this day I fail to explain to myself his departure. Just try to grasp the situation. An army, which was enthusiastically devoted to him body and soul, and only too eager to obey and to follow him, implored him to act. The fleet of his brother, the Prince de Joinville, fully as enthusiastic as the land forces, was there. The only thing these two princes had to do was to ship 10,000 men (the army numbered 80,000) and to set sail with them for Marseilles. In three days they would have brought back their father to the Tuileries in triumph. That attitude of the Duc d'Aumale, that untimely resignation, has always remained an unfathomable mystery to me. That man is indeed an enigma, for to one who has seen him, as I have at La Smalah, where I was close to him, and where he displayed the most extraordinary qualities of daring, determination, and coolness of judgment face to face with danger and death, that flight from Algeria, so 'needlessly constitutional,' must ever appear a senseless and incomprehensible act."

Exactly a third of a century had passed between the event and General Fleury's comments upon it. We are not doing the staunchest and most disinterested friend of Napoléon III. an injustice in suspecting him to have been less moderate both in thought and in speech at the time of the occurrence. Thousands of officers and privates were simply disgusted with this tame submission of a soldier, and a valiant soldier to boot, to the will of the mob, and the civil element was scarcely less dissatisfied. Both the military and the bourgeoisie practically said to the Orléans princes collectively what Rivarol said to Louis XVI. individually, the former using the plural instead of the singular: "Vous n'avez pas voulu être nos rois, nous ne voulons plus

être vos sujets ;" and the subsequent rallying of the army to Louis Napoléon's cause, as well as the instantaneous favour with which he was received by the nation which elected him ten months later as their President, needs no other explanation than this, though, of course, the magic influence of the name of Napoléon must not be overlooked. "Fleury," said General Tallandier, when alluding to Fleury's share in the *coup d'état*, "well, Fleury felt what most of us did, that it was no use fighting for those who would not fight for themselves. That most of us were of that opinion, I could prove to you by a dozen instances. One, however, will do. During the month of February 1848, I commanded the 4th Brigade, which was quartered at the École Militaire. When I learnt the news of Louis Philippe's departure, I sent for the seven colonels under my orders—for there were three regiments of the line, three of cavalry, and a battery of artillery—I proposed to gather up our little army, to take up our position at Passy, and to bring back the king if possible. All but one colonel refused."

One may, therefore, infer that the Duc de Nemours, in suggesting to his sister-in-law that she should place herself on a gun-carriage, had a clearer perception of the possibilities of the situation than his brothers ; or, if not a clearer perception, was, at any rate, prepared to risk a throw for the recovery of his father's throne. Like his ancestor, Henri IV., whom he so curiously resembled in face and figure, he would not have hesitated to lay siege to Paris, and, if necessary, to plunge France into civil war.

The latter part of this sentence sounds very ominous to the majority of Englishmen, and most ominous to those whose worship of Cromwell amounts to idolatry, and whose toleration for the memory of Charles I. is only kept alive by the fact of his not having allowed Cromwell to have it "all his own way" without a struggle. It is no exaggeration to say that the goodwill and respect shown to Louis Philippe and his family during their subsequent stay in England were largely due to our identity of views with theirs as to the heinousness of shedding the blood of one's own countrymen in civil war. Frenchmen, whether educated or not, do not understand these views, and whenever and wherever they advocate them there is a mental reservation in favour of some exceptional cause, said cause being the one to which they happen to adhere.

The instances are numerous ; I need only quote one or two. At the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on July 8, 1870, M. Estancelin exclaimed, "Yes, I grant you that the Duc d'Aumale commanded an army of 80,000 troops ; that he was young, brave, and beloved by his army ; that he could have appealed to it and have made the attempt to raise his father's throne"—(*de relever le trône de son père*), M. Estancelin spoke metaphorically, for he knew that the throne had been carried off to the Place de la Bastille—"but all of a sudden there

uprose a figure before him, it was that of France, his country, his mother. It was perhaps a mistake; but I dare not blame him because of it, for it sprang from a lofty heart, and was inspired by the love of country."

Yet, two months and four days later—that is, on September 4, 1870, this same M. Estancelin, than whom there is no more charming, upright, and honourable man throughout the length and breadth of France—this same M. Estancelin appeals to General Trochu to quell the revolution, and on General Trochu's declining to do so, takes the matter in hand himself—alas, too late. This same M. Estancelin subsequently, during the Republic, suggests to the Duc d'Aumale to draw the sword on behalf of his, the Duc's, nephew; and consequently incurs a rebuke, the particulars of which he himself related during the week following the Duc's recent death.

I am practically certain that long before the episodes just narrated M. Estancelin had become convinced that force, and only armed force, avails in the case of a pretender to the French throne, no matter whether his pretensions are based upon so-called divine, constitutional, or alleged popular right. He was, however, also aware that during the twenty-two years that had gone by since the Orléans princes had failed to seize their opportunity, there had not been a single chance of retrieving their error. Louis Napoléon himself was too great an adept in the art of conspiracy to leave his own tools lying about unprotected. On that July 30, however, M. Estancelin began to have vague forebodings that this opportunity might present itself again shortly, and, while ostensibly taking the Duc d'Aumale's defence for not having plunged France into civil war, he made it pretty plain that he would not counsel similar abstention a second time. He took care, though, not to assign the date of his conversion, and so, in spite of our opinions on the subject, we are constrained to imitate his discretion.

There is no need for such reserve in the case of the Duchesse d'Orléans. She, within a hundred hours of her refusal to adopt the plan of the Duc de Nemours, felt the error of her decision. She would have attempted to retrieve that error there and then but for the vacillation of her followers, the majority of whom seemed to have secured the reversion of Macbeth's "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" and even up to the present day appear to cling with all their might to the inheritance. The story is scarcely known in France, outside France it is virtually unknown. Owing to the rain which fell outside Paris, the Duchess had managed to elude the notice of the inhabitants of Versailles, and on the evening of February 27 she reached Amiens unmolested, whence, on the following morning, she took train for Lille, *en route* to Belgium. She did not travel in an ordinary railway carriage, but in her own, which was fixed on to a

truck. At Lille she had to wait four hours; as a matter of course, she did not think it advisable to show herself, so they brought her the papers to beguile the time. From these she gathered at a glance the real situation in Paris. The National Guard was stupefied at what they had done, and dissatisfied with the proclaiming of the Republic; the *bourgeoisie*, as well as the genuine working classes, were astounded at the ridiculous spectacle already there presented by a Republican Government, which was to be so soon blown down by the mere sound of a name, the history of whose rise embodied in itself everything that was anti-republican. The Duchesse made up her mind at once. "It is evident to me," she said, "that France will have nothing to do with a Republic; that, in fact, she does not want it, and that the events of four days ago were nothing less than a surprise to all parties concerned. It is my duty, as the Prince Royal's mother, to save the country from a handful of agitators, and at the same time to preserve the Crown to my son. General Négrier is in command of the troops quartered here. I will trust to his honour as a soldier, and proceed to the citadel at once with my two sons. From there I will appeal to the country, which I feel absolutely certain will listen to the widow of the Duc d'Orléans."

Thereupon her followers flung themselves at her feet, imploring her to abandon her plan. They reminded her of Louis XVI's flight to Varennes; they conjured up pictures of the Reign of Terror; they pointed to her son, whose life had to be safeguarded at all costs, and not exposed to the risk of imprisonment and torture by a Simon, like that of the ill-fated son of Marie-Antoinette, and when, in spite of all this, the Duchesse d'Orléans persisted in her design, they point-blank refused to follow her. Two hours later, the Duchesse with her two children was on her way to Belgium without having seen General Négrier.

Here virtually ends the prologue to the Comte de Paris's pretendership, for the Prince de Joinville's subsequent pseudo-candidateship for the Presidency of the Second Republic was in reality the opening scene of the play itself, and that opening scene pretty plainly foreshadowed the nature of the whole of the farce. No, it was not a farce; at any rate, not in intent; it was more like one of those pre-Scribean comedies which are all talk and no action. The Prince was literally dragged into it against his will by the Orleanist party, which knew very well, though, that, however successful the election might prove from a numerical point of view, it would not be ratified by the Chamber, which could not stultify the "laws of exile" voted by the Constituent Assembly. Under the circumstances, Louis Philippe and his sons had two courses open to them. They could have repudiated all participation in the manoeuvre of the Orleanist party, or supported it energetically by means of a costly propaganda which, if it had accomplished nothing else, would have freed them to a certain extent

from the charge of "meanness" preferred throughout the duration of the "July Monarchy," and even afterwards against all the members but one of the Orléans family, of which charge no one was more cognisant than the old king himself. The Orléans, however, would neither wade through a river of blood of their own countrymen to the overtoppled throne, nor build a bridge of gold to it. The weight of their money bags chained them to the shore in sight of it. They issued manifestoes; for their stay in England, although it had taught them many things, had not taught them the wisdom of the homely proverb to the effect that "fair words butter no parsnips."

As a consequence, the history of the late Comte de Paris presents that strange anomaly of a pretender who at several moments of his life seemed positively reluctant to be taken at his word, and who at one period deliberately neglected to use the means apparently within his grasp to enforce his claim in the only way a pretender can hope to succeed. I am alluding to the period when the Duc de Chartres commanded a cavalry regiment at Rouen and the Duc d'Aumale was at the head of the 7th Army Corps. I repeat, it is a strange anomaly; not so strange, though, as to defy explanation altogether, provided one applies to it the common sense one would apply to ordinary affairs which only influence a small section of humanity and are therefore not recorded in so-called books of history.

In the ordinary affairs of mankind poverty is accounted as nothing less than a curse, especially by men who have seen better days; in the extraordinary affairs of mankind, termed "history," it is rarely brought forward as a factor by the historians, although they ought to be the last to forget Victor Hugo's epigram, which almost seems to have been coined for their special guidance; "Poverty is a crucible into which fate flings a man whenever society needs a terrible scoundrel or a sublime hero." Louis Philippe had known grinding poverty in his early manhood, it had neither converted him into a magnificent hero nor into anything like a terrible scoundrel, but the dread of its recurrence had crushed out of him all craving for magnificent scoundrelism, which is perhaps heroism gone wrong, as well as for magnificent heroism. A workman who drops sixpence and does not stoop to pick it up is a spendthrift; a prince who stoops to pick up a sovereign incurs the suspicion of being a curmudgeon, and Louis Philippe spent a good deal of his time in picking up, not sovereigns, but sixpences. I have a collection of notes bearing on the subject, absolutely unique in the case of a monarch; and, what was worse for the monarch's reputation, every instance of "tightfistedness" there recorded was known to the French nation at large. "The French only see a skinflint king in me, and nothing else," he said to Halévy, the composer, a few months before his death; and his estimate of French opinion concerning himself was mainly correct.

All but one of Louis Philippe's sons suffered from the same defect, not perhaps to as great a degree as their father, but they suffered from it. The exception shall be dealt with directly. The others could be generous at times and when it suited them; but they were determined that the means of being generous should not be taken from them if they could help it; in one word, they worshipped money. So intense was this worship that it beguiled them into the grave error of tacitly entrusting the guidance of their nephew's dynastic chances to the brother who possessed by far the largest fortune of all, and who therefore, it is no libel to say, had most to lose by an unsuccessful attempt to recover the throne and very little to gain by a successful one. On no other theory can the preponderant position of the late Duc d'Aumale in the Orléans family councils be accounted for; and there is not the least doubt that he occupied this position, both with regard to the members of it, the leaders of the Orleanist party in France, and the outside world in general. The death of the Duc de Montpensier left the journalists outside Spain practically indifferent; the demise of the Duc de Nemours was, except in one or two instances, commented upon in longer or shorter paragraphs; the passing away of the Duc d'Aumale was marked by extensive biographical notices. I myself wrote two of a column each in one night for two London dailies. Yet, in reality, the fourth son of Louis Philippe was in no way distinguished from his two brothers who had recently preceded him to the grave, or from the one who survives. Nemours was as brilliant, though perhaps not as lucky, a soldier as he, and probably a better strategist. Joinville was as brilliant a sailor as the others were soldiers, and Montpensier was a better statesman than either. Had his part been cast on a larger political scene than that of Spain, his capacities would have commanded more general recognition. The Duc d'Aumale's vast wealth enabled him to become a munificent patron of art, and, it is but fair to say, a discerning one, too; he had unquestionably the artistic instinct, like all the children of Queen Marie-Amélie, who had been a conspicuously brilliant pupil of Angelica Kauffmann; but his was, after all, the passive love of art. Two of his brothers and one sister were superior to him in that respect; they produced works which have been pronounced by unbiased judges to be worthy of comparison with the achievements of professionals. The Duc d'Aumale's "*Histoire des Princes de Condé*" was a very respectable piece of literary workmanship; the Prince de Joinville's "*Recollections*" was more than that, and his "*Four Months with the Army of the Potomac*" might have been signed by Edmond About, or any of our very best war correspondents.

We again ask why the Duc d'Aumale was allowed—nay, probably invited—to assume the leadership of the family, to the exclusion of the Duc de Nemours, whom his elder brother, the deceased Duc

d'Orléans, had unmistakably pointed out in his will as the "Councillor in time of need." What had occurred between the making of the will and the time of need foreshadowed therein to cause the recommendation to be disregarded? On the face of it, nothing had occurred to justify this disregard; in fact, something had occurred to prove the soundness of the recommendation—namely, the readiness shown by the Duc de Nemours to strike a blow for the preservation of his nephew's throne, and the "unreadiness" of the Duc d'Aumale to do the same, which "unreadiness" entailed the inactivity of the Prince de Joinville.

Only on the face of it; in reality, the door that gave egress to the Duc d'Orléans's coffin let out at the same time the element of chivalry that, in the course of time, would have lifted the stigma from Louis Philippe's unheroic usurpation. It also readmitted the emissaries of Mammon, whom, during his position as heir to the Crown, the Duc had begun to expel, though not much farther than the outer courts. Had his life been spared he would have fought for his Crown, undeterred by the dread that failure might involve the confiscation of the Orléans property, untouched by the thought that "submission to the will of the people" would avert confiscation. Had it been suggested to him that his brother's enormous estates would go at the same time, he would have bidden his brother and his estates "go hang," for money was the least of his concerns. We must not overlook the fact that he, and he only, would have had the right to speak like that, for he would have been fighting for his own; the others would have only fought for their nephew's succession. And the nephew's succession never seemed sufficiently precious to the uncles to risk their wealth in pursuit, especially after they had the greater part of it, confiscated as it had been by Napoléon III., restored at the latter's fall by the Third Republic, and at the instigation of Thiers. The joy produced by the restitution made them blind to the trap it concealed. The idea of this restitution would have never suggested itself to the Favres and the Gambettas; but Thiers, who was their master in statecraft, as he was in everything else, hit upon it almost as a matter of course. It was Louis Philippe's boast that he knew Thiers thoroughly; but he never knew his Minister so well as the Minister knew the King's sons subsequently; and in this particular instance Thiers had not even to draw upon his imagination to foresee what would happen; he had only to consult his own sensations. Conspiring though he had been for years for the establishment of a Republic of which he should be the president, he, wealthy as he was, would have abandoned the prospect at the offer of a million and three-quarters sterling, and he was perfectly aware that as worshippers of money the Orléans princes had nothing to learn from him. Had there been the slightest doubt in his mind of their acceptance of the

indemnity the offer would not have been made, but there was not, and so their hands became tied once more with golden bonds.

Did the late Comte de Paris ever try to fling off the shackles? Apparently not, at any rate not during the first eight years of the existence of the Third Republic. If he had made the faintest attempt in that direction, the Duc de Broglie would not have had the right to say what he did say when the news of the death of Napoléon III.'s son in Zululand reached Paris: "The Republic is lucky in every way; the Prince Imperial is dead, and the Comte de Paris lives." And let it be remembered that the Duc de Broglie is a staunch friend of the Orléans princes.

The Comte de Paris was not cast in the mould pretenders are cast in. Estimable, worthy, nay, praiseworthy, in every relation of private life, and cultured to a degree, his wooing of France reminded one of a bit of would-be courtship in that admirable story of Vicomte Joseph de Ségur, entitled "*l'Histoire d'une Épingle*." The suitor is a very paragon of virtue, endowed with every sterling quality; the object of his affection is the very reverse. "I have not the time to learn to respect you," she says in answer to his pleading; "it would simplify matters if you could manage to please and to captivate me. We should get along more quickly." In vain does the swain point out his manifold good moral points. "Yes, yes; this is all very well," replies the coquette, "and I am sorry for you, but honesty without grace and unaccompanied by a 'spice of the devil' is only fit for home consumption, for use in the family circle." There was no "spice of the devil" in the Comte de Paris; nevertheless, we have evidence of a series of mild attempts on his part to emancipate himself from the tutelage of his most arbitrary uncle—viz., the Duc d'Aumale. In 1884, the Château d'Eu became, if not the centre of a conspiracy, at any rate the rendezvous of the big-wigs of the Orleanist party. Result: The making of a holograph will by the Duc d'Aumale, bequeathing Chantilly to the nation. The threat of disinheritance is suspended over the nephew, although no one except the family is aware of the fact. As a matter of course, the will can be revoked if the nephew consents to amend his ways. And the nephew becomes amenable once more, though not for long. During the month of May 1886 he breaks loose afresh. The marriage of his eldest daughter with the Duke of Braganza (the present King of Portugal) tempts him to gather around him, this time in large numbers, the most notable of his partisans; but before the uncle can strike, the Third Republic strikes with a decree of expulsion. For a moment pride of race gets the upper hand of the uncle, and especially when it becomes clear that his nephew's sins are going to be visited upon him in the shape he fears most—banishment and confiscation of property. He protests, but the nephew is despoiled nevertheless, for in a couple of months the most mag-

nificent of all his domains is irrevocably alienated and made over to the French nation, with a proviso, however, which shows that he is willing to let bygones be bygones, as far as the Third Republic is concerned, if it will only allow him to return to France. He reserves the use of Chantilly to himself during his lifetime, and verily he has his reward, for shortly after that he is allowed to return to France. The blow has the desired effect upon the Comte de Paris, who henceforth contents himself with manifestoes, forgetting that France is a woman, and that some women are like the Brunhild of the Nibelungen, and must be roughly handled before they will yield their love and, above all, their respect, or if not roughly handled, prefer at any rate "propinquity," not to say juxtaposition "to any number of sonnets." History, after all, repeats itself. "This scapegrace has spoilt everything," said Joseph Bonaparte of his nephew, after the latter's attempt at Strasburg, "this scapegrace has spoilt everything, for now all chance is lost of being re-admitted into France as French citizens." When one bears the name of Bonaparte one does not ask a Bourbon or an Orléans to be admitted as a citizen of France; when one bears the name of Orléans one asks still less of Grévy or his successors; one goes to France and risks what happens.

The Duc d'Orléans has, at any rate, done this once. We may laugh at the attempt; our fathers laughed at Louis Napoléon's "tame eagle" and at his *fiasco* at Strasburg. There was, nevertheless, a "spice of the devil" in both affairs. One day a princess came to see Machiavelli, and complained that whatever her son did was done badly. "It is better to do badly than not to do at all," was the reply. "Men bear a greater resemblance to their time than to their fathers," a German poet has said. Men more often bear a greater resemblance to their grandfathers than even to their time, and I for one shall not be surprised if this turns out to be the case in this young pretender. He has the "spice of the devil" of the eldest son of Louis Philippe in him. There is, from all I can hear, the indifference to money that distinguished his paternal grandfather, though, like him, he objects to be fleeced, whether by men or women. One day, while travelling in Lorraine, the grandfather, then a young man, stopped at the posting-house to have his breakfast. It consisted of a couple of eggs, a few slices of bread, and a cup of coffee. Just before proceeding on his journey, his valet came to tell him that the inn-keeper wanted to charge him 200 fr. for the meal. The Duc merely sent for the Mayor, handed him a note of 1000 fr., gave him the particulars of his bill of fare, and told him to pay Boniface according to the tariff, and to distribute the remainder of the money among the poor. The grandson, while willing to settle generously for a different kind of entertainment, also refused to be fleeced; but I must not

insist upon this, for there is a salutary law of libel in this land. The grandfather hated poring over books and was a very indifferent scholar, which did not prevent his being one of the most charming of men, for he frankly acknowledged his very modest educational attainments, and his inability to remember the epigrams of others. Nor could he condense his thoughts to make epigrams of his own. "I should not like to admit as much to my father, who it appears is a very fine Greek and Latin scholar," he remarked on one occasion. "Yes, he is a fine Greek and Latin scholar, at any rate my brothers Nemours and Aumale say so, and they ought to know, for, notwithstanding the prizes they took, they are also very clever." His interlocutor did not quite understand the paradox contained in the last sentence, so the Duc explained. "I say, 'notwithstanding the prizes they took,' for I took a great many too, and yet for the life of me I could not construe a Greek sentence, and should fare scarcely better with a Latin one. I have had to pay handsomely for my ignorance. I had to invent a secretaryship to the Duchesse for an old schoolfellow. He came upon me all of a sudden with a slip of paper which I wrote while at college, asking him to explain a Greek passage to me. There was no denying it, I had signed it. What is worse, he is supposed to translate, and to reply to, the Duchesse's German correspondence, and as he did not know a single word of Schiller's tongue, when I gave him the appointment I had to pay him and a German tutor to teach him." M. Minpiot, the schoolmaster at Eu, who is probably alive, could tell and, in fact, did tell similar tales of the grandson's dislike of learning. Just as his grandfather brought up Decamps' trousers and boots to save the old *conciierge* the stairs, so Philippe d'Orléans, when an urchin, ran errands for his schoolfellows, the sons of his father's grooms and cooks, played at marbles with them, and rolled in the dust, and was considerably more happy than when placed under the care of M. Fochier and of his successor, M. Laurent. They both concurred, though, that he was a jolly little trump, a "pickle" in one way, but thoroughly good-natured and good-hearted. Philippe d'Orléans did not even pass his matriculation—not an important point, seeing that Louis XIV., according to the Abbé Legendre, could scarcely read or write. Michelet affirms that the handwriting of "Le Roi-Soleil" was simply the writing of Rose, his amanuensis, who managed to imitate the scrawl to perfection.

Enough. The young pretender is delivered from the yoke that weighed so heavily upon his father. He has no longer the fear of being disinherited; his share of the property of the Duc d'Aumale amounts to £40,000 per annum. Was it left because the Duc knew that his grand-nephew would not waste it in vain pretendership, and was this the reason why his other grandnephew, the son of the Duc

de Chartres was cut off without a shilling? Time will show. Prince Henri d'Orléans evidently thinks that *il vaut mieux mourir que pourir*, and I fancy his cousin will not be behindhand. But he must move quickly. The Republic itself may produce a great man, for once more history repeats itself. There is, moreover, that young prince, his cousin, whom I have just mentioned. The younger branch of the Bourbons was sometimes dangerous to the elder; Philippe Egalité had designs upon Louis XVI.'s throne; Philippe Egalité's son took his cousin's throne. The younger branch of the Orléans may prove as dangerous to the elder as the Orléans branch proved to the Bourbons. *Qui sait?*

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

A REMEDY FOR INDIAN FAMINES.

QUOMODO sedet sola civitas plena populo! Not when Pharaoh hardened his heart did Egypt suffer such a series of cruel calamities as has fallen to the lot of India in recent times. The victims spared by famine have been claimed by plague and pestilence, and of those whom even the latter spared many have now perished by an earthquake, the effects of which are as widespread as they are appalling. True it is that human foresight is of no avail against the disasters of an earthquake, and human efforts are but feeble to cope with the ravages of pestilence; but in the case of famine man is not so impotent as not to be able to provide against at least its worst effects by timely measures. Rain may not fall, and crops may wither away, but still there need be no actual starvation if the people are enabled, by the accumulations of former good harvests, to drag on their existence till the tide of adversity turns. It is far more politic to guide the people to acquire a position of self-help in times of scarcity, than to permit them to live from hand to mouth from generation to generation, and to pauperise them by a system of so-called charity at the moment of actual distress. That can only serve to degrade them in their own estimation, and to render them for ever powerless and disinclined to make the slightest effort to improve their lot of hardship and privation.

True it is that of the countless numbers that have already perished in the present famine, and will perish before the grim hand of Death has spent its force, the vast majority are composed of the peasantry of the country, whose average income does not exceed Rs. 27 per annum, even according to the highest official estimate (that of Sir David Barbour, the late financial member of the Indian Government); and true it is that from such slender resources it is not possible to accumulate an extensive reserve against the day of disaster. But Nature

is not always so unmerciful, for if there be years of scarcity in India there are also years of superabundance of harvest, and in such years the Indian peasant is often enabled to lay by some Rs. 10 or Rs. 15 after paying his current expenses.

Under the present system, however, these small reserves are generally filtered away in redeeming the everlasting debts of these peasants to their village *bunniahs*—that curse of modern India—at a rate of interest never less than 75 per cent. per annum, and often as high as 300! Schemes for permanently improving the condition of the Indian peasantry have indeed been often proposed, but have never yet been adopted either by the Government or the financial public, whether because of their impracticability or because the promoters thereof did not venture to suggest the necessary details of their projects, it is impossible to say. It is submitted, however, that the scheme here proposed will be found to be both feasible and simple. It is based entirely on economic considerations, and does not touch the political aspect of the question.

It is proposed to open a bank in every large village in India, *primarily* with the object of constituting a savings bank for its people, and of enabling them to obtain loans of small sums in cases of temporary difficulties—though, in the event of a successful result, its operations may be gradually extended to other financial purposes. Let us suppose that in a large village there are 1000 peasants with sums of Rs. 10 each, which they are willing to deposit in the bank; then the total capital of the bank will be Rs. 10,000.

(1) Now, on this Rs. 10 the depositor will *not be entitled to any interest*, nor will he expect any, as he would otherwise have probably converted it into silver ornaments as a reserve fund—a method which he has learnt to his bitter cost, after the closing of the mints, to be anything but safe.* But no charge will be made for keeping his account, and he will be permitted to withdraw his deposit at any moment *without notice*. His chief advantage, however, will be that

(2) He will be entitled to a loan from the bank at the rate of

* The Indian people have been accustomed from time immemorial to hoard their savings in the form of silver ornaments which require little workmanship, such as bangles, armlets, &c. In times of distress, and *so long as the Mints were open*, as during the famine of 1877, these ornaments were taken to the Mints and reconverted into rupees—either directly, or through the agency of silversmiths at a small commission. In the interim, these ornaments often passed current as *legal tender money*, as both parties to each transaction knew that they could be coined into rupees at pleasure. But in 1893 the Mints were closed, and *without notice to the public*; in consequence the Indians find that what they had hitherto looked upon as practically legal tender money is now no more than a mere commodity. Now, the amount of silver hoards in India is estimated at 1,300,000,000 oz., or at about Rs. 3,500,000,000 *in the form of currency*. Since 1893, however, owing to the divergence between the face value of the rupee and its bullion value, these hoards are worth no more than Rs. 2,558,000,000. Hence the loss to the people of India may be estimated roughly at Rs. 942,000,000. This amount spread over the whole population comes to about Rs. 3½ per head, which is a serious loss at a moment of universal distress, considering that the *annual income* is no more than Rs. 27 per head.

(say) *ten per cent.* per annum on good security—*e.g.*, his stock-in-trade, up to (say) two-thirds of the estimated value thereof—provided that he has had a deposit of not less than Rs. 10 (or any other desirable sum) for a period of not less than (say) six months, even though he has withdrawn it within a time not exceeding (say) one month from the date of his application. The object of the first condition is to encourage deposits, though in exceptional cases advances may be made to non-depositors, but at a higher rate of interest—*e.g.*, *twelve* or *fifteen per cent.*; and the reason for the second reservation is to encourage a spirit of independence, such as in the case of a depositor who withdraws his amount at a moment of difficulty, thinking a loan to be unnecessary, but finds in a short time that he was mistaken in that belief.

Having stated the primary functions of the bank, we have now to consider how the bank is to be maintained.

(1) We have assumed in the given case that the total capital of the bank is Rs. 10,000. Of this amount Rs. 1000 may be held as a reserve (which is a higher percentage of reserve than is usually held in any bank in the world), and Rs. 9000 expended in the small loans to the depositors; and it is assumed that under ordinary conditions the full amount of this *loanable fund* will be necessary and sufficient for advances. Now at 10 per cent. interest this sum will yield a yearly income of Rs. 900, which we presume to be more than sufficient to pay for the working expenses of the bank. The reserve of Rs. 1000 and whatever surplus there remains out of the yearly income (for, a part of the loanable fund may be advanced at a higher rate of interest than 10 per cent., as mentioned above) may be invested in public securities, &c., or *employed for the following purpose.*

(2) As it may happen that the depositors, being entitled to withdraw their amounts without notice, will make a run on the bank at a critical moment when the loanable fund has run short, it is proposed as a safeguard to join together all the reserves of the individual village banks, together with any surplus of income if so desired, to constitute a *central bank* in some convenient place—*e.g.*, Calcutta or Bombay—or if the system be so extensively adopted as to make each Province independent of any other, then in the capital town of that Province. This central bank will be empowered to come to the rescue of such village banks as may require its aid; and to enable it to do so, it will only be permitted to invest such a portion of its capital as is necessary to provide an income for its maintenance—holding the rest as a *central reserve fund*—except in times of great prosperity, when it may invest the residue of what is not immediately required. Such investments are to be made in *marketable securities* only, so that their value may be realised at any moment in the usual manner.

(3) It is, of course, presumed that the difficulties of the village banks will not occur so simultaneously as to embarrass the central bank, for in the majority of cases when there is scarcity in one part of the country there is prosperity in some other. Assuming, however, as an extreme case that the central bank be found unable to cope with the demand upon its resources, it is proposed, as a final safeguard, that the *Government should guarantee its solvency*—of course on the security of its assets—and such a suggestion implies no more than that the Government of India should undertake a responsibility which was undertaken, or attempted to be, by the Home Government in the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

(4) It is further proposed that the officials of the village banks and of the central bank be Government *employés*, or at least under some control of the Government, to inspire confidence in the minds of depositors, if for no other reason.

That such a scheme will produce the most beneficial results is obvious. For, it will free the peasantry of India from the clutches of their money-lenders, who are at least one of the causes of their poverty; it will inspire a greater confidence in the minds of the people in the benevolence of their Government, a confidence which in their opinion is often put to too severe a test, and it will actually give them a stake in the permanence of that Government which they do not possess at present; it will inaugurate a system of banking in India, and, consequently, collect together the scattered and hoarded capital of the country, which alone would be a result of the most stupendous and far-reaching character, for capital is what India needs for the development of her vast natural resources—a development which can only be to the ultimate benefit of England, not merely from an Imperial standpoint, but also from a commercial and economic point of view.

It may finally be suggested that if the Government of India does not see its way to assume the responsibility of this task, there is no obvious reason why such a scheme should not be found a most profitable undertaking for English financiers, especially at a moment when so much capital is lying idle in this country.

A. S. GHOSH.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL OUTLOOK.*

THE duty of reading this paper is one for which I should certainly not have volunteered. But when it was proposed to me by the kindness of the Dean of Ripon, I undertook it with great goodwill. It is one thing to obtrude one's religious reflections on the attention of one's fellow men: it is another, and a more modest one, to welcome an opportunity, when it comes unsought, of bearing testimony to what one believes to be the truth.

The most difficult part of the undertaking is that it involves of necessity a certain amount of egotism. When a man is prepared to set forth his opinions, he must also be prepared to answer the question, expressed or implied—What are the facts, experiences, circumstances, on which your opinions are based? How far have the conditions of your life qualified you to form any opinion on the matter under discussion?

In answering this question, I must begin by saying that, as far as spiritual ancestry and birth are concerned, I am an Evangelical of the Evangelicals; and, whatever modifications may come through thought and study and a widening experience of life, no man who thinks seriously about his past or his future can ever lose, or can ever wish to lose, a profound and reverent love for the form and aspect in which religious truth first presented itself to his mind. In my case, that form, that aspect, are those of the old Evangelical Arminian school; with its terrible earnestness; with its unflinching practicalness; with its Puritanical aloofness from the world; its abiding and consuming sense of personal responsibility; its theoretical acceptance of the doctrine of Free Grace, coloured and clouded and darkened in

* A paper read before the Christian Conference at Sion College, May 21, 1897.

actual life by its incessant brooding on the awful question—*Lord, are they few that be saved?*

I was born and brought up among the spiritual descendants of the men, and the women, who constituted the Clapham Sect, and attended Mr. Drummond's prophetic conferences at Albury; who had seen in the French Revolution, the first Reform Bill, and the first invasion of the cholera in 1831, the unmistakable signs of the great tribulation which is appointed to precede the Second Coming of our Lord; and who went to their graves in deep and utter disappointment because, through lack of faith, they were to share the common lot of Adam's sons instead of remaining alive to meet the Lord in the air. And with such exalted, ecstatic, almost superhuman expectations, I saw coupled the utmost energy in practical works of mercy, the most constant exercise of evangelistic zeal, and a level of saintliness in common, daily, domestic life such as I do not expect again to see realised on earth.

So much, then, for the antecedents and environment which first shaped my spiritual course. But one is a child of one's time. The upheaval which followed the collapse of the Oxford Movement; the searchings of heart which issued from the teaching of Jowett and Colenso; scarcely touched me, certainly did not shake me. Another force had got me in its grasp. While still a very young boy, I was caught by that ritualistic wave which swept across the Church of England in the sixties, and, learning much, I unlearned nothing. At Oxford I was at least sprinkled by the flood-tide of neo-Romanism, and saw my most intimate friends and most constant associates swept down the current, and beckoning me to follow.

That I remained where I was, where I am, where I hope to die, was due to the old evangelical training; to the deep conviction at the very root of my spiritual consciousness that "he that hath the Son hath the life," and that union with Peter cannot be a vital necessity, if union with the Lord of Peter has been secured.

And now, in these more recent years, it has been my privilege to number among my dearest, truest, and most helpful friends, some of the men whose attempts to reconcile the rights of free inquiry with the claims of dogma have conducted so many seekers after truth to very unexpected bournes.

But even this does not exhaust the varieties of my environment. Among my nearest kinsfolk I have not only Evangelicals and Ritualists, but Plymouth Brethren and Quakers: among my private friends, Greeks, Jews, Presbyterians, Irvingites, Orthodox Dissenters of every confession: among political associates, Unitarians, Agnostics, and Freethinkers of every shade. Thus it will be seen that when I am bidden to regard the Ecclesiastical Outlook, I do not contemplate it through the windows of any very narrow or exclusive cloister; but

that, on the contrary, I have at least this one qualification for the task assigned to me, that I have had relations, either of experience or of sympathy, with pretty nearly every form of religious faith which is just now affecting the mind and life of England.

With so much by way of introduction, and with sincere apologies for an inevitable egotism, I now turn to my subject, and I divide it into two parts.

1. The Ecclesiastical Outlook within the Church of England.
2. The Ecclesiastical Outlook beyond its borders.

I.

As far as I can discern the signs of the times, there is, happily, no prospect that any one of the three chief schools of thought, which have so long contended for mastery in the Church of England, will be able to claim a complete and absolute victory. It is a commonplace of superficial observation to remark that the Evangelical school has utterly perished. So it was said, after 1855, that the Peel party had disappeared from politics. True, the party had disappeared, but its principles governed England. Similarly, the Evangelical school, as a separate institution, has practically perished, but the special truth which it was divinely commissioned to proclaim—the truth that “there is none other name under Heaven given to man, in whom and through whom we may receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ”—is now the doctrine of nearly every pulpit in the Church of England; and I have never heard it or seen it set forth with more emphatic clearness than in the sermons and ceremonials of Ritualistic churches, where every word and act is directed towards the one great end of exhibiting Christ crucified before the gaze of perishing sinners.

In quarters where it is assumed that the Evangelical school has come to naught, it is not less confidently asserted that the High Church or Ritualistic school has conquered and possessed the Church of England; and, on the principle of *seignius irritant*, this view has something to say for itself. Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the present age is the development of its æsthetic sense. There can be no blinking this phenomenon. It is seen in every department of public and private life. If we only compare, in this year of Jubilee commemoration, the outward aspect of things—architecture, painting, dress, decoration, and the like—with that which prevailed in 1837, the fact forces itself on our notice. This æsthetic development has naturally and necessarily favoured the revival of external grace and splendour in Divine worship; and in the spiritual realm there has been a corresponding development. The principle of sacramentalism, or symbolism, or mysticism, or whatever we choose

to call it; the principle which sees spiritual truths and forces under outward forms, and recognizes in material beauty the visible vesture of the Divinity; this principle, taught in different ways and connexions by Coleridge and Wordsworth, Keble and Newman, Maurice and Ruskin, has entered into the very heart of English thought and feeling, and has naturally led many of its disciples into harmony with a sacramental theology.

So far, then, the High Church school has triumphed, but its triumph wears a very different aspect from the hard, narrow, exclusive air which it displayed in its period of struggle. Now that its position is assured, it has become more modest, more charitable, more humane. It has learnt the pregnant lesson which Henry Drummond, the Irvingite apostle, used to teach—that “men are generally right in what they affirm, and wrong in what they deny.” It no longer talks of “uncovenanted mercies,” nor deals out damnation to heretics nor even to sinners.

And from within the very precincts of the High Church school itself has issued another growth which is its complement and its corrective. Five-and-thirty years ago, the Liberal school—so called by an arrogant misnomer—loudly boasted that it had won the day, and there were signs in the ecclesiastical sky which made the vaunt seem reasonable. Some high places in the Church and the universities were occupied by men whose hold on the Nicene—let alone the Athanasian—theology seemed, to put it mildly, flaccid. When Dean Stanley died, an amiable and pious Jewess said to me, with tears in her eyes, “For the last fifteen years I have been to the Abbey every Sunday afternoon that the Dean preached, and have never heard a word from him that I could not accept.” Preaching of that type is a thing of the past. The decrease of the Socinian spirit inside the Church of England is one of the most notable—and to me the most encouraging—of its latter-day phenomena.

And yet, just as the Evangelical theology saturated our preaching, and the sacramental theology transfigured the outward aspect of Church and worship, so the Liberal theology has profoundly modified our authoritative exegesis and its relation to other branches of human thought and knowledge.

When the present Bishop of Durham left Harrow for Peterborough, he told the boys whom he had taught that his prayer for them was that they might always have “a firm faith in criticism and a firm faith in God.” And the prayer has certainly been granted, with conspicuous and far-reaching results, in the case of one of those for whom it was uttered—my friend and schoolfellow, Charles Gore. When we compare the theory of inspiration, and the explanation of—say—the six days of creation, which we now hear from preachers of unimpeached orthodoxy, with the doctrines on the same subjects which

were enforced under pain of anathema by Low Churchmen like Lord Shaftesbury or High Churchmen like Dean Burgon, we realize how far we have travelled ; and our guides along the road have been the contributors to "*Lux Mundi*" and those from whom they learned.

I revert, then, to my original contention—that, according to all appearances, no one school of thought will be able at the close of the nineteenth century to claim an absolute victory in the Church of England. All that was best in these three schools will have been effectually blended into a composite whole. The evangelical doctrines of sin, redemption, and free grace will be found to harmonize with those sacramental mysteries of the mediatorial kingdom on which the High Church school has laid peculiar stress, with the more beautiful and more expressive mode of divine worship which we owe to ritualism, and with that free use of reason, reflection and culture which is the special glory of the Liberal school.

Last year some of us were reading a brilliant monograph on Cardinal Manning by an accomplished French publicist, M. Edmond de Pressensé. The book has a peculiar interest, because it enables us to see the Church of England as it presents itself to the view of an intelligent and devout seeker after truth in another quarter of the Christian world. M. de Pressensé is an hereditary Protestant whom the agitations of modern criticism have rudely shaken from his moorings. He sees no place of refuge except the port of Rome, which still he cannot, as yet, persuade himself to enter. It is not from a writer in this position that one would naturally expect a fair appreciation of Anglicanism, and, therefore, we are neither disappointed nor annoyed by our critic's attitude and sentiments. To him the Church of England is an extremely human makeshift, the natural product of our national love of compromise ; halting between the two opinions of Authority and Freedom ; dogmatic, with no ground of reason for its dogmas ; founded on an emphatic negation, and yet resolutely closing its ears to all inquiries which touch the reason for its own existence.

In a passage of singular interest, M. de Pressensé passes from Manning's experience, as he conceives it, to his own, and seems to cry out, almost passionately, for the light and peace of an authenticated faith.

Protestantism, he thinks, is on the eve of a profoundly important crisis. The results of criticism are now placed in the hands of everybody. For some time past one of the ideas upon which the Reformers have based their faith—the plenary inspiration of Scripture—has been rudely shaken. A double process of demolition and reconstruction has been going on, and they have not always kept step. It is easier to pull down than to build up. Protestantism has hitherto lived upon two principles—the authority of the Scriptures, and justification by faith.

They are in intimate relation. They affirm (1) that each soul may receive, directly and personally, the light that it needs in order to understand the message of God in the documents of the history of redemption; (2) that each soul may receive salvation by direct and immediate contact with the Saviour. Hitherto the simplest person might take his Bible and turn its pages, and its every word spoke as the voice of God. Now he must begin by asking, Is this passage authentic? Is this word the Master's own, or a gloss of John's? Amid the perplexities of faith which are thus forced upon the pious soul, men cry aloud for authoritative guidance, and to M. de Pressensé it seems the most obvious thing in the world to seek that guidance where it has always been found—upon the throne of Peter.

But Anglicans prefer another solution. They remain in the Church of England because they believe that it is God's will that they shall so remain. He placed them there by birth, baptism and education, and He has shown them hitherto no reason for being dissatisfied with His appointment. Believing themselves, as baptized Christians, to be inside the Catholic Church, and holding fast to the Catholic creeds, they can look without alarm on textual research and literary criticism. They know that even if—with reverence be it spoken—every book of the New Testament were proved unauthentic, they would still have the Catholic tradition, which sufficed for Christians before the canon was completed—the fundamental dogmas that Christ is God; that He died for us and rose again; that He founded a Church, a ministry, and Sacraments, to be the eternal witness to His work, and the unfailing means of union with Himself. All this Anglicans have in the Church of England; they could not have it more perfectly at Rome; and here they have as well a Church which, holding and teaching the Catholic tradition, refers it at every point, for correction or for confirmation, to those lively oracles of the written Word which the advance of scientific criticism has only made more intelligible and more helpful to the inquiring soul.

II.

I now approach the second part of my subject—the Ecclesiastical Outlook beyond the borders of the Church of England; and it is obvious that, in the time at my disposal, so large a subject can only be sketched in the barest outline.

I will begin by reiterating some opinions which I published a year ago, when my friend Lord Halifax was negotiating with Rome. They drew down on me at the time the censure of some people whom I highly respect; and we will now see how far events have confirmed them.

In July 1896 I wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* :

"If by Unity is meant Reunion, I neither expect nor desire it. But Lord Halifax and his friends seem to see another chance of Unity in a form which would involve no compromising declarations by us. In plain words, they think it conceivable that the Pope may recognise the validity of English Orders, and all that such validity implies. Recognition, then, rather than Reunion, is their immediate object. Now, Lord Halifax, having discussed the matter in confidential conversations with the Pope and other high Roman authorities, is much better able than I am to judge of the likelihood of this recognition; but, for my own part, I do not believe in it. We know that human nature is very strong even in Cardinals; it is part of human nature to dislike being proved in the wrong; and this would be most conspicuously the case with the Anglo-Roman body if Anglican Orders were pronounced valid. My own belief, therefore, is that whatever may be the Pope's own sympathies, the Roman authorities in England will fight tooth and nail against recognition, and will prevail. We have learned from Cardinal Manning's Life that diplomacy and intrigue are not unknown at the Vatican, and that Infallibility is often subjected to a little judicious wire-pulling in order to make its decisions conform with the prepossessions of its environment. We must wait and see."

We have waited and seen.

After a year's experience and reflection I say again, as I said last summer, that if by unity is meant organic union under a human head, I neither expect it nor desire it.

Nay, more. Unity in that sense does not seem to me to be the unity for which our Lord prayed. Natural reverence shrinks from pressing the analogy contained in His Divine Prayer. And yet there is food for profound reflection in its terms—"That they may be one, even as We are One." The Divine Unity has been manifested to man in the Three Holy Persons. A real and essential unity of believers, manifested under the forms of external distinctness, may be the analogous unity which our Lord desires. And after all, we must remember that He promised, not "one fold," but "one flock," under one Shepherd, even Himself.

But, leaving this high and sacred ground, which indeed can hardly be trodden without irreverence, and turning from what may be divinely ideal to what seems humanly probable, I say again that I see no signs which lead me to believe that Christendom is going to be visibly and organically re-united. Rome, it is quite obvious, means to bate no jot or tittle of her claims. The churches of the East are at least as firmly rooted in opposition to those claims. The Protestant bodies are still intensely Protestant, and to leave them out of sight in estimating the future of Christendom is to omit a vital factor from the calculations.

The essential part, the heart and core of the Christian religion is, I take it, one and the same all the world over. The very form of the word καθολικός suggests what is universally applicable, rather

than what is universally extended; and, in this sense, the central verity of the Christian gospel is essentially Catholic.

But as regards the outward form and mode—the accidents and accessories—under which the Gospel is presented to men, these I regard as not so much catholic as racial. Particular forms of religion seem to be adapted to particular races of men. I do not expect that we shall see the Irish people converted to Protestantism, or the Scotch to Anglicanism, or the Italians to the principles of the Society of Friends, or the Greeks to the tenets of the Particular Baptists. The Church of England has indeed certain qualities which seem to make it the appropriate form for the Anglo-Saxon race; and yet he would be a bold man who would prophesy the extinction of Methodism in America. But I need not enlarge upon the theme. The reunion of all who call themselves by the Name of Christ in one visible and cohesive society does not seem to lie within the range of probable events.

But must we, on this account, dismiss all thoughts of a real unity among Christian believers?

This question leads me to the confession of my very deepest religious conviction—the faith which lies at the very root of all that I believe, and hope, and expect. “He that hath the Son hath the life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life.” The solution of all difficulties, the regulation of all conduct, lies in the Incarnation of the Son of God. The *Lex orandi* is the *Lex credendi*. Now, as in the days of Pliny, they are Christians, who sing hymns to Christ as God. They are Christians, who can from their heart say (as Mr. Gladstone said in a letter to an inquirer in America), “All I write, and all I think, and all I hope is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race.” Between all those thronging multitudes of the great human family, however widely separated by race, or climate, or ecclesiastical differences, who really believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is Very and Eternal God, there is—there must be—a vital and essential unity. And between them, and those unhappy beings who have deliberately and consciously arrayed themselves in hostility to Christ, there is a difference too profound to be stated in words. It is no mere matter of skin-deep dissimilarity. It is a separation “piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow.” And, while the common faith of the believers involves a community of thought, and sentiment, and hope, and interest, and effort, the severance between the believers and the enemies implies a “war in which there is no discharge.” *De vitâ et sanguine certant*. It is my profound belief that deep at the root of many a modern controversy, political, international, literary, scientific, theological, there lies this fundamental issue between Christ and Belial.

It will be noticed that I say expressly that in my judgment the issue is between those who really believe this supreme truth, and those who consciously array themselves in hostility to Christ. It is only too true that many a professing believer is a believer in little more than name; and, on the other hand, I rejoice to know that among men who cannot conscientiously accept the Nicene formula, among devout Unitarians, even among a certain section of the Jews, there is a reverent recognition of the Divine Master's character and claims, which does not stop far short of the Christian's *λατρεία*. It is not of these, God forbid, that I would speak a harsh-judging word. But I cannot conceal from myself that the Offence of the Cross has not ceased; that our Divine Lord has, at the present day, deliberate and implacable enemies among the men whom He died to redeem; that they hate Him and His faith and His followers with a passionate vindictiveness, which reviles Him as He kneels in the Garden of the Agony, or breathes His last upon the bitter cross. This antipathy to Christianity can be traced in all departments of life and literature, and is constantly rearing its hideous head in new and unsuspected quarters.

To illustrate my meaning, let me quote once again some startling words from a document which has recently been in the hands of many of my hearers—Vice-Consul Fitzmaurice's report of the massacre at Ourfa at Christmas 1895, when a church-full of Christian communicants were martyred, chiefly by fire.

"On Saturday night crowds of Armenian men, women, and children took refuge in their fine cathedral, capable of holding some 8000 persons, and the priest administered the Sacrament, the last Sacrament as it proved to be, to 1800 souls, recording the figure on one of the pillars of the church. These remained in the cathedral overnight, and were joined on Sunday by several hundreds more, who sought the protection of a building which they considered safe from the mob-violence of the Mussulman, even in his fanaticism. It is computed that at least 3000 individuals were congregated in the edifice when the mob attacked it.

"They at first fired in through the windows, then smashed in the iron door, and proceeded to massacre all those, mostly men, who were on the ground floor.

"Having thus disposed of the men, and having removed some of the younger women, they rifled the Church treasure, shrines, and ornaments . . . destroying the pictures and relics, *mockingly calling on Christ now to prove Himself a greater prophet than Mohammed.*"

I am sincerely unwilling to introduce into such a gathering as this matter of political debate, but I must, in loyalty to my own profound convictions, record my belief that in the Eastern Question of twenty years ago, in the intervening period, and again in the horrors of the last three years, the issue has really lain between the spirit which worships a crucified Saviour and the spirit which contemns Him. In

the East of Europe, and in Asia Minor, this issue is fought out in the face of day, without concealment and without circumlocution :

"The score of millions of those Christians who inhabit the Turkish Empire have, for almost a corresponding tale of generations, enjoyed the highest of all honours—they have been sufferers for their faith. They have been its martyrs and its confessors. They alone have continuously filled that character. Many a tender maid, at the threshold of her young life, has gladly met her doom, when the words that accepted Islam, the act that invested her with the *Yatchak*, would have made her in a moment a free and honoured member of a privileged, a dominant community. Ever since the Turkish hoof began to lay waste the Levant, these twenty millions have had before them, on the one side, peace and freedom—on the other side, the Gospel. They have chosen the Gospel, and have paid the forfeit. And, whatever be their faults and errors, it is not for us of the West, amidst our ease and prosperity, our abundant sins and scandals, to stigmatize them as professors of a dead or dying Christianity, and thus to disparage the most splendid and irrefragable, perhaps, of all the testimonies which man can render to the religion of the Cross."*

Here, in Northern and Central Europe, the decencies, the plausibilities, and the frauds of civilization are all banded together to obscure and confuse our view ; but, if we tear them aside and look into the heart of things, we shall find the issue as clearly joined as it was last year among the Armenian hills, or in old times on the battle-fields of Syria. The finances, the journalism, and therefore, to a great extent, the politics of Europe are largely in Jewish hands, and between Judaism and Mahommedanism there is a community of interest, tradition, and sympathy which it is idle to ignore. I have taken this one illustration from the world of politics because it is a recent, a striking, and a startling one ; but the same great principle can be found at work, more or less visibly and sensibly, in all departments of life and thought and literature.

What is the outlook ?

I said in an earlier passage that the Socinian spirit inside the Church of England had manifestly declined, and this, I think, is incontrovertibly true. How stands the case outside ?

I hear of an aggressive movement of Latitudinarian Judaism, which, interpreting the promised reign of the Messiah on earth to mean the universal acceptance of the Jewish theory of the Godhead, is laying itself out for a widespread proselytization. I hear that the leaders of this movement reckon among their best allies the disciples of that neo-Unitarianism which has of late years become more or less fashionable under the nickname of Elsmerism. I know that many people who have good opportunities of judging feel a deep apprehension (which Mr. Spurgeon shared) that even orthodox Nonconformity is

* Gladstone, "Gleanings," vol. iii. p. 258.

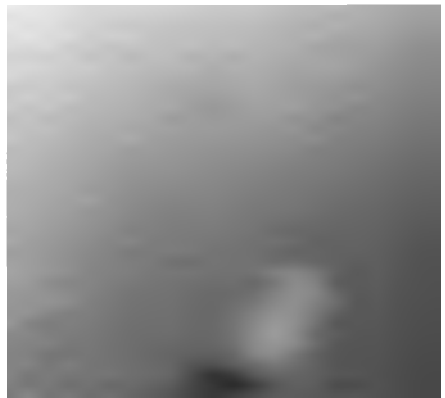
becoming honeycombed by a lax theology concerning the Person and Nature of the Eternal Son.*

All these things, if they are true, are signs of the gathering battle; and if only we are faithful, they should act as the most powerful incentives to closer union among those who still profess the religion of the Cross.

Fixing my gaze on the Ecclesiastical Outlook beyond the Church of England, I believe that I can see tokens which encourage, or at least permit, the belief that union, in this sense of the word, is on its way; that as the foes of faith become more numerous and more powerful, more insolent and more aggressive, those who follow the Master will realize the necessity for a closer alliance with one another; that, while not surrendering a single point of the faith as they have received it, they will recognize with increasing clearness that the confession of the Lord's Godhead is the Rock on which the Church is built; and that, welcoming every one who holds that supreme truth as a "brother and companion," here "in tribulation" and hereafter in triumph, they will press forward in the holy rivalry of Christian service, until "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

* In the discussion which followed this paper, I noted with joy that the suggestion of this sentence was warmly repudiated by Mr. Hugh Price Hughes.



A CHAPTER FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"The members, who are independent, and a distinct body, the Protection of the opposition. The opinion will be a separate.

When the elections were finished the Government and the Opposition each claimed a majority. This was the precise result we had hoped and predicted; for now, plainly, Irish votes would prove decisive.

When we reached London the new men were impatient to begin work, but Mr. William Keogh (who was probably already meditating the treason he finally committed) was altogether opposed to hasty action; let them become familiar with the House, and see a little of London, and then no doubt the time might be ripe for operations. But he was dealing with men who were in earnest, and these objections had to give way, and a consultation of the party was summoned. They agreed to sit in opposition, to hold themselves perfectly free of all party organisations but their own; and it was strongly urged, though it was not made the subject of a motion, that they should decline official hospitalities from either side of the House. The time for introducing their Bill was considered and sub-committees were appointed, charged with special duties, on which men who took little part in debate might employ themselves. Parliamentary capacity does not mean exclusively the power of talking; Franklin and Jefferson rarely spoke in Congress, and Andrew Marvel never uttered a sentence in the House of Commons. But the Irish party did not lack capacity of any sort for the duty with which they were charged. Serjeant Shee had acquired by long practice at the Bar an easy and fluent elocution and an imperturbable temper. The Serjeant was what is called a man of the world, determined before all to stand well with Serjeants' Inn and Westminster Hall; but his reputation was extremely useful to the party at the outset, and his massive head and stately carriage made him a notable figure in the House. Mr. Keogh had more political ability but less weight. He was a man with a head and figure which his admirers were accustomed to tell him resembled those of the first Napoleon. His manners were so insinuating that it was hard to resist them if one did not start with a lively distrust, for he belonged to the gay, exuberant class of Irish adventurers, who are fatal to weak women and credulous men. On some public occasion he declared that his aim in life was to raise himself and his country together. Practical people thought this a very sensible formula of political faith, but unhappily it represented imperfectly his intentions. He was determined to raise himself, and was ready to bear with complacency whatever mischance befell his country.

Of the men who had no sinister ambition to promote, but went into Parliament for public ends, the most notable were Frederick Lucas and George Henry Moore. The one was a type of the *bourgeoisie*, refined by culture and a high sense of duty; the other, a type of the gentry, refined by spirituality and courage. Lucas was soon

recognised as a skilled debater. He had serenity and temper, and was habitually deferential to the House; but under these graces there lay, as no one could fail to see, "genuine, solid old Teutonic pluck." With time he would have become much more than a great debater; of the qualities which constitute an orator, he possessed profound conviction and wide knowledge. His lucid narrative arrested attention by the mesmeric feeling that he was uttering well-weighed convictions. He had mastered the case of Ireland, not only with his intellect but with his sympathy, and his audience felt that he was telling them what he entirely believed to be true.

Moore was more agile and lively, had greater skill and address in social controversy, and understood the temper of the House better, for he belonged to the predominant class by birth, and had been their associate from an early age in studies and sports. It was a serious drawback to his usefulness that he was impatient of contradiction. Among men whom he esteemed, and who were his intellectual peers, he was a charming companion—frank, cordial and winning. He was entirely sincere in desiring the success of the Irish cause, but he had seen much of life on its seamy side, and had only limited confidence in its speedy attainment.

The League members did not permit the party Whips on either side to communicate with them, and did not even ask information from the Government, except across the House. Serjeant Shee was an exception, to a limited and justifiable extent. It was necessary to ask facilities for our Bill, and, as he had no notion of making enemies unnecessarily, he took an early opportunity of telling Mr. Hayter that he would gladly support the Whigs whenever he agreed with them. "You are very obliging," rejoined the Whip, "but we want men who will be glad to support the party when they don't agree with them."

It was a strange sensation to encounter in one hall of limited extent a crowd of personages familiar to cultivated men wherever civilisation existed. *Punch* had made most of them immediately recognisable, and some of them I had seen before. The most striking figure in the assembly was its official leader, Mr. Disraeli. In the front benches, crowded with Englishmen carefully shaved, for the most part bright complexioned, and always punctiliously fresh in linen and visage, sat a man approaching fifty, with swarthy features and a complexion which had once been olive, on every lineament of which was written foreigner and alien. It was not an uncomely face, and far from unimpressive, but it was conspicuously un-English. Masculine will and unflinching purpose might be read, it seemed to me, in the firm mouth; gifts worth nearly all the rest in the art of governing men. He dressed in complete disregard of conventional prejudices. A Chancellor of the Exchequer in a plum-coloured vest was a sight as

perplexing to trim propriety as Roland's shoe-ties in the Court of Louis XVI. And he cultivated on his chin an ornament rarely seen and little loved north of Calais—a goatee. I soon came to know that Disraeli had no supporters who had entire confidence in him. Mixed with admiration, there was a distrust that would not be silenced. Nothing was more usual than sneers against him in his own party, except the natural hostility of the Whigs, who insisted he had deserted them, and the supreme contempt of the Peelites. Their scorn seemed to me a little exaggerated and absurd. Disraeli's sin was that he had bantered their leader successfully. But why should Peel escape what nobody else in public life had ever escaped? He had died a little prematurely, but that did not make him sacrosanct.

I kept a diary at this time, often abandoned for weeks indeed, and even months, but tolerably certain to contain whatever I desired to remember accurately. I will have recourse to it occasionally as a safer guide than memory.

“Disraeli, I noted, sat during a debate in dumb abstraction, never cheering and never interjecting a denial. There he sat, the man who re-created his party, surely a great achievement. I have no doubt he loses friends by his apparent *insouciance* and the method in which he walks to his place—without looking at anybody; but I surmise, from my own experience, that it arises from near-sightedness. I perceive that he cannot tell what o'clock it is without using his glass, and somebody told me lately that he saw him hailing a police-van, mistaking it for an omnibus. His face is often haggard, and his air weary and disappointed; but he has the brow and eyes of a poet, which are always pleasant to look upon. He generally says the right thing at the right minute and in the right way, and he is lustily cheered; but, sitting among the Opposition, I have abundant reason to note that he is not trusted. It is said that young Stanley and other youngsters of his class believe in him, and that the man who is so taciturn in Parliament is a charming companion among his familiars, and is a gracious and genial host. Some of his post-prandial *mots* steal out, and, I should think, make fatal enemies. Somebody asked him lately if Lord Robert M—— was not a stupid ass? ‘No, no,’ said Benjamin, ‘not at all; he is a clever ass.’

“Benjamin, the son of Isaac, only the second Englishman of his race, had his path strewn with difficulties like *chevaux-de-frise*, but how splendidly he overcame them all! A mutual friend told me that he predicts Gladstone will come to power, and that he will create an appetite for strong things which it will be impossible to satisfy, with the sure result of giving the Tories a long hold of power. Such a success will be less difficult, he says, than Peel's was after the deluge of the Reform Bill, but it only needed patience to succeed.

G. H. Moore declares that the popular idea that Disraeli created Lord George Bentinck is a mistake. Bentinck was untrained in politics when the Corn Laws were repealed, but he was a man of prodigious will. In one of his horsey cases it was necessary to produce a livery-stable keeper of whom he had no trace; he took up the 'London Directory' and determined to go to every livery-stable in the city until he had found his man, and he found him. Some of the young bucks on the Liberal side are fond of sneering at Disraeli's devotion to his wife, who would not, perhaps, be a suitable Queen of Beauty at a new Eglinton Tournament, but to whom he owes everything. McCullagh Torrens says he saw them one night leaving the opera; when descending the grand *escalier* one of the lady's shoes got untied; she stopped suddenly, and cried, 'Dizzy, tie my shoe.' Dizzy went down on his knee and performed the service required. And why not? It is the devoir of a cavalier to his lady.

"One of my friends told me of an adventure he witnessed at Bellamy's. Olivera, who had a craze for the introduction of French wines at a nominal duty, stalked up to the table where Disraeli was dining, and, picking up a little flask of red wine and glancing at it between him and the light, demanded, 'Do you know what you are drinking, Mr. Disraeli? You think it is port-wine, but it isn't.' 'No,' replied the man of the world, who was determined not to be bored; 'I have no doubt it was made in Holywell Street, but I like it.'

"On the opposite side of the House the eye was caught by a figure, diminutive and insignificant to deformity. Ill-dressed, ill-posed, with unsympathetic melancholy face, timid gestures, and feeble gait, he seemed an intruder on the scene, and was, in fact, a leader who for twenty years had shivered at the head of a great party. But it was my conviction then, and it remains my conviction, that, if he were not the son and brother of a duke, he would not have distinguished himself in a parish vestry. Around and behind him were the Whig and Peelite leaders, for whom all strangers in the gallery and new-comers in the House inquired. Mr. Gladstone was not yet the official leader of the Peelites, but he was the most noteworthy of them, and attracted close observation. He was habitually grave, it seemed to me, and spoke as if he uttered oracles; yet he left the impression that his speeches were not only improvised, but that the process of adopting a conclusion was not always complete when he rose to speak. But the vigour and grace of his rhetoric put criticism to flight. The House, which relished the *persiflage* of Palmerston, thought Gladstone too serious, and resented a little, I think, the subdued tone of contemptuous superiority in which he addressed the Leader of the House. He was as smooth as silk, but there was manifestly a reserve of angry passion ready to break out when it was provoked."

Of another notable man I find this entry in my diary : " Palmerston has a gay *debonnaire* appearance, which finds much favour with the House, but on me he makes the impression of a play-actor cast in the part of a patriotic statesman. He is a fitting leader for an age without sincerity or veracity."

A new phenomenon which attracted much attention was two long rows of Irish members sitting in Opposition. They included men of all ages, from the grey-headed Serjeant Shee to the boyish Captain Bellew, and a majority of them were new to the House.

Sir Joshua Walmsley, a former mayor of Liverpool, who had become spokesman of a Parliamentary group of reformers, resting on a political society outside, appears a good deal in my diary of this date, but as nothing came of his coquetting with the Irish party, one specimen will suffice :

" Excused myself for Sunday to Walmsley (he had invited me to meet a number of his political friends at dinner, but I was engaged to Richard Swift and a muster of our own party). As he wanted to talk we dined *tête-à-tête* at Bellamy's. All popular questions, he thought, including the Irish Land Question, ought to be postponed till an extension of the franchise was obtained ; then, and then only, would everything be possible. I told him that nobody familiar with the condition of Ireland would consent to a fresh postponement of the Land Question on any pretence. He thought Cobden and Bright might be induced to lead the franchise movement if it became wide enough to promise a speedy success. I said I would be glad to see the franchise become the English question of the day, and it would get substantial Irish help. In Ireland the franchise had dwindled away till genuine popular representation had almost disappeared. We wanted an extension urgently, but the farmer wanted the right to live on his own land so much more that it was idle to speak of the questions together. He talked of Cobden with affection. He was a truly generous man, he said. His American investments had not turned out well, but he was always ready to put his hand in his pocket for a public purpose. A fund was raised to sustain Kossuth, and Cobden gave £50 a year, while many other conspicuous Liberals, including Bright, would not give a penny. I spoke of Hazlitt, Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, Hone, and the martyrs and confessors of Radicalism, but modern Radicalism does not apparently keep a calendar. He knew more of Edward Whitty, Linton, and the orchestra of the *Leader*, but his esteem is moderate for any one who does not regard an extension of the suffrage as a specific for human woes. I asked him about Roebuck. Roebuck, he said, was privateering, and could no longer be counted on by any popular section. He loved no party, and no party loved him. My own observation confirms this description. I had some talk with him lately in the library, and he seemed embittered

and disappointed beyond any one I had ever encountered; his face had an expression that was scarcely human. I compared it mentally to the aspect of an angry dog, venomous and dangerous. He used to be called the most conceited man in Parliament, but his unkempt hair, stooping figure and flabby look give him the appearance of a ruin."

A few days later I find another entry of interest: "Dined with Cobden at Westbourne Terrace, the other guests being Bright and Sharman Crawford. The talk ran on Ireland chiefly, and we were substantially agreed as far as concessions coming through Parliament are concerned. Cobden thinks little effectual can be done for any popular question in these countries till we get the ballot. 'Is the ballot not worth such a campaign as won Free Trade?' I inquired. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is worth it, and it might be won in five years by the same agency. But where are the men? I for one am not ready for another lustrum of toil and sacrifice; it is work for new men.' 'There are new men,' I suggested, 'who I doubt not would act if you encouraged them; but I have noted with wonder that you and Mr. Bright trust your opinions and proposals altogether to their intrinsic merit; there is never any muster of your friends, never any whip, never any of the party diplomacy in which Mr. Hayter spends his life.' 'No,' he said, 'there is no attempt to create a party because we have none of the necessary agencies. We have no office or honour to promise, no Court holy water to distribute, we can only state our opinions and leave them to take their chance outside the House as well as inside.' I suggested that the old Free Trade party, if he asked them, would insist on members being faithful to them on penalty of dismissal.

"Irish members of very tepid public spirit were compelled to vote right by national opinion at home. In the Ecclesiastical Titles debate, for example, some of the men whom we trusted least in Ireland had been kept straight by the fear of consequences. 'Yes,' said Bright, 'and by the hope of consequences also; they were associated in that contest with statesmen who were in the habit of carrying their supporters into office.' Cobden observed that Richard Sheil's conduct at that time was not edifying; he held his post in the Government during the entire proceedings, making it a point, indeed, to walk conspicuously out of the House on each division. But if he had resigned and led the Irish party he would have struck terror into the Whigs, and the Bill might have been defeated. Sheil, Cobden added, was a genuine orator, but his speeches will be forgotten in a few years, because they were not associated with any great cause, especially with the needs of his country. After a pause he added that he did not recognise much disposition among leading men of Irish birth to acknowledge the claims of their country. Look at Palmerston; when-

ever any Irish measure was under consideration he was absent or active on the wrong side. I said I would never think of citing Palmerston as an Irishman ; he was an Englishman born in Ireland and living on the proceeds of a beggarly rack-rented Irish estate, but no more Irish than Tim Bobbin. Cobden insisted that he was essentially Irish ; if he let his beard grow for a week and ceased to wash his face no one could distinguish him from a hodman from St. Giles. Whatever was least pleasant in Irishmen might be found in him ; ill-timed levity, braggadocio, and unfathomable insincerity. The conversation went off on Sharman Crawford's Bill, which Sharman explained and defended a good deal too like a professor for a dinner-table. He does not talk, he harangues. It is fine, however, to note the genuine sympathy of this big proprietor with the working farmer.

"Cobden said Ireland did not exhibit much discretion in the choice of representatives. In the present Parliament, for the first time in his memory, she sent men apparently moved by public motives, and who might, it seemed, be trusted to do what they promised. I said O'Connell relied on himself, and wanted agents not colleagues, a fatal mistake when the purpose was to persuade hostile and prejudiced opponents. The bulk of the present men were not only better than their predecessors, but some of the worst of the old set were excluded, and for ever it might be hoped.

"Speaking of the Irish members, Bright said Frederick Lucas was a man of great vigour and sincerity. He would make a better use of his life, however, if he crossed over the House and sat by him (Bright). I laughed, and said he ought to be shot for a spy if he was coming into our camp to recruit for the other side. Lucas, however, was beyond his influence. Some one said of him that he was born a Quaker, and he turned Catholic, he was born an Englishman, but he turned Irishman. I told them of a *mot* which Serjeant Murphy made upon Lucas and Bright, which would have been excellent if Lucas were a blockhead, which happily he was not ; 'Lucas,' said Murphy, 'is *lucus a non lucendo*'—Lucas not Bright."

Listening to Cobden and Bright, I thought it highly creditable to the English people that the former was recognised as the leader ; Bright had more popular gifts, a finer voice, a more emphatic manner, a more self-confident bearing, and a more habitual consciousness of power, but Cobden was the persuasive teacher ; his lofty and spiritual forehead and frank friendly expression, which was altogether worthy of the great reformer, were somewhat marred by a mouth and chin manifestly weaker than the brow, but relieved by a cordial smile.

When I left Westbourne Terrace, I asked a policeman at the door to do me the favour of calling a cab. "'Deed I will, Misther Duffy,"

said he, "and more than that." "How do you know me, my friend?" "Ah, sir, wasn't I six years in the Metropolitan Police in Dublin when the troubles were on?"

When political parties were carefully scrutinised, it became plain that the Government were in a minority, unless they could obtain support from some section of the Opposition. In the third week Mr. Villiers launched a party vote against them, but the immediate danger was postponed by an adroit amendment, framed by Lord Palmerston, who had not yet come to an understanding with his late colleagues, and was resolved that a political crisis should not precede that event. A little later Mr. Napier's Land Bills came on and proved better than we had expected, the vital principle of compensation to tenants for past improvement being distinctly recognised. Serjeant Shee obtained permission to introduce the League Bill, and it was set down for reading as early as the Government measures. To dangle their Bills before the eyes of Irish members, but not to press any of them to a division till the contest with the Free Traders had terminated, was the Ministerial strategy. Mr. Disraeli, with easy nonchalance, announced that the whole question must stand over until after the Christmas recess. But the Irish party were present in force, and not disposed to be trifled with. They contended that the Government Bills ought to be read a second time immediately, and Serjeant Shee's also, and referred together to a Select Committee fairly chosen from the landlord and tenant parties. The Government gave no answer to this audacious proposal. The Whig party, the Peelite section, Cobden, Bright, and the Free Traders, even Joseph Hume, Sir Joshua Walmsley, and the small knot of Radicals, had left the Irishmen without aid or countenance; but they stood firm, and renewed their proposal again and again. As the Government were not prepared to yield, the Irishmen moved the adjournment of the debate, and were supported by Lord Godrich, Lord Monck, Lord Mulgrave, eldest son of Lord Normanby, whose name was still popular in Ireland, the son of William Cobbett, and a few newly elected Radicals, and mustered fifty-nine votes. It was plain that there would be a protracted and unflinching contest, and, after much parley, the Government gave way, and consented to read all the Bills a second time, and send them to a committee of the character suggested. To the consternation of the Irish landlords, the measure which they had derided for twenty years as "Crawford's Craze" received the second reading, which affirms the leading principles of a Bill, and was to be referred to a committee, nominated by Mr. Napier and Serjeant Shee, to settle the details. Next day the *Times* was furious, and the Tory press dumbfounded by this concession.

"In the meantime the landlords were not idle. They also had remedies to propose. Lord Lucan submitted a Bill to his peers

providing increased powers of eviction, and facilitating distress for rent, which he conceived would meet the real difficulties of the case. Lord Westmeath introduced another Bill inflicting severe penalties on tenants who cut their crops after sundown to the peril of the landlord's claims on the entire cereal harvest. Some more politic proprietors, advised apparently by Mr. Butt, who was the leading spokesman of their opinions, declared that the true specific for the public distress was a revival of the Corn Laws."

Election petitions rained on the new Parliament. More than a fourth of the House had their seats called in question, twenty of the Irish party being assailed in this way, including nearly all the leaders of both branches. My seat was assailed upon various grounds, one of which excited considerable attention; it was alleged that my property qualification was inadequate. I qualified from a rent-charge, and Parliamentary committees had formerly listened to evidence intended to show that such annuities were legitimately bought and strictly collected; evidence which in certain recent cases nobody was able to believe. What would the Young Irelander do, it was demanded, with respect to a rent-charge which it was certain he had not bought and did not collect? I instructed my counsel to rely on the naked facts, extenuating nothing and withholding nothing. The committee was constituted in the usual manner, of two Whigs, two Tories, and a chairman of moderate politics.

My first witness was Mr. O'Hara, a retired solicitor of capacity and experience. After stating that he had offered me, and that I had accepted, a rent-charge of £300 a year on his landed property, he was cross-examined. "I presume Mr. Duffy paid at least a dozen years' purchase for this annuity, or was it twenty years?" said the counsel for the petitioner, in the tone of badinage usual on such occasions. "No," replied Mr. O'Hara; "he did not pay a penny."—"Did not pay a penny," echoed the learned counsel, with uplifted hands and eyebrows and a triumphant glance at the committee. "The annuity," he continued, "was receivable quarterly; no doubt Mr. Duffy collected it punctually?" "No," replied Mr. O'Hara, "he has not collected it at all."—"Pray tell us, Mr. O'Hara, were you surprised at this neglect in realising his property?" "Certainly not; I granted the annuity for the purpose of a Parliamentary qualification, and I never expected him to enforce it."—"So, sir, you created this charge on your estate without receiving any price for it? the grantee never asked you to pay a single instalment, and you admit that you never expected that he would? In point of fact, was not the arrangement a mere pretence and delusion?" "Not at all," rejoined Mr. O'Hara with admirable coolness; "the law requires that a borough member shall have a legal estate of £300 a year, and I granted Mr. Duffy such an estate as effectually as if he had paid £10,000 for it; he had

the right and power to enforce it at his discretion; if he had judgment creditors they might enter on the land, seize my cattle, and sell them to satisfy their claims. I have given him all I could give. The price to be received in return is, I conceive, a question affecting me alone."

The committee retired to deliberate on the case submitted to them. M'Mahon, the member for Wexford, from the beginning had advised that the legal estate was all the law required; and when the room was cleared he was still confident in this view. But my friends generally were apprehensive that the committee would be of a different opinion. Some of them urged me to stand again if the decision should be unfavourable. "Folly," I replied somewhat impatiently; "if the decision be unfavourable it is because my qualification is invalid, and there will be an end to my Parliamentary career." Dr. Brady, the League member for Leitrim, had been taught the value of money by early struggles gallantly surmounted, and this is an experience which prosperity seldom completely counteracts. But he had at bottom a generous Irish nature, easily kindled into a flame. "Certainly not," he rejoined; "Consols or dividends constitute an unassailable qualification, and I will transfer £10,000 to your credit to-morrow morning, in the Bank of England, if the necessity arises." The necessity did not arise, for after a few minutes we were called into the committee-room to be informed that my qualification was valid. This decision, in a case where nothing was coloured or withheld, contributed to bring the practice of requiring a property qualification to an end. In the next Parliament it was abolished.*

Perhaps it may help to illustrate the wisdom of treating Ireland justly if I cite the effect this decision produced on the friend who represented me during my absence in the chair of the *Nation*:

"Did I not tell you you would make a Parliamentary precedent as well as a Four Courts one? After all, a committee of English gentlemen is the noblest and fairest tribunal on the earth. As I have read the evidence, by my honour, there is not a man upon that committee who could not, with perfect satisfaction to his conscience and his character, have given it against you. They ignored law to do justice, and did the same with courage.

"God has made your path out of a heavy strait, and made it marked and memorable to all men—you, almost the first Irish Nationalist, who have walked without subterfuge or chicanery into the British Parliament.

"J. C. H."

On all the other charges in the petition I got not only a decision in my favour but costs against the petitioner.

When Mr. Disraeli introduced his Budget it was not Protectionist

* My counsel, Mr. O'Malley, Q.C., and Mr. Huddleston, expressed great satisfaction at the manner in which they had been instructed to conduct the case, and the latter, when Baron Huddleston, in 1886, publicly renewed his expression of pleasure at the sort of case and instructions which I had put into his hands, and the public result which followed in the abolition of the property qualification.

after all. Some of the Whig wire-pullers became alarmed at this strategy. "Give Dizzy six months," some of them whispered, "and he'll wheedle a majority." To bar such a fearful catastrophe a motion was privately handed about destined to bring down the Government, and the Irish party were invited to support it. It was sanctioned by Whigs, Peelites, and Free Traders, but the Leaguers answered that the question which interested them was tenant-right, and that they had had no assistance of any sort from Free Traders to obtain that concession. At this juncture Serjeant Shee invited Lucas and 'me to a confidential conference at his chambers in Serjeants' Inn. It was confidential then, but after five-and-forty years it has become historical. A Cabinet Minister, Mr. Walpole, was authorised to negotiate with the Irish party for their support to the Budget. After deliberation we answered in writing: we were pledged to vote for no Government which would not accept the leading principles of Crawford's Bill. It was a moderate measure framed by a great landowner, and introduced into Parliament by a great lawyer; it would go before the Select Committee with Mr. Napier's Bills, and, if the Government undertook to accept its leading principles, we could promise to bring at least twenty members, who would otherwise vote against it, to support their Budget. Some official, who loved his acres better than his party or his office, probably betrayed this negotiation to the Irish landlords. A strong deputation was sent to remonstrate with Lord Derby, and Lord Roden asked him in the House of Lords whether, if the Select Committee should approve of what were called the principles of Crawford's Bill, the Government were prepared to adopt them. Lord Derby assured his friends that the Government would certainly not adopt them. This announcement was fatal and final. We could no longer support the Budget without a violation of our pledges to sustain no Government which did not accept Crawford's Bill, and we voted against the Government, who were turned out of office by a majority of only nineteen. The support of the League would have given them a majority of over twenty. The landowners obtained delay by this sudden *coup*, but they made the final settlement more stringent. All the principles which they resisted at that time are now the law of the land, but a crop of new demands has sprung up from the exasperation of hope deferred.

When the Derby Administration fell, a Coalition Government under Lord Aberdeen was formed. There had been a general shaking of hands; Palmerston and Russell sat side by side in the new Cabinet, and the Peelites mingled with the old Whigs. But the minor appointments excited a pause of amazement, and then a storm of indignation. Mr. John Sadleir was a Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. William Keogh, Solicitor-General for Ireland. Up to the last minute, in the most express and emphatic manner, Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir had pledged themselves never to take office from, never

to support, always to act in opposition to, any Ministry not pledged to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, to abolish the Church Establishment, and to make a Land Bill, framed on the principles of Sharman Crawford's, a Cabinet question. And here was a Government to whom these things were plainly impossible. The Leaguers were not surprised at a perfidy which they had predicted, but they were outraged by its audacious cynicism and alarmed at its evil example. No one could tell how far the treason would spread. Mr. Anthony O'Flaherty was spoken of as Irish Secretary and Mr. Vincent Scully for some legal sinecure. It was plain that the military law, which, to prevent desertion, prescribes the flogging of deserters, was applicable to the case, and the leaders and journals of the League applied it vigorously. The provincial press put the new officials in a pillory, and George Henry Moore separated himself from them peremptorily, warning the country that a question which demanded instant attention from the constituencies was how many followers they could carry with them across the House? But though at the outset the desertion seemed to be condemned by a verdict that was universal, it soon became plain that under various decent disguises there were men ready to applaud and justify this "free trade in political profligacy."

The council of the League took up zealously the resistance to the deserters, with one disastrous exception. The Northerners were divided on the subject, but the most influential of them, Dr. McKnight and Rev. Mr. Rogers, insisted that the new officials must have time to explain themselves; perhaps they had got terms from the Cabinet, and they certainly could be more useful to the cause in office than out of office. I asked them to read the pledge these gentlemen had taken, and to remember the question really at issue was whether members elected at an immense sacrifice by an impoverished people were to make conditions for the country or only conditions for themselves. If the latter policy was determined upon, I thought the League members ought to receive instructions, when the Government were next in need of Irish votes, to say with Dr. McKnight, the cause would be greatly advanced by having good men in office, and we would like to have something pleasant for ourselves. Mr. Lucas inquired whether the time the new officials were to have was to extend over their elections. Must we wait until they went back and told the House of Commons and the people of England that their constituents approved of their conduct? If the Government could buy Irish support by places they would willingly pay that price for it, but there would be an end to public concessions. A motion condemning the deserters was carried in the council against a minority of only four; and a deputation was despatched to Carlow to exhort the electors to reject Mr. Sadleir, and he was routed by the refusal of electors, who had formerly supported him, to continue their confidence. But it was a great deduction

from the satisfaction of the victory that Sadleir was supported by the Catholic bishop of the diocese, by Father Maher, uncle and confidant of Dr. Cullen, and by many local priests who, like Sadleir, abandoned the party and principles they had hitherto supported. But, happily, a further humiliation almost equivalent to the loss of his seat awaited Mr. Sadleir. During his canvass he ventured to suggest that Lord John Russell had proffered to the Brigadiers (as his knot of supporters were called) a practical retractation of the course he had taken on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and when Lord John was questioned on the subject in the House of Commons he repudiated it with unconcealed scorn. No explanation, he affirmed, had been given nor had any been asked. When Parliament reassembled the taint was found to have spread. Of 38 members who attended a conference in one of the committee-rooms 21 declared they were determined to sit in independent opposition, as 17 adhered to the Government. It was plain that the Government had bought more than a brace of deserters; they had driven a wedge through the Independent party, cutting it into two sections, and English opinion would not be at the pains of discriminating between them.

When the minority coalesced with the Government it was assumed that the majority would coalesce with the Tories. The House did not in the least understand that these men had no personal aims, and had no alliance or understanding with either of the only parties it recognised. From that time the great League which had carried their Land Bill to a second reading were divided into almost equal parts, and it was soon known that the bulk of the Catholic bishops adhered to the minority. Mr. Keogh, whose re-election was delayed by a petition, got elected and came before his sympathisers like Richard of Gloucester, leaning on a bishop.

I must recur to my diary to relieve the painful strain of politics with some of the gossip of the period :

“ There was no business on the paper to-night in which I took the least interest, and I accepted an invitation from J. to walk home and dine with him. Our way lay through a wilderness called Victoria Street. It is a huge road that pierces one of the worst quarters in Westminster, running for half a mile apparently from the Abbey in the direction of Eccleston Square. J. said he had shot snipe formerly within a gunshot, and I suggested he might shoot sparrows still, for there are not half-a-dozen houses yet built, and there is a general air of desolation and loneliness which is alarming. After dinner a curious accident befell. The hostess, a sentimental young woman, produced her album and asked me what I thought of the verses with which the volume opened, while J. smiled with a significance the meaning of which I altogether misunderstood, when I saw that the verses were some I had written for the *Vindicator* ten years ago. ‘ I think,’ I

said, laughing, 'they are dreadful drivel. The hyperbolical devotion of Corydon to his shepherdess reminds me of Moore's lines :

'He thought her a goddess, she thought him a fool (as I have no doubt she did),
And I'll swear she was most in the right.'

"My hostess looked flushed and offended. 'I don't mind your laughing at me,' she said, 'but pray don't laugh at verses which came from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other, and which I will treasure to my dying day.' I hastened to apologise for my rudeness, and got out of the scrape indifferently well."

In the early days of the *Nation* I had cultivated an affectionate intimacy with Charles Dumphie, an intimacy founded on the *idem nolle et idem velle* in literature rather than in politics. Many a delightful evening we spent with Clarence Mangan and the poets and many more *tête-à-tête*. But our paths diverged; he went to London, and when I entered the House of Commons he occupied a confidential position on the literary and parliamentary staff of the *Morning Post*. I encountered my old friend accidentally in Palace Yard, and in a short conversation discovered to my regret that his opinions were altogether in harmony with his new duties.

He inquired why I did not speak oftener, and I laughed and said there was something in my breast which forbade me being an orator, *to wit*, my lungs; I did not believe my voice could fill so large a hall as the House. A few days afterwards he sent me the result of his observation as something on which I could confidently act.

"If your health is sufficiently restored, which I sincerely hope it is, to admit of your undergoing the drudgery of Parliament next session, I hope you will not allow any morbid feeling respecting your voice to prevent you from speaking. Pardon the frankness of an old friend. You have got an excellent voice, as audible as a bell through the whole House, and the very peculiarity of the accent attracts attention not unfavourably. Your voice is singularly distinct and articulate and, I am sure of it, a thousand times more grateful to the ear than either the cock-sparrow chatter of the Cockney or the greasy brogue of the Munster man.

"I am only in the country while Parliament is *not* sitting. On the opening of the session I shall return to London, for I suppose I am bound for my life to the midnight vigils."

Now, when we are both within view of the final resting-place, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting another sentence from his note: "I have ever thought you the purest public man, and the most high souled that has meddled with Irish politics in my day."

When Parliament reassembled, the Leaguers urged on the appointment of the Select Committee, to which the Land Bills were referred. After much negotiation a committee of twenty-nine members was

chosen, half of them being unequivocal landlords or landlords' friends, and on the other part Shee, Lucas, Duffy, and Colonel Greville from the League; Mr. Bright and Dr. Phillimore, as *amici curiæ*, and other neutrals, including Mr. James Sadleir, brother of the new Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, a future Attorney-General. During this session the labour of the Leaguers was constant and exhaustive. When the Select Committee sat we attended the House at noon, and only left it after midnight. Every Catholic or Irish interest in any part of the empire was referred to some of us. In the House we sat among enemies, and faced more formidable enemies on the other side of it, the representatives of the constituencies supported by the undoubted majority of the Irish bishops. And after our success against Sadleir we had no further success; as the session proceeded, whenever a candidate went to the hustings he was hamstrung from behind by episcopal friends of Dr. Cullen. But the most important deserter from the principles which had carried Crawford's Bill to a second reading was Mr. Crawford himself. He published a letter advising the tenant farmers to accept and be thankful for a measure more moderate than his Bill. He described the policy by which the Irish party had won so signal a success in the current session, and described it accurately, as a policy of "acting on their pledges." But though two members had just forfeited theirs, he was not disposed to complain. He found it impossible to doubt that they would use the position they had obtained to promote public ends. Though we all now know that he might as reasonably have given credit for good intentions to Titus Oates as to John Sadleir, it would be cruel to triumph over the mistakes of an honourable man. As he had been twenty years in Parliament without getting his Bill read a second time, while the men whom he lectured carried it to a second reading in a single session, it would have been modest to recognise that they were better judges of Parliamentary policy than he was.*

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer was Mr. Gladstone, who signalised himself by Free Trade concessions worthy of the favourite pupil of Sir Robert Peel. But it was necessary to recoup the Treasury for relinquished taxes, and he proposed to recoup it by

* "It cannot be doubted that in the policy of the Northerners the example of Crawford counted for much. An unjust prejudice against Lucas as a furious bigot (which he was not; he was a zealot, not a bigot) prevailed from an early period, and some of them were persuaded that it is only men in office who can carry questions successfully through the House of Commons. But Negro Slavery had been abolished by Wilberforce, Religious Equality established by O'Connell, and Free Trade by Cobden, without any of them having held office under the Crown. There were lower motives also at work. The Prime Minister was a Presbyterian, and the Duke of Argyll and two other colleagues belong to the same Church. If there were four Catholics in the Cabinet it could not be doubted that the Catholics who had imperilled the League on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill would have been found hooting at their backs, and we were patient with this sympathy."—"League of North and South." London: Chapman & Hall.

imposing for the first time an income-tax on Ireland. The late Government had refrained from this measure on the specific ground that Ireland was already overtaxed in proportion to her resources, and Mr. Disraeli still objected to the proposal. In Ireland it was regarded as deliberately and contemptuously unfair, and a storm of resistance arose. It could not be carried without the assistance of Irish members, and it was thought impossible they could assent to it. But the dependence of Mr. Keogh's confederates on the Treasury was complete, and they believed they could defy popular resistance. On the second reading only one Irish member was absent. Of those present, seventy-two voted against the Bill, but thirty-two went into the Government lobby. When the measure got into committee, I ventured to tell the Government that they had obtained this decisive vote by corruption as base as that employed by Walpole and the Pelhams two generations earlier. An indignant deserter moved that my words should be taken down, and after a fierce debate I was ordered to attend in my place next day that I might withdraw them or suffer the penalty of a refusal. When the House met there was an immense attendance of members, and the accommodation provided for strangers was crowded in all parts. I was assured I should be sent to prison, perhaps expelled, if I did not make a humble submission. My course was different; I declined to withdraw my words; but if a committee of inquiry were granted, I undertook to prove that the career of Messrs. Keogh, Sadleir, and some of their associates justified all I had asserted. But this was an inquiry which did not suit the Government. The Leader of the House objected to the investigation on the ground that his colleagues had not been corrupted, but only converted to better opinions, and the deserters sat dumb and gloomy amidst the jeers of the Opposition. It was insisted by the Irish party that a bribe was not less a bribe because it was paid quarterly at the Treasury; but as the Government proposed to let the subject drop without more ado, we considered we had scored a decisive success, and the infamy of the transaction referred to was made known to the English people for the first time. From the Press Gallery kindly eyes were looking down on the contest. Edward Whitty wrote me a hasty note:

"Your quiet and respectful manner—but self-possessed and dogged—saved you, for manner is everything. Your walk out of the House was a *stroll*—a splendid *coup*. Unbounded admiration was general in the gallery. In my time no man ever went through such a scene. I am happy in thinking you have a fine adviser in Shee. Lucas behaved like a hero. The House has been idiotic—keep it in the wrong."

In Ireland the conflict created an enthusiasm which has long faded into obscurity, but the contemporary letters and journals were full of

it, and a letter from Dublin, when one makes allowance for the undue kindness of the writer, will help to realise it.

"We are all proud and gratified—I cannot tell you how much—at what has happened. And Dublin has fairly forgotten the Exhibition for the last two days. Passing any group on Saturday or yesterday in the streets, one was sure to hear something about Gavan Duffy. And there has been no *attempt* even to deny that you did the thing bravely, skilfully and successfully. The Four Courts gossip on Saturday freely admitted so much. . . . Nothing has happened that will so much damn the opposite faction. There is a great deal of dishonest twaddle that people might have listened to here, but this scene has given them an actual insight into the House. I have heard no one speak of it who did not utter himself as if it had passed under his own eyes. . . . After Keogh's talk about men who would slink before him in London, though they ranted and wrote here, it happens well and timely. The scene makes you the most popular man in Ireland. It is high access of faith and courage to the poor country, too."

Mr. Gladstone's Budget passed, but it may be safely surmised that none of the parties to that baneful measure realised all its disastrous consequences. Mr. Gladstone must have known that he was imposing a heavy burthen upon Ireland, but he had not yet awakened from the delusion common to his class since the Norman conquest, that dependencies and colonies, partners and allies, existed mainly for the benefit of England. He was far from divining that he was inflicting a blow upon Ireland nearly as fatal as the Union. The unfortunate Irish deserters could not fail to know that they were abetting a wrong to their native country for their personal benefit. But it is probable that none of them knew that from that hour prosperity and contentment became impossible, that to every class and every man, not an official paid from the English Treasury, life would become a constant struggle, and that there would be carried out of the country yearly the profits of industry on which States thrive, and that public tranquillity, which is the balsam of life, would become impossible. The reader is invited to note that that popular Budget originated the most serious part of the injustice disclosed by the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations of Great Britain and Ireland which is occupying Parliament and the press while these pages are being written. The wrong it discloses is not a sentimental grievance which may be dismissed with other forgotten wrongs belonging to the dead past, but a practical one altogether outside of party, and which will largely determine the future fortune of the country.

The vote of the Irish members on the income-tax satisfied the Government they had nothing to fear from those gentlemen; the result was prompt and decisive. Lord Palmerston told the Select

Committee on the Land Bills that he saw no necessity for any legislation on the question. Next day Crawford's Bill was set aside by nineteen to nine. Mr. Napier's Bills were next taken in hand and carefully pruned. The Tenants' Compensation Bill, as it left the committee, ignored Ulster tenant-right and denied compensation for the class of improvements most commonly made in Ireland. The country had been rendered habitable by an industry like that which raised Venice on a quagmire or Holland on a sandbank; yet all improvements more than twenty years in existence were confiscated. Inordinate rents had, as we know, created habitual arrears; in former measures a landlord ejecting a tenant was enabled to set-off these arrears against any claims for compensation, but the modified Bill went a step farther, and declared that if a tenant was ejected for non-payment of rent or arrears he should not be entitled to compensation for any improvements whatever.

Half a dozen by-elections occurred shortly afterwards; three seats were vacated on petition by election committees. In two of them the late members who had deserted with Mr. Keogh presented themselves for re-election and were chosen. At Sligo, where an English gentleman had lost his seat on petition, Mr. John Sadleir presented himself, was proposed by the parish priest and supported by the bishop, and got elected. In every constituency there was a group of manly, resolute priests and farmers who stood by the League, but they were warned that the hand of episcopal authority would fall heavy upon them.

Let me relieve the painful monotony of these disasters by some social details from my diary:

"I dined at John Brady's, to meet Sheridan Knowles, and had a long talk with the poet. He has a brow somewhat retreating, but expressive eyes and a sweet pleasant mouth. He was accompanied by his wife, a lady who is too aggressively pious for social enjoyment, and constantly whips the poor man up to his Thirty-nine Articles. When the ladies vanished, Knowles talked in the most frank and cordial manner. He was a professor of rhetoric in the Belfast Institution twenty years ago, and had had Emerson Tennant, Thomas O'Hagan, and Joseph Napier, all now eminent men, for pupils, and they profited by his teaching. He had trained them, he said, in effective elocution, an art without which good speaking and good reading were impossible, but which any man might learn at any age. His dearest friend in Belfast was John Lawless—Jack Lawless, the Catholic agitator. Lawless was the soul of honour, always interesting and exhilarating, and sometimes exhibiting unexpectedly sound judgment. But the Athens of Ireland was an exile for a man of literary tastes. In London his best friend was William Hazlitt. He owed more to Hazlitt than he could express for early counsel and encourage-

ment. But for him he would probably never have been a dramatist. But it would not have much mattered. Marston's 'Patrician's Daughter' contained more poetry than all his own dramas. Hazlitt's one weakness was that he would not bear contradiction. I said Hazlitt was one of my earliest masters in literature, a man of wide and strikingly original powers; but what a fate he had endured!—slandered by the Blackwood gang, patronised by his inferiors among his usual associates, and recognised for what he really was by scarcely any compeer except Charles Lamb. 'Yes,' Knowles said, 'and Lamb was a Tory who did not share any of his opinions.' I mentioned that Horne, the author of 'Orion,' told me that, having a strong desire to see Hazlitt after his death, as he had not been fortunate enough to see him before, he visited the house where he died. The body was lying on an old piano, covered with a sheet *pas trop propre*, and there was not a human being in attendance on a man who had done more for popular liberty and the personal freedom which is the cream of liberty than any of the Broughams or Jeffreys who had been swathed in patrician robes or seated in some high *fauteuil*. 'Yes,' Knowles said, 'one thing a man had better make up his mind to—the rewards in public life rarely fall to the generous workers, and never to the pioneers.' Recurring to what he said about elocution, I said I could not help thinking that it was useless to teach elocution to any man whom nature had not equipped with the necessary organisation. I had taken lessons from a friend of his, Moore Stack, who had played in 'John of Procida' and some other of Knowles' dramas, but all I learned was to enjoy dramatic poetry more keenly. Moore, he said—for that was the name he was known by on the stage—would have been one of the finest actors in England if he had persisted. But one must respect his motives; he had religious scruples, because the Catholic Church censured the stage. Knowles told us that he himself had latterly taken to preaching (under the influence of Madame, we may surmise) in a Baptist chapel, and was to hold forth that night. Our host proposed that we should adjourn from the table to the tabernacle and bring back Knowles to supper. The service was startling, stretching to the very borders of melodrama; in the prayer, the preacher held a colloquy with his Creator which was probably unique in pulpit oratory. 'O God,' he said, 'who hast graciously selected Thy servant to do Thy work, and peremptorily drawn him away from the fascinating pleasures of this world for Thy service, be pleased to ordain,' &c. I never heard Mr. Knowles again!"

I shall not obtrude into this sketch of transactions in the House of Commons the proceedings which in Ireland undermine the authority of the party of Independent Opposition. All the landed gentry, the Coalition Government, the majority of the Irish bishops under the influence of Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin and Papal Delegate,

were opposed to them at every point, and, under the influence of the latter, priests who had given an active assistance to the League were directed to abstain from politics. As this order was considered *ultra vires*, an appeal to the Pope against the Archbishop was carried to Rome by Frederick Lucas, but the appeal was not successful; the Irish party were beaten at every point by those upon whom they were entitled to rely. To win the Irish constituencies without the help of the local clergy was as hopeless as it would have been for the Stuart Pretenders to raise the Highlands without the help of the local chiefs.

When Parliament met the natural consequences followed. The Government were asked, on behalf of Mr. Napier, what they had done with his Bills, of which they had taken possession. Lord John Russell, in the slow and discontented drawl which was his ordinary method, declared that nothing had been done because it was not desirable to do anything. The Lord Lieutenant and other persons in Ireland, with the best information, assured him that there was no longer need for legislation; there was a good harvest; a friendly feeling existed between landlord and tenant; and the question was settling itself. On the face of God's earth there was not a country so miserable and hopeless as Ireland at that time. The population were flowing out of it like water from a vessel which had been staved. The workhouses were crammed with inmates stricken with the diseases that spring from want and neglect; the landlords were still levelling homesteads and rooting out the native race; and nothing was to be done for remedy or alleviation. Nothing was to be done, and three-fourths of the representatives elected by the stricken people assented in silence, and three-fourths of the bishops, born and bred among them, sanctioned the perfidy.

Against all these reverses fortune supplied one signal set-off. In Mr. Sadleir's contest for Carlow, Mr. Dowling, an elector who refused to support him, and threatened to canvass his tenants against him, was arrested by one of Sadleir's election agents on his way to the hustings and carried to the local office of the Tipperary Bank. There were bills of his in the bank which had not come to maturity, and he had given to a friend who endorsed them a bond as a counter-security. On this unripe bond he was arrested. As no attorney could sign the certificate in such a transaction without risk of being struck off the roll, the name of a dying attorney was forged to the instrument. In these proceedings it was proved that Mr. Sadleir had intervened, not merely through agents, but personally by direction and assistance. When he came to be examined, however, he denied everything and repudiated everybody, but the jury disbelieved him, and found a verdict for the plaintiff. When the news was flashed throughout the Empire the sensation was intense. One of the Queen's Government directing a fraudulent arrest, supported by deliberate forgery, was an unheard-

of scandal; but it was still worse to have such an official disbelieved on oath by a respectable jury. He was compelled to resign his office and quit Downing Street for ever. In most civilised countries this exposure would have ruined and scattered the political connection which he had created, but in Ireland it ruined no one but Mr. Sadleir. His most intimate confederates still held up their heads, and not one bishop or ecclesiastic of any rank abandoned the Sadleir-Keogh party.

Mr. Sadleir was still occasionally summoned to vote on party divisions. Happily villainy is not an agreeable pursuit. I saw him on one of these occasions, and his face was appalling. He had always been a dark, mysterious person, but now he looked wild, haggard, and repulsive. None of us had any suspicion that he was an undetected forger and a swindler, but it seemed that thwarted ambition had turned his blood into liquid mud.

I have not disinterred from Hansard a line of the speeches of the Leaguers in Parliament, but there is a little story worth recording as an illustration of the sort of evidence on which English opinion as respects Ireland is sometimes founded. Sir Francis Head, a retired Governor of Upper Canada, published a book entitled "A Fortnight in Ireland," for which the Irish Constabulary furnished materials in the shape of violent speeches delivered at tenant-right meetings, and reported by them to headquarters. Most of these speeches were made by the Reverend This or That, and they were naturally cited on a Maynooth debate to illustrate the discipline of that institution. Was a system to be tolerated which produced firebrands like these reverend orators? When my time came to speak I took up the reprehended speeches and read three or four of the strongest of them amid ironical cheers. The sentiments seemed to me, I said, not unjust or unreasonable under the circumstances which existed in Ireland, but in any case, I submitted, that it would be rash to hold Maynooth responsible. (Oh! oh!) I would only trouble them with a single fact in support of this conclusion. Every speaker without exception whom I had quoted was a clergyman, but he was not a priest, but a Presbyterian minister! There was an anonymous speech indeed in the collection particularly objectionable to Irish landlords, and it might seem impossible to relieve Maynooth of the imputation of having trained this unnamed speaker at any rate. But I undertook to prove a negative even in that case. (Oh! oh!) Yes, I really could not allow Maynooth to run away with the credit or reproach of this performance, for I recognised in it a policeman's version of a speech which I had myself delivered in the Tholsel of New Ross.

The conclusion of this parliamentary campaign is a piece of history with which English readers are imperfectly acquainted.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

THE KLONDIKE GOLDFIELDS.

THERE can no longer be much reasonable doubt as to the value of the goldfields recently opened up in British North-West Territory, for although many sensational and probably exaggerated reports have appeared in the Press, the testimony of Mr. William Ogilvie, the Dominion Surveyor, can scarcely be questioned. The excitement caused by the late discoveries at Klondike recalls the Californian gold fever of 1849, when fortunes were made in a day, and mining camps became large cities in a few short months. For the moment Klondike is regarded (and with some reason) as a veritable El Dorado, destined to rival, if not surpass, Coolgardie and Johannesburg. And yet the ignorance displayed in England regarding Alaska would be surprising were it not that the very existence of this great lone land has until recently been almost unknown, save to those immediately connected with it by trade or legislation. Many are even unaware that the country is at present unapproachable by land or sea for nine months of the year, and turn a deaf ear to the warnings of the experienced who have been there. Thousands are even now setting out for the diggings unequipped, unprovisioned, and totally unprepared for the perilous journey before them. Over eight hundred were by the latest advices gathered at Dyea, on the southern side of the Chilkoot Pass, unable either to advance or retreat, and already suffering severely from a scarcity of food. Some of these luckless gold-seekers had actually brought bicycles, with the intention of riding into the gold district! This fact gives a fair illustration of the idea formed by the average "Tender-foot" of the interior of Alaska, and the impassable tract of country that lies between Klondike and the sea. It is reassuring to think that the majority of this crowd will have to spend the winter at Dyea or Juneau, for the Indians are

well aware that any attempt to reach the lakes after the first of September must mean disaster, if not death. And, without Indians, the Chilkoot is impassable.

Although the Alaskan goldfields have until recently been comparatively unknown in England, they have for some time excited considerable interest on the Pacific Coast. A wealthy firm, the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco, has for years past traded with the miners, and realised enormous profits by introducing stores of all kinds into the country *via* the port of Saint Michael's in Behring Sea; but the dangers involved in an expedition to the Yukon region have been so well known to all in the Western States, that until a few weeks ago even the hardest and most reckless hesitated before attempting the journey. It is a significant fact that "old-timers" (or experienced miners) never talk of "leaving Alaska." They call it "getting out" of this Arctic ice-trap which has already entombed only too many of those who have ventured within its treacherous gates.

There are two ways, at present, of reaching Klondike. One is by sea from San Francisco to Saint Michael's in Behring Sea, and thence up the Yukon River (a journey of about three weeks) in stern-wheel steamers; the other route (travelled by the writer) is by crossing the Chilkoot Pass and descending a chain of lakes and rapids to the head waters of the Lewes River. The latter meets the river Pelly at Fort Selkirk, and the two streams form the Yukon, which flows a course of nearly two thousand miles to Behring Sea. The distance saved by adopting the land journey is at least 2500 miles, but the difficulties are, of course, infinitely greater by the latter route. The passage of the Chilkoot, for instance, should only be attempted by those capable of great physical endurance, for the climb over this mountain is, even under the most favourable conditions, both dangerous and exhausting. At Lake Lindemann, on the northern side of the Chilkoot range, the traveller must build his own boat (for no labour is procurable), first felling and sawing the timber for its construction. A chain of five lakes, subject to violent storms, must then be crossed, and three dangerous rapids negotiated. Assuming that Fort Selkirk is reached without mishap (which is doubtful), one may float thence, down the broad bosom of the Yukon, in comparative safety to Klondike. Such is a brief outline of the journey from the head of salt-water navigation at Dyea, on the Lynn Canal, to the goldfields—a journey, from start to finish, as fatiguing, monotonous, and generally comfortless, as it has ever fallen to the lot of the writer to accomplish. Camp life is generally looked upon as a pleasant open-air existence; but in Alaska life is made miserable by dense swarms of mosquitoes that harass and torment the traveller night and day, until positive illness sometimes ensues. A Yukon mosquito will

torture a dog to death in a few hours, and will drive bear and deer into the water. Valuable claims near Circle City have been deserted owing to their persistent onslaughts. Hunger is another evil without a remedy. Alaska produces absolutely nothing of an edible nature, and as the settlements are hundreds of miles apart, and are generally in a state of semi-starvation, the daily fare is often barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

Dawson City, the newly established mining camp, is, like most Alaskan "cities," a squalid collection of log-huts situated at the mouth of the Klondike River, about fifty-five miles below Fort Cudahy, also in British North-West Territory. It has been stated that the journey from Juneau to Klondike occupies at least two months. This can scarcely be correct under ordinary circumstances, for the writer accomplished it last year in twenty-three days, four of which were wasted in camp, during stormy weather, on the shores of Lake Bennett. The Klondike River is a swift, shallow stream, about 150 miles in length. The name Klondike is simply a mispronunciation of the Indian word "Thron-Dinck," which signifies literally "Plenty of fish"; and, indeed, during the month of July 1896 there was far more talk at this place anent the expected salmon-run than excitement about nuggets and gold-dust. The attention of prospectors was then mainly centred upon Circle City which is in American territory, and near the Arctic Circle. Circle City was once looked upon as the Alaskan metropolis; but a general stampede up-river to Klondike has transformed its flag-bedizened streets and glittering saloons into a collection of dingy, deserted dwellings, chiefly inhabited by wandering Indians and their dogs.

Gold has probably never before been found in such a remote and desolate region as Klondike. The first discovery in the district was made by a miner, named George Carmack, on a creek locally known as the "Bonanza." The latter is about twenty-five miles in length, and has many small gold-bearing tributaries, technically termed "pups." Last year about 300 claims had been staked out on Bonanza, but this number is now more than trebled. A branch of the Bonanza, named El Dorado, has been magnificently prospected, and Mr. Ogilvie declares that, to his personal knowledge, three pans on this creek have yielded £41, £42, and £43 respectively, while many others ran up around £10. \$5 to \$7 per pan is an average result. "It is certain," adds Mr. Ogilvie, "that millions will be taken out of the district this year (1897)." Enough prospecting has been done to show that there are at least fifteen miles of extraordinary richness, and the indications are that there will be three or even four times that extent. There are, moreover, many other creeks in the vicinity of Klondike yet to be prospected. Gold is found all along the valley of the Sixty Mile River, while a number of streams that flow into the Yukon,

between the Klondike and Indian Rivers, are said to be rich in the precious metal. The latter is alloyed with silver, and is worth some shillings less per ounce than Californian gold, but the fact remains that it is rich and in abundance. The suddenness of the Klondike finds has been truly remarkable. When the writer travelled through Alaska, in July last, a man who had scraped together £6000 or £7000 (after four or five years' hard work) was looked upon as a *rara avis*. The largest nugget that had then been found weighed under 30 ounces.

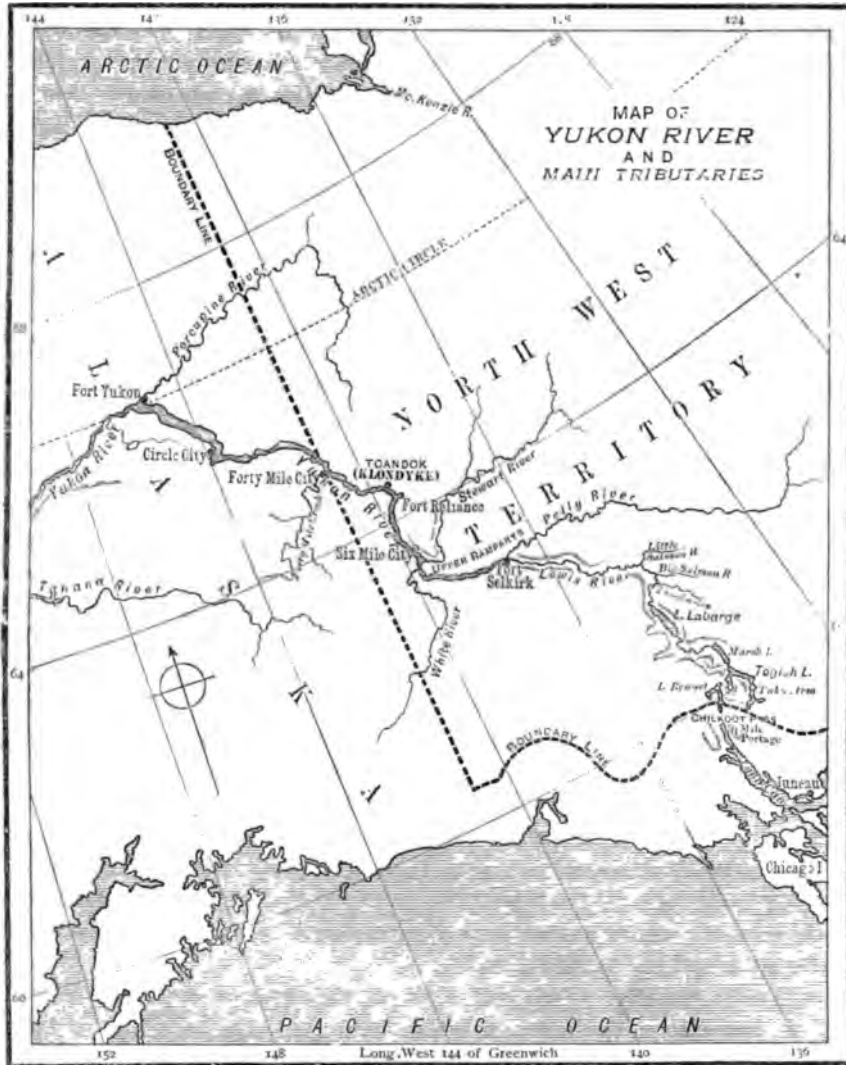
It should be mentioned that the mines of the Yukon are of a class by themselves. It is necessary to follow entirely new methods for getting the gold. The diggings have within the past two years been graded according to their depth as "winter" and "summer" mines. It was formerly considered impossible, on account of climatic conditions, to work after the month of September, but it is now conclusively proved that much may be accomplished during the dark sunless winter. The working year is, therefore, three times as long as it used to be, and the time formerly given up to drink and debauchery is turned to profitable account. The utility of classifying the diggings according to their depth is obvious for the following reason. If the gold lies only from two to six feet below the surface it is necessary to remove all the worthless ground, throwing it aside until after the pay-dirt is taken out, after which it may be piled where it was originally taken from. The difficulty of such mining is, of course, enormously increased by the fact that the ground is frozen. Every foot of it must be thawed, either in sinking or drifting, by small fires. The shallower mines are worked during the summer in the open air, but, where the gravel is more than six feet in depth, a shaft is sunk, and dirt enough removed to allow space to work in. Thus the gold-seeker, with a log-hut close to the mouth of his shaft, and provided with plenty of fuel, need not expose himself greatly to the cold, and may pass a whole winter without danger if food be forthcoming. About a ton of dead ground can be dumped daily, and a few hundred pounds of pay-gravel. The latter is piled up until the spring, when the thaw comes. It is then panned and cradled without difficulty, for here, unlike Western Australia, there is no lack of water. The winter in Alaska usually sets in very suddenly. Last year the Yukon was blocked by ice as early as September 28, and one of the river steamers was unable to regain the port of Saint Michael, where these vessels are generally laid up.

A man may live (with proper precautions) comfortably enough through a winter in Alaska. At least a dozen "old-timers" on the Yukon have spent six consecutive years in the country, for the cold in these latitudes has been greatly exaggerated. Eighty degrees (Fahr.) below zero is about the severest yet experienced, but this is

rare, and here, unlike Canada, there is seldom a wind which makes even 20° below zero unbearable. The writer is acquainted with men now living at Dawson City who have wintered on the Yukon in a thin canvas tent. August and the beginning of September are the best months for prospecting and preparing for the winter, which latter consists mainly in stocking the larder with enough moose, bear, and caribou meat to sustain life until the following spring. But moose have lately been scared from the settlements by the continual crack of the rifle, while bear and caribou become scarcer each year. The question of supplies has always been a difficult one in Alaska. The writer can vouch for this, having upon more than one occasion been compelled to furnish provisions for the starving miners from his own slender store. This was in the early summer of 1896, when the name of Klondike had no meaning in the ears of the civilised world. The gold-rush to the Yukon had not even commenced, and there were not 10,000 white men to be found in the entire district, from Fort Selkirk to Behring Sea.

There will probably be 20,000 miners (if not more) at Klondike this winter. At the end of June 1896, Forty Mile City contained perhaps a tenth part that number; but the writer found the settlement in a state of semi-starvation, and was unable to procure even a sack of flour for his own consumption. Circle City was in a similar plight. The first supply steamer from Saint Michael's had been blocked by ice, and did not arrive until July 8, when ships' biscuits were selling for 20 cents apiece, and other provisions in the same proportion. It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of such a situation in this sterile region, where the soil absolutely refuses to produce a single article of food, and where the very Indians perish like rats from starvation. Provisions are *always* at famine prices in the interior of Alaska; but there are also times of dire distress, when a whole van-load of nuggets would not purchase a crust of bread. This fact is, unfortunately, either unknown or disregarded by a large percentage of those now flocking to Klondike.

There is, happily, a brighter side to this gloomy picture. Were the Chilkoot Pass the only available route into Alaska, there is but little doubt that the spring of 1898 would furnish the world with a record of privation and suffering unparalleled even in Arctic annals. Where gold is men will go—with native guides or without—and there is but little doubt that the dreaded Chilkoot would reckon its victims by hundreds were there no other inlet into the country. There are, however, fortunately, other approaches to the Yukon Valley, and at one of these, which is now universally recognised as the "Gateway of Alaska," active operations are in progress to open up communication (throughout the year) with the new goldfields. The "White Pass," over which the new road is being laid, is at least 1000 feet



This map is a reduced portion of one in the possession of Mr. De Windt, drawn by Mr. Stewart Menzies at Fort Selkirk in October 1895. Dawson City is situated on the River Yukon, just below the name Klondike. Skagway Bay is at the head of the Lynn Canal, and the White Pass starts from that point.

lower than the Chilkoot, and, unlike the latter, is timbered throughout its entire length. The salt-water terminus of this pass is in Skagway Bay, eighty-five miles from Juneau, and here ocean steamers may run up at all times and seasons to a wharf which has already been constructed. The land journey (about thirty-five miles long) strikes Teslin Lake, about 100 miles below Lake Lindemann, which, as I have already shown, is the debouchure of the Chilkoot Pass. Thus the tedious and difficult navigation between the two points will be avoided, and the only perilous parts of the river below—viz., the rapids—will be circumvented by a road or light rail portage. Substantial log-huts (on the model of the Siberian post-houses) are now being erected at intervals of twenty to thirty miles apart along the entire line of route from Skagway to the goldfields; and information having been received in London that on August 5 last three men rode in one day from the lakes to Skagway Bay, there now seems little doubt that, at any rate, mail communication will be kept up with Klondike during next winter. The further development of this route, and the construction of a railway (which from all accounts would be quite feasible) is, of course, a matter for the consideration of the Canadian Government, but until something is done in this direction, and the transit of stores and provisions greatly facilitated, intending prospectors will do well to take into serious consideration the perils and hardships that now bar the way to the new El Dorado.

HARRY DE WINDT.

THE REVOLT OF SOUTH GERMANY.

IN 1870, at the commencement of the German-French war, the Prussian Crown Prince Frederick William was sent to South Germany to take command of the army of the Southern Confederates of the Norddeutscher Bund. The general feeling of the South German with regard to the Prussian at that time was very accurately and tersely expressed in the words of the Bavarian soldier, who said to the Crown Prince, "If you had been our commander in 1866, we would have whipped those *sacramentischen malefiz Preissen* (those beastly confounded Prussians)."

Before 1866 the Prussian was positively detested in South Germany. He was considered as, and often called to his face, mean, penurious, stiff, overbearing, too moral, a kind of Puritan with the faults only of the canny thrifty Scotchman, who looks fifty times before he spends *saxpence*; he was reproached as an enemy of every innocent pleasure which the more lively southerner enjoyed, as a *dour* fellow, dry and matter of fact, destitute of any sense of humour, and a skinflint to boot. The jolly, jovial Bavarian considered the stiff and serious Prussian much as the Cavalier looked upon the Roundhead, and certainly no love was lost between the two. Even the Rhinelanders, the inhabitants of Cologne or Dusseldorf, though Prussians themselves, used to say, "we are going to Prussia," when they intended to take a trip to Berlin or into any of the old Prussian provinces.

The war against France in 1870 changed all that. The Rhineland and the Westphalian became proud of being Prussians and the Bavarian, Wurtemberger and Badenser south of the Main were delighted to be citizens of the German Empire, to become Germans without having to give up altogether their particular citizenship as Bavarians or Wurtembergers. To be united as citizens of one

great empire satisfied, during the first years after the ceremony in Versailles the ambition of all Germans from Memel to Carlsruhe, from Dantzic to Lindau. In the first flush of pride and joy in their unification they almost overlooked how small was the meed of liberty allowed to them by Prince Bismarck under the Prussian system of government, which was then introduced into "all Germany."

But this sentimental honeymoon of the reunited nation did not last very long. To be a united people was all very well; but in the face of the overbearing attitude which the Prussians assumed, the question soon occupied the minds of all serious men in South Germany, whether it was not better to be free than united, or whether liberty could not go hand in hand with unity. It would exceed the limits of a Review article to follow up in detail all the various phases of the development of this latter idea during the last twenty years, and to trace the gradual growth of discontent and hatred of the Prussians in South Germany. For our purpose it is sufficient to establish the fact that this feeling assumed greater proportions year after year, until it has become a very dangerous factor in German politics, as the most competent judges of the situation in the Fatherland now openly acknowledge. It may be a moot point, whether it is the new line taken by the present Emperor—his "*Regis voluntas suprema lex*," and "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*," or his personal peculiarities and vagaries, or his laws against the Social Democrats, or whether it is the general insolence of the Prussian Agrarians and Junkers, or, as is most probable, all these causes together which have raised to its present fever heat the reawakened feeling of detestation of the Prussians in South Germany. The fact of its existence stares us in the face. And an incident of the last few weeks has established it still more undeniably before the eyes of the whole world.

It is the unexpected which generally occurs. The Prussian Minister of Education, in appointing Professor Reinhold, a gentleman from Wiesbaden, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Berlin, no doubt thought he had selected a very safe man for the position. Mr. Reinhold, who sat as a member of the German Reichstag during the session of 1887-90 for the industrial district of Solingen Iserlohn in Westphalia, nevertheless, at that time showed himself a warm friend of the agriculturist by voting for an import duty of 5s. on wheat, and openly declared that he would even vote for a higher import duty, if the Agrarians should consider such a step necessary. At the present moment the Agrarians form the most reactionary party in Prussia; they are the special favourites of the Emperor and of the Camarilla; they have majorities in both the Prussian houses; they are the backbone of the Junker party—those fossilised feudal nobility, whose motto, *Der Mensch faengt erst beim Baron an* (nobody below the Baron can be considered as a human being),

causes them to be hated by every person of intellect in the whole world. So the Minister thought there could be no danger to the present reactionary policy in appointing to a professorship a man who had expressed such views on the corn duties as I have mentioned, and who had declared in the Reichstag, that it was a calumnious slander to say guzzling and champagne drinking were characteristics of the Junker class.

But the Paul of 1887 has become the Saul of 1897. Prince Bismarck once said it was only a fool who never changed his opinion. Professor Reinhold showed himself a very apt pupil of the Chancellor. A more sensational *volte-face* could not be imagined than the "retractation" of the gentleman from Wiesbaden. St. Augustine wrote a whole book of recantations, but Professor Reinhold goes even "one better." He withdraws everything that he thought, everything that he said before; and he also gives an external reason; he almost illustrates his "conversion." "I happened to be in Heligoland," he says, "a few years ago, accompanied by a Conservative member of the Reichstag. I told him I detested the democratic catch-word 'militarism,' and the stupid cry of 'Junker and Junker government,' as particularly odious and absolutely senseless. A few days afterwards I was introduced to some large proprietors from Mecklenburg and Pomerania. They seemed to be quite charming people. But in the course of our conversation I soon came to learn the meaning of the word Junker. Upon my asking one of these gentlemen how it was they could get away from their estates during harvest time, he answered with loud laughter, 'Why, only stupid people work,' and this sentiment was applauded by his friends with boisterous hilarity so frequently during the next few days that their company became unbearable to me. This experience came to me like a revelation. I have a great many old school and college friends who live in North Germany and who were formerly known as staunch Conservatives. To my great surprise I had ascertained, a short time before my trip to Heligoland, that they had become advanced Liberals and voted for the Progressist candidates for Parliament. I wrote to several of them, and they answered one and all in the same strain: 'In our part of the country it is impossible to vote otherwise; the pride, superciliousness, and arrogance of these Junkers are too great; they drive us into the other extreme; a tame and moderate Liberalism has become an impossibility in our province.'" Now I began to understand the deadly hostility between Conservatives and Liberals in the eastern and northern parts of Germany. The Junkers are intolerable there; they claim a monopoly of all social and political superiority, and even an exclusive autocratic power. They deny any rights to the "non-noble," and refuse to acknowledge even their formal right to liberty. This contempt for the public rights of others, this despising of everybody who does not

belong to their class, explains the otherwise inexplicable fact that the rural districts of the eastern provinces, which formerly were Conservative to a man, now vote for the Radical candidates. The Agrarian Junker party quite overlooks the fact, that the rural population after all only form 35 per cent. of the entire population of Germany, and that their insolent behaviour inflames and excites almost to desperation 65 per cent. of the inhabitants of the empire. The result at the next elections will come as a terrible surprise to them.

And if such is the state of affairs in some parts of Prussia proper, how shall I speak of the feeling in South Germany, where the antagonism is a hundred times stronger, where to all the other differences must be added the old particularist sentiment and the former hatred of the Prussians? "I am deeply affected by the feeling in South Germany," says the Professor, in his farewell letter from Wiesbaden. "The detestation of Prussia in South Germany can scarcely be believed, and recalls the olden times immediately before and after 1866. Reactionary Prussia has lost all power of attracting others. The former liberal period attracted every man of genius or great talent from all Germany to Berlin, but this glory has now departed. The whole of South Germany, every part of the empire south of the Main, now echoes in loud chorus the words of the Suabian member of Parliament, Hausmann, 'Thank God we are no Prussians.' In the Hessian and Bavarian Palatinate one can observe even worse signs of the time. On all sides are heard even more striking words: 'We would rather be French.' Real Conservatives in South Germany are frequently heard to say that it was very stupid to kick Austria out of the German Bund—Austria, whose absolutist system was at least patriarchal and good-natured; Austria, who was liked by everybody—and to exchange that despotism for another equally absolutist *régime*, but with the difference that the modern Prussian feudalism is simply unbearable, and its representatives personally insolent."

The situation has become intolerable. A very well-known public man said to me the other day: "You in England cannot imagine how perverse, preposterous and absurd is the present Prussian system of over-government; it is not only what you would call grandmotherly, it wants and tries to suppress every Liberal movement in every direction, it does not take into account either the education of the people, or their consciousness that they have achieved a higher culture and a higher political status; these Prussian Junkers who represent the present system and enjoy the Emperor's protection and friendship deny the commonest courtesies of personal politeness and have not even a civil bow for those whom they contemptuously call *the people*." This kind of treatment causes a long-suffering, peaceful, and generally patient nation to become restive and range itself in the ranks of the opposition. The excitement in South Germany is so great as to bring

about a dangerous coalition of all malcontents, which threatens to paralyse the whole mechanism of the State. Everybody is in opposition to the Government, and there is a real danger of a refusal of the will of the State by the whole body of organised society. Punishment of the party now in power cannot fail to come. "The next general election in Germany will produce quite unexpected results, unexpected by the Prussian Junkers and the Emperor's *entourage*; the united, almost unanimous, opposition of an angry and indignant people against the authority of the Government"—these are the warning words of the former magistrate in Wiesbaden, whom the Prussian Minister of Education only a few weeks ago appointed to the chair of political economy at the University of Berlin. The political situation must have changed very considerably indeed during the last few years, the political atmosphere must be very sultry, when a Professor of the first University of Germany speaks in such a manner. And the most patriotic newspapers, journals like the *Cologne Gazette* for instance, whose loyalty to the empire is above suspicion, in reproducing the words of Professor Reinhold can only confirm them and say, they are the serious words of warning of a German patriot to the governing circles, words which lend powerful expression to the feeling of the nation. "Perhaps," says that journal, "perhaps this deliverance from a man who, like ourselves, is staunch in his devotion to the empire will invite those at the head of affairs to recover their senses. It will be the duty of the citizens at the next elections to erect an iron wall against reactionary tendencies in every direction."

The question is naturally asked, how can this state of feeling have so quickly replaced the enthusiasm which attended the creation of the new empire hardly more than a score of years ago? The answer is very simple. The unification of the German nation without liberty is an impossibility—that is to say, a lasting unification can only be brought about by giving ample liberty, social, economic, and political, to all classes in the empire. This was promised, but the promise has not been kept. On the contrary, even the scanty space allowed to Liberal ideas during the first few years of the empire is being restricted. Junkers deny all political rights to the "non-noble." Bureaucrats take their cue from the highest circles. Ministers, like Von Micquel, flatterers of the Emperor and of his latest crazes, set every sail of the ship of State to catch the wind for the new direction. To the military party the few Liberal concessions have always been "a thorn in their eyes."

This new opposition movement is not particularism in the sense in which the French Ambassadors before 1870 described to Napoleon the feeling of the South Germans towards the North German Bund, prophesying that neither Bavarians, nor Wurtembergers, nor Badenser

would mobilise their armies and march against France. No; the South Germans are very good German patriots, as good as the Prussians, but they want to remain Germans, and not to become Prussianised by insolent Junkers, whom even their own fellow citizens find unbearable; they desire what in reality is only a very small modicum of liberty, and not to be crushed under the heel of a bureaucracy which receives its cue and direction from Berlin, which blows hot or cold according to the whims of high personages, who consider themselves *supra legem* (as the Emperor Sigismund considered himself *supra grammaticam*), and changes the course of politics as frequently as its uniforms. No; the South Germans are not particularists in an anti-imperialistic sense, no more than they were in 1870, when they marched out against the hereditary enemy under the Prussian Crown Prince, and achieved the first victories of the war at Woerth and Wissenburg.

No, the uprising of South Germany, and no small part of the North, too, is against the present reactionary principles of government. I could give hundreds of instances, which would better illustrate the spirit of the present Prussian system than a dozen pages of argument. But one sample story will be quite sufficient for my purpose. The other day, in one of the north-eastern provinces of Prussia, a landed proprietor, who is not a member of the Junker party, gave a beanfeast to his workmen, about fifty in number. They all marched, the proprietor at the head of the column, to the nearest wood, where they had a picnic and enjoyed themselves. A few days after the picnic the proprietor and half a dozen of his workmen were summoned to appear before the justice of the peace on a charge of having acted against the law concerning public meetings and associations, because they had not given due notice to the police of their intended beanfeast. The facts, as stated above, were undisputed; but, nevertheless, the landed proprietor, as well as some of his workmen, were sentenced to fines, or, in default, to be imprisoned for several days. Do we require any further reason why the Prussians are hated at the present time?

The danger to the empire, which was created in 1870 amid the clash of arms, is great, though not yet inevitable. The present political situation in Germany is unnatural and cannot last. The national Liberal party and the Progressists, those two Imperialist parties who conceived the idea of the resurrection of a German Empire, and were its most loyal defenders, are now in a hopeless minority; whereas the Centre party, the Ultramontanes, together with the Social Democrats and the other centrifugal elements, added to the Junkers and Agrarians, form the majority of the Reichstag. Nobody in Germany, before 1890, would have considered it possible that the Centre, to whom the very creation of the Protestant German Empire

under Prussian leadership was a horror, and who looked upon it as an abomination, or the Social Democrats, the enemies of that or any other empire, should one day form the preponderating element in the German Parliament. The Emperor's "new course," his personal policy, his marked predilection for the feudal Junkers, for the nobleman in contradistinction to the commoner, has made such a state of affairs possible in Germany, and caused the whole of South Germany, as well as every liberal citizen in the empire to be "agin the Government," and to hate the very name of Prussian.

GERMANICUS.

THE THIRTY DAYS IN EPIRUS.

THE first certain tidings that war had begun in Epirus reached me on Tuesday, April 20. The sun had not risen, but the sky was already white and yellow above the snow as I started for my day's struggle forward in the passage across the central ranges of Pindus. The week before I had been with the irregulars under orders of the secret National Society in their first crazy inroad across the Turkish frontier on the extreme north-west of Thessaly, and there I had waited for the inevitable war. On Saturday night a belated telegram had ordered me to join the army in Epirus at once. But from the nearest point of Thessaly, Epirus is counted five days of hard climbing over mountains where no map has ventured to mark the track, and where, as far as I could learn, no foreigner had ever crossed before. I started on Sunday morning—it was Easter Sunday in the Western Church—and to add infinitely to my anxiety, just as I was entering the hills from the plain of the Peneios, a strange sound came across the enormous distance, as though from the white mass of Olympus behind me, and in my heart I knew that it was the sound of guns. The struggle for the Melouna Pass had in fact begun, and that was the noise of it. Trying as best I could to stifle down my forebodings by other possible explanations, I entered a savage region where any war but the long fight with Nature seemed but a ridiculous waste of human time. It is a cruel land of naked mountains and valleys where a few unknown villages starve, so poor that window-glass is never used, and life is fed on a sticky paste of Indian corn. Even the Thessalian wine, which sells at a halfpenny a bottle, is only found by rare good luck up there, and the people are owned by a languid gentleman of Athens, who is not loved in Pindus.

The first night of the journey I had read myself to sleep over a

young schoolmaster's copy of Plutarch's "Aristides," the only book I had seen in Greece except twenty volumes of lubricity called "Monstres Parisiens," which are the literature of the Turkish consul at Trikkala. Next day I crossed the snowy and crumbling mountain which still bears the old Greek name of the Drum, and so entered a region where the water flows by long courses into the Gulf of Corinth, instead of to Tempe. That night I spent on a mud floor in fine Chaucerian chaos with a priest and his numerous household of human beings and live stock, all gathered round an open hearth, from which the smoke blew in clouds about the blackened room till it escaped by the windows and other suitable holes. Long after I had crept under my rug in the place of honour furthest from the pet goat, the shaggy man, with the zeal of a University Extension lecturer, kept bringing in members of his flock to stare at this object-lesson in anthropology, and I felt with joy that, like a lantern slide, I was at last diffusing culture. At midnight he went out to gabble a service in his dejected little church, where the deep carving had been mutilated, and the calm faces of stiff Byzantine saints had been slashed and scored by Turkish knives in long-forgotten slaughters. Next morning I left him heaping a manure cart, and but for his tall hat and plaited hair he would have been indistinguishable from the souls of whom he had the cure. Meantime, his daughters, barefooted and unwashed, splashed about in the liquid mud, driving the goats to the mountains with stones and barbaric cries. They were indeed finely barbaric themselves, for in Pindus it is not thought worth while to send girls to school, and a man will tell you he has two sons and three "unregistered," and by the unregistered he means his daughters. Amused at the contrast of such a life with the life of an English priest, with his faultless clothes, clean sheets, numerous bedrooms, charming wife and children, lawn tennis courts, humble but presentable vehicle, and quiet library where hardly a blue-bottle dares to hum, and wondering what might be the loss and gain of those different conditions, I scrambled down a rocky path and over a narrow bridge, which with a single span leaps high above the young Achelous at the mouth of an unimaginable gorge, and as I climbed the opposite mountain I saw a man hastening down the path, and knew at once that, like the messenger in some old play, he bore the tidings of fate. His message, for a Greek, was brief: "I was in Arta on Sunday," he said. "The war began in the afternoon. The Turks tried to cross the river by tying Christian women in front of them, in hopes the Greeks would not fire. All were killed. Their shrieks were frightful. The town lies flat in ruins. To go on is death."

In plain English I told him how deeply he lied, for I knew how strong the Greek artillery was; but on the main point I could no longer doubt. The war had begun without me, and the rest of the

journey remains in my mind as a sort of nightmare jumble of mountains and slushy snow, of profound gorges more gloomy for the black ilex which covered them in, of rivers white with flood, and fords impassable except on drifting logs, of exhausted mules and mutinous guides half dead with fatigue and rigid with ancestral terror at the approach to the Turk; and, over all, drenching rain, starvation, and inconsumable rage. In the afternoon, at a turn on the top of a precipice, I heard the boom of guns far off—the two great guns of Arta. That night I spent in a dripping village, rightly called the Sewer of Sorrow, and next morning, for the first time, I met a long train of refugees winding into the mountains, with their rugs and sheep and children, and anything they could carry away from the power of the Turk. Soon after midday, the sudden edge of a height revealed a vast distance, dimly conjectured through clouds of heavy mist under a sun purple as in a haunted fairy-land. Strange mountains were there, and plains, and an estuary dividing them, and spaces of dull blue water, which was the Ambracian Gulf that Cleopatra saw. And far away, high up, as though a part of the sky itself, gleamed one thin line of silver, which was the open sea, the old Adriatic. In three days and a few hours I had come through Pindus, and now at my feet, in the depths of a broad valley, I saw a high road running, and at the end of it, almost encircled by the white curve of a river, stood a town, with the old walls of a Venetian castle close beside the stream, and, high above on the hill, a large square fortress, and further on the clustered domes of a most ancient Byzantine church, and, further still, the waving line of an ancient bridge. That, then, was Arta, the place which I had marked before leaving England as the one possible scene of victory for our cause.

A scene of victory it was already. Before dark I was down among the soldiers who were crowding the little villages, or making ready for their last night in the trenches under the olive woods along the river. Everywhere I was met with the joyful cry, "The Turks have gone!" On the half-circle of forts which commanded the town from the opposite hills their guns were silent. The trenches across the river no longer sputtered with their rifle-fire. All was still. They had fled, and we had only lost a single man. It is almost sad to recall the joy and excitement of that night. I suppose few of us will ever be so entirely happy again. It was Wednesday night, the end of the fourth day of the war.

Why the Turks fled the generals may know, but the privates never discovered. Their artillery, certainly, was mastered by the Greek guns; their forts were a good deal damaged; but that alone would not account for such a retreat as theirs. Next day we crossed the bridge into Turkish ground, and marched at leisure along the roads towards Philippiades and Salaora, or over the great marshy plain

between them. There was no resistance. Not a Turk was to be seen, except a few bewildered prisoners, and some savage creatures who had been left to their fate in a hospital. In the officers' quarters we found meals laid out and left half-eaten. The horses of Fouat Bey, the hated tyrant of Philippiades, were still standing in the stables, and very useful to us they were. Bankers and money-lenders had left their masses of accounts, and those accounts were very soon littering the streets, mixed with copies of the Koran. Stranger than all, the story went that the Turks had sunk their guns into the deep and rapid little river Louros. I never discovered if the story was true, but they certainly never brought guns to bear on us again in anything like the original numbers.

It was simply a case of panic, just such a panic as people have come to associate only with Greeks. It was as causeless and as blind. The Turkish army in Epirus was on the run, and it was our part to keep them going. For the moment we had every military advantage except numbers. Above all, though in the enemy's country, we were in the midst of a friendly population, a population of Christian Greeks, who by race, and even by treaty, belonged to the Greek kingdom, and regarded our advance as the renewal of Christianity, a day-spring of deliverance. But it was just then that we showed our first sign of weakness. Instead of pushing on, we were kept hanging about for two full days near Philippiades, waiting for we did not know what: perhaps for the fall of Preveza, which was reported every other hour, and might perhaps have happened if the war had lasted thirty years instead of thirty days. Some battalions were, it is true, sent forward towards Janina. One advanced along the main road from Preveza, was halted for a night without provisions, and then marched back again. Another made its way along a mountain track, and even occupied the Five Wells, or Pentepegadia, where an old Turkish fort controls a position of great natural strength, and commands the approach to Janina. But our men were left there unsupported, and after a defence of many hours, were driven out with a loss that was heavy in a war where both sides preferred to fight from under cover at long ranges, and no bayonet wound was ever given in action. That was on the Greek Good Friday, when the men were worn out with fasting. It was, in fact, the beginning of our disasters. The news that many had been actually killed, the sight of the wounded crawling back towards the hospitals in their blood-stained bandages, depressed and terrified our fellows, who were by nature very sympathetic, and were entirely unaccustomed to war. Being but a quarter trained, hardly to be called soldiers at all, they were wearied and discouraged by movements they did not understand. Many were sick from hunger. Then arose the murmurs against officers, the general feeling of distrust and uneasiness, the corruption of that absolute faith in

leadership, which alone makes a soldier's life endurable on the field. The peasants and villagers also took fright, and began to pack up and move away, making the danger appear far greater than it was. Yet it is impossible to blame them. One of the peculiarities of fighting the Turk is that the whole Christian population is compelled to conform to the movements of the Christian army, and when the army retires not a single Christian dares to be left behind. It is a point which a general must take into his calculation.

That time, however, the panic was checked. It was worst about noon on Saturday, but by next morning, the Greek Easter Sunday, we had recovered confidence fairly well; the rugged streets of Arta were horrible with the blood of lambs, and all made ready to enjoy the Paschal debauch of flesh. Our van held a strong position by an old kahn up the mountain path to Janina, some eight hours' march from Arta, and only about two miles south of Pentepegadia itself. There we established a battery of five or six mountain-guns, and along the hills on either side of the way large detachments of infantry were distributed within touch of each other, some six or seven thousand men in all. Up the mouth of the pass itself a body of Evzoni was gradually pushing its way forward, though checked by Turkish fire from the next turn of the road. The highway far below us in the deep and broad valley of the Louros on our left was said to be patrolled by our cavalry, but personally I never saw a human being of any kind along its whole length.

So things remained from Sunday morning to Wednesday with hardly a change. We were still full of hope. Our advance up the path was slow, but every day a few yards were gained. Janina still seemed within our grasp. We were only waiting for reinforcements, waiting till Preveza fell to the fleet, and released the troops who remained watching for a possible attack from that fortress upon our left rear. Every morning we expected the order to advance in force. There would be one desperate struggle at the Wells, and then the road to the capital would be open. Still no order came. On Tuesday night a messenger brought me vague rumours of disasters in Thessaly the week before. No doubt others received the tidings and were discouraged; but we were so entirely cut off from Thessaly by the mountains that disasters there should have had no military effect on our success, and in any case Janina would have been a fine set-off against Larissa. But, unfortunately, whilst we were waiting the Turks recovered heart, and on the Wednesday morning they began an attempt to turn our right, by driving us from the top of the mountain on the east side of the pass. The mountain crest was held that day only by a few hundred Evzoni and a handful of irregulars from Corfu. Along the edge we constructed low walls of loose stones for cover, and from behind them kept up a pretty steady fire upon a crowd of Turks and

Albanians who were advancing across some red, half-cultivated fields in a kind of plateau, or shallow "Punch Bowl," not far below us. Their attack was supported by heavy fire from large numbers of the enemy hidden in a grey chaos of rocks on the opposite mountain-side. In the afternoon we were assisted by two mountain-guns, and till dark we held the position securely. Unfortunately, the men were obliged to remain up there all night, though frost succeeded the blaze of the sun, and they suffered horribly from thirst. Next day they were reinforced by a line battalion, and the morning was quiet. But about half-past three in the afternoon the attack was furiously renewed, the Turks bringing up some 5000 men at the lowest estimate. For awhile, even against such odds, the Greeks held their ground; but just before five o'clock the guns were withdrawn, the line of defenders began to look behind them, and with one accord fell back three or four yards. Some one shouted, "Whatever shall we do?" An officer cried, "Off with you!" and in long blue lines they streamed down the bare mountain to seek shelter in the scrub at the foot. Hardly a minute later our position swarmed with black figures, shouting and firing at random. The Turkish trumpets sounded against the evening sun, and our one chance of conquest was dead.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, April 29. I supposed that our battery and firing-line would fall back about a mile and there re-establish our front. At half a dozen places the mountain road to Arta could have been held by a few brave men against an army; but at the sight of those Turks on the mountain-top inexplicable panic fell upon us. As the old Greeks thought, there is something superhuman in panic. An evil spirit hung over us, a thing distinct from the spirit of each man, and infinitely more powerful. It smote us like an angel of pestilence. If none but soldiers had been present the infection might have been stayed. But swarms of irregulars had always been hanging round the army, partly in hopes of getting a shot at the Turks, partly on the chance of plunder. They were the first to run. I saw them scurrying away at once, their greased petticoats and hairy cloaks fluttering in the wind, like a flock of girls masquerading as brigands in a comic opera.

But even before the irregulars had gone the whole populace was astir. At the noise of the battle they had already collected their flocks, packed their babies in the cradles, rolled up their bedding, and made ready for a good start in the race for safety. And now, at the sound of the Turkish trumpets, they came pouring down from every miserable village and unsuspected mountain covert, and thronged the main track, screaming to each other, and driving their goats forward by firing ball-cartridges over their heads. It would have been difficult for the best troops to have remained unmoved in such a scene. There is nothing so terribly persuasive as the sight of other people running

away. In the crowd and confusion the sense of personality, the sense of personal shame is lost; and it is the sense of shame—shame in the eyes of comrades or of foreigners, shame in the ears of some one far away—which alone holds most men in their places when exposed to death. But in that chaos of panic the soldiers were deprived of this safeguard of shame; and while the Turks were still shouting on the ridge our guns were led off, and on every hill the detachments buckled on their blankets and crept away to mingle in the rout of cattle, women, and irregulars. No one stayed even to delay the pursuit. At one place, where a village commands the entrance to a narrow defile and the approaches had been strongly entrenched, I made sure a stand would be made, and, as it was then pitch dark, I rolled myself in a rug and went to sleep. Yet I had actually seen soldiers walking out of the trenches as I passed, and squeezing into the mob in their passion for escape; and I had hardly been there an hour when somebody kicked over me and shouted there was not a soldier between me and the Turks. So through the night we stumbled along the rough path between mountains and beside a liquid marsh, lighted only by the will-o'-the-wisp and the malign glare of a burning village. It was most pitiful to see the peasant women crawling along without complaint under burdens which almost hid them from view—babies, chickens, calves, and any household stuff they could save—whilst at their side the children scrambled barefoot over the stones, driving a kid or lamb, and wondering how it was they came to be out in the dark. The sufficient answer to their questions always was that the Turk was coming. It is a strange education for childhood, an experience which English children never get. But if the Turk had come indeed, those twenty miles of road would have been the scene of a massacre almost Armenian in horror. And had he been able to hack his way through the unresisting mob before daybreak, he might have entered Arta that night without receiving a shot, and in its narrow streets and deserted gardens could have butchered at will. But, happily for us, he displayed in pursuit the same "deliberation and circumspection" which Lord Salisbury at length discovered that he displays in diplomacy. In fact, I did not see a Turk again for two full days, and then I had to ride eight miles back over the same road to find him.

When morning came the entire army, except a few outposts, had retreated across the river into Greek territory. All that we had gained in those joyful days of invasion was helplessly abandoned. The bridge was still choked with flocks and terrified peasants, but even the artillery had crossed, and the soldiers roamed about the streets in gesticulating and angry crowds. On the river-beach beside the bridge stands an enormous plane-tree, on which the Turks used to hang the patriot Greeks in the good old times when they ruled in Arta. Under

its shadow a group of officers was gathered, the very models of despair. They gave no orders, they made no attempt to muster or rally a single company. They simply let things drift; and backwards and forwards through the town things drifted. I think the peasant refugees were the first to restore a sense of order. Some one has called woman the practical sex. Whatever happens, the children have to be fed, cleansed more or less, beaten, and put to sleep. And so, whilst the soldiers were still demonstrating that everything was the fault of everybody else, and long before the officers had roused themselves from dejection, innumerable families had broken through into the flat orange orchards between the bridge and the town, and had made themselves quite at home, clustered beneath the miniature shade of every tree, with their goods and flocks around them. Innumerable others had wandered down the river, or far along the main road, and pitched their tiny camps under olive-trees, or in the mountain rocks, where the goats could find pasture, while the cows and horses were turned loose among the standing crops. By mid-day they had collected sticks, and, as at a distressful picnic, little columns of smoke were rising from unaccustomed hearths. In the evening I saw them thumping their rags in the water of the ditches, wringing and lathering for their very lives, and rocking the cradles under the stars. It all seemed the most natural thing in the world—was all in the day's work, as we say. Through all danger and overturn, with unwearied continuance, the little round of life had to go on. Sometimes the women cried quietly to themselves when the ropes of their bundles cut their breasts as they trudged along; but I never heard them complain. If they could keep the family and their bits of things together, they were fairly content. When you fight the Turk, the suffering is part of the business. But, Turk or no Turk, the pot must boil.

Yet every single one of those refugees was a Turkish subject, and could hardly hope to see home again. They had lain under Turkish government all their lives, and now they could not even return under false colours, for nearly every girl, and many of the men, were deeply tattooed with the cross between the eyes and on the backs of the hands. We heard much of Turkish atrocities during the war, much of slaughtered villages north of Preveza, and of the women of Kamarina who flung themselves from cliffs. I do not in the least know whether such stories were true. Half the Turkish army lay between us and Kamarina, and in war it is ridiculous to report anything but things seen. But no further evidence of the Turk's nature is needed than the behaviour of these refugees who sought to escape his vengeance by their flight. It is a sure testimony of what they expected, and people do not ruin themselves for nothing.

By Sunday the battalions were formed up again, and the artillery

was posted for defence in all the batteries. On Monday the last few troops were withdrawn from the Turkish side, and all was apparently the same as before the war began, except that we had lost some sixty killed and about two to three hundred wounded. But we had also lost heart, and, to an army of 13,000 men, that was as bad as the loss of 13,000 lives.

Ten miserable days of apprehension and inactivity followed. It seemed as though nothing more could happen, except, perhaps, a mutiny, a massacre, or a pestilence. The men lay in the trenches day and night, with nothing to do but curse their officers, or strip themselves naked in hopes of killing off some of the insect life with which they swarmed. It often rained hard at nights, and they woke stiff and ill with damp. They were wearied, too, by constant marching and counter-marching up and down the lines to no purpose, and were perpetually harassed by rumours of Turkish assaults. Many openly announced their intention of never coming under fire again with such leading as they had. In the town all shops were shut. No one was left but the soldiers and the poor—perhaps some 16,000 souls in all. There was plenty of flesh to eat, but bread was getting scarce, and there was little to drink but the turbid river water and a few stagnant wells. On the outskirts the refugees were squatted in thousands, with hundreds of thousands of live beasts round them and hundreds of carcasses. So strange and overwhelming a stench was mingled with the smell of the orange-blossom in the orchards that I can never venture to a wedding again. So the days crept on, with nothing to mark the hours except an almost daily panic, and the sound of the guns far away at Preveza, a sound which now only raised a smile. It seemed impossible that men in the spirit of that army could ever be induced to dare again.

But on Wednesday, May 12, the impossible happened. That afternoon General Manos ordered an advance into Turkish territory in three divisions. The main body was to proceed by the familiar road and recapture Philippiades, a strong detachment was to attack the bridge over the Louros lower down, and some 2000 irregulars were sent in the fleet to check a possible diversion from Preveza by holding the narrows of the peninsula near Nicopolis. It was, perhaps, an attempt to retrieve reputation, or, perhaps, to win some exchange for the Thessalian plain. It was not for private soldiers to criticise the plan or its motive, but the noticeable thing was the change in spirit among the men themselves. It must be remembered that we were a defeated and a demoralised army advancing against a victorious enemy, to attack strong and chosen positions which we had occupied three weeks before without a struggle. The most we could hope to do, after hard fighting and heavy loss, was to recover places which had been ours within the last fortnight. Yet the men went to the

business as to a ball. We were all full of joy, and there were smiles on every face. We were polite to each other again. The men saluted their officers, and lifted their feet on the march instead of trailing them through the dust. We were again the invading force, and no one would have believed that these were the same men who were ready for mutiny the day before. So magic is the effect of the word "Forward."

Next day, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the long and terrible battle which the Greeks call Grimbovo began. The object was to drive the Turks from two strongly entrenched positions on some hills about twelve hundred feet high only a few miles from Arta, and so by turning their left to force them again out of Philipiades and all that district. The scene of the main attack was a little plain leading up into the hills from the deserted village of Gremenitza. It is only just across the river from Arta, and every movement of the battle was distinctly visible from several places in the town. All day long, as in some mediæval contest round a city's wall, the women, children, and old men crowded the castle battlements and the steps of the old cathedral to watch the issue, and the mayor went round driving out the able-bodied men to carry back the dead and wounded. Nothing could have been more admirable than the advance of the Greek infantry and artillery under heavy fire across the plain and up the slopes. The Turks were driven from their first position, and in the trenches which they left their dead were found already stripped to their shirts. The second position was more difficult, for the ground sloped up to it gradually, and the earthworks, which it is said thirty thousand Turks were ready to hold, gave it extraordinary strength. That night and nearly all next day rain fell heavily, adding much to our distress. Still our troops, in a position from which they could not advance, endured a fire from above them throughout the whole of Friday without moving. And the same was true of a battalion deployed for attack on the plain over the hills to our left, and exposed to a rifle-fire from the rocks above the high road, and to shrapnel from a battery across a deep marsh, which prevented their own further advance. The loss was heavy. Ten officers were shot dead. The men were exactly in the position which the best-disciplined troops find hardest to endure. We kept hoping for a diversion by the bridge of Louros, but it never came, and the landing of the irregulars near Nicopolis was a *fiasco*, as might have been expected by any one who had seen irregulars in action. All day long our men never flinched, but by nightfall retreat had become inevitable, and in the early morning they retired in perfect order to the strong position of Imaret, some three-quarters of a mile to the rear, and entrenched themselves there with great coolness and deliberation. Nothing of importance happened that day except the burial of the dead. In the

middle of the next night I heard the artillery and the troops coming back over the bridge into the town. I thought it was another panic, but I was unjust. It seems that the Sultan refused an armistice unless the whole of the invading force was withdrawn from Epirus. On Tuesday afternoon, after a great deal of galloping and trumpeting on both sides up to the bridge and back, a large white flag was seen flying close beside our big guns by the square barrack on the hill above the town, and the thirty days' war was over.

The war was over, but for three months since that white flag was hoisted, the people have been suffering all the evils of war except the killing. The army for the most part is still in the field, still in those trenches, wearing out the useless days in tedious inaction, whilst crops and vintages at home are going to ruin. Along the river banks and on the hills the swarms of refugees are still encamped, slowly consuming their own flocks, or slowly dying out for want of food. Many have wandered far down the long road towards the Gulf of Corinth and never hope to return. Some have taken to brigandage, as most people would under the same stress and with the same opportunities for escape. The same misery is to be seen on many islands, on both sides the Euripus, in Thebes, far up the crags of Parnassus, and on the quays of Peiræus where Cretans starve. A whole nation of peasants with its women and children is drifting to ruin, and yet the long-promised peace does not come, and no Power dares to move a finger to save. Is there then no triple millionaire who will settle the Turk offhand by paying down at least half the indemnity, and win himself a name for ever and the gratitude of a most affectionate and trustful people? It is an unparalleled opportunity for a man who would be far more than king.

Since my recent return to England, I have been constantly met by two questions. The first is—Why did the fleet do nothing? I cannot answer that. Among the private soldiers and peasants with whom I lived there were of course innumerable rumours of treachery in high places. Those must be taken as a necessary consequence of defeat. But if we set them aside, there was certainly also a want of plan, of persistence in the management of the fleet, and, I believe, a want of coal. It is probable, too, that the Powers hampered its action by threats. I have seen with what zeal they play that game in support of the Turk in Crete. But sometimes, as I listened to the Greek ships and the Preveza forts banging at each other week after week, the doubt occurred to my lay mind whether a fleet could ever be of much service as an offensive instrument, unless supplemented by a strong landing force. The English fleet could very likely batter Preveza and Salonica to bits, but the mere battering would do no great harm to the Turkish Empire as a fighting power. Every one, except perhaps the Greek, knows that the end of war is not to kill

men or to destroy property, but to occupy positions. That, however, is only a point of hesitation of my own, and it is quite certain that, in any case, no fleet which Greece could ever put to sea would have the smallest effect on Preveza, though it battered away for years, so lightly has the Turk or German who fortified it regarded the injunctions of treaties.

The second question put to me invariably is, "What do you think of the Greeks now?" and it is generally accompanied by a smile. For the Englishman in his heart always believes that might is right, and that a nation which has been defeated by a race nearly twenty times its size must have committed some enormous sin. But before I went out I did not think much of the Greeks one way or other. I only thought of their cause, and it seems to me certain that the historian who in a hundred years narrates the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire and the deliverance of the peoples now under its sway, will speak of this quixotic attempt of Greece with natural enthusiasm. As to the Greeks themselves their failings, like our own, are obvious enough. They are, it is true, rather strange failings for so old a race; for they are the failings of children. I remember a fifth-form master in a great public school once putting the embarrassing question, "What had the Greeks?" and after passing it down the form in vain, he exclaimed with a sigh, "Oh, don't you even know that? Why, a lively imagination." Well, the Greeks have retained that quality in daily life, though not in art. Like imaginative children they romance with entire ease, and the fertility of their invention is only equalled by the simple confidence with which they credit the inventions of others. By the time one fiction has been exposed they are greedy for the next, and it is invariably supplied. This peculiarity gives an obvious advantage to journalism, and I suppose there is no country in which journalism is so dominant and so harmful. But that was not the worst result of the imaginative faculty in the war. It made the men conscious of danger and over-sensitive to it. They rated the risk even higher than it was. They realised to the full the horror of death; perhaps they exaggerated it. Poor and hard as the life of the common Greek is, he loves it. He much prefers it to death. Even fighting for the noblest of causes, fighting against the hereditary enemy, he was very unwilling to die, to take no more part in the world, to enjoy nothing more, to close "youth's sweet-scented manuscript" so suddenly. Most of us are very unwilling. Perhaps as life becomes more delightful, and imagination more acute, and affection more passionate, and the hope of a future existence less certain, that unwillingness may gradually bring war to its end. Yet the dead at Grimbovo prove that the Greeks are not incapable of the rarest and most difficult form of physical courage—the courage which can bring a defeated army cheerfully back to

attack positions which they have already lost; nor can a race be regarded as cowardly when it can produce a young girl like Katarina Basarapoulo, who quite modestly and without display went out with her two brothers into the battle of Domoko and was twice wounded; or that other yet more heroic peasant woman who went up and down the firing line at Nicopolis with water and milk for the soldiers, and was shot through the back and thigh.

To one who has lived amongst the people, and heard Greek spoken by shepherds and children, it is impossible not to wonder what quality is now lacking which the old Greeks possessed. There are so many points of resemblance—the quick mind, the civility, the hospitality, the love of politics, the courteous desire to please, the frank democracy. In no modern nation certainly is equality so absolute. In social intercourse there is no higher or lower. The whole race is really and unconsciously free from the curse of inequality. Even in that question of courage, the advantage of comparison does not lie entirely with the ancients. Only a few stayed to die at Thermopylæ. Before Salamis nearly all did their very best to run away. What, then, had the Greeks? as the schoolmaster said. Whatever that distinctive quality of the ancients was, it seems to have vanished very long ago. I suppose it disappeared some time in the century between the death of Pericles and the conquest of Philip. Perhaps there is no one word which can express just the thing which made all the difference, but for want of a better one might choose the word “discipline”—the discipline which renders action in common possible, and gives that “reserved power” for which some of the ancients were known, and that strictness of artistic choice by which others laid down the rules of beauty for the world. In points of ordinary morality, it is true, the modern Greek needs such discipline less than other races. I suppose no such temperate army has ever been seen on earth, unless it was Cromwell’s Saints. I never saw a soldier drunk, and a woman could walk alone from end to end of the camps without hearing a word of insult. The whole army took a vow to live chaste as long as the war lasted, and the vow was rigorously kept. The heavy losses in one regiment, it is true, were attributed by the others to carelessness on this point. The regiment was recruited from the Ionian islanders, and perhaps they are rather a slack and self-indulgent lot. But then they are musicians. Besides, before condemning them for immorality on the strength of their losses, we must remember that they were considerably more often exposed to fire than the rest.

Yet strict as the Greek soldiers’ conduct was on such points as those, the word discipline—“*ascesis*”—often occurred to my mind as I looked towards the scarred and wrinkled mountain which rises with so stern a gravity above Janina, and remembered that in some valley near its foot people say the breed of Spartans first arose. And

thinking of that I admired more than ever the extraordinary wisdom of their law-giver, who, discerning exactly where the national weakness lay, devoted his ordinances to two main objects—to keep his countrymen steady in the face of death, and to cut their talking short. Yes, incredible as it seems, that excellent quality of speech which is known all the world over as “the laconic” was first known and named among Greeks.

The astonishing success of that law-giver alone might show us how far the race can go in self-conquest and self-development under guidance which it can trust. But we need not go back to Lycurgus to learn that. We have seen the change which came over the army in Thessaly when it found in the rough soldier Smolenski a real leader in place of the dancers, linguists, and pavement-knights who had previously formed the staff. In Epirus also I could point to captains and unknown colonels who were invariably followed with equal devotion. It is true that an officer's position is necessarily very difficult in a thoroughly democratic nation where he has no high traditions and no sense of *noblesse oblige*, and where the privates, who are socially entirely his equals, will argue the point with him and sometimes argue him round. In such a nation an officer must establish his right to command by unusual strength of personal character and by recognised skill. But after all I do not know that an army need be the worse because its officers must be good.

It will be many years now before Englishmen can be brought to see that the Greeks have any justice in their cause or any good qualities in themselves. At the word Greek, people see nothing now but fantastic pictures of the “retreat from Larissa,” as they call it, though the thing they mean was a rush to Larissa. They go on to say that they hope the Greeks have now “learnt their lesson.” And the lesson, one must suppose, is to endure abomination quietly as we and other Christian peoples endure it. Well, the Greeks certainly did not endure it quietly. On behalf of kindred of their own they ventured to strike at the thing. Perhaps in such a cause even we might have ventured to strike. And when the worst that can be said has been said against the Greek, we must remember that the Turk was and is the alternative.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

OUR TRADE WITH GERMANY AND BELGIUM.

THE denunciation of the commercial treaties that existed during more than thirty years between Great Britain on the one hand and Germany and Belgium on the other is, perhaps, the most important measure of her Majesty's Government since Lord Salisbury came into power. The Ambassadors at Berlin and Brussels have given notice in due form, by virtue of which the treaties will expire on July 31, 1898. In England no dissentient voice has been heard. The Conservatives, or at least those of them who are still Protectionists, consider that the Government has made a new departure in fiscal policy, the first step towards a British Empire Zollverein, or Commercial Union, which will revive Protection under a new form, give enhanced value to agricultural products, and retrieve the shattered fortunes of landowners. The Liberals rejoice at the abrogation of commercial treaties, because such are contrary to the spirit of Free Trade. Both parties are equally glad to remove certain restrictions that at present affect the trade of our Colonies. There are, meantime, some persons who regard the new policy as a leap in the dark, a matter of extreme gravity, in which the interests of British and Colonial trade are more or less exposed to hazard. Sir W. Laurier has the credit of having induced her Majesty's Government to initiate the new policy with the view of facilitating and augmenting our relations with Canada. Here we may observe that the total trade between Canada and the rest of the Empire is almost £20,000,000, while our dealings with Germany and Belgium amount to £119,000,000. Under these circumstances, and pending the arrangement of new treaties of commerce which are spoken of, it is of the highest importance that our statesmen and journalists, and all who influence the

national destinies, should weigh the matter at issue with cool discrimination. The following notes may be of some assistance :

I. GERMAN TRADE WITH THE WORLD.

The first care of the Germans after the constitution of their empire in 1871 was to develop their internal industries and to extend their commercial relations all over the globe. How far they have succeeded is shown by the fact that in twenty-five years their industries have increased as follows : agricultural products 40 per cent., textile manufactures 111 per cent., hardware 165 per cent., mining 186 per cent.* At the same time their foreign trade has not kept pace with such a marvellous expansion of internal resources, although the increase of German shipping and commerce has been very great. The following table shows the carrying-power of the merchant-navy and the gross amount of trade, imports and exports :

Year.	Carrying-power. Tons.					Commerce. £.
1875	.	.	.	1,630,000	302,400,000
1885	.	.	.	2,540,000	290,200,000
1895	.	.	.	4,220,000	372,000,000

In twenty years German shipping rose 150 per cent., trade 23 per cent. Imports have largely exceeded exports, as happens also in Great Britain and many other prosperous countries. The import trade may be summed up thus :

	1875.		1885.		1895.
	£		£		£
Food . . .	40,200,000	...	29,100,000	...	45,500,000
Wool, cotton, silk .	28,000,000	...	32,500,000	...	41,600,000
Sundries . .	108,400,000	...	85,600,000	...	118,900,000
Total . .	176,600,000	...	147,200,000	...	206,000,000

Germany depends but little on foreign countries for her food-supply, the value of imported food being no more than 18s. per head of her population, against £4 per head in the United Kingdom. The growth of her textile manufactures has been rapid, the weight of cotton and wool imported having risen from 210,000 tons in 1875 to 550,000 tons in 1895, an increase of 160 per cent. The weight of imported fibre was equal to 11 lb. per inhabitant in the former, 24 lb. in the latter year. No less striking has been the advance in hardware products, the weight of metal consumed in German workshops rising in the same interval from 2,200,000 to 5,200,000 tons.

* "Industries and Wealth of Nations." Longmans. 1896.

OUR TRADE WITH GERMANY AND BELGIUM. 335

Exports have risen 38 per cent. in twenty years, that is a higher ratio than in the case of imports; the former may be summed up thus:

	1875.		1885.		1895.
	£		£		£
Textile goods .	14,400,000	...	19,600,000	...	24,500,000
Hardware .	5,300,000	...	10,600,000	...	16,600,000
Coal .	1,500,000	...	4,400,000	...	7,100,000
Sugar .	600,000	...	7,900,000	...	9,600,000
Sundries .	103,000,000	...	100,500,000	...	108,100,000
Total .	124,800,000	...	143,000,000	...	165,900,000

In Germany, as in other countries, the last ten years "have been marked by universal trade depression"; all the commercial reports of Consuls and others tell us so. Nevertheless it is a pure delusion, or rather, a confusion of speech. What has occurred is a fall of price-level, accompanied by an inevitable expansion of trade. Sauerbeck shows that the fall of price-level since 1885 has been 14 per cent.; nevertheless the exports of nations have risen 16 per cent., that is, twice as fast as population. Official returns of exports from the various countries give us the following result:

	Millions £ sterling.		
	1885.	1895.	Increase.
British Empire .	441	515	74
Germany .	143	166	23
United States .	151	165	14
France .	124	135	11
Holland .	74	98	24
Russia .	54	78	19
Other Countries .	268	309	41
The World .	1,255	1,461	206

British and Colonial exports increased 17, German 16, United States 9 per cent., the increase all round for the world being 16 per cent. The above table does not include South America, where the fluctuating and depreciated paper money defies any proper trade returns.

II. GERMAN TRADE WITH THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Whoever dispassionately studies the trade relations between Germany and the British Empire in the last ten years will doubtless come to the conclusion that Germany is a powerful factor in the development of British commerce, viz.:

	1885.		1895.
	£		£
Imports from Germany into G. Britain	23,100,000	...	27,000,000
British exports to Germany . . .	27,100,000	...	32,700,000
Imports from B. Colonies into Germany	2,100,000	...	17,100,000
„ to „ from „	1,600,000	...	5,200,000
Our trade with Germany . . .	53,900,000	...	82,000,000

Thus in ten years our dealings with Germany have increased 52 per cent., while the whole trade of the British Empire has risen only 14 per cent. This shows what a preference Germans have for trading with Great Britain or our Colonies. In 1895 Germany consumed British and Colonial products to the value of £49,800,000, whereas Great Britain and Colonies took only £32,200,000 of German merchandise. In other words, Germany buys from us 50 per cent. more than we buy from her, and consequently, if there be any ground for jealousy, it is rather on the other side than on ours. But it is to be hoped that educated people have by this time given up the mischievous "mercantile theory" of the Dark Ages, which regarded export trade as more profitable than that of imports. The truth is that both branches of trade are equally advantageous, and we should value our customers according to the gross amount of goods exchanged—that is, the aggregate of imports and exports. The trade of the British Empire in 1895 was as follows:

Millions £ sterling,					
Trade of	with G. Britain		with B. Colonies		Total.
United States . .	131	...	33	...	164
Germany . . .	60	...	22	...	82
France . . .	69	...	11	...	80
Holland . . .	43	...	5	...	48
China and Japan .	15	...	33	...	48
Belgium . . .	30	...	7	...	37
United Kingdom .	—	...	172	...	172
Other Countries .	355	...	133	...	488
Total . . .	703	...	416	...	1,119

Germany is surpassed only by the United States in the amount of trade transacted with the British Empire. No country of Europe approaches her in the magnitude of her relations with our Colonies. As regards the special trade between Germany and the United Kingdom, we may compare the annual average of the years 1895–96 with that of the years 1885–86. At both periods it will be found that Germany took much more merchandise from Great Britain than we took from her—viz.:

OUR TRADE WITH GERMANY AND BELGIUM. 337

Annual Imports from Germany.

	1885-1886. £		1895-1896. £
Sugar	5,500,000	...	9,400,000
Textile goods	800,000	...	2,200,000
Hardware	300,000	...	1,200,000
Sundries	15,600,000	...	14,500,000
Total	22,200,000		27,300,000

Exports to Germany.

Textile goods	6,300,000	...	8,500,000
Hardware	2,500,000	...	3,800,000
Colonial goods	10,600,000	...	12,000,000
Sundries	7,300,000	...	9,100,000
Total	26,700,000		33,400,000

There is both in imports and exports a like increase of 25 per cent. in ten years, which ought to be sufficient proof that our trade relations have been highly advantageous on both sides.

III. TRADE OF BELGIUM WITH THE WORLD.

Belgium is one of the most prosperous and commercial nations in Europe, her foreign trade being equal to £20 per inhabitant, against £7 in Germany and £18 in the United Kingdom, which is the more surprising as she has no mercantile navy, about 70 per cent. of her trade being carried on by means of British shipping. The import trade of the kingdom was almost stationary in value from 1875 to 1885, but has risen 25 per cent. since the latter year—viz. :

	1875. £		1885. £		1895. £
Cotton, wool, flax	10,200,000	...	7,600,000	...	6,600,000
Grain	7,300,000	...	8,800,000	...	10,700,000
Meat	2,100,000	...	3,100,000	...	2,200,000
Metals	2,600,000	...	3,200,000	...	3,600,000
Sundries	30,100,000	...	31,200,000	...	44,100,000
Total	52,300,000		53,900,000		67,200,000

Belgium, like Great Britain, depends in a great measure on foreign countries for her food supply. Her people subsist on imported grain during six months, imported meat during four months, of the year. From the above table it might be supposed that the textile industries were languishing, the value of imported fibre having fallen 36 per cent. in twenty years. This was, however, merely the result of a fall in

prices, for we find that the weight of imported fibre consumed by the Belgian mills rose from 112,000 tons in 1875 to 185,000 tons in 1895, an increase of 66 per cent. In the same interval the hardware industry has more than doubled, the importation of ores and metals having risen 120 per cent. As a manufacturing country Belgium stands high, her annual output (between manufactures for home use and what is exported) showing an average of £20 per inhabitant, against £13 in Germany and £23 in Great Britain.

Exports from Belgium may be summed up as follows :

	1875. £		1885. £		1895. £
Hardware . . .	4,600,000	...	5,200,000	...	7,100,000
Textile goods . .	7,400,000	...	8,100,000	...	6,900,000
Coal . . .	4,000,000	...	2,800,000	...	3,800,000
Sundries . . .	28,100,000	...	31,900,000	...	37,600,000
Total . . .	44,100,000		48,000,000		55,400,000

Notwithstanding the fall of prices we find a rise of 15 per cent. in value since 1885. If prices had remained unaltered since 1875 the exports of 1895 would have represented the sum of £86,000,000, or double what they were twenty years ago. This shows the great development of industry in Belgium, especially during the last ten years, when we have been told by so many writers that Belgium was suffering from extreme depression of trade.

IV. BELGIAN TRADE WITH THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Few countries are more intimately connected with us by commercial ties than Belgium. In the first place, she pays our shipowners about £1,500,000 a year to do the carrying-trade for her. In the second place, no less than 30 per cent. of her total commerce is with the British Empire, and her relations with us are so mutually satisfactory that they have increased 28 per cent. in twenty years—viz. :

	1875. £		1895. £
Great Britain . . .	28,600,000	...	29,500,000
British Colonies . .	100,000	...	7,400,000
British Empire . . .	28,700,000		36,900,000

The relative magnitude of the direct trade between Belgium and the United Kingdom will be seen when we compare the dealings of various countries (imports and exports together) per head of their population : with Great Britain—viz., Belgium, 95 shillings ; United States, 38 shillings ; France, 85 shillings ; Germany, 22 shillings. The sub-

joined table shows that we receive more merchandise from Belgium than she takes from us, which is natural enough, seeing that her imports from British Colonies reach the high figure of £5,100,000, which is more than double her exports to them. The Board of Trade returns for the years 1895 and 1896, compared with those for 1885 and 1886, show the trade between Belgium and the United Kingdom as follows :

Annual Imports from Belgium.

	1885-1886.		1895-1896.
	£		£
Textile goods	4,200,000	...	5,200,000
Dairy products	1,300,000	...	1,600,000
Sugar	500,000	...	1,000,000
Hardware	700,000	...	700,000
Sundries	8,000,000	...	9,900,000
Total	14,700,000		18,400,000

Exports to Belgium.

Textile goods	3,500,000	...	3,000,000
Hardware	900,000	...	1,300,000
Colonial goods	5,600,000	...	4,500,000
Sundries	3,100,000	...	3,300,000
Total	13,100,000		12,100,000

It is really surprising to find that, while Belgium is regarded as one of our greatest rivals in hardware manufactures, we export to her twice as much of this class of goods as she sends us. Also that our hardware shipments to her have risen 45 per cent. in ten years, notwithstanding the rapid growth of this same branch of industry in Belgium in that period.

V. CONCLUSION.

Let us now sum up the principal points to be kept in view when Sir F. Lascelles and Sir Francis Plunkett proceed to frame the new treaties of commerce at Berlin and Brussels :

(1) Under the existing treaty German trade with the British Empire has thriven so remarkably that the increase in the last ten years (1885 to 1895) has been 52 per cent., the trade of the British Empire with all countries having risen only 14 per cent.

(2) Germany consumes 50 per cent. more of British and Colonial products than the British Empire consumes of German. If Germans were to mark as " British products " what we send them, the relation with what we call " Made in Germany " would be as three to two.

(3) Our trade with Germany is greater (including Colonial) than

with any other country of Europe, and forms 22 per cent. of our dealings with Europe.

(4) As regards Belgium we do most of her carrying-trade, and possess, moreover, so large a proportion of her commerce, that she is, in a mercantile sense, almost a colony of ours.

(5) The aggregate amount of trade between the British Empire on the one hand and Germany and Belgium on the other, rose from £87,200,000 in 1885 to £119,000,000 in 1895, an increase of 37 per cent., whereas the trade of the world rose only 16 per cent. in that interval.

(6) Any stipulations in the new treaties with a view to check or hinder the currents of trade between Germany or Belgium and the United Kingdom and British Colonies would strike at the vital interests of the British people.

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

THE "LOGIA" AND THE GOSPELS.

IN the following remarks I wish to express the opinion which I have formed of the importance of the new discovery of *Logia* in the criticism of the Gospels, both as regards their text and their composition. I shall not attempt at the present time an exhaustive treatment of a subject which is already provoking an astonishing diversity of opinion. My object is simply to draw attention to the fact that this single page of *Logia* is in evidence for the disputed question of the influence of extra-canonical texts upon the readings of the New Testament, and that our existing Gospels occupy a subordinate position relatively to some such extra-canonical texts as we get a glimpse of in the fragment of *Logia*.

In order to make this statement, it is not necessary to discuss the various hypotheses which are current with regard to the origin or interpretation of these curious sayings. If, for example, it should be maintained, as by Dr. James in the *CONTEMPORARY* for last month, that the *Logia* in question are a series of excerpts from one or more uncanonical Gospels, I shall not spend time in confuting the statement (though I do not believe it to be a correct one), because Dr. James concedes the vital point of the existence of non-canonical sources of the evangelic tradition, though the concession is slightly veiled by the suggestion that the *Logia* are only a series of excerpts. As they are not excerpts from any known or authorised Gospels, we are introduced by them into the lost evangelical literature of the early Church, for either the *Logia* are themselves a part of that literature, or are derived from some unknown branch of it. And this is a vital concession in view of the steady contradiction of the existence of such literature by the great representatives of orthodox criticism.

Neither do we discuss in detail the conflicting interpretations of

the several *Logia*, except so far as is necessary to vindicate their extreme antiquity and the correctness of their ascription to Jesus Christ. We shall do this for a single *Logion* which has been the subject of the worst misunderstanding. For example, with regard to the "Fast and Sabbath" *Logion* (if I may give it a name), I find in recent journals such decided statements as the following. The *Athenæum* of August 7, in a review whose author is somewhat difficult to recognise, declares that :

"The second fragment states that *unless you fast you will not find the kingdom of God, and unless you keep the Sabbath you will not see the Father*. The Therapeutæ fasted every day and the whole day, and they were rigid in the observance of the Sabbath. They believed fasting essential to salvation. They were bound to carry on the contemplation of God during the daylight, doing nothing else ; thinking that all the deeds of the body, such as eating and drinking, should not be begun till darkness came on. The fragment has the words τὸν κόσμον [the world] added to νηστεύετε [unless ye fast], which makes no sense. The editors try to force a sense into them. The reading may originally have been ἄχρι or ἕως τῶν δυσμῶν [until sunset] . . . If our conjecture were correct, then the saying would embody exactly the rule of the Therapeutæ. The great object of the Therapeutæ was to see the Father, to attain to the vision of God."

And the same opinion is expressed, without any reference to a possible Therapeutic origin for the *Logia*, by an able American writer (Dr. B. W. Bacon) in the *New York Independent* for July 22. He says :

"It is well known that a number of reported sayings of our Lord were rejected by the consensus of the early Church as not genuine, although they were current in early circles ; and the second of these sayings may very well be of this character. *It imposes the duty of fasting and the duty of keeping the Sabbath under penalty of rejection from the kingdom of God*. There is nothing like this in the Gospels, and nothing like it in any of the Epistles," &c.

The remarks which follow will show that the words underlined in the two extracts which I have given are a misapprehension of the meaning of the *Logion*.

I shall also, in the second place, explain more fully what I apprehend to be the general effect of the new discovery upon the Higher Criticism, as well as the Lower Criticism, of the New Testament. With regard to the latter, it is, indeed, easy to see that the recovered *Logia* confirm Resch's view as to the genesis of variants in the New Testament by extra-evangelic influences. The Oxford editors have drawn attention to one striking case. But Resch is not merely a "lower" critic busied with readings of the existing Gospels ; he is a "higher" critic occupied with the genesis of all Gospels out of their primitive deposit. And if Resch is right in supposing that there was a primitive, oft-translated Hebrew book of *Logia*, or *Ur-Evangelium*, we shall many of us have to abandon the theory, defended so zealously

by Lightfoot and Westcott, that our Gospels are themselves the primitive deposit.

Here, for the first time, we are definitely introduced to a new stratum in the history of the evangelic literature, which may be only separated from the lowest stratum of the deposited tradition by the fact of a translation from Hebrew into Greek. That is to say, *We are behind the Gospels*. Once again the higher critics have turned out to be right and the conservatives wrong; for the latter have steadily ignored the existence of written documents underlying our Canonical Gospels, while the former have recognised their existence, and have used the critical art to recover them. Yesterday there were no *Logia* in the minds of the majority of English-speaking critics; to-day every one is talking *Logia*. And when one reads over, in the light of the present discovery, the laborious attempts made by Westcott, in his "History of the Canon," to prove that the variations in the evangelical quotations of the Fathers are not due to the use of extra-canonical sources, the conviction is overwhelming that he was defending an untenable position. We cannot any longer say, with the easy confidence that Westcott does, that "Papias bears direct testimony to our Gospels,"* nor can we assent, without grave reservations, to the statement that Papias tells us the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark were current in his time, and that of the *former* Papias says, "Matthew composed the Oracles in Hebrew; and each one interpreted them as he was able." It may be so, but it does not any longer seem likely. And when, in a footnote, Westcott goes so far as to say that "the sense [of this passage in Papias] would be best expressed by the translation, 'Matthew composed his Gospel in Hebrew,' giving to the word its necessary notion of scriptural authority," it is difficult to be patient with the apparent *petitio principii* involved in the substitution of "Gospel" for "*Logia*," and the attempt to limit the authority of the New Testament Scriptures to their canonical form.

We are told, further, that "it has been shown that the use of τὰ λόγια for the Scriptures generally is fully established," and Westcott is "not aware that λόγια can be used in the sense of λόγοι, discourses." The interpretation, however, which Westcott rejects is rendered peculiarly attractive by the repeated "Jesus says" (λέγει), which is so striking a characteristic of the new document.

Now, perhaps, some one will say, "We readily concede that the existence of collections of Christ's sayings is demonstrated and must be allowed for in the criticism of the existing Gospels. In this sense, then, the *Logia* of Jesus are behind the Gospels, and are an earlier stratum. But does it follow that the recovered *Logia* have come down to us without contamination and without accretion; and may we not, even in this single page, be in danger of ascribing too high an autho-

* Canon, p. 73.

urity to sayings which perhaps do not belong to the primitive tradition at all?"

To such an objection it would be well to give heed, and perhaps the best way to make a test of the matter is to examine one of the difficult non-canonical sayings in the *Logia*, determine its true meaning, and see whether it lies before or after some landmark in the literature of the New Testament.

We will take, then, as a specimen, the curious *Logion* No. 2, to which we referred in our opening sentences: "Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."

Here a superficial criticism detects the influence of the fourth Gospel in the phrase "see the Father," and concludes, therefore, for the lateness of the *Logion*. But let us examine the matter more carefully. The *Logion* is in the form of a Hebrew parallelism, and we infer that the expression, "see the Father," is another way of saying "find the kingdom." It is to be compared with the expressions "theirs is the kingdom," and "they shall see God," in Matthew v. There is no necessary connection with the fourth Gospel.

(The equivalence of the phrases referred to can also be seen from such a passage as this from the Acts of Thomas, "Blessed are ye meek, for God has counted you worthy to inherit his kingdom; . . . blessed are ye meek, for ye shall see the face of your Lord.")

Next we ask, What is the meaning of the expression "Fast the world," with its harsh grammar? On turning to Clement of Alexandria (Strom. iii. p. 556) we find him discussing a passage in Isaiah (lvi. 3-5) in which the Lord promises a special blessing on those eunuchs who keep His Sabbaths. Clement explains that *they keep the Sabbath by refraining from sins*, and that, having thus cut themselves off from all sin for the kingdom of heaven's sake, they are blessed in that *they fast from the world* (μακδριοι οὗτοί εἰσιν οἱ τοῦ κόσμου νηστεύοντες). Here, then, is the very expression which puzzled us in the *Logion*, only the grammar, or perhaps the Hebraism of the language, has been corrected. Note the connection between the two ideas of *keeping the Sabbath* and *fasting the world*. Evidently our *Logion* is a true case of Hebrew parallelism, both members of which are in Clement's mind.*

Next turn to the seventh book of Clement's "Stromateis" (Strom. vii. p. 877), and we find him discussing the character of the Gnostic, as he loves to call the spiritual man. He tells us that this Gnostic understands the meaning of the two fasting-days in the week; for the Wednesday and Friday are the days of Mercury and Venus. Now Hermes is the covetous nature and Aphrodite the sensual, and the true Gnostic fasts with regard to the life that loves greed and

* We owe this reference to Dr. Joseph B. Mayor.

pleasure. He fasts according to the law from base actions, and according to the Gospel from wicked imaginations. And Clement goes on to say that such a one, having carried out the command according to the Gospel, *makes a Lord's day* of that day in which he casts away the base imagination, he glorifies the Lord's resurrection in himself, and when he receives the comprehension of the intellectual vision, he reckons *to see the Lord* as he directs his eyes towards things invisible. Note the connection of ideas; *he fasts, he keeps a spiritual Sunday, and he sees the Lord*. We are very near indeed to our *Logion*.

Turn, in the next place, to the Prophetic Eclogues of Clement (p. 992), (a passage which we again owe to Professor Mayor), and we find Clement discussing again the nature of fasting. He shows it cannot be the mere absence from meat, for meat does not commend us to God. It must then be understood mystically; fasting is a form of dying, and so we are to *fast to worldly things* in order that we may die to the world, and after that may partake of heavenly food and live to God.

So here we have another enforcement of the doctrine that we are to fast to the world. We may be sure that Clement knew the *Logion*, and that he interpreted both parts of it, the fast and the Sabbath, mystically. So the expressions are justified and the meanings are also clear. *It has nothing to do with fasting or keeping the Sabbath in the common sense.*

We shall see this still more clearly if we recall the fact that all the primitive preaching about which we know anything involved a proof from the Old Testament that God was going to make a new covenant. And this involved also, as the controversies and books of testimonies against the Jews show, the doctrine of a new law, new baptism, new circumcision, new fast, new Sabbath, new sacrifices, &c.

Now this doctrine of the new fast was usually grounded on a passage in Isaiah lviii.: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen," &c. Accordingly, Justin says in his dialogue with Trypho, the Jewish Rabbi (c. 15), "Now learn to fast *the true fast* of which Isaiah speaks, in order that you may please God." And again (c. 12): "The time is come when you need a new circumcision and you vaunt the old one in your flesh. The new law commands you to *Sabbatise continually*, and you think yourselves pious if you are idle for one day, not understanding the reason why it was appointed; and if you eat unleavened bread, you say you have fulfilled the will of God. The Lord our God delights not in these things. If there is among you a perjured person, or a thief, let him cease to do such things. If there is an adulterer, let him repent, and thus he has *Sabbatised the true* and delightful *Sabbath* of God." Here the very expression is found concerning which the Oxford editors ask, "Can *σαββαρίζειν τὸ σάββατον* be taken in any other than a literal sense?" It is curious that in quoting from

this chapter the obligation of a perpetual Sabbath, they missed the answer to their question about the meaning of the *Logion*.

But was it an ancient one? We may admit that it is involved in the teaching of Clement and Justin. But does it explain anything in the New Testament? We say it does. For this doctrine of "fasting the world" underlies such an expression as 1 Pet. ii. 10, "*Abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul.*" If this at first sight seems a little remote, it ceases to be so when we notice the form which the same sentiment takes in the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, "*Abstain from fleshly and worldly lusts.*" So we can from one single and spiritual *Logion* trace the language of the first Epistle of Peter, and of the Teaching of the Apostles as well as the later explanations of Clement and Justin.

The antiquity of the *Logion* is, therefore, demonstrated; and we do not hesitate to state our belief that it is a genuine saying of Jesus Christ.

Nor is it without interest that Clement of Alexandria, with his, at first sight, peculiar mysticism, turns out to be the best exponent of the mind of the Master. Between Christ's time and Clement's, the doctrine of the Real Abstinence had been replaced by a Holy Wednesday and Friday; the True spiritual Rest had suffered also from the accretion of a fresh sacred feast-day. But Clement brushes these on one side, as Christ had brushed away the Monday and Thursday fasts of the Jews, and says we fast to Mercury and we fast to Venus, we die to desire of gain and we crucify the flesh with the passions thereof. And his interpretation was Christ's, which he had rediscovered and reapplied to the religious practices of his own day.

We have now examined carefully into the meaning of this *Logion*, and we have concluded it to be just as primitive as any of those its companions that go under the name of Canonical Gospel. The idea that it involved the obligation of fasting and Sabbath-keeping is the exact opposite of the truth.

Now the effect of this discovery of the antiquity of the recovered matter upon the criticism of the Gospels cannot fail to be great; for we find not only that we are behind the Gospels, but that *there was more in the sources of the Gospels than is conserved in the Gospels themselves.*

The next thing that is clear is that we have to do with something more than an oral tradition preceding our Gospels. We shall prove this by actually recovering by critical methods the opening sentences of the *Ur-Evangelium*, in one at least of its primitive forms.

The general consent of critics has recognised in Acts xx. 35 a true *Logion* of Jesus Christ, either oral or written.

It is introduced by the remark that "we ought to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than

to receive." Here there is a suggestiveness about the intruded words, "how He said." They remind one of the recurring "Jesus says" of the recovered *Logia*.

Now let us turn to the Epistle of Clement of Rome (c. 13), and we find the writer advising us "to be mindful of the words of the Lord Jesus which He spake when teaching sweet reasonableness and long-suffering, for thus He said :

Be merciful that ye may obtain mercy :
Remit that it may be remitted to you :
As ye do, so shall it be done unto you :
As ye give, so shall it be given unto you :
As ye judge, so shall it be judged unto you :
As ye are kind, so shall kindness be done to you :
With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you."

Now, these are certainly *Logia*, but they vary from the existing *logia* of the New Testament in such a way as to preclude the thought that they are a free reminiscence of Matthew and Luke. And these *Logia* are introduced by a statement similar to that in the Acts, that *we are to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, for thus He said*. The same seven *Logia* recur with hardly a variation in Clem. Alex. (Strom. ii. p. 476), where they are introduced by the words, "the Lord says." There is no reason to suppose one Clement is quoting the other.

Further, in the 46th chapter of the same epistle, we find Clement of Rome saying, "*Remember the words of Jesus our Lord, for He said, Woe to that man ; and it were good for him if he had never been born, than that he should offend one of my elect : it were better for him that a millstone should be placed about him and he be drowned in the sea, than to offend one of my little ones.*"

Here again we find the saying repeated by Clem. Alex. (Strom. iii. p. 561), and introduced by the words, "the Lord says."

Here, then, is another combination of *Logia*, and it is certainly *not* from the Canonical Gospels, though Westcott will have it to be a recollection of these. And this Gospel extract of Clement of Rome is again introduced with the words which enjoin the recollection of Christ's sayings.

Next turn to the Epistle of Polycarp to the Philippians (c. 2), and we find him enjoining upon us "*to remember the things which the Lord said in His teaching :*

Judge not that ye be not judged :
Remit and it shall be remitted to you :
Be merciful that ye may obtain mercy :
In what measure ye mete, it shall be measured back to you :

and that

Blessed are the poor, and those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of God."

Here we have the same peculiarity—viz., a quotation of *Logia*, not from our Gospels, with a prologue about the remembrance of what He said. And we have noticed the phenomenon four times. We conclude that it was the introductory formula of the book, which must have run something like this:

“We ought to remember what things our Lord said in His teaching, for He said . . .”

and then probably follows the first *Logion*.

How ancient this collection must have been, if we find it quoted by Paul, by Clement of Rome, and by Polycarp!

The critical importance of this attempt to restore the opening of a primitive collection of *Logia* is very great. On the one hand, it gives us the suggestion of an earlier Gospel or Gospels than any of our existing volumes. On the other hand, it prevents our quoting Clement and Polycarp as attesting the antiquity of the Canonical Gospels. And this means a possible lowering of our idea of the antiquity of the extant Synoptists. We conclude, moreover, from a study of the variants in the recovered *Logia* that there is reason to believe not only in the existence of much pre-canonical evangelic matter, but also (we refer especially to the reading, “a city *built* on a hill,” in the seventh *Logion*, whose origin Resch divined so acutely) in the influence that the extra-evangelic documents have had on the transmission of the text of the canonical Gospels.

J. RENDEL HARRIS.

MAETERLINCK AS A MYSTIC.

THE secret of things which is just beyond the most subtle words, the secret of the expressive silences, has always been clearer to Maeterlinck than to most people ; and, in his plays, he has elaborated an art of sensitive, taciturn, and at the same time highly ornamental simplicity, which has come nearer than any other art to being the voice of silence. To Maeterlinck the theatre has been, for the most part, no more than one of the disguises by which he can express himself, and with his book of meditations on the inner life, "*Le Trésor des Humbles*," he may seem to have dropped his disguise.

All art hates the vague—not the mysterious, but the vague ; two opposites very commonly confused, as the secret with the obscure, the infinite with the indefinite. And the artist who is also a mystic hates the vague with a more profound hatred than any other artist. Thus Maeterlinck, endeavouring to clothe mystical conceptions in concrete form, has invented a drama so precise, so curt, so arbitrary in its limits, that it can safely be confided to the masks and feigned voices of marionettes. His theatre of artificial beings, who are at once more ghostly and more mechanical than the living actors whom we are accustomed to see, in so curious a parody of life, moving with a certain freedom of action across the stage, may be taken as itself a symbol of the aspect under which what we fantastically term real life presents itself to the mystic. Are we not all puppets, in a theatre of marionettes, in which the parts we play, the dresses we wear, the very emotion whose dominance gives its express form to our faces, have all been chosen for us ; in which I, it may be, with curled hair and a Spanish cloak, play the romantic lover, sorely against my will, while you, a "fair penitent" for no repented sin, pass whitely under a nun's habit ? And as our parts have been chosen for us, our motions con-

trolled from behind the curtain, so the words we seem to speak are but spoken through us, and we do but utter fragments of some elaborate invention, planned for larger ends than our personal display or convenience, but to which, all the same, we are in a humble degree necessary. This symbolical theatre, its very existence being a symbol, has perplexed many minds, to some of whom it has seemed puerile, a child's mystification of small words and repetitions, a thing of attitudes and omissions; while others, yet more preposterously, have compared it with the violent, rhetorical, most human drama of the Elizabethans, with Shakespeare himself, to whom all the world was a stage, and the stage all this world, certainly. A sentence, already famous, of the "*Trésor des Humbles*," will tell you what it signifies to Maeterlinck himself.

"Il m'est arrivé à croire," he writes, in "*Le Tragique Quotidien*," "qu'un vieillard assis dans son fauteuil, attendant simplement sous la lampe, écoutant sans le savoir toutes les lois éternelles qui règnent autour de sa maison, interprétant sans le comprendre ce qu'il y a dans le silence des portes et des fenêtres et dans la petite voix de la lumière, subissant la présence de son âme et de sa destinée, inclinant un peu la tête, sans se douter que toutes les puissances de ce monde interviennent et veillent dans la chambre comme des servantes attentives, ignorant que le soleil lui-même soutient au-dessus de l'abîme la petite table sur laquelle il s'accoude, et qu'il n'y a pas un astre du ciel ni une force de l'âme qui soient indifférents au mouvement d'une paupière qui retombe ou d'une pensée qui s'élève,—il m'est arrivé de croire que ce vieillard immobile vivait en réalité d'une vie plus profonde, plus humaine et plus générale que l'amant qui étouffe sa maîtresse, le capitaine qui remporte une victoire, ou l'époux qui venge son honneur."

That, it seems to me, says all there is to be said of the intention of this drama which Maeterlinck has evoked; and, of its style, this other sentence, which I take from the same essay:

"Il n'y a guère que les paroles qui semblent d'abord inutiles qui comptent dans une œuvre."

It is only after hinting at many of the things which he had to say in these plays, which have, after all, been a kind of subterfuge, that Maeterlinck has cared, or been able to speak with the direct utterance of the essays. And what may seem curious is that this prose of the essays, which is the prose of a doctrine, is incomparably more beautiful than the prose of the plays, which was the prose of an art. Holding on this point a different opinion from one who was, in many senses, his master, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, he did not admit that beauty of words, or even any expressed beauty of thoughts, had its place in spoken dialogue, even though it was not two living actors speaking to one another on the stage, but a soul speaking to a soul, and imagined speaking through the mouths of marionettes. But that beauty of phrase which makes the profound and sometimes obscure pages of

"Axël" shine, as with the crossing fire of jewels, rejoices us, though with a softer, a more equable, radiance, in the pages of these essays, in which every sentence has the indwelling beauty of an intellectual emotion, preserved at the same height of tranquil ecstasy from first page to last. There is a sort of religious calm in these deliberate sentences, into which the writer has known how to introduce that divine monotony which is one of the accomplishments of great style. Never has simplicity been more ornate, or a fine beauty more visible through its all-concealment.

But, after all, the claim upon us of this book is not the claim of a work of art, but of a doctrine, and, more than that, of a system. Belonging, as he does, to the eternal hierarchy, the unbroken succession, of the mystics, Maeterlinck has apprehended what is essential in the mystical doctrine with a more profound comprehension, and thus more systematically, than any mystic of recent times. He has many points of resemblance with Emerson, on whom he has written an essay which is properly an exposition of his own personal ideas; but Emerson, who proclaimed the supreme guidance of the inner light, the supreme necessity of trusting instinct, of honouring emotion, did but proclaim all this, not without a certain anti-mystical vagueness: Maeterlinck has systematised it. A more profound mystic than Emerson, he has greater command of that which comes to him unawares, is less at the mercy of visiting angels.

Also, it may be said that he surrenders himself to them more absolutely, with less reserve and discretion; and, as he has infinite leisure, his contemplation being subject to no limits of time, he is ready to follow them on unknown rounds, to any distance, in any direction, ready also to rest in any wayside inn, without fearing that he will have lost the road on the morrow.

This old gospel, of which Maeterlinck is the new voice, has been quietly waiting until certain bankruptcies—the bankruptcy of Science, of the Positive Philosophies—should allow it full credit. Considering the length even of time, it has not had an unreasonable space of waiting; and remember that it takes time but little into account. We have seen many little gospels demanding of every emotion, of every instinct, "its certificate at the hand of some respectable authority." Without confidence in themselves or in things, and led by science, which is as if one were led by one's note-book, they demand a reasonable explanation of every mystery. Not finding that explanation, they reject mystery; which is as if the fly on the wheel rejected the wheel because it was hidden from his eyes by the dust of its own raising.

The mystic is at once the proudest and the humblest of men. He is as a child who resigns himself to the guidance of an unseen hand, the hand of one walking by his side; he resigns himself with the

child's humility. And he has the pride of the humble, a pride manifesting itself in the calm rejection of every accepted map of the roads, of every offer of assistance, of every painted signpost pointing out the smoothest ways on which to travel. He demands no authority for the unseen hand whose fingers he feels upon his wrist. He conceives of life, not, indeed, so much as a road on which one walks very much at one's own discretion, but as a blown and wandering ship, surrounded by a sea from which there is no glimpse of land; and he conceives that to the currents of that sea he may safely trust himself. Let his hand, indeed, be on the rudder, there will be no miracle worked for him; it is enough miracle that the sea should be there, and the ship, and he himself. He will never know why his hand should turn the rudder this way rather than that.

Jacob Boehme has said, very subtly, "that man does not perceive the truth, but God perceives the truth in man"; that is, that whatever we perceive or do is not perceived or done consciously by us, but unconsciously through us. Our business, then, is to tend that "inner light" by which most mystics have symbolised that which at once guides us in time and attaches us to eternity. This inner light is no miraculous descent of the Holy Spirit, but the perfectly natural, though it may finally be overcoming, ascent of the spirit within us. The spirit in all men, being but a ray of the universal light, it can, by careful tending, by the removal of all obstruction, the cleansing of the vessel, the trimming of the wick, as it were, be increased, made to burn with a steadier, a brighter flame. In the last rapture it may become dazzling, may blind the watcher with excess of light, shutting him in within the circle of transfiguration, whose extreme radiance will leave all the rest of the world henceforth one darkness.

All mystics being concerned with what is divine in life, with the laws which apply equally to time and eternity, it may happen to one to concern himself chiefly with time seen under the aspect of eternity, to another to concern himself rather with eternity seen under the aspect of time. Thus many mystics have occupied themselves, very profitably, with showing how natural, how explicable on their own terms, are the mysteries of life; the whole aim of Maeterlinck is to show how mysterious all life is, "*ce qu'il y a d'étonnant dans le fait seul de vivre.*" What he had pointed out to us, with certain solemn gestures, in his plays, he sets himself now to affirm, slowly, fully, with that "*confiance dans le mystère*" of which he speaks. Because "*il n'y a pas d'heures sans miracles intimes et sans significations ineffables,*" he sets himself to show us these miracles and these meanings where others have not always sought or found them—in women, in children, in the theatre. He seems to touch, at one moment or another, whether he is discussing "*La Beauté Intérieure*" or "*Le Tragique Quotidien*," on all of these hours, and there is no hour so

dark that his touch does not illuminate it. And it is characteristic of him, of his "confiance dans le mystère," that he speaks always without raising his voice, without surprise or triumph, or the air of having said anything more than the simplest observation. He speaks, not as if he knew more than others, or had sought out more elaborate secrets, but as if he had listened more attentively.

Loving most those writers "dont les œuvres touchent presque au silence," he begins his book, significantly, with an essay on Silence, an essay which, like all these essays, has the reserve, the expressive reticence, of those "active silences" of which he succeeds in revealing a few of the secrets.

"Les âmes," he tells us, "se pèsent dans le silence, comme l'or et l'argent se pèsent dans l'eau pure, et les paroles que nous prononçons n'ont guère de sens que grâce au silence où elles baignent. Nous cherchons à connaître pour apprendre à ne pas connaître ;"

knowledge, that which can be known by the pure reason, metaphysics, "indispensable" on this side of the "frontiers," being after all precisely what is least essential to us, since least essentially ourselves.

"Nous possédons un *moi* plus profond et plus inépuisable que le *moi* des passions ou de la raison pure. . . . Il arrive un moment où les phénomènes de la conscience habituelle, qu'on pourrait appeler la conscience passionnelle ou la conscience des relations du premier degré, ne nous profitent plus et n'atteignent plus notre vie. J'accorde que cette conscience soit souvent intéressante par quelque côté, et qu'il soit nécessaire d'en connaître les plis. Mais c'est une plante de la surface, et ses racines ont peur du grand feu central de notre être. Je puis commettre un crime sans que le moindre souffle incline la plus petite flamme de ce feu ; et, d'un autre côté, un regard échangé, une pensée qui ne parvient pas à éclore, une minute qui passe sans rien dire, peut l'agiter en tourbillons terribles au fond de ses rétraites et de le faire déborder sur ma vie. Notre âme ne juge pas comme nous ; c'est une chose capricieuse et cachée. Elle peut être atteinte par un souffle et ignorer une tempête. Il faut chercher ce qui l'atteint ; tout est là, car c'est là que nous sommes."

And it is towards this point that all the words of this book tend. Maeterlinck, unlike most men ("l'homme ne serait-il pas autre chose qu'un dieu qui aurait peur ?"), is not "avare des choses immortelles." He utters the most divine secrets without fear, betraying certain hiding-places of the soul in those most nearly inaccessible retreats which lie nearest to us. All that he says we know already ; we may deny it, but we know it. It is what we are not often at leisure enough with ourselves, sincere enough with ourselves, to realise ; what we often dare not realise ; but, when he says it, we know that it is true, and our knowledge of it is his warrant for saying it. He is what he is precisely because he tells us nothing which we do not already know, or, it may be, what we have known and forgotten.

The mystic, let it be remembered, has nothing in common with the

moralist. He speaks only to those who are already prepared to listen to him, and he is indifferent to the "practical" effect which these or others may draw from his words. A young and profound mystic of our day has figured the influence of wise words upon the foolish and headstrong as "torches thrown into a burning city." The mystic knows well that it is not always the soul of the drunkard or the blasphemer which is farthest from the eternal beauty. He is concerned only with that soul of the soul, that life of life, with which the day's doings have so little to do; itself a mystery, and at home only among those supreme mysteries which surround it like an atmosphere. It is not always that he cares that his message, or his vision, may be as clear to others as it is to himself. But, because he is an artist, and not only a philosopher, Maeterlinck has taken especial pains that not a word of his may go astray, and there is not a word of this book which needs to be read twice, in order that it may be understood, by the least trained of attentive readers. It is, indeed, as he calls it, "*Le Trésor des Humbles*."

ARTHUR SYMONS.

SINKING SILVER.

THE financial world has become very familiar with silver crises. It looks for them about twice a year, and when they keep within moderate limits it pays little attention to them, but leaves them to right themselves at their leisure. The present silver crisis, however, is going far beyond any of its predecessors. It is growing sensational, not to say alarming. The quick changes—invariably downwards—which silver has performed in the past few weeks are bringing it to the front as a gambling counter, while the last shreds of its ancient reputation as a standard of value have, we fear, disappeared for ever. No one is astonished nowadays to hear of it dropping a half-penny or three farthings per ounce of an afternoon. In the halcyon age of bimetallism a half-penny per ounce would have covered its range of fluctuation for a whole year, perchance for two or three. In the single month of July last it fell nearly 2d. per ounce—the first event of the kind in commercial memory. Since the first of January, a period of little more than seven months, the fall has amounted to 6d. per ounce. A bad record, truly, for a standard of value.

The general cry in the City is, What is silver coming to? Many and varied are the conjectures as to the cause of its sudden, though not unexpected, collapse. It cannot be set down to panic, for there are no large holders to get scared. London has no stocks of silver, for, though three-fourths of the world's output passes through it, the passage is rapid, seldom extending over more than a few days. Parcels of silver received from New York early in the week will be on their way to the Far East before the week is over. For us silver is a mere brokerage business, and so far as the metal itself is concerned, we might regard the collapse with equanimity. But indirectly we have a large stake in it as owners of silver mines in

various parts of the world, as holders of silver securities, and as responsible guardians of India, the greatest of silver-using countries. From that broader point of view the slump in silver is nowhere of so much consequence as in the United Kingdom, and the anxiety for information about it is widespread. So far no adequate or satisfactory explanation is forthcoming. The best that can be offered must be, to some extent, surmise.

Theories there are in abundance, and some of them highly ingenious. From the fact that the most persistent selling comes from New York, it has been inferred that a game of some sort is being played there either for speculative or political ends, or maybe for both. The sound money men may be trying to dish the Bryanites once and for all by knocking the bottom out of silver. Or some one may be putting a spoke in the wheel of the Bimetallic Convention which Mr. McKinley's private delegates are over here endeavouring to arrange for the coming autumn. More prosaic theories are also current. The closing of the Japanese mints is supposed to have started bear-selling which, emboldened by success, enlarges with the progress of the fall. If that be the case the bears by this time must be getting into a rather dangerous corner. *Per contra*, the bears retort that the selling comes largely from stale bulls, foreign and American, who, after a long and costly support of silver, are at last throwing it up. The best-informed of the silver dealers scout all these clever theories and ascribe the collapse to purely natural causes—a steady over-supply from the mines coupled with a weakening demand from the Far East.

The last explanation is the best in one respect, for it can be brought at once to a practical test. We have official returns of the supply and demand during the current year up to a very recent date. The Board of Trade returns for July furnish details of the imports and exports for the first seven months of the year. Both are on a large scale, as a rule considerably larger than in the corresponding period of 1896. The bulk of the silver sold in London comes from half a dozen countries, and the chief silver-using countries are an equally small group. By a long way the largest producer is the United States. This year it has been shipping silver to us at the rate of more than three-quarters of a million sterling per month, the total for the seven months having been five and three-quarter millions (£5,677,293). Mexico and South America have been supplying about £160,000 per month, or £1,114,346 for the seven months; but we handle only part of their output, the rest going direct to the East *via* Pacific ports. In the early days of the Broken Hill mines the Australian supply came to London and was re-shipped to the East; but that roundabout route has been abandoned, and India is now the market for Australian silver.

Outside the silver coming direct from the mines to London there is a floating supply that moves from one country to another. France and Belgium are large traders in that way, and it is significant that they have this year been sending us much more silver than they have been taking from us. In the past seven months—January to July—we have had to take from France fully £250,000 sterling per month, or £1,805,247 in all. In the same period her purchases in London have been only about £45,000 per month, £304,601 from January to July. In 1896, the balance of our transactions with her was quite the other way. During the seven months she bought from us £1,458,141 and sent us back only £879,853. She consequently took off the market more than £500,000 sterling, which she used in new coinages for her Eastern colonies. This year she has, in the same period, thrown on the London market a balance of over £1,500,000 sterling. Belgian operations have been much larger than they were last year; but the imports and exports almost exactly off-set each other. Their totals are £1,025,798 and £1,110,700, so they can have contributed very little to the present disturbance. Germany is a very small operator in silver, £20,000 per month being her recent average sales here.

There are only three important sources of silver for the London market—Australia, Mexico, and the United States. On the other hand, there are not many more regular outlets for it. India, notwithstanding the closing of her mints, continues to be the leading consumer. This year she has had dumped on her nearly £500,000 sterling per month, the total to the end of July having been £3,375,320. Part of that may have gone on to China and Japan, and thus have neutralised to some extent the heavy reduction on the direct shipments to those countries. China seems to have taken in the seven months only £109,308, as compared with £603,000 in the corresponding period last year. Bad as that is, Japan beats it with a decline from £832,000 last year to £40,000 this year. She has gone out of the silver market altogether in fact. But for one fortunate, and we fear only temporary, circumstance, the whole weight of the flood of silver that still pours into the market would have fallen on India alone. The burden has been shared with her by Russia, which absorbed, in the first seven months of 1896, silver to the nominal value of £1,629,550, and this year has nearly doubled her purchases. To the end of July they aggregated fully £3,000,000 sterling (£3,123,133).

So long as the existing output of silver is maintained, it will be thrown on the London market at the rate of £1,000,000 sterling per month, and there are at most only two or three countries that can be counted on to buy at any price. So far nothing has checked the Indian demand, which, strange to say, is still the mainstay of the

market. The Russian increase this year must be regarded as exceptional, and due probably to coinage operations for Asiatic Russia. China and Japan seem to have reached the end of their tether for a time at least. A revived demand from them is not improbable, but it is a faint hope for the silver mines to build on.

In spite of the high political patronage they have enjoyed, and the world-wide propaganda on their behalf, Silverites have come at last to the hard commercial problem of too many sellers and too few buyers. All the learned reasoning about ratios and monetary equations which the silver cause inspired has not saved it from the prosaic law of supply and demand. Silver has hopelessly fallen from its high estate, and not only been worsted in the battle of the standards, but made the victim of a plain everyday commercial crisis.

The number of countries directly or indirectly affected by the movements of silver, though decreasing, is still important. Some are interested in them as silver producers, some as silver users and some, like the United States, both as users and producers. Our direct interest is comparatively small. The world is believed to have in use over £800,000,000 sterling of silver money, but our share of it is a trifle of only £20,000,000 sterling. It was long ago reduced to limited legal tender, and every further fall in its market value only carries it a step nearer to token money. The man with half a dozen silver pieces in his pocket has no occasion to trouble himself about their actual value. He holds them not for their value but for their power of exchange. So long as they pass readily from hand to hand at their nominal value—their legal ratio to the pound sterling—and give him unimpaired command of the necessities of life, they will continue to circulate, however depreciated their material may be.

We are in the happy position of having only enough silver money for the service it has to perform; or at least not much more. A tendency has been observed of late for silver to accumulate in the banks. In 1892 returns were obtained by the Institute of Bankers from 4497 banks stating the amounts of silver they held on a given day in excess of their ordinary average requirements. They were nearly all over supplied and the aggregate excess was fully a million sterling (£1,181,060). Our banks have thus a moderate stake in the silver market; but private individuals have none worth speaking of. It is only countries which have accumulated more silver money than they really need—in other words, than they can keep in regular circulation—that are likely to be seriously embarrassed by the fall.

India has the largest amount of silver in actual circulation, the latest estimates of the total placing it at 180 crores of rupees. At their original gold value of two shillings they would represent £180,000,000 sterling, but silver at 24*d.* per ounce means to them a

depreciation of 108 crores, or sixty per cent. A corresponding depreciation has of course taken place in all the silver hoarded or converted into ornaments. Coined hoards have decreased much of late years and may be no longer important, but the aggregate stock of silver ornaments is a huge item. At least 90,000,000 of Indian women wear them and at the moderate average of fifteen rupees, weight per head the total would be 135 crores. In silver money, plate, and ornaments India has thus over 300 crores of rupees nominal. Thirty years ago it might have been exchanged for as many millions sterling, but measured in gold now it is worth only £120,000,000.

For second place in the ranks of silver-using countries France and China may be bracketed together. Their existing stocks are computed at £140,000,000 sterling each. The two accumulations differ widely in form, however, that of France being to a large extent coined money, while the Chinese is a medley of dollars, bars, and shoe silver. The fourth largest holder of silver is the United States, which possesses over \$600,000,000, or £120,000,000 sterling. In this case a special complication arises from the fact of only one-sixth of the metal being in actual use, the other five-sixths remaining in the Treasury. In India, China, and France the silver is in the hands of the people and they hold it of their own choice. It has not been foisted on them as in the United States by silver-controlled legislation and there is no Silver Ring to prevent their getting out of it if they wish to do so.

Bald statements that silver has depreciated about 60 per cent. in the past quarter of a century, and that more than 10 per cent. of the fall has taken place in the current year, sound no doubt very alarming, and there are many interested alarmists about eager to make the worst of it. But a little discrimination is needed to enable us to weigh their significance exactly. Depreciation of silver has in popular controversy a great many strange meanings read into it which are to be avoided. It is often assumed that silver has lost so much of its general purchasing power and that the world at large is so much the poorer. All that has happened, in fact, is that the ratio between silver and gold—market prices, be it observed, are all mere ratios and not absolute measures—has changed greatly to the disadvantage of silver. But the ratios of silver to other commodities more useful than gold may have changed little, if at all, and such changes as there are may be in favour of silver.

If we take a step farther and inquire into the exact meaning of depreciation in relation to gold, we encounter more ambiguities to be unravelled. In modern commerce gold is a duplex commodity, a unit of money and an article of merchandise. Its monetary function gives it a power and importance which no other commodity enjoys; but that is purely symbolic. Gold in itself has no exclusive virtue

to set it above silver or other commodities. But as the symbol of the most highly developed money in existence it has an unapproachable prestige. It was not gold, however, which made that highly developed money what it is, but the money—a creation of law and finance—which made gold what it is. When we measure silver or other commodities against gold we are measuring them, not against the bare metal, but against monetised gold which has attributes the metal itself could never have acquired. Conversely, when we speak of the “appreciation of gold,” a pet phrase of Lombard Street, we refer to gold money and not to the bare metal as it might be if it had no privilege of free coinage.

Great confusion has resulted, not merely in the popular mind, but among scientific economists, from the habit of comparing gold and silver as metals and not as metallic moneys which is, as a rule, what we really intend. In international trade, where the crux of the difficulty lies, the money of each country has on occasion to be converted into the money of every other country. Whether it be gold, silver, or paper it will find its equivalent, directly or indirectly, in all other moneys. The most easily exchanged money is the pound sterling, not merely because of its gold basis, but because of the superior monetary organisation behind it, the unrivalled financial credit of its responsible authors, and the fact that it has come into universal use for the settlement of international balances. In the mouth of an Englishman, and still more of an English economist, “the appreciation of gold” is a misleading phrase. It has done much harm in our own currency discussions, and in the light of recent developments we wonder that only a few years ago it should have been countenanced by public men of Mr. Goschen’s calibre. If we were to substitute for it the “appreciation of sterling money,” or sound money generally, the facts of the case would be much more adequately covered and at the same time more accurately presented.

Ratios between gold and silver are nowadays of secondary importance compared with the exchange ratios between the various national moneys, however composed, whether gold, silver, or paper. From the latter modern finance has evolved a new international regulator—the commercial rate of exchange. It has no par which can be expressed mathematically, and fastidious scientists like Mr. Balfour may condemn it as a hybrid paradox—“the strangest product of monometallist ingenuity the world has ever seen,” as he called it at the Mansion House; but it is doing its work quietly and well, while gold and silver quarrel about working badly. Monometallists and bi-metallists may, in some lucid interval of their fierce argument, discover that, while they have been fighting their old old battle of the standards, a new standard has silently pushed its way in between them.

A self-adjusting clearance of international balances not bound hard and fast either to gold or silver is not merely conceivable, but it exists

and is operating under our eyes. A very rough example of it is furnished by the Argentine Republic, whose paper money is in most of its European payments rated to sterling rather than to gold. At Buenos Ayres the prices of gold and of sterling bills do not necessarily move together. Gold is only a gambling counter on the Bolsa, and sterling bills are the international money of the country. Since India closed her mints, she is also finding a commercial basis of exchange in her transactions with gold countries—Great Britain especially. While her mints were open, and any one could have silver turned into rupees, the coin and the metal values were linked together. They moved side by side, and reflected each other's changes, however remote the cause. But the suspension of free coinage separated the rupee from silver, and placed it on an independent plane. They have ever since been drifting apart, the rupee slowly rising, while silver has rapidly fallen. When the closing of the mints was announced (June 26, 1893) the gold value of the rupee, as expressed in Council bills, was $12\frac{5}{8}d.$, and its silver contents (180 grains of silver $916\frac{2}{3}$ fine) were equal to about $33d.$ per ounce. To-day the India Council can sell its bills, which are simply drafts on the Treasuries at Bombay and Calcutta, at $13\frac{1}{2}d.$ per rupee, but the silver contents of the rupee (180 grains) would fetch only $9d.$ The difference between the metal and the coin, which in the days of free coinage could never exceed the mint charge of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., has thus widened to about 33 per cent. The market value of silver has fallen 27 per cent., while the rupee has appreciated by nearly 7 per cent.

The closing of the mints was not a mere monetary question with the Government of India. A far more urgent and critical question of national solvency was involved. It was the misfortune of India to have incurred a heavy load of sterling obligations when the decline in silver began. In 1872 the drafts sold in London on the Indian treasuries under the name of Council bills exceeded ten crores, equal, at the conventional rate of 2s. per rupee, to £10,000,000 sterling. The year's sales averaged a fraction over $22d.$ per rupee, and the loss on the whole ten crores was only £750,000. In the succeeding twenty years, while silver was still falling and dragging down the rupee along with it, the home drawings on India grew at a doubly accelerated rate. The amount of the sterling obligations increased from £10,000,000 to £12,000,000, then to £15,000,000, and in some years to £18,000,000, or near it. Coincidentally the number of rupees required to purchase a pound sterling increased until nearly one-third of the yearly amounts was due to loss on exchange. In 1893, out of $26\frac{1}{2}$ crores drawn, about 10 crores were due to depreciated silver.

Between 1872 and 1893 the Indian Government had followed the rupee down from its nominal par of 2s. sterling to under $13d.$ In the coming fiscal year (1893-94) they had the alarming prospect of

home charges larger than ever before—fully £19,000,000 sterling—and there was no foreseeing how much farther silver might fall, or how many additional rupees might be needed to cover the drafts. Lord Herschell's committee, who really decided the question of closing the mints, calculated that at 15*d*, the best rate they could expect, nearly 31 crores of Council bills would be needed; while at 12*d*, by no means an improbable rate, 38½ crores would have to be provided for. It had come to this, that the maintenance of the rupee on a silver basis was going to absorb one-third of the total exports of the country. In the same proportion, the United Kingdom would have to pay about £80,000,000 sterling a year for loss by exchange on the service of its public debt. The strain had become intolerable and there was but one escape from it. The problem solved itself by compelling an abandonment of the impossible. The mints were closed, because India could not keep them open and remain solvent.

Desperate a resort as it was, it has been entirely justified by results. The Indian Budget righted itself, and the whole country benefited by the full treasury which distinguished the two succeeding years. In spite of its "limping rupee," ridiculed by mathematical economists, India prospered until three dire calamities overwhelmed her almost at the same moment. With famine, plague, and earthquake, she has had of late a deadly struggle; but one consolation she may now lay to her heart—that she had the courage, four years ago, to cut loose from the falling fortunes of silver. Where would she have been with £16,000,000 or £17,000,000 of home charges to remit on the basis of a ninepenny rupee? Even £16,000,000 sterling at 9*d*. would have required nearly 43 crores to cover them. Such an amount could not possibly have been drawn, and if it could, taxes enough could never have been raised in India to meet it. If the dark clouds which to-day hang over our Indian Empire had been foreseen in 1893, no more providential defence against them could have been taken than the closing of the mints has proved to be. Free silver and a ninepenny rupee would have trebled existing dangers.

It is practically a new money that has been created in India by the divorce of the rupee from silver, and whatever its ultimate fate may be, it has already produced some remarkable results both in Indian finance and in the silver market. That it did harm to silver is undeniable, though it cannot be fairly held responsible for the whole of the sensational fall from 33*d*. to 24*d*. per ounce. Silver had been falling for years before, and the producers of it must divide the responsibility with the users. Silverites declaim against "the monetary crime of 1873," when Germany adopted a gold standard. But Germany has still £40,000,000 sterling of silver money in use, and it is doubtful if she sold as much. The new silver mines opened since

1873 have thrown on the market four or five times what Germany did, and their owners, instead of reproaching themselves, as they should, with their suicidal greed, pose as martyrs and victims of a gold bug conspiracy. Even yet they turn out a flood of silver, which at their lamented ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, would have a coinage value of fully £40,000,000 sterling per annum!

It is open to the champions of free silver to retort that if the Indian mints had been kept open silver would not have fallen so heavily as it has done since 1893. That, however, is mere assumption, and to a large extent improbable assumption. Silver had been falling for twenty years before the mints were closed, and it would have continued to fall had they remained open. In the interval other events have taken place almost, if not quite, as prejudicial to silver as the closing of the mints. The Americans repealed their fatuous Sherman law and stopped hoarding 54,000,000 ounces a year of silver in the Treasury vaults. China, another large silver market, has been crippled by a disastrous war and a still more disastrous series of indemnity loans. What a woeful, not to say ludicrous, disillusionising has already overtaken the financial enthusiasts who started after the war "to open up the Celestial Empire." The boundless field they were to saturate with silver and to fertilise with foreign capital is yielding them so far a very poor crop. Silver cannot be bought without money or money's worth to pay for it, and China has little to spare of either. Even her credit is already on the wane.

The openers-up of the Celestial Empire saw on the horizon much that did not exist, and they overlooked dangers which ought to have been clear to them. It ought to have been foreseen, when new Chinese loans were being rushed out every few months, that these loans were heaping up foreign obligations on the Chinese Treasury, entailing large annual remittances to Europe, and aggravating an already unfavourable course of exchange. When the full weight of the service of the new debt began to be felt there was more need to export silver than to import it. According to the best and latest information China now owes in Europe from £60,000,000 to £70,000,000 sterling, the service of which, at 7 per cent. per annum, would require nearly £5,000,000 sterling a year to be remitted. The foreign trade of the Empire offers little assistance toward the liquidation of Government liabilities. Last year (1896) the imports exceeded the exports by nearly one-third, the first having amounted to 202,000,000 taels, and the second to only 131,000,000 taels. An adverse balance of trade *plus* an adverse balance on Treasury account has made exchange on Europe so difficult to procure that eight taels have to be given for a pound sterling instead of five as formerly.

Silver brokers, in reviewing last year's operations, remarked on two anomalous circumstances; the first, that the demand for India

had been well maintained, while Chinese buying had been very fitful and unsatisfactory. The results of the year, as compared with those of 1895, were an increase of £1,000,000 sterling in the shipments to India, and a reduction in the shipments to China by one-half. The Celestial Empire was apparently too much flooded with European goods, and had too little to export in return for either of the precious metals to flow freely in that direction. While the loan-mongers and the concession-hunters are in full cry at Peking, that condition is not likely to improve greatly. A new £16,000,000 sterling loan appears to be under weigh, which in due time will add so much more to the annual drain on the Treasury for interest charges. With a few more foreign-built railways, cotton-mills, and other specimens of foreign enterprise, China will soon be having a heavy tribute to pay to Europe—a gold tribute to be paid in silver, with ever-increasing strain both on her exchanges and on the silver market.

In the Far East generally the silver question has very nearly settled itself. The market has become too demoralised and precarious for the exchange banks to be able to trust any longer to silver as a regular means of remittance. Formerly in their exchange transactions they had three strings to their bow—in other words, three methods of moving their funds from one place to another—India Council bills, commercial bills, and silver. Now that silver has become dangerous to touch they are reduced to two alternatives—Council bills and commercial paper. Exchange bankers are pretty well cured of the silver fever, and if they saw a chance for an effective gold standard in the Far East they would, I believe, come round to the metal they have hitherto tabooed. Greater variety of exchange media they must have to carry on their business comfortably as well as successfully. That consideration will turn the scale with many of them, and already there is a perceptible cooling of bimetallic fervour in Shanghai and Hong Kong. Consul Jamieson, the latest apostle of the Bimetallic League, will have to make many converts at home to counterbalance the backsliding there has been in his own consular district.

There may be a good many people who think that silver can still be saved; that the tide of ill-luck which has rolled over it all these years may yet be turned back. It requires not a little faith to go on clinging to such a hope in the face of recent events. If it is to be saved, who are to be its saviours? Fresh appeals will doubtless be made to all the Governments interested in it to come to its rescue. The Americans are already moving for another conference, and apparently have obtained a certain amount of support from France; which is not surprising, in view of the fact that, next to the United States, France has the largest and most direct interest in averting the threatened demonetisation of silver. The fall has reached a point at which it may become embarrassing, not only to the Bank of France,

with its £50,000,000 sterling of silver reserve, but to the foreign trade of the country. So long as the foreign balances of France were generally favourable, or not much the other way, a moderate gold reserve sufficed to protect them. While the silver coinage, too, was at a manageable discount, its circulating power was little affected; but with only 40 per cent. of its metallic value left, it is no longer reliable even for domestic use.

On the silver question France and the United States have much in common and might very well act together if it were not too late for such action as can alone help them. India, on the contrary, has nothing in common with either. They are States bound by moral and financial considerations to maintain a gold standard with a silver currency. Political dignity and commercial interest alike require them to trade with other countries on a gold basis. They have done so for years past, and cannot afford to let themselves down to a lower basis. But no such necessity rests on India. In her present position she is free to transact her foreign business in the best and cheapest way for herself. Without pledging herself to a gold standard she can work, and is working, gradually in that direction. By careful adjustment of her exports and imports, and the restriction of her silver coinage, she can raise the exchange value of the rupee, while the gold value of the silver contained in it steadily declines. That is the problem for India, and she only needs to be left alone in order to solve it successfully.

But the silver problem for France and the United States is radically distinct from the Indian one. In relation to other countries they are on a gold basis and bimetallism as they practise it is in effect gold monometallism. The question for them is what to do with the mass of silver money which hampers the action of their foreign exchanges and compels them to take exceptional measures for the protection of their uncertain gold reserves. Two alternatives confront them—either to get rid of their silver incubus, or to induce gold money countries to make it freely exchangeable for gold on the best terms that can be arranged. The question of the ratio is no longer so important as it was. The Americans would accept almost any ratio which would save their silver mines from having to shut down and give the Treasury some relief from its 550,000,000 of forty-cent dollars. But France must draw the line somewhere within hail of 15½ to 1, as the silver reserve of the Bank of France would have to be written down to the new ratio, and possibly the five-franc pieces in circulation would have to be reduced after the Japanese fashion.

The main question for France and the United States is to get two huge stocks of moribund silver vitalised. The Americans have a further question of their own how to find an outlet for the future production of their silver mines. It can be seen at a glance how vital

these points are for France and the United States. What is much more difficult to see is the mutual interest that any other country has in them. The British Government is now being offered another opportunity of entering into a monetary alliance with the two States which have most to gain by restoring the exchangeability of gold and silver. It has been appealed to for the sake of India to "do something for silver." Evidently the proposal has been under serious consideration, for at the close of the session Sir Michael Hicks-Beach wrote to the American delegates expressing his regret that in consequence of necessary correspondence with India he would not be able to give them a definite reply till the beginning of October. The reply of the Government of India may be easily anticipated. The picture we have given of its financial position forbids even a bimetallic Cabinet to think of reopening the mints.

The real centre of the silver agitation is the United States. It is there that selfish interest in the problem is strongest, and there the ultimate solution must be found. Some idea, however vague, can now be formed as to how it will work out elsewhere. India will certainly keep on her present track, unless her rulers wish to invite a financial catastrophe as a climax to her long train of recent misfortunes. Even the bimetallics among them cannot be suspected of contemplating such a plunge. China appears to be on the highway to become another rag money elysium like the Argentine Republic. Chinamen are too cute to sit still and sink with a falling market. They will not go on buying silver to oblige the American mine-owners or European bimetallics. Not only are they drawing in their purchases, but they are turning round as sellers of silver. Recently it could have been bought a shade cheaper in Shanghai than in London, and the Japanese are greatly afraid of having large amounts of Chinese silver dumped on them. The Chinese surplus will either go to Japan or to the Straits Settlements to be redistributed to Borneo, Siam, and other countries not yet "saturated."

If fresh and unprejudiced minds could be brought to the task, a new monetary organisation could, we believe, be devised for the Far East on the lines that India is now following experimentally. India, China and Japan might be brought together under a "limping standard," tied neither to gold nor silver, with no fixed ratio or free coinage. Its pivot would be the commercial rates of exchange which express from day to day the relative values of currencies and the terms on which they can be converted into each other. For India, China and Japan the day to day question is what they can buy or sell sterling bills for in their own currency. What their currency may be made of—gold, silver, copper, or paper—is a secondary matter. The real crux is what sterling can be got for. The money of the Far East, whatever its materials may be, has to be rated to London money, and

the simplest process of so rating it will be the best. The closer that India, China and Japan can work together in this very perplexing business the better the chance of their reaching a workable basis of exchange, both among themselves and with Europe. To tie India up with any Western monetary system, above all with such a currency chaos as the Americans are still floundering in, would be to strangle her natural development. It would be a wanton wrong, not only to India but to all the financially allied countries of the Far East. We in Europe are slow to learn that the Far East is a world by itself, which has grown and will continue to grow in its own way. It knows silver simply as silver; our sophistical ratios, our free coinage and legal tender ingenuities are a foreign language to it. European interference with its economic habits is for the most part useless or mischievous, and the worst turn we could do it in its present unsettled transition state would be to hand over the control of its money, involving the practical control of its foreign trade, to a ring of American silver kings. Behind all the beautiful theories and the fine spun logic of bimetallism, the real motive power is the silver producer. It is for him that all the leagues and conferences and associations have been unconsciously working. In vain apparently, for the inevitable fate of the false market maker has none the less overtaken him. The question of the future will be not how to bimetallise his forty-cent dollar, but how to bury it.

W. R. LAWSON.

MR. JOHN MORLEY.

MR. MORLEY'S interest to the observer is largely in his distinctness; for seldom is a man of importance so clear in outline until after his death, when time has wiped out details and placed the individual. Mr. Morley has no details. He has no blurred edges, no puzzles; he represents a familiar type; and he is distinct partly for that reason, partly because he is expressive in words, but in a large degree because, since few men of his kind rise so high, he stands apart in the spectator's eye alike from other British statesmen and from other English critics. To gain a position of influence in politics, and to assure himself a place in criticism, without the aid of instinct for action, charm of style, personal magnetism, wit, or eloquence, he has certainly kept his gifts employed at a higher rate of interest than is earned by most men of as few talents. His somewhat limited field has been cultivated with a thoroughness that brought a larger crop than many a richer and broader area. In the moralism, where we find so readily the boundaries of his personality, we must find also a partial explanation of his accomplishment. The difference between him and many other critics caged in the straitness of their convictions lies somewhat in his intellectual mistrust of many of the qualities which limit him, which leads him to avoid some of their worst results and to get out of them as much as they can do. His clear-headed scholarship gains much from this check of his perceptions on his instincts, and so does his statesmanship. Mr. Morley's dozen volumes have given him a settled rank as a critic who is valued by the scholar as highly as by the general reader; and this rank is due largely to his moral nature, to the ethical seriousness which in its extreme is his artistic failure, to his moral nature, which made his attention loyal to a few large facts and principles and helped him to

give order to all his studies, at whatever sacrifice of vivacity. His misfortune is that these principles are not timely, that they do not form a message needed and welcomed by the times, like that of Matthew Arnold, for instance, or that of Ruskin; and, of course, also because they are not set in a style of distinction, but rather in one soured by moralism and desiccated by science; so that the row of books stand on the shelf of the temporarily useful merely, read because they give certain information more intelligently than any other summary treatises now obtainable. *Historia quoquo modo scripta est semper legitur.* Mr. Morley himself finds history always interesting. He handles large subjects with a sincerity and a dignity that testify to their importance.

Naturally such qualities show at their best in his longer books; and the lives of Diderot, Rousseau and Cobden are almost satisfying. In the first two Mr. Morley has allowed the subjects themselves to supply the elements of vividness and beauty in generous quotations, while he himself showed judgment in marshalling the surrounding facts. In the "Life of Cobden" he dealt with matters well within the scope of his mind and temperament, and no better book on the subject could be desired. The letters are connected by a narrative and comment written in their own spirit, which is Mr. Morley's in its general tone, while Cobden has the natural grasp of the concrete which Mr. Morley lacks, and lacks the power of abstraction which Mr. Morley has. In succinct narrative Mr. Morley is staccato and dry. He expands only in the region of the general, and there are consequently many dreary wastes in his political speeches which are rare in his books. In the "Life of Rousseau" he scolds a little, but he lets the man paint himself, as he does Diderot, while he, as editor, tells the most important things which these men brought to the world. These three books are the surest foundation of the writer's interest for the world, however much more discussion arbitrary and radical arguments, like those in "Compromise," may have aroused. The treatment may seem thin when we have read them all; but in reading them we can hardly fail to find constant food for the interest in serious principles of human progress which Pliny thought strong enough to make all history readable. They tell us almost nothing that is not worth knowing.

Another superiority of these longer works is that the author's faults are less insistent in them than in the shorter political and literary studies, to say nothing of the political speeches, which will hardly enter into the judgment of the future. The first of these faults or limitations is that in no degree is history a picture to Mr. Morley; it is merely a problem. The past is not brought before the imagination, except in some quotations; it is only given, like a demonstration in geometry, to the eye of reason. He himself speaks

in the "Life of Rousseau" of "the greatest question that ever dawns upon any human intelligence that has the privilege of discerning it, the problem of a philosophy and body of doctrine." It is perhaps necessary to say of this judgment nothing more than that it is characteristic of its author, not only in its sweeping generality but in its frank avowal of his own dominant interest. Mr. Morley has his own body of doctrine, compact and unchanging, and other quotations will soon show whither it leads him. The scolding at religion; the irrelevant jeers, such as his suggestion that Hume's sea-sickness is probably a satisfaction to the orthodox; the famous small "g"; the translation in Goethe's poem of "das Uebrige Gott" by "the master power"; such violent speech inserted parenthetically as "the fatuous optimism which insists that somehow justice and virtue do rule in the world"; these little offences against taste are obviously part of a larger limitation; the sharpness of his partisanship not only makes his speech bitter, it makes breath and sympathy of imagination on some aspects of literature impossible to him, just as in some of his speeches he seems to have thrown away moderation and the critical attitude and become the advocate, endeavouring to gain force by violence and persuasion by contempt. So far does his own panacea carry him that he makes for it claims that are surprising in one who has so fiercely pointed out the pretensions of revealed religion and the slightness of the connection between belief and character.

"A man with this faith can have no foul spiritual pride, for there is no mysteriously accorded divine grace in which one may be a larger participant than another; he can have no incentives to that mutilation with which every branch of the Church, from the oldest to the youngest and crudest, has in its degree afflicted and retarded mankind, because the keynote of his religion is the joyful energy of every faculty, practical, reflective, creative, contemplative, in pursuit of a visible common good; and he can be plunged into no fatal and paralysing despair by any doctrine of mortal sin, because active faith in humanity, resting on recorded experience, discloses the many possibilities of moral recovery, and the work that may be done for men in the fragment of days, redeeming the contrite from their burdens by manifold hope."

A part of this philosophy or creed is his constant preaching, in season and out, that the social is the only worthy point of view, which naturally leads him to revel in the eighteenth century of France, since no period has had more greatness with less individuality, and no modern literature has so strong a social quality with such a dearth of original genius as the French. In his "Life of Diderot" Mr. Morley points out clearly how the particular sympathies of the great Frenchman in art and letters are the natural results of his social point of view;—his liking for Greuze, for instance, and for Richardson. The remarks which Mr. Morley interjects on every opportunity about the family relations make a rather picturesque, perhaps a diverting, com-

mentary on similar results, less artistic, to be sure, from his own emphatic social morality. In his "Cobden" is this judgment, in his sweeping manner: "The greatest of political morals, that 'domestic comfort is the object of all reforms.'" And in his "Voltaire" is this still more daring generalisation: "To have really contributed in the humblest degree, for instance, to a peace between Prussia and her enemies in 1759 would have been an immeasurably greater performance for mankind than any given book which Voltaire could have written." From the same volume is an illustration which might be paralleled in almost any chapter Mr. Morley has written, for it is a belief so near his heart that it cannot be preached too much: "The general moral that active interest in public affairs is the only sure safeguard against the inhuman egotism, otherwise so nearly inevitable and in any wise so revolting, of men of letters and men of science."

Obviously this absorption in ethical standards, in the directly social, leads Mr. Morley much farther than it could lead those more vivid imaginations which play freely and daringly with many aspects of the world; but it is hard to forbear one more example, because, detail though it is, it is so sharp an illustration that it is perhaps worth the space it takes. Everybody remembers with what scorn Mr. Morley attacked religious conformity, however quiet, in his treatise on "Compromise." Is it not a contrast that after pages of reproaches of those who, for one reason and another, deem it best to keep their belief to themselves, to find a passage telling us, in language which is its own comment on the effect of thought on style, in language which has at once the faults of the bar and those of that pulpit for which he has such a never silent contempt; of the one case in which we are not to act on the principles which he has been laying down:

"Where it would give them deep and sincere pain to hear a son or daughter avow disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible and so forth, it seems that the younger person is warranted in refraining from saying that he or she does not accept such and such doctrines. This, of course, only where the son or daughter feels a tender and genuine attachment to the parent. Where the parent has not earned this attachment, has been selfish, indifferent, or cruel, the title to the special kind of forbearance of which we are speaking can hardly exist. In an ordinary way, however, a parent has a claim on us which no other person in the world can have, and a man's self-respect ought scarcely to be injured if he finds himself shrinking from playing the apostle to his own father and mother. . . . If a man drew his wife by lot, or by any other method over which neither he nor she has any control, as in the case of parents, perhaps he might with some plausibleness contend that he owed her certain limited deference and reserve, just as we admit that he may owe them to his parents. But such is not the case."

With this truly ingenious doctrine of the wife compare this little

piece of rhetoric: "The marriage choice of others is the inscrutable puzzle of those who have no eye for the fact that such choice is the great match of cajolery between purpose and invisible hazard, with the blessedness of many lives for stake, as intention happens to cheat accident, or to be cheated by it. When the match is once over, deep criticism of a game of chance is time wasted." It would hardly pay to go too deep into the conflicts of these two extracts, nor is search necessary to see in them some of the dangers into which the prophet who can give us solemn assurances in absolute form about the facts of our lives is likely to fall. Nothing, however, leads him into quite such impossible promulgations as these relations, which also lead him nearest to pure sentimentality in expression: "So sharp are the goads in a divided house; so sorely with ache and pain and deep-welling tears do men and women rend into shreds the fine web of one another's lives. But the pity of it, O the pity of it!" It should be said, however, that this sensitiveness sometimes finds more pleasing expression. "It is the bitterest element in the vast irony of human life that the time-worn eyes to which a son's success would have brought the purest gladness are so often closed for ever before success has come."

Evidently it is, in such cases as these, not the thing said so much as the way of saying it that makes the weakness. If Mr. Morley had more appreciation of beauty, even if he had not the gifts to express it, he would avoid some of his softest moralisations. His preference of the ethical to the æsthetic point of view is entirely conscious. "I like the drab men best"; and again: "Truth is quiet. Moderation and judgment are, for most purposes, more than the flash and glitter even of the genius." The scientific and the ethical spirits have such possession of him that it is no wonder that when we read his "Voltaire" we see very little of the flash and glitter of the genius. "That he values knowledge only as a means to social action is one of the highest titles to our esteem that any philosopher can have." Then he has carried this line of thought so far that the definitions of art fixed by centuries of experience are undone to do homage to science; "tragedy to the modern is not *τύχη*, but a thing of cause and effect, invariable antecedent and invariable consequent." The present reaction against the excessive claims of science is not without its analogies to the reaction against the pretensions of revealed religion. Whatever tragedy may be to the fictitious individual here called the modern, invariable antecedent and invariable consequent have yet to justify themselves in the drama. In the novel they have done much as they always have, but where is the play that has stood any test of time in which the point of view is not just the opposite, the strangeness of the powers that help or impede the course of man—mystery, not the clearness of the scientific treatise? The wrongs done in the name of science have

been no greater to religion than they have been to art and the criticism of art.

Not the least of the evil results of letting science out of bounds is its injury to language. Mr. Morley's large vocabulary, the result of wide reading in several languages, is made up indiscriminately of words that are formal and lifeless, and words that have real blood in them. His imagery shows the same influence. In the following passage from the essay on Condorcet, the "less picturesquely" thrown in parenthetically from a passion for passing judgments is full of suggestion about the critic who threw it in, but the quotation is made especially to show the chilling anti-climax of the non-conducting metaphor after the pictures which preceded it :

"'Condorcet,' said D'Alembert, 'is a volcano covered with snow.' Said another, less picturesquely, 'He is a sheep in a passion.' 'You may say of the intelligence of Condorcet, in relation to his person,' wrote Madame Roland, 'that it is a subtle essence soaked in cotton.' The curious mixture disclosed by sayings like these of warm impulse and fine purpose with immovable reserve, only shows that he of whom they were spoken belonged to this class of virtues, which may be called non-conducting."

This lack of artistic feeling for language, which accompanies so naturally the cloud of moral judgments that chequer Mr. Morley's writings, shows itself in single epithets. Turgot, whenever he is mentioned, however casually, is always "the great" or "the wise Turgot"; "justly," "admirably," "rightly" are constantly stuck on to quoted judgments with no other effect than to destroy the charm; a swarm of things in the world happen "too often"; unpleasant words like "hateful" hover over the pages; if the laxities of genius are mentioned, the English nation is immediately dubbed with an unpleasant adjective for its supposed censures on the genius' conduct; "only partly true" is fastened like an icicle on to an interesting quotation; and so on as long as we choose to continue the task of showing specifically the evil wrought in literary execution by the subordination of artistic to moral sensibility. Mr. Morley is well able to see this truth in others. Macaulay's pages, he says, "are the record of sentences passed, not the presentation of human characters in all their fulness and colour." The moralist has his excuse for being and for writing; but it is a commonplace that the laws of art apply to his work also.

One of the most curious manifestations of the moralistic spirit, more entertaining, perhaps, than displeasing, the confident dealing in superlatives, has already been mentioned, but the examples of it which Mr. Morley furnishes are so numerous and so extreme that the temptation to collect a few of them is irresistible. Voltaire is "the greatest mocker that has ever lived," "the most graceful of all courtiers," and "the most trenchant writer in the world"; his letters

"are wittier than any other letters in the world," and his "Akakia" is "the wittiest and most pitiless of all the purely personal satires in the world." Cicero is "the most eloquent of consuls or men," and Milton's "Areopagitica" is "the noblest defence that was ever made of the noblest of causes."

"The completeness of Catholicism, as a self-containing system of life and thought, is now harder for Protestants or sceptics to realise than any other fact in the whole history of human society."

"These transformations of religion, by leavening elements contributed from a foreign doctrine, are the most interesting process in the history of truth."

If we are tempted to ask what is the use of such infallibility, Mr. Morley can tell us by condemning the opposite, which he does, usually sarcastically, with a persistence equal to his untiring statement of universals. He speaks of "the marvellously multiplying beliefs of which we hear that they may be half right and half wrong," and of our "lofty new idea of rational freedom as freedom from conviction, and of emancipation of understanding as emancipation from the duty of settling whether important propositions are true or false." It is not necessary to decide whether that lofty ideal is new or older than Ecclesiastes, or whether or not it is wiser than its opposite, in order to dispose of the paradox sometimes put forward that Mr. Morley is at heart a Conservative, or of his own assertion, that he is "a cautious Whig by temperament." Does he or the nation which he scolds come nearest to deserving this diatribe?

"This inability to conceive of conduct except as either right or wrong, and, correspondingly, in the intellectual order, of teaching except as either true or false, is at the bottom of that fatal spirit of *parti-pris* which has led to the rooting of so much injustice, disorder, immobility and darkness in English intelligence."

The greatest of these limitations, the lack of a message, is perhaps what justified his turning his strength from literature to politics, where his lack of beauty and of free play is a less absolute bar, where concentration and will can do more. The fixed principles, without which he would never feel safe, were acquired before he came near to concrete life, while he still saw things from afar, which marks him out clearly from the men whose principles seem to be imbibed unconsciously from the air about them, so that they become the spokesmen of some spirit of the time, changing often to express varying phases of the unseen forces that guide them. The far-reaching results in moulding issues, especially through his influence on a more creative personality, are known; but even in his steady onward march some of the same qualities that held him back in literature show themselves. An American philosopher in conversation once spoke with enthusiasm of Mr. Morley's character. "I do not understand your ardour,"

answered a Liberal statesman; "he is a very sensible man, but he is a pessimist." Even when Mr. Morley tells us cheerful things he does not cheer us. There is something dreary about his pictures of improvements in the human lot. He has learned to talk more of good than of evil, but even when he scolds Mr. Lecky for pessimism there is something disheartening in his words of hope. That he should ever actually lead the nation is not easy to imagine when we listen to a tone like this:

"It is the mark of the highest kind of union between sagacious, firm, and clear-sighted intelligence, and a warm and steadfast glow of feeling, when a man has learnt how little the effort of the individual can do either to hasten or direct the current of human destiny, and yet finds in effort his purest pleasure and his most constant duty. If we owe honour to that social endeavour which is stimulated and sustained by an enthusiastic confidence in speedy and full fruition, we surely owe it still more to those who, knowing how remote and precarious and long beyond their own days is the hour of fruit, yet need no other spur nor sustenance than bare hope, and in this strive and endeavour and still endeavour. Here lies the true strength."

The moralisings of the man of action are short and occasional, and they are never reiterated complaints against the whole nation which they lead. One example of this nether side of the moralist spirit in Mr. Morley must suffice:

"A community, in short, where the great aim of all classes and orders with power is by dint of rigorous silence, fast shutting of the eyes, and stern stopping of the ears, somehow to keep the social pyramid on its apex, with the fatal result of preserving for England its glorious fame as a paradise for the well-to-do, a purgatory for the able, and a hell for the poor."

For the statesman who is content to take most of the faults of the nation and the race for granted, to offer no panacea, but merely to do in a free spirit what seems best from day to day, Mr. Morley has still little respect, though more perhaps than he had when he spoke of "that sceptical and centrifugal state of mind which now tends to nullify organised liberalism and paralyse the spirit of improvement, which perhaps is not unlike his own in content, though with less storm and stress."

Yet this very spirit which takes the world artistically and serenely often finds what please it in the graceless but sterling combatant. Nobody of intelligence would fail to see Mr. Morley's attractions within the limitations of the species to which he belongs. His personality stands out as something real, something impressive. The same persistence that makes him talk for ever against such fixed machinery as diplomacy, for instance, made him risk defeat to speak his belief on the eight-hour law. The faithfulness that made him thorough in his historical studies forced him into politics in middle life,

because he could not preach one thing and do another. The declamation against book culture borrows a dignity when the declaimer bears up with such courage after almost total failure that he gains the ear of the nation. There is something dramatic in the sight. The world has one competent statesman more, and, instead of the hope that Mr. Morley's last literary work might surpass his first, it has the speeches and a few essays, in which the old faults are missing and with them the old virtues. There seems to be even less light in the struggle than at first; and the pursuit of the higher qualities of style is gone. Yet even from the literary standpoint we can hardly fail to be satisfied that he did what so few do, left his tastes to follow where his reason pointed. When we stand off and look at him in this generalised way, his faults are lost in the spectacle. The two characters of statesman and moralist, he has told us, "are always hard to reconcile, as perhaps any parliamentary candidate might tell us. The contrast between lofty writing and slippery policy has been too violent for Seneca's good fame, as it was for Francis Bacon's. It is ever at his own proper risk and peril that a man dares to present high ideals to the world." The inspiration for us in Mr. Morley's case is in the inconceivability of his failure to stand by his ideals. His arduous success marks out the superiority of the true scholar, who is not much out of place anywhere, while his parody, the pedant, in Mr. Morley's own words, "cursed with the ambition to be a ruler of men," is a curious study. He would be glad not to go too far, and yet his chief dread is lest he be kept behind. His consciousness of pure aims allows him to become an accomplice in the worst of crimes. Suspecting himself at bottom to be a theorist, he hastens to clear his character as a man of practice by conniving at an enormity. No rational person doubts that he is speaking in the tone that most truly represents his deepest feelings when he says: "There are causes that demand and deserve fury and energy, and the public is to be got at upon no other terms; say anti-slavery, or reform, and men are properly adjured to strip off coat and waistcoat, charm or no charm." Certainly there is little of what is properly called charm, but a quality has developed itself gradually which perhaps comes nearer to it than anything else—the tone of quiet sadness in which he sometimes sums up his new experiences, when he speaks of the failure of democracy to lead toward universal peace, or when he says: "It is one of the inscrutable perplexities of human affairs, that in the logic of practical life, in order to reach conclusions that cover enough for truth, we are constantly driven to premisses that cover too much, and that, in order to secure their right weight to justice and reason, good men are forced to fling the two-edged sword of passion into the same scale."

John Morley's fanaticism, wrote James Russell Lowell, "is always exhilarating to me, though I feel that it would have the same

placidly convinced expression if my head were rolling at his feet at the exigence of some principles." That judgment certainly strikes the keynote. Although lack of art or genius has followed Mr. Morley from letters into politics, although his love of absolute principle is in opposition to the spirit of a time that has no creed, the persistence which has helped him to escape failure, and the straightness of his course, make a picture that has some of the stimulus of the heroic. In spite of the distinctness of his qualities, their relative importance changes so readily with the mood of the observer that it is not easy to keep together appreciation of his worth and understanding of his limits. Lowell, by the humorist's choice of words, has been able to suggest the amusing in naming the impressive. On the one hand is the man whose writing is full of the perversities of the dogmatist and the closet philosopher, whose statesmanship lacks instinct and sensitiveness to facts that are too complex for statement, whose spirit seems thin and quarrelsome; and on the other hand is the serious and rather sad thinker, who has measured himself without vanity and taken the harder path from a sense of duty, who thinks he sees some changes that will make men happier, and who follows them without fear; who took up his new fight not to complete his own experience but to obey that truth which exists for him in a more tangible and describable, and perhaps a more limited, form than it does for most men of his size in our generation.

NORMAN HARGOOD.

THE METHODIST SAINTS AND MARTYRS.

IN spite of the general canonisation of enthusiastic and sincere religious believers which is such a characteristic of our time, no special notice has been taken of one body of men amongst ourselves who fulfilled two of the ancient qualifications for the beatification of the martyrology, some of them being martyrs in will and deed, and others of them martyrs in will if not in deed. If we go back to the primitive use of the word before the distinction between "a martyr" and "a confessor" had been set up, we might vastly extend the ranks of those "martyrs" of whom I am about to speak, for, while I specially refer to a body of men selected from a much larger body, it might be said with equal truth of the whole of the community to which they belonged, that they were "martyrs" as the word was understood in the earliest age of the Church. The men that I am alluding to are the "Early Methodist Preachers," whose lives are told in the six volumes issued under that title by the Wesleyan Conference. Wesleyans themselves can hardly complain of the want of appreciation shown regarding these worthy heroes of a manly faith, as in half a century only two editions of their biographies were called for, and except in obscure, out-of-the-way, old-fashioned Methodist societies, one never hears their name or their fame mentioned now.

"Our heroes undistinguished lie"

might be inscribed, not on their headstones, because the majority of them were far too poor to leave the means to raise one, but somewhere on the front of the very fashionable buildings that are the delight of the Wesleyans of to-day. It may be the exuberant admiration of a distant observer, but it seems to me that there was a humble steadiness and attachment to order about these men which lifts

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them above the Puritans of the previous century. John Nelson, one of the boldest of them, "went to York Minster and heard the Archbishop preach, and received the blessed sacrament at his hands," directly after he came out of the dungeon in which he had been placed through the instrumentality of the vicar of his parish, "because he preached too much"—a dungeon so vile that when they put some meat and water and a candle in through the hole of the door, "a man that lived in Bradford, and was an enemy to the Methodists," cried out, "Humanity moves me," and went and offered £10 bail and himself as a prisoner if they would let Nelson lie in a bed; but "he could get nothing from them but bad words." This same John Nelson was as quick-witted as he was pious, for, when they took him out of gaol, and a "jolly well-dressed woman," stepping out of the hundreds that had gathered to see him go guarded to Leeds, asked him, "Now, Nelson, where is thy God?" he instantly turned on her with the reply, "Look in the 7th chapter of Micah, and the 8th and 10th verses"—("Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. Then shame shall cover her which said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God?").

These "Lives," while they are distinctly English in the absence of the empty declamation which abounds in the biographies of the saints of the Roman Catholic Church, and, if I may say so, is sometimes to be found even in the accounts of the early confessors and martyrs, are altogether un-English in their expressions of intense and vivid spiritual life. Their wider and larger views of the Fatherhood of God kept the Methodist preachers from the blacker and more depraved notions of man's fate and imperfect condition which possessed the godly in the Calvinistic communions. More stolid, less wrapped up in self than they, while their hell was as awful and their God was as much like a justice at petty sessions as those of the Puritans, according to the Methodists there was some shadow of equity in the judgments of the one, and some way of escape left open for those who turned in horror from the other. With the Puritans it was not so; an irresistible fate ordered their actions, and an irresistible force thrust them into the pit, although all the time they were shrieking for help and pity. So it came to pass that the portion of them decreed for heaven were too exalted, and another portion of them who were decreed for perdition were too full of anguish to take any delight in the common ways of earth. It was not so with the Methodists. Nelson would go out for a day's shooting, and, when chaffed by his fellow workmen, would fight them like a lion, long after he became serious minded. Of George Shadford it is said in his praise, "that there was nothing sour in his manners, but his company was always agreeable." Before Thomas Olivers married Miss Green he weighed the *pros* and *cons*, and, as he believed he would go into the society of a

variety of persons, he chose her "because she was eminently gracious, and because he believed he was not called upon to take a fool about with him." Mr. Valton studied physic that he might medicine the bodies as well as the souls of poor people. Thomas Walsh, an Irish carpenter's son, who died in his twenty-eighth year, after having been a preacher for eight years, was so devoted to literature that he was thus spoken of by Mr. Wesley, "I knew a young man who, if he were questioned concerning any Hebrew or Greek word in either Testament, would tell after a little pause, not only how often it occurred, but what it meant in each place." Of this Mr. Walsh we read that the rector of Bandon first of all sent the town serjeants to forbid his preaching, and then, when he refused to obey, ordered him to prison. At another place, while preaching on the Church Green, Mr. Mortimer, a Presbyterian, came at the head of a mob of several hundred persons and violently pulled him to the ground. He was hauled through the mob till he was well nigh choked, and then furiously hunted out of the town. Another time a Roman Catholic priest hounded the people on against him by telling them "that Walsh, who turned heretic and went about preaching, had been dead long ago, and he who then preached was but the devil in his shape."

The greater fame of Wesley has hid the record of these men, so that while his persecutions have passed into our familiar recollections of the last century, those endured by the humbler martyrs who followed his teaching are all but unknown; they were, however, put to it on account of their militant faith even more than he was. As an example, there is the record of Guiseley, near Leeds, that would read like an account of A.D. 57, if we substituted Roman names and titles for English ones, except that here and elsewhere the priest of the Christian altar seems to have played a part which, so far as we can tell, was never played by the pagan *sacerdos*. "One evening," says Thomas Mitchell, "while William Dorney was preaching, the curate of Guiseley came at the head of a large mob and threw eggs in his face, hurled him to the floor, dragged him into the street, and stamped on him." Jonathan Maskew was preaching in the same place a short time after. The mob treated him as they had treated Mr. Dorney; they then tore off his clothes and dragged him, all naked, over the gravel and rough stones that then paved the village street. When they thought he was hurt enough they let him go. Poor Jonathan managed to crawl to the house of one of his friends, where his wounds were bound up and some clothes found for him. It was Mr. Mitchell's turn next. Before he reached the preaching-house the mob gathered round him like "so many roaring lions." The Methodists in the place persuaded him not to preach that night and escorted him out of the village, but the mob followed him for nearly two miles in a great rage, stoning him all the way, so that he was

laid by for several weeks from the bruises he received. The strong-minded woman of that day especially asserted herself against these meek-minded men. A mob of women met this same Mr. Mitchell when he was near Heptonstall and put him in a pond of water that came up to his chin. "But, by the blessing of God, he got out safe, and caught no cold." Poor Mr. Mitchell had a large experience of ponds. This is a Sunday experience of their quality that he had at Wrangle in Lincolnshire on August 7, 1751. He preached at five in the morning "as usual." About six, two constables came at the head of a large mob, who pulled him from the chair on which he was standing and took him to a public-house, where they kept him till four o'clock in the afternoon. Then one of the constables said: "I will go to the minister and inquire of him whether we may not now let the poor man go." When he came back he said: "They were not to let him go yet," and took him out to the mob, who at once hurried him to a pool of filthy water, into which they threw him again and again. Seven times they made him go through it before they let him come out. As soon as he reached dry ground he was seized and held, while one of the ruffians painted him with white paint from head to foot. Then they shut him up in a public-house again, while five more of the Methodists were put into the water. From there he was taken to a railed-in pond, some ten feet deep, where four took hold of his arms and legs and, after swinging him backwards and forwards two or three times, flung him over the rails as far as they could into the water. He says: "I felt my flesh shrink, but it was quickly over, and I gave myself up to the Lord. The fall and the water took away my senses, but some of them were not willing to have me drowned, so they watched till I came above water and then, by catching hold of my clothes with a long pole, they made shift to drag me out." But the mob had not done with him yet. He was taken to a cottage and put to bed; before, however, he had been there long, they came again and dragged him out of bed into the street once more, and swore they would cut him limb from limb if he would not promise not to come to Wrangle again. But Thomas Mitchell had as good, or even better English blood in him than they had, and would promise no such thing. Off some of the mob started to "the minister" again, who told the messengers that "Mitchell must be taken out of the parish." Hustled out of the place with only an old coat wrapped round him, he was left in the road out of the sight and hearing of his friends, after his tormentors had shouted over him three times, "God save the King, and the devil take the preacher!" Here, penniless and friendless, he remained for some time, no one daring to come near him, his strength almost gone, so that he had much ado even to stand. "But," he says, "from the beginning to the end my mind was in perfect peace, and I could heartily pray for my perse-

cutors." At length he crawled to the house of a Methodist some three or four miles away, where he remained till his strength was restored. One is glad to know that the Court of King's Bench was appealed to, and that its thunders made the villagers and "the minister" of Wrangle tremble. I am very sorry I cannot set down the name of the latter so as to give him the posthumous fame that he deserves. As for the tried and faithful Thomas Mitchell, who bore himself so well through the events of this unpeaceful Sabbath, we can certainly say of him, what the Breviary says of that other confessor, St. Cajetan, whose feast is also on August 7, "This man, triumphing over earthly things, hath laid up treasure in heaven by word and deed." I presume the Methodists will never ask for the intercession of St. Thomas of Wrangle; but surely a confession such as he made on that sultry August day, when spattered with his own blood, covered with filth, and drowning, he retained his perfect peace, and prayed for the ruffian "minister" and the rest of the mob, is not of lonely value, but avails also for some amongst that crowd of every-day men and women who hope for and desire, but cannot attain to, such princely virtue as his.

Mr. Christopher Hopper ran through the whole gamut of persecution. First of all, the rector of Ryton, the parish in which he lived, summoned him to appear in the Spiritual Court at Durham for teaching and preaching without a licence. At Sunderland a turbulent gathering of sailors stoned him till the blood came. One Sunday, at Salford, "some of our mistaken Churchmen" got out the fire-engine to duck him. At Wickham a constable and his attendants stood waiting with fierce impatience to seize him when the preaching was over, but he quietly escaped through a window and went home, gently chuckling as he heard his disappointed enemies cursing and falling to blows amongst themselves. He had to give up his employment, so that he and his family were reduced to beggary; but he would not give in, and after all died in peace in his eightieth year, surrounded by Methodists, and crying the old prayer of the Apocalypse, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Mr. Thomas Olivers, the author of the hymn which has been said to be "the most sublime hymn in the English language"—

"The God of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above"—

gives us an incident that shows Cathedral Chapters, in one respect at least, have degenerated from those of the last century. He used to attend "the six o'clock morning service at Bristol Cathedral," where, when the *Te Deum* was read, he felt "as if he were praising God before His throne." Like the monks of the Thebaïd, Mr. Olivers, in the time of his spiritual awakening, continued so long on his knees in

secret prayer that he grew lame and "with difficulty went about limping." It was a long time before the light he sought shone on him, and then, as he had been a reprobate of reprobates, his relatives told him "he must have seen the devil, or he would never be so changed." On the Saturday before he was to preach at Forden in Montgomeryshire he came across Viscount Hereford, the great man of the parish, who "well cursed me, and swore if there was a pool of water near he would throw me in." The Viscount would not suffer a reply from the despised hedge preacher, who followed at a respectful distance behind, but every now and then turned round and blustered out that he would send him to prison and drive the county of those who dared to harbour him. The next day, after Mr. Olivers had received the Sacrament and attended church morning and evening, his lordship, who "came to church just as the minister was concluding," fell foul of him again, and stammered, "Wh—wh—wh—why dost thou dress like a parson? (For I was dressed in blue)." He then called for one and another to come and take Mr. Olivers to the stocks, and ended by ordering one of his footmen and one of his tenants to place him therein. The only regret the criminal had while there was "that he had not told the people he would preach in the stocks." "My lord afterwards took my uncle Tudor and the parson to the public-house, where the parson tarried drinking till eleven at night and my uncle till seven the next morning." Shortly after this Mr. Olivers was sent by Wesley into Cornwall; having sold his horse, and being without money to buy another, he set off on foot, his great coat strapped on his back, and his saddle-bags, with his books and linen in them, slung over his shoulders. Preaching on the way at South Molton, a letter was put into his hand with a string in it, with which, after well cursing him, the writer of the letter begged he would go and hang himself. At North Molton a large mob followed him through the streets, throwing at him whatever came first to hand. As he had quoted texts in which the words "hell," "damned," and "damnation" occurred, the mayor issued a warrant against him for using three oaths, and fined him five shillings for each, saying "that although the fellow was a mere vagabond in the pulpit, he would treat him like a gentleman now that he was brought to justice!"

The east vied with the west in its hatred of this good man. On his going into Norfolk, the people at Yarmouth said that if he came into the town he should never go out of it alive. When he did go, the multitude were so violent that he could not preach in the marketplace, where he went "after he had been to church." They followed him out of the town with a shower of missiles of all kinds, the women, as usual, joining in by standing at the doors and flinging handfuls of dirt and bowls of water over him as he went by. For years after this attack on him he was in a state of extreme weakness, "as if in the

last stage of a consumption," from the hardships he went through on this and similar occasions.

At Horbury, near Wakefield, the mob beset the house where John Nelson was breakfasting, and would not be appeased till he went out to them. When he asked them what they wanted, they answered, "You, you Methodist dog." The curate's son then shouted at him, "You shall never preach again, for we will drown you in the river this day." Nor was this an idle threat, for almost all the townspeople had agreed together that they would put a halter about the neck of the next preacher that came into the town and drag him into the river to drown him. This they proceeded to do with Mr. Nelson. One man put a halter to his neck, and a butcher took hold of the other end, ready to hale him to the river; but the cool intrepidity of Mr. Nelson saved him, and the same evening he and the brethren at Kirkheaton "had a comfortable meeting."

I am writing this with a heart full of expectant thoughts about the joys of the near Easter. This is how this same worthy confessor spent his Easter a century and a half since. The mob drove away the congregation that had gathered on Easter Sunday on Hepworth Moor, near York, with showers of stones; then they flung brickbats and stones at Mr. Nelson, till the blood streamed down from his head into his shoes. Then they followed him through the streets of York, still stoning him, till a pitying bystander drew him into his house and sent for a surgeon to dress the wounds of the almost fainting man. In the afternoon he rode to Acklam, where, while he was walking in the fields before service commenced, "a big man" struck at him as fiercely as he could, vowing that he would kill him. At the third blow Mr. Nelson fell, and his assailant leaped on him several times, till with this and the bleeding from his old wounds he became insensible. Boasting, "I have killed the preacher; he lies dead in the croft," the bully seized one of the weeping Methodists and flung him against the wall, and broke some of his bones. As Mr. Nelson lay bleeding on the ground "the parson's brother" and about twenty others came to see if he were really dead. Cursing him soundly, they got him into the street, where one and another hustled and struck him till he was down again. Eight times he struggled to his knees, and eight times they knocked him down; then, taking hold of his long hair, they dragged him over the stones, kicking and treading on him all the time. "One said, 'He has nine-score lives, but, if he has, he shall die this day.'" The "gentlemen" of the party then dragged him towards the village well, and endeavoured to put him in. He escaped, at length, through the interference of "two gentlewomen who came out of the city," and the next day "met Mr. Wesley, and found his word come with power to his soul."

Churchman to the finger-tips as I am, I cannot deny to these

men the title and the honour that I give to the other confessors who lived 1600 years before them, and whose saintly sufferings and hardihood are reproduced in some of the narratives I have given above with almost curious exactness. Because they spoke our mother tongue and lived near our own time, we Englishmen should be the prouder of these home-bred saints, and, it seems to me, honour them with greater reverence even than we do the earlier ones, if we make any distinction at all between them. Seeing how pathetically faithful they were to the Church of England, and how often "the parson," or the parson's connections (although the Dissenters were by no means averse to Methodist baiting), were the chief abettors of their persecution, for us to call them "schismatics," because at last some of them ceased to worship with Churchmen, is like a man calling his dog a cur because, after he has beaten it and driven it from his door again and again, it goes for rest and shelter to another man's fireside. For instance, Richmond, Bishop of Sodor and Man, issued a direction to every clergyman in his diocese, in 1776, to repel any of the "crude, pragmatical, and inconsistent Methodist preachers if they offered to partake of the Holy Communion." Three years after there were over 3000 Methodists in the Isle of Man! The fault of this must surely lie at the bishop's door. The saints are human after all, and saints of the class from which the early Methodists were taken were not likely to make fine-drawn distinctions between their right to resent "the repelling" to which they were subjected by simply taking the authorities at their word; and the right of those same authorities to refuse to worship in communion with the ancient Church of Rome as their forefathers had done. Indeed, as they put it, the difference between the two cases was this: "Methodists were banished from communion with the Church of England against their will, but the Church of England forsook the Church of Rome of her own free will." So that if the Methodists were schismatical, the Churchmen were much more so. To most people it appears that these plain thinkers had both logic and common sense on their side in this statement.

These men were like the early Christians, not only in their courage, but also in their holy simplicity, and in their overmastering faith in the unseen world. They were always seeing visions, hearing voices, witnessing marvels, and making the acquaintance of strange beasts. It was before the days of the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Research, or the everyday experience of some of their preachers would have given matter for it to have discussed at many meetings, "S. H.," falling into a kind of trance, saw the place she was to go to. She also saw Paul Greenwood, shining like a sunbeam. She foretold the time of her death next, and died exactly at that time. John Nelson awoke suddenly at twelve o'clock, as if some one had called him. He felt he must go to the market-place directly, although he

could not tell for what purpose. As soon as he reached it he found one inquiring for him to tell him that Mr. Wesley would be in the town in three hours' time. Mr. John Haime was tempted to blaspheme, and threw the stick he had in his hand toward heaven "with the utmost enmity against God." Immediately he saw in the clear air a brown and black creature much larger than a swan. It flew at him, and went just over his head. About forty yards from him it alighted, and stood on the ground staring at him. This was in a clear day at noon. Thomas Olivers, being full of joy, as he was returning home one night, saw a ray of light, "like the shining of a star," come out of an opening in the heavens and fall upon him. Thomas Payne had a great gift this way. He was in Burgoyne's light regiment of dragoons, and was sent to St. Helena. When he reached the island, he at once recollected having seen it in a dream long before he enlisted. This is one of his experiences while he was on the island: "One night, while standing sentinel at Mr. M——'s door, he heard a dreadful rattling, as if the house was coming down. Looking in the direction of the noise, he saw an appearance, about as large as a six weeks' calf, lying at the door. It rose, came towards him, looked him in the face, went on, then turned back and went towards the door. The house shook again as it did before, and the creature disappeared." It seems that Mrs. M—— died the same night. He relates with great ingenuousness in another place how he and his companions "were greatly strengthened by an uncommon trial that befell them" soon after the above experience. They were in the habit of going out to pray on the side of a hill, and one night as they were "talking of the things of God," they saw something "in the form of a large bear" following close behind them. "Mr. Payne's hair stood on end, and one of my companions fainted away." The creature reared itself upon its hind legs, and so stood till Mr. Payne cried in its face, "Satan, we are come hither to serve God, and we will do it in spite of thee and all the devils in hell." It sank instantly into the earth, and the triumphant exorcists at once held a meeting for praise and prayer on the spot where it had vanished. These rapt devotees were so constantly seeing "lights" and "stars" and "shining forms" that the wonders which are found in the lives of the mystics of the early days of Christianity, or which are the mainstay of Buddhism and Theosophy, are quite poor and mean when compared with the experiences they relate. Not heaven only, but earth as well, went out of its course to be on the side of these eager evangelists. John Nelson was in trouble because Mr. Wesley had sent for him to go to London, and his wife said "that he was not fit to go anywhere as he was;" but two days afterwards a tradesman, "not one of our society," brought him a piece of blue cloth for a coat and a piece of black for a waistcoat and breeches. In Cornwall for a long time he

and Mr. Wesley lay on the floor. The latter comforted him by calling out one night, "Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer; I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side." In spite of such hardships, however, "he had great joys." A gentlewoman sent his wife four guineas, the exact sum she was in trouble about, as the repayment of a loan for that sum was demanded, and she had no money to repay it with. Some one came to the Nottingham market cross, where he was preaching, to throw a squib, but God caused it to burst in the man's hands. Coupled with these unworldly, childlike beliefs there was a plain English common sense that kept them from the irrational and unnatural ways of their forerunners in the early Church. They were true children of the matter-of-fact country and the matter-of-fact century to which they belonged. Thomas Taylor cautions the people "against putting the preachers into damp beds, as it had been the death of several." In another place he notes, "that where there is little trade there is seldom much religion;" he is speaking of York. In another place we are told that "the practice of preaching 'unpremeditated sermons' patronises a sluggish, lounging temper, and is productive of confusion, rhapsody, and nonsense." They were in advance of their time even in its clear-sightedness, for one of them says, "There is no forcing of the understanding; hard names and ridicule will never advance the cause of Christianity." No wonder that one of the "lord justices," on hearing an extract from some Methodist rules embodying the same practical faith, read by one of the preachers in the course of a trial, exclaimed, "Good morality, sir," and then turning to the court said emphatically, "Gentlemen, this is true Christianity." The most extraordinary thing about early Methodism was the mingling of common sense with genius and religious enthusiasm which distinguished it. Other religious movements have been noted for a greater display of the two latter qualities perhaps, but, except in the case of the Franciscan and the Jesuitic movements, they have been wanting, sometimes entirely, in the first. This was no doubt mainly because of the character of their founders. It certainly is the case in Methodism that it unchangingly reflects the disposition of John Wesley so closely that legal and official Wesleyan Methodism is to-day, as it was in the first Conference 150 years ago, a simple echo of his will and ideas. It is for the lack of this strong, determined, individualistic common sense that the great religious movement of the nineteenth century is running to seed and failing to touch the heart of the mass of English people as the corresponding movement of the eighteenth century touched it. Development is a good thing no doubt, but while it is going on there necessarily can be no fixed grasp of a particular position. At the end of a century and a half Methodism is still what it was at the beginning of that period, that is, "Wesleyan." In all the branches, and in every national division of the Connexion

this is equally true of it. On the other hand, Tractarianism developed into Puseyism, then into Ritualism, and this of late has rapidly changed into Anglo-Catholicism. The average Englishman values solidity above all things, and without especially troubling himself as to the rightness or wrongness of any particular set of opinions, he judges them generally by their age, and by the stubbornness of those who hold them. Judged in this way the "Oxford Movement" has shown itself too much without the power of grip in any of the positions that from time to time it has taken up to have much attraction for him. He disregards it therefore, or else treats it as a matter that interests him only because it is interesting to the ladies, and to some of the young people who belong to his family.

But to go back to our eighteenth-century saints it was with them as it was with their prototypes in earlier days. They left no successors. The Wesleyan preacher of to-day is altogether unlike his ancestors. The most dapper of divines when young; the most solid and cautious of men when he has got over the smoothness and beaming gentility of his younger days; he is as unlike as any man can be the men I have been attempting to describe. He is

"Circumspect, stiff, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, quite orthodox within,"

to quote a mangled Cowper. The spirit has evaporated, and partly from their rigid following of an old pattern, and partly from the equalising of income and acknowledged position amongst them (I hope some so-called "Church reformers" will observe this) the dull flatness and even mediocrity of the Methodist ministry has become complete. Since the first generation of their race, they have been without great names, as the students of men and mental progress reckon names, with the one exception of Richard Watson, who is distinctly the nearest to Jeremy Taylor of any nineteenth-century theological writer. Less imaginative, perhaps, but more powerful and connected than Taylor, he gave to a Connexion what was meant for the Holy Catholic Church. Methodists of exceptional talent all but invariably join other communities, where the wise and only effectual way of retaining able men prevails—that is, of suiting the reward to the worth of the man receiving it. After the first heat of any movement is past, men will think of themselves and of those who are dear to them; and so, while Methodism pleases itself by thinking and speaking as if it were in the flush of its first love and cared only for the conversion of the world, it is the most denominational of all denominations; while in his private capacity a Methodist, as a rule, will go beyond a Scotchman in his efforts to make the best of the main chance. To one outside the pale Methodists seem to be so intent on this, and so proud of their latter-day splendour, that they are shy either of looking back at the pit

from which they were dug, or of owning the rough zeal of those who first stirred the soil on which their organisation is builded. To those, however, to whom the passion and the fire of unselfish love will always be precious under whatever circumstances they may happen to be exhibited, these old Methodist saints and martyrs are heroes of the highest type. Nearer than any order of Englishmen had ever done before, they fulfilled the idea the New Testament conveys of the Petrine and Pauline Church. Its virtues and its failings were manifested by them with equal luxuriance. They saw visions, they spoke with tongues as the spirit gave them utterance, they counted all things dross except Christ's love, they were superstitious, they were self-confident, they imagined that God held their creed and theirs alone; they thought that they had found the secret hidden from the ages, and would be able to reverse humanity's order and change the long persistent ways of men. Fair fond dream of those souls that loved heaven more than earth, it is always so; and alas! the end of it has always been the same. Except here and there, the light has quickly passed away, and the old dimness has taken its place once more. But the hope in man and in God survives amongst the few who still dwell in the light, and they are sure that, step by step, man is conquering himself, and discovering the God that lies hid somewhere in the hearts of all.

ROBERT CUBITT NIGHTINGALE.

A NEW CRITICISM OF POETRY.

CRITICISM of poetry, like that of other literary efforts, should surely have some definite rule to go by, some canon by which all attempts should be measured. But if any such there be, it must be owned that the secret is well kept. To outsiders it seems to depend solely upon the taste and fancy of the critic, and to express nothing more than his personal likings and dislikes, and too often his entire ignorance. What was said of equity in the days before Lord Hardwicke—that it varied with the length of the Chancellor's foot—may, *mutatis mutandis*, be said of poetry, the estimate of which varies with the length of the critic's ears. But it is not merely length of ears which is in question—they are worn long on the critical bench—but other things too—temper, nerves, prejudices, the state of the judge's digestion at the moment, and sometimes flat knavery. I remember long ago, when I was a boy in the country, we kept chained in a kennel by the front door a very irascible retriever. Whenever the wandering Teutons drew nigh, charmed the trombone never so wisely, he would dart out upon them in a fury, with savage growls and snarls, as if it were the one desire of his heart to stop their music; just for all the world like an intelligent person writing in certain dead or moribund reviews. Presently, to carry the analogy still further, when the musicians persevered in spite of him, he would retreat into the recesses of his house, from which refuge issued prolonged and dismal howlings as of a creature in pain. At first we used to go out and throw pebbles at him. But reflection taught us that his action was due not so much to malice as to real discomfort, and we forbore. Certain notes drove him to frenzy, to others he was indifferent, none possibly gave his poor brain pleasure. It was not that he was a connoisseur in music—indeed he knew no more of it than his human

brethren ordinarily do of poetry, nor were his own utterances sweet; but simply that all music, good, bad, or indifferent, affected him for the most part unpleasantly. I am afraid the canine and human critics are very much in the same position. The latter growl and snarl to no purpose for the most part, unless they are able occasionally to bite the heel of some incautious young player who comes too near their chain. And their knowledge of the art of which they profess to judge is very much on a level with poor Rover's.

Of course, it must be confessed that there *is* something to be said for the cross-grained Cerberus who has at all times set himself to guard the temple of the Muses. Sometimes it must be owned the player is woefully out of tune, and not infrequently the instrument is one from which no really good music can ever be produced. If so, it is better, though it seems harsh, to stop it at once, and to send the performer away without a halfpenny, or even in actual pain. Growling, barking, snarling, nay, biting itself, are all permissible if haply they may put an end to a performance which prevents honest people from going about their business. If it were not for these savage guardians the gates of Parnassus would be as closely beset and choked with applicants for admission as those of Hades itself. But beyond this it may fairly be doubted whether much good comes of these currish demonstrations. No really bad book of verse is at all likely to give much trouble to the general reader, who, unlike the chained retriever, is not bound to listen. On the other hand, a new verse-writer of merit, who is in nine cases out of ten modest and sensitive, runs the great risk of having his coy muse either savagely worried or chased away into the waste-paper basket to die.

Is unfair praise or blame a disease of the present age alone, or rather one which attacks each literary generation as it comes? The answer is that there has probably never been a time when foolish and ignorant criticism of poetry, to say nothing of other departments of literature, did not exist. It is unnecessary perhaps to quote the older leading cases of the past. The bitter partisan abuse of old times, the fierce fights between Dryden and his enemies and Pope and his, are too remote for our edification at present. There was hardly a pretence of fairness in these contests, nor even so much as a wish to conceal the venom which prompted them. Of the exploits of poetical criticism in the present century it will be sufficient to give a few representative specimens only. When it is Wordsworth who has to be dealt with and his (unusually) imaginative lines,

"When falls the purple morning far and wide
In flakes of white upon the mountain side,"

the critic of that day does not stay to question the accuracy of the imagery, as possibly he might have done, but "is sorry to see the

purple morning confined so like a maniac in a strait waistcoat." Prodigious! When he writes on the lesser celandine the lines beginning

"There is one flower which shall be mine"—

lines which must have given exquisite pleasure to myriads of sensitive people spring after spring since they were written, as they did to the writer a month or two back—the critic dismisses it summarily as "a piece of namby-pamby." When he addresses the cuckoo, as "a wandering voice" in words full of a plenary poetic inspiration, it appears to the critic that the author "in striving after force and originality produces nothing but absurdity." The great "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is "beyond doubt the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication." Prodigious again! Or come to Coleridge, whose "Christabel" the critic described as one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press had lately been guilty. "It exhibits from beginning to end not a ray of genius, only one passage which could be reckoned as poetry"—the critic does not say which—"or even sense in the corner of a newspaper or on the window of an inn." The critic in *Blackwood* thought in 1807 that all good men of all parties must regard Mr. Coleridge with pity and contempt. But even these fierce yet deliberate judicial utterances were apparently reversible, because the same magazine in 1834 said that within the four seas there was no brighter genius than Coleridge, while the imagery of "Christabel" was pronounced to be "of a sort unrivalled in modern poetry." The pity is unhappily that it is impossible that both these luminous and valuable judgments should be right.

Of Keats every one knows *Blackwood's* verdict as to the "calm settled idiocy" of "Endymion" and the valuable advice to the poet "to go back to his plasters, pills and ointments, but for the sake of heaven to be a little more sparing of soporifics to his patients than he had been in his poetry."

Of Shelley the writer in *Blackwood's* says—it was the Scotchman then as now who displayed the most invincible critical obtuseness—"a hundred thousand verses like those in 'Adonais' might be made without taking the pen off the paper." And of "Prometheus Unbound" "that it was nothing else but absolute raving, the author a lunatic and his poetry a melange of noisome Cockneyism, poverty and pedantry."

Nor are the slaving log-rollers of to-day and their shameless mutual flatteries without their prototypes in the past. Extravagant praise, with little or nothing to justify it, was almost as greatly in fashion then as now. Warton's sonnets were considered by some contemporary thinkers incomparably superior to Milton's. "Crabbe and

Scott were more full," said the *Edinburgh Review*, "of real persons, intelligible and interesting than any writer's except Shakespeare." A writer in the *Monthly Review* said that the "Excursion" was one of those books "which if you once take up you cannot lay down till it is read through." That accounts perhaps for the timidity which makes most people, including the present writer, slow to take it up at all. Of the immortality which awaited Bowles and Beddoes and Rogers, the *Edinburgh Review* hazarded confident theories which have so far been only partially realised, if at all. The poems of the late Mr. Rossetti, beautiful as many of them are, especially the sonnets, can hardly be thought to justify the praise of a generous brother-bard, that for the future "the world would speak of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Rossetti." To the same generous but lavish hand are due praises of the great, though turgid and ill-balanced genius of Victor Hugo, which would have been rank flattery if written of Phœbus Apollo himself. The innumerable societies, sworn to elicit something of intellectual nourishment from every clipped sentence of the late Mr. Browning's inarticulate muse, crazy as they undoubtedly are or were (for it is to be hoped that most of them are dead), did some service in directing public attention to a writer of genius who was his own greatest enemy. But no less a writer than the late Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—as much an English classic as Addison or Sterne—actually said of the meritorious poem known as the "Light of Asia," that "to equal it we must go back to the Fourth Gospel!" Prodigious, indeed!

All these and similar distressing performances, whether in praise or blame, were the work of men often by no means illiterate or vulgar, with a taste for literature, writers of merit themselves sometimes, only blinded by prejudice or unfitted by a fine natural want of critical power for estimating the poetry of others. Is there any reason to think that such things are of the past only and have no parallel in the present day? By no means. After long silence, induced no doubt by the consciousness of repeated failures, the *Edinburgh Review* burst forth only two or three years back into a critique of contemporary versifiers, the crass stupidity of which was a revelation. It was as if the ghost of the late Mr. Croker had revisited the scene of his former triumphs, only this time (as one who came from another and less comfortable world) in a state of critical second childhood. This is what he said of a simple little poem by a living writer, which had been much praised in its time, on the subject of an Italian organ boy, in which the author has, of course, nothing to say as to the excellence of the boy's music, but only attempts to poetise on the vicissitudes of the fate which brings the child of the strong Roman of old time to our shores, and may befall the young Briton of the future. This is what the new Croker says:

"From his manner of sentimentalising over the organ-boy, that pest of London life, Mr. X. seems as ignorant of the quality of music as of poetry, or he would have known that music is a matter of expression; that nothing worthy of the name, in however simple a form, can be produced by mechanical means, and that the true kindness to the poor in this matter would be" [a true Crokerian touch this] "to make bonfires of the street organs and to raise a fund to provide them with some real music. But it is exactly from poet prosers that one expects this kind of twaddling philanthropy. It is part of their stock-in-trade."

Probably there never was so complete a case of critical *ignoratio elenchi*—a mere blotch, as Carlyle would have said—"of human stupor." Yet it has a strangely familiar sound. The inspired critic learns nothing and forgets nothing. To him seventy years are as one day. What was good enough for the great Croker is good enough for him.

There are certain modern methods in criticism, however, which have the merit of novelty. The accusation of plagiarism, the first stone which the incompetent critic finds to his hand is, of course, a primitive critical weapon as old as the Cave-man, but still greatly in request. If a writer uses a quaint epithet from Milton, which, one would have thought, was common property and familiar to every fairly educated man and woman, the critic is down upon it at once with modest pride in his own learning. That was so in the article to which reference is made. But there are other ingenious devices which are probably in some degree new. One is, as a prominent journal did some time ago, to secure, by much importunity, an early copy of a long and elaborate poem, and then to bring out on the very day on which it was published what appeared at first sight to be a long extract from perhaps its best passage, but which turned out to be in every other line a dull and vulgar parody written into and besmirching the actual text. It is probable that no such scandalous instance of grotesque ill-will was possible even in the worst of the old times with which we have been dealing.

The other—it was in the same journal, but under different management—and some two or three years later than the first—was also to give as the writer's own a vulgar and pointless parody of another poem by the same hand, with the appended observation that "it is true the writer did not so express himself, but he might have done so;" and further on, in reviewing another poem, coolly to substitute a word of three syllables in a particular line for a word of two, and then to call attention to the writer's want of ear because the verse, which was blameless before, when so manipulated would not scan. It is obvious that the proper reply to such ingenious criticism was an action for vindictive damages, because the malicious intention would be obvious to any jury in England. But the wise man dreads to resort to the law, even if, as here, it would give him, to an absolute

certainly, a pocketful of a too-ingenious gentleman's money, or rather, as he probably had none, of his innocent employer's. But there are lower depths even than these. The deadliest method of modern critical ill-will is the conspiracy of silence now greatly in use, and against this it is to be feared there is no defence, though it hardly comes under the heading of this paper, which deals with the presence, and not the absence, of criticism.

It would be a waste of time to pursue the history of unmerited eulogy down to our own times. The log-rolling art, the most noisome pest of literature in the present day—the "claque," in fact, of the French theatre done into English—is now apparently firmly established among us, and is in the greatest request among the younger members of the poetic brotherhood. A little sonnet, a little ballad, a little ode by one of the craft, and straightway every journal-office in London and in the provinces is swimming in "rancid over-praise," as it has well been termed. Out gushes the mawkish flood, greasy, malodorous, like an outburst of dirty soap-suds from an over-charged sewer. Let it gush on. It will do its subjects no particular good, nor those certainly whom it passes by any particular harm. But it is insincere, nevertheless, and therefore evil. You cannot praise dishonestly with complete effect, unless you dishonestly depreciate; and this is invariably done.

But it is not only with a view to abolish this class of critics that an authoritative canon is required. Sometimes honest and accomplished writers get possessed by certain haunting refrains and proceed to produce them, in season and out of season, again and again. The lines from Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper":

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago,"

recur so frequently in every notice of poetry by a well-known critic that it is almost safe to wager that they will appear in anything which he writes into which it is in any way possible to lug them. Of them he says, that "they are so full of sweetness and sufficiency that he at once accepts them as poetry of the highest class without seeking to know the context—nay, in fact, declining to hear it." It is the old woman's blessed word "Mesopotamia" again. In a literary journal of high character there are few articles by a contributor, whose style it is easy to recognise, in which there is no quotation of the lines from Matthew Arnold's "Obermann":

"A wounded spirit tosses here,
Upon its bed of pain."

Considering that very few of us are familiar with the joys and griefs

of the author of "Obermann," or have time to inquire what they were, and that they must have been quoted by the writer in question at a moderate estimate one hundred times, it would seem that the lines have been adequately dealt with already. Or take Mr. Browning's

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world,"

as dubious in prosody as in theology, yet driven to death weekly. Or later, the work of a virile prose-writer unhappily turned poet:

"And the dawn comes up like thunder out 'er
China 'crost the bay,"

quoted and praised *ad nauseam*, though we may be sure the dawn did nothing of the kind, but came up like lightning and not thunder, if the meaning is to express the rapidity of its coming, and not that it made a noise. All these are simply cases of obsession by a peculiar combination of sounds—pleasurable in this case—but a mere question of nerves, and not of deliberate judgment at all; just as likely to be produced by the lines in "Alice in Wonderland":

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsey were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe."

Wonderful indeed is the power of poesy, but surely it should not wholly and entirely depend upon mere sound. I confess I have a vivid feeling when I read these inspired words of a sombre twilight scene, of a vague horror as the tortuous and slithy toves advance over the darkening plain, in a dreadful silence broken only by the bellowings of the panic-stricken raths. No wonder they outgrabe. The only gleam of light is in the epithet applied to the condition of the borogoves. One feels that if they were no worse than "mimsey" it could not have been so dreadful after all. Others, no doubt, will fill in the picture differently. But neither let us exaggerate the mysterious influence of sound. Remember Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, and the British public who madly applauded it night after night not so very long ago. "Where is that public now?"

There is another evil arising from the absence of a proper standard of criticism of poetry, of which there has recently been an excellent object-lesson. When there is a vacancy in the post of official representative of poetry, it seems the task of filling it rests, not as it did with the Sovereign, but with the Premier of the day. Recently there was a curious access of perplexity on the part of the actual incumbent of that high office, which endured for nearly three years, and which ended in his leaving office without making any appointment at all. It was not that he felt no interest in poetical matters, for he himself

had, greatly daring, attempted, as so many others had done before him, the inevitable translation of Horace, and with the normal result. Common report says that he wandered about hopelessly imploring aid in making up his mind; now from an omniscient "entrepreneur," who was said to have once upon a time dropped into verse, then to the young, half-tamed lions from Clerkenwell, then to various political and quasi-literary friends. All, alas! was in vain. There was no help in men or cubs. Then, in the last desperate resort, he betook him—as appears from Dr. Jowett's Life—to that teacher, whose wise reticence seems to have made him an authority on almost everything, not even excepting religion. From him he received a memorable and sufficing answer. "I told him to make no appointment at all," boasts the venerable sage, in a letter to the late Laureate's son; "nobody wished or expected it." And the puzzled statesman went away joyfully, relieved at the expense of his conscience, and for the first time probably in his long and blameless career persisted in neglecting, while he remained in office, a plain and obvious duty, with the result, which everybody foretold, of putting back the clock for eighty years, but not happily of suppressing the only recognition of poetry by the State.

Now, is there no way out of the confusion and muddle of which we have seen so many sad proofs? If we may believe the ingenious author of a half-serious paper in an American review, entitled "A Competitive Examination of Poets," there is. According to him the confusion arises from the examiners having never carefully considered how many marks should be assigned to the various kinds of excellence which make up a poetical whole. The first of all he considers to be "style," and gives very weighty reasons for his judgment. It is to be feared, therefore, that exercises in the Whitechapel, or Kailyard, or New England dialects, or the many unintelligible lingoës of well-known contemporary writers would have no particular weight with this Rhadamanthus. So that at once we have a great reduction in the number of candidates entitled to a first-class, a result by no means to be deprecated for its own sake. So high is the place which he gives to this requisite that the happy possessor of a perfect style is to be credited with the full number of a hundred marks. He does not tell us, by the way, where in this respect he would place the writer of "Sordello" and "The Ring and the Book," though he leaves it to be implied.

The second he would decide to be "creative power," by which he means, I suppose, dramatic force and psychological insight into the workings of the human soul, and a power of reading the soul in Nature. Under this head come the quaint subdivisions (which seem to have come straight out of More's "Utopia") that, inasmuch as some poets are better at describing men, others women, others external

nature, there should be allowed to each of these branches only one third of the hundred marks which would reward perfection or high merit in all. One would be inclined to doubt whether it is necessary to distinguish so accurately between the sexes—the poet who can describe a man adequately is hardly likely to fail in describing a woman, or *vice versa*, though he might not have the power of minute observation requisite for the study of Nature with effect. The third requisite would be “thought.” It is to be feared that this would hardly be considered satisfactory by the votaries of “Art for Art,” or by those estimable people of to-day who shriek over the faintest suspicion of a didactic purpose in a poet. But it would doubtless have one good effect if insisted on—it would put out of the field a very large proportion of the countless volumes of verse which nowadays choke the press. Here there is again a curious subdivision proposed—that between width and depth of thought—English literature being wider, as the writer considers, than French, and German than English. Here again, as in the subdivision of writers who write of men and those who write of women, there is a total of fifty marks to be given for width and the same number for depth of thought. The last requisite is “mass” of work. No writer, despite all the log-rollers in creation, is to pose as a considerable poet on the strength of a fugitive copy of verses. The great poet must have staying power, strong wings to carry him over unknown lands and seas, and a strong note heard far and near, not the mere feeble twitterings of the sparrow flitting from twig to twig. It is delightful to think how greatly the enforcement of such a requirement would thin the over-crowded ranks of the poetical aspirants of to-day.

The discoverer then proceeds to give a kind of class-list, in which the poets of the world are placed according to the aggregate number of marks awarded to them in each of the above departments of poetical excellence. It results in placing Shakespeare first with 340 marks, Dante second with 290, Homer third with 275, Goethe fourth with 250, and so through a long list ending with Burns, Heine and Byron with an aggregate of 160 each. The method seems to be justified by its results.

Every critic, the author (Mr. Charles Leonard Moore) of this ingenious computation opines, might get a slightly different result in each division and sub-division; but these would at least serve “as fences to prevent opinion from huddling into one corner,” and possibly compel an approximately true result.

Well, it is easy to make fun of any tentative scheme of this kind. It is possible, but not probable, that the differences of estimate in each sub-division might be so great in the case of different critics as seriously to affect and vitiate their calculations of the aggregate number of marks. But, at any rate, it would make the work of

detecting shams easier, and it would be more difficult for a critic who is really ignorant of the elements of his art to pose as an omniscient judge.

Whatever may be thought of this particular proposal, there can be little doubt that in criticism of poetry, at any rate (which most requires reform), a great improvement would result from the adoption of any well-considered scheme of appreciation ; for a great cloud of impostors—critics and writers—would be dispersed and the improvement would spread in due time to every department of literature. We should be rid of the verse-writer turned critic, who, having failed himself to get a hearing, is determined that no one else shall be heard. We should be finally rid of the Browning societies, of the new and scandalous over-praise of the sublimities of the author of the “Angel in the House” and other masterpieces ; of the disreputable conflict of opinion as to the merits of new poets which afflict us to-day. We should be rid of the honest ignoramus ; of the new Mr. Bludyer with his loaded bludgeon behind his back ; of the feeble simper of the prig, of the Decadents, and (Heaven send it !) of the Epicenes. And we should, perhaps, be rid eventually of the ubiquitous log-roller, and should meanwhile hinder his trade. And, best of all, we should educate our masters.

THE COUNTY :

A COMPARATIVE STUDY.

FROM the days of Montesquieu and Voltaire it has been generally admitted, both in Continental Europe and in England, that English institutions are unique in character, that the course of English political history has resulted in a scheme of government which makes the position of the English citizen wholly different from that of his Continental brother. And it is a source of just pride in the Englishman who studies the recent developments of European history, to notice the efforts, sometimes unconscious, more often avowed, of Continental reformers, to imitate English models. The virtues of the English system, and the immense influence which it has had upon the last century of Continental history, are alike undeniable ; and it is no part of the writer's object to relegate these cherished doctrines to the domain of exploded myths.

But, unfortunately, the admiration so freely bestowed, both by Englishmen and by foreigners, upon the English scheme of government, is apt to be expended on a very limited part of it, to the unjustifiable neglect, both in theory and practice, of other equally important parts. It is far too generally assumed, that the chief excellence of the English system, as well as its chief peculiarity, lies in the perfection of its Parliamentary machinery. Struck by the glaring fact that, while the States-General of France and the Diet of the Holy Roman Empire fell either into entire decay or hopeless senility, the English Parliament ("English" advisedly) became more and more important and prosperous, both Englishmen and foreigners have assumed that herein lay the secret of that system which the great Frenchmen of the eighteenth century so much admired, and which they and their successors have striven, not quite successfully, to imitate. All Western Europe has, broadly speaking, adopted the

English Parliamentary model. Some important States have even adopted that peculiar development of it which we call the Cabinet System. Some of our imitators have far surpassed their teachers in the completeness with which they have applied the doctrines of representative government. And yet, strange to say, English observers and Continental reformers feel that a wide gulf still separates the French and the German citizen from the English citizen. It may well be that the advantages do not lie wholly on one side. But it is none the less important that the existence of the gulf should be explained.

A little reflection will probably be sufficient to raise a very serious doubt whether the English Parliament of their day was likely to rouse deep admiration in the minds of shrewd observers like Montesquieu and Voltaire. The Parliament which they studied was, virtually, the Parliament of Walpole; and, whatever may be thought of Walpole himself, few students of the period will be rash enough to maintain that Walpole's Parliaments were representative, patriotic, or pure. No doubt they had, under Walpole's guidance, done what no existing French institution could hope to do: they had snatched the sovereign power from the hands of the monarch. But they used this power, when they had acquired it, in a way which could hardly be approved by the philosophic President, or by the generous protector of the Calas family. In fact, the success of English statesmanship in the eighteenth century, and its chief claim to distinction, lay in the administration of justice and the system of local government which it tolerated, if it did not actually approve. This is not to say that the eighteenth century was a brilliant period in the history either of the law courts or of local government. But the sound organs were there, even if they were for the time acting feebly. A day was to come which should show that they were capable of reform, and did not need to be swept away. This fact was pregnant with fate for the future history of England. It was the law courts and the local organs, far more than the unreformed Parliament, which saved England from the evils of violent revolutions; and the fact deserves to be explained. The administration of justice demands a separate treatment. Even the history of local government is too vast a subject to be dealt with as a whole in the limits of an article. But it may be possible, by taking one single institution of local government, and tracing its history in outline, to bring out with some clearness the immense difference between the England of Walpole and the France of Montesquieu and Voltaire, as well as to suggest the momentous consequences which have followed from that difference.

It seems fairly agreed that the county, the district administered by a *comes*, is ultimately derived from that great mother of modern institutions, the Roman provincial empire. Just as the emperor at Rome or

at Byzantium had his companions (*comites*), bred up in his palace and trained to administer affairs of State, so the provincial governor, himself probably a *comes* of the emperor, had his *comites*, who assisted him in the administration of his office, and united to form the splendid court wherewith he dazzled the eyes of the provincials. With that tendency to system and subdivision which is the mark of thorough government, the provincial empire, at any rate in Western Europe, gradually assumed the shape of a mass of small districts, each administered by its own *comes*. A greater or smaller number of these districts would constitute a province; the province, with other provinces, would form a diocese; the dioceses were grouped in prefectures; until a long but perfect chain of connection bound the judgment-seat of the *comes* to the Imperial Consistory at Rome or Byzantium.

At any rate this is the system which confronts us in the great prefecture of the Gauls, which, stretching as it did from the Mediterranean to the Clyde, and from the Atlantic across the Rhine, embraced the chief part of Western Europe. In this region the great legacy of the dying Empire to its political successors was the *comes* or count. He it was to whom the provincials looked for daily guidance, for the redress of grievances, for protection, for the development of local resources. In him they recognised the State, and to him their public duties were chiefly rendered. His district seems to have been known as a *civitas*, a name which probably denotes a Roman attempt to make a government district coincide with an old popular settlement, but which, in any case, must not be confused with its modern philological descendant, the *city*. The Roman *civitas* in Gaul was not a town, but a large district grouped round a town; and the modern theory, which builds upon it a doctrine of a Gaul enervated by city life, is baseless.

The career of the count was by no means ended when the barbarians captured the Gauls. In the kingdoms which they erected upon the ruins of the Roman Empire he played a conspicuous part, and especially in that kingdom which ultimately succeeded in establishing itself as the inheritor of the empire in Western Europe—viz., the kingdom of the Franks. The Franks adopted the *comes* at once, so readily, in fact, as to give rise to the suspicion that they were familiar with him as a native institution. They at once produced a German name for him; and the *graf* very soon becomes synonymous with the *comes*, while the pure Latin *civitas* reappears in the Frankish documents as the Low Latin *comitatus*, later on, the German *grafschaft*, French *comté*, English *county*. The *comes*, indeed, gains greatly by the change of rulers, for the intermediate officials have disappeared, and there is now nothing between him and the head of the State, the Merovingian or Karolingian king, who is, quite probably, away fighting over the border. Furthermore, the Frankish count acquires military as well as civil

authority, the two functions having long been kept distinct by the Roman emperors ; and, perhaps most important of all, he no longer receives a salary from the State, but is entitled, as of right, to a third part of the revenues of his district. He is thus a general, a judge, a tax-gatherer, an administrator, and a quasi-proprietor, all in one. He needs, in fact, only an opportunity to become an independent potentate.

The opportunity soon came. The misgovernment of the later Merovingians wrecked the splendid inheritance of the Roman Empire. The taxes became merely an excuse for extortion, the harbours fell into decay, the roads became foundrous, the posts disappeared, the bridges became unsafe. Government grew to be a matter of plunder. The kings set the example, and expected their subordinates to do the like. The counties were farmed out to the highest bidders, and the successful aspirants naturally recouped themselves by wringing money from their subjects. It became the great object of ambition with clerical and secular landowners to secure exemption from the jurisdiction of the royal courts, not only for themselves but for their dependents ; and this ambition, whether prompted by a fear of oppression or a desire to set up rival jurisdictions, is eloquent of the failure of the Frankish county system. Even the able policy of Charles the Great could only arrest for a moment the tendency to decay. From being purchasable, the countships became heritable, finally saleable ; and when, in the general break-up of the ninth century, the Frank empire fell asunder into military fiefs, the most glaring instances of feudal disruption were to be found in those very countships which had been, in their origin, merely subordinate offices of government. The man whose ancestor had been an official in charge of a government district, bound to carry out the royal instructions and to account for his doings, now became a feudal *seigneur*, who treated his district as an estate, and the royal rights as his private property. For, as one of the most accomplished historians of the period has said, "the feudal hierarchy is nothing else, with some slight shades of difference, than the administrative hierarchy of Charles the Great."

Shortly after the break-up of the Frank empire, William the Bastard set out to found a kingdom in England. He knew all about the county system, for his ancestor, Rolf the Ganger, had forced Charles the Simple to create for him a duchy (which was nothing more than a glorified county) out of the old Frank kingdom of Neustria ; and in this duchy the Norman dukes had ruled for a century and a half, nominally as vassals of an emperor at Laon or Aachen, or a king at Paris, actually as independent potentates. Nor had their position been at all exceptional. Their neighbours, the counts of Anjou and Maine, the counts of Poitou, Provence, Guienne, and Toulouse, had enjoyed similar independence ; whilst, across the Rhine, the

eastern half of the once splendid empire of Charles the Great was now represented by a crowd of *Herzogen* and *Grafen*, who paid but the faintest lip-homage to that Kaiser who legally represented the old omnipotent majesty of Byzantium or Rome.

William was not likely to misread the lesson of these facts. And fortune favoured him; for England, though a part of the old Roman Empire, had never picked up again the snapped thread of history after the barbarian invasions. From times of old the Saxon kings had had their *geréfum*, and Egberht's residence in Frankland must have taught him something of the Frankish *grafschaft*. But the shire or county of the English was a thing very different from the *comté* of Gaul and the *grafschaft* of Germany. The ancient shire may indeed have been the successor of some still older *civitas* of the Somersætas or the Wiltætas; but its *scir-gerefa* was no feudal count. The county proper was merely the territory round some fortified *burh*—Bedford, Cambridge, or Northampton—which was itself the mark of royal domination. No ealdorman or sheriff in England succeeded to the traditions of the Roman *comes*; and William took care that no Norman baron should fill the gap. His clerks persisted in calling the sheriff a *vice-comes*. But the *vice-comes* was a deputy without a principal, for the titular earls whom William created were not rulers of the counties from which they took their names, and the later viscounts were merely members of the House of Peers. Under William, the English county was simply a district administered by a royal official, frequently changed, and directly accountable at headquarters.

Nevertheless, so readily are the teachings even of experience forgotten, William's successors seem to have failed to realise that a *vice-comes* might be as dangerous as a *comes*. The century which succeeded the Conquest saw an enormous increase of royal activity and power in England; and, as the kings acquired new functions—judicial, administrative, police—they seem to have confided the exercise of them mainly to the sheriffs, trusting blindly to their own controlling power. The sheriff in those years very nearly became what the Frankish count had been—a general, a judge, a tax-gatherer, an administrator, a *vice-roy*, in fact, if not in name. Under a strong king, like William the Red or Henry Beauclerk, such a system might possibly work well. But the anarchy of Stephen's reign showed its grave dangers; and Stephen's successor was barely seated on the throne, when he set himself to break down the formidable power which his predecessors had created. The year 1170 is the turning-point. With that, the decline and fall of the sheriff begin. His judicial functions are transferred to the king's itinerant justices, officials of the Exchequer rob him of his financial powers, the decay of the old military system deprives him of his military importance, in matters of police the new local justices of the fourteenth century

overshadow him. But the well-known exploits of Falkes de Breauté mark the reality of the danger, and the narrowness of the margin by which England escaped it. The county was saved in England by a policy which combined specialisation of functions with local unity. The changes just described destroyed the county ruler, but left the county itself intact. The latest example of the process, the Act of 1888, has had an exactly similar result. Quarter sessions are not what they were, but the district over which they ruled still preserves its unity. No one pretends that the English county system is free from defects, even from grave defects. But its history is creditable. For long centuries it has solved the difficult problem of reconciling local autonomy with central efficiency. It has stood between bureaucracy and disruption, and saved England from the dangers of both.

But the position is unique. We have but to look across the Border to see, in the Scotch sheriffdoms, what might have been the fate of the English county. The work which was done in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had to be done in Scotland in the eighteenth, when, after Culloden, the hereditary jurisdictions were abolished. It is, however, in France and Germany, the original home of the county, that its failure is most complete, and most disastrous in its results.

In France, the old Frankish counties had ceased to be organs of the State before the end of the tenth century; and when the kings at Paris (themselves originally mere counts) set themselves to build up a kingdom out of the scattered fragments of the Karolingian Empire, they did their best to find a substitute for them. Accordingly, in the twelfth century, we notice the appearance of *baillages* and *senéchaussées*, local districts governed by royal officials, who are specially accountable to the king's central court, the Parlement at Paris. These new districts are evidently intended to replace the lost counties, with which they were, in many cases, almost identical; and the scheme might have succeeded, but for the disastrous policy, begun by Philip of Valois and completed by Francis I. and Sully, which turned the Parlement into a proprietary body, whose members bought and sold seats from which they could not be dismissed. Under this system the *baillis* naturally ceased to be government officials, and the Crown was compelled to supersede them by new functionaries. This time it is really a war measure which is adopted, the *gouverneurs* or *lieutenants-généraux* of the frontier provinces gradually acquiring more and more of the powers formerly exercised by the *baillis*, and subjecting their districts to something very like martial law. As might have been expected, they soon became virtually independent, and it needed in the end all the craft of a Richelieu to prevent them repeating the story of the Karolingian counts. Finally, the French monarchy adopted the *intendant*, who, with his district (the *généralité*), became

the real pivot of local government in monarchical France. But the *intendant*, and his subordinate the *sub-délegué*, are really clerks of a central bureau, powerless to break down the persistent claims of feudalism, powerful only to extort money for the Crown; and they lead on, through ever-increasing centralisation, to that gigantic system of fiscal oppression, which the Revolution found it so easy to destroy, but so hard to replace by anything better.

In Germany the process is different, but no less striking. There is considerable evidence that Charles the Great, in the course of his judicial reforms, contemplated, and in part effected, a subdivision of the original counties, doubtless with a view to increase the efficiency of the reduced unit. But the chief result of this plan appears to have been, to afford the more powerful feudatories of the empire an opportunity of accumulating groups of counties, which, after the general break-up of the ninth century, they succeeded in erecting into those magnificent fiefs which afterwards became the independent States of modern Germany. This fact gave rise to one of the burning questions of German constitutional history; for the counties thus accumulated were deemed to be *landsässige*—i.e., not directly connected with the empire—and their counts had no status in the Imperial Diet (*Reichsstandschaft*). On the other hand, the feudal princes in whose jurisdiction they were grouped, as well as the counts of the counties not thus mediatised, claimed *Reichsunmittelbarkeit*, and took their places in one or another chamber of the Imperial Diet. All the counties were, however, alike useless for purposes of the State, being merely treated by their holders as fiefs conferring a certain number of privileges and rights of jurisdiction, which they exercised for their own benefit.

Two serious attempts to replace them seem to have been made. In the tenth and eleventh centuries the emperors, reviving an old plan of Charles the Great, grouped the domain lands of the Crown into bailiwicks (*Vogteien*), and secured their immunity from the claims of the counts—that is, from the claims of persons who were, in strict theory, their own officials. Some of these *Vogteien* went the way of the earlier counties, and got into the hands of feudal possessors, or *Burggraves*, who used them chiefly as a means of obtaining the coveted *Reichsstandschaft*. Others, with happier fate, ultimately developed into the imperial free cities of the later Middle Ages. But some maintained their original character as government districts, and formed the basis of the reorganisation attempted by Rudolf of Habsburg and his successors.

Meanwhile, another promising institution, the *Landfriedensbezirk*, or peace district, had come into existence. This institution appears to have aimed at doing for the fief lands what the *Vogtei* did, or was intended to do, for the royal domains. Each district was placed under the control of a body of imperial commissioners, having at its

head a captain (*Hauptmann*), charged with the preservation of order and the punishment of crimes of violence. But here the emperors made the fatal, though possibly unavoidable, mistake of entrusting the position of peace-captain to the feudal princes, who, of course, simply used it as a means of building up their territorial sovereignty (*Landeshoheit*). And when, in despair, they tried the alternative policy of making the royal bailiffs also peace-captains of neighbouring districts, these officials at once seized their opportunity, and entered, as *Landgraves*, into the ranks of the feudal aristocracy.

To complete the history of the county in Germany, reference ought to be made to the imperial *Kreise*, or military districts, introduced by Albert II. in the fifteenth century, as part of a great projected scheme of reform, and systematised by Charles V. in the sixteenth. But these new districts were entirely overshadowed by the older feudal units; and the decaying empire went feebly on, losing more than half its power by the Treaty of Westphalia (1648), and finally dying of ignominious suicide in 1806.

This is not a question of names. Here we have in England an institution which was once common to most of the countries of Western Europe. In England it becomes vital and useful. Its application by England to the sister kingdoms of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, marks the definite incorporation of those kingdoms into a united polity. All through English history it plays a conspicuous part in the working of government. Quite apart from its local functions, it serves as the unit for the administration of civil and criminal justice, for the election of members of Parliament, for the organisation of the national forces. But this is its one success. It never reaches Scandinavia. In the Republic of Holland it develops into a sovereign State. In Switzerland it entirely disappears. In France and Germany it early becomes a mere feudal benefice, a privileged landed estate, which is not only in itself useless for purposes of government, but actually prevents the formation of anything capable of taking its place. The results which have followed from this striking peculiarity of English history are of the first magnitude. Three only can be mentioned here.

First, if we put aside the Palatine earldoms, which, owing perhaps as much to fortunate accident as to deliberate policy, early ceased to be of practical importance, we notice that hereditary jurisdiction has been almost non-existent in England. The Peers have, indeed, from time almost immemorial, been hereditary members of a body with considerable judicial powers. But they have not sat as individual judges of the lives and fortunes of their fellow men. Manorial jurisdiction at one time threatened to prove a formidable danger to the State; but the manor was so small a unit, and its character so disputable, that the danger passed quickly away. And so, for long ages,

while the French and the German peasant or yeoman was born the *justicia* of the *comte* and the *graf*, while even the Scottish farmer found himself compelled to answer in the court of the hereditary sheriff, the Englishman was judged only by the king's justices or the king's sheriff, by men, that is, who, if the State so willed, could be deprived of office in a moment. In other words, jurisdiction in England has rarely been a piece of property; and the importance of this fact has been almost incalculable, not only in generating that respect for law by which Englishmen have so long been distinguished, but in permitting of that necessary reform of law which, if it has not been marked in England by indecent haste, has at least been steady and continuous for several centuries.

Second, there has been, all through English history, a marked absence of privileged caste. Certain orders of men have, at different times, claimed to have their affairs decided by special forms of procedure. But of substantial privileges there have been marvellously few. No Englishman, since Parliament definitely took in hand the work of taxation, has succeeded in securing exemption from what most Englishmen feel to be a perpetual grievance. No class of men has succeeded in shaking off the local burdens of road-making, police, and other claims of the governmental system under which we live. Even from such minor duties as jury-service and overseership, exemptions have been few and grudgingly granted. Our public officials, no less than our peasant and artisan, are subject to the ordinary law, administered in the ordinary courts. No social order claims, or has ever claimed, a legal monopoly of any sort of public office, military, judicial, or administrative. Yet how different the state of things in Western Europe generally, not merely down to the close of the eighteenth century, but even in our own day! It may be said that this difference has nothing to do with the county system. But is this so? The count was the first privileged official; he could not be judged in his own court, and an appeal to the king himself, even in the best times, was difficult and dangerous. The count was supposed to collect the taxes; he could not be expected to collect them from himself. He was responsible for the military levy; therefore he and his subordinates could not allow others to exercise command in the royal army. His theoretical duties in the royal service entitled him to exemption from genuine public duties. Those exemptions, which in the eighteenth century were merely odious class privileges, were, in the eighth, the logical results of the scheme of government.

Finally, it may be pointed out that the comparative success of the county system in England has rendered true local self-government possible there, while its failure in other countries has been fatal to its existence. It is essential to the success of local institutions that they

should be, on the one hand, independent of the central government, in the sense that those who administer them should initiate and control local policy. On the other hand, the central government must maintain its absolute supremacy. In England, all danger of a revolt of the counties had disappeared before the close of the thirteenth century. It is precisely from that date that we note a steady tendency on the part of the Crown, no longer jealous of local independence, to devolve important matters—wages disputes, apprenticeship, poor-law, highways, religious conformity, sanitation, liquor laws, education—upon the local authorities, especially on the county authorities. But on the Continent the State has not dared, at least until quite lately, to entrust powers to organs already too much inclined to defy its authority; while its attempts to create new organs have been foiled by the disintegrating forces already in existence. Even the French Revolution, the one great rival of English example in the political development of Western Europe, has only strengthened the system which it found in existence. The bureaucracy of the Republic is as real a thing as the bureaucracy of the ancient monarchy; and it has had all the more powerful influence that it has charmed the nations with the magic name of freedom. It is probably unnecessary to urge upon Englishmen the advantages of self-government; it may not be unnecessary to remind them that, as this sketch has endeavoured to show, English self-government owes its very existence to the determined policy of two or three wise rulers, who dared to do the wise thing, and the unpopular thing, some seven hundred years ago.

EDWARD JENKS.

DIVORCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE has been a widespread protest in the United States of late against American women marrying Englishmen, and foreigners generally ; and the protest, with the native aversion to looking all round a subject, has been based on the argument that such marriages are reverberating failures, the purchaser of title being commonly treated to the indignities of neglect, cruelty, or impoverishment. The attempt to keep United-States-made millions in the United States is laudable and wise, but no worse argument could be brought forward, in the face of certain ugly facts, than the incompatibility of races.

In the United States there are some seventy million people. The American women that have allied themselves with the aristocracy of England and Europe are numbered by three figures only. Divorce is rampant in the United States. It is steadily on the increase. It has for two generations been part of the stock-in-trade of the comic newspapers, running neck-and-neck with the cowboy joke and the tramp joke. It is estimated that 80 per cent. of the actions are brought by women. The actions are almost invariably based on the following grounds: infidelity, cruelty, intemperance, failure to provide, desertion. Therefore, it would seem that men are pretty much alike the world over, but that the American man, being conscious of his shortcomings, has made himself as adjustable as possible, and that American women have a high-handed way of shuffling the cards to suit themselves. But before analysing this curious question farther it may be as well to give certain statistics for the benefit of those who have a hazy, not to say grotesque, idea of the divorce performances of the United States.

The American comic weekly newspapers are doubtless responsible for the prevalent belief that Chicago typifies the divorce habit of the

entire Union. Such jokes as the following have appeared week after week for the last twenty years :

"HE. Mrs. Blank is well connected, is she not ?

"SHE. Oh yes ; she has been temporarily connected with five of the leading families of Chicago."

As a matter of fact, there are only eight grounds for divorce recognised in Illinois, whereas there are nine in Kentucky (including voluntary separation), nine in Arkansas, Kansas, Wyoming, and Florida ; ten in Mississippi and Ohio ; and twelve in Tennessee. Divorce can be obtained on eight grounds in twelve other States besides Illinois. In Oklahoma it can be obtained on six grounds after a thirty days' residence ; in Nebraska, Texas, California, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, after a residence of six months, for seven, five, six, seven, nine, and seven causes respectively ; in the Dakotas on six grounds after a ninety days' residence. In Illinois and sixteen other States one must have been a resident for one year before availing oneself of their divorce laws, a fact which has threatened the eclipse of Chicago since the rise of Oklahoma and the Dakotas. In several other States a residence of from two to three years is required ; in Massachusetts five, although eight pleas are recognised. In New York action can be brought on the old statutory ground only, and the ground is artfully furnished with stumbling-blocks. In South Carolina no ground whatever is recognised as justifying divorce, and divorced people who have married again are liable to arrest for bigamy upon entering this State. New York is the most highly civilised and the most immoral State in the Union. South Carolina is popularly known as the "craziest."

These statistics afford an inkling of the various ways of thinking in a people numbering some seventy millions, and may give pause to those who are in the habit of generalising too freely about that odd modern composite known as the American.

In the Southern States, until very recently, the social prejudice against divorce was as strong as in the most conservative State of Europe. But as the boarding-schoolgirls of this section are now encouraged in all outdoor athletics, and severely grounded in history, mathematics, and general science, instead of devoting the greater part of their time to the care of the complexion and the acquirement of *les grâces*, so there is a movement throughout the South toward independent thinking and the reorganising of the individual life, when necessary for happiness. In the early days of California—the most sensational State of the forty-nine—a woman who had obtained a divorce, no matter how justifiable, was under a social ban. Divorce was spoken of in a whisper, with horror. There was reason for this : the better class huddled together in that era of lawlessness, doing all

they could to create a society which should be above reproach. Naturally they went to extremes. The prejudice lingered on for more than thirty years; but so many leading families have had recourse to the Divorce Court during the last fifteen that it has come to be regarded as a beneficent institution. A San Francisco weekly newspaper recently, with no thought of humour, congratulated its readers that as against the two thousand odd marriages of the preceding year, there had only been six hundred and forty-one divorces.

It may be asserted broadly that there is no prejudice against divorce among the upper classes dwelling in the large cities of the United States, provided no scandal has preceded the suit. A woman of suggested peccadilloes, who has great wealth and generalship, may be permitted to lead society, and a woman can lead society who has divorced her husband for good and sufficient reasons; but let a woman, no matter how favoured, divorce one man in order to marry another who has compromised her, and society arises in wrath and chalks the line with a heavy hand. It will stand a good deal in a country where money is king, but it has certain standards, and the wise conform.

A short time since Judge Russell made a sensation in New York by refusing to acknowledge the legality of a marriage contracted by favour of a Dakota divorce. Unless the Federal Government takes the matter in hand and passes a uniform law for all the States and territories of the Union, there is danger that a certain proportion of the community will have to found a colony on neutral ground which shall be an asylum for bigamists. However, as a rule, if the defendant can be induced to appear, or to represent himself by a lawyer, in the State where the action is brought, the divorce, if granted, will hold good in other States.

For some years past the Dakotas have picked the matrimonial knot apart with a leniency and celerity which have made them popular and famous. Four or five years ago there seemed to be an epidemic of divorce among fashionable women, and North Dakota was their headquarters during the stipulated ninety days. It meant ninety days of exile, but as a number happened to be seeking relief coincidentally they managed to pass the time very agreeably. One corridor in the principal hotel came to be known as "Divorce Row," and the landlord, although not doing so rushing a business at present, still finds it a drawing card for tourists. One of these days, doubtless, it will be removed to a museum. But there were many tragic hours in "Divorce Row," and more than one of its habitants was on the verge of nervous prostration before her plea was granted; and none of them was happy in the fact that she was the "news" of the day.

Up to the last third of the century divorce was the exception in the United States; our immediate ancestors seem to have jogged

along very philosophically, or, at all events, washed their linen behind closed doors. To-day divorce is the rule. And the motive-power of the divorce market is woman.

The fact that 80 per cent. of the actions for divorce are brought by women would appear to tell heavily against the men of the country, but, as a matter of fact, a large percentage of these divorces go by default, which implies either collusion or indifference on the part of the delinquent. Many men, it is estimated, permit the offending wife to bring the suit rather than to disgrace her and her children. Nevertheless, the divorce revolution has been brought about and is maintained by women. The typical woman of the United States to-day is a mental anarchist. The reasons for this are several. She is a composite of all the races of earth, if not in blood, in points of view. She is a product of experimental democracy, and, like her country, blindly but fiercely striving for an ideal. She has been thrown largely on her own resources; unlike the women of the old world, she has done her own thinking. She lives in an electrical atmosphere. She is a spoiled child. She finds herself a component part of a life that is ever changing, and changes with it. She has come to regard herself as by far the most important element in that life. She is a child of the hour, of the minute; she does not strike roots. Her independence has begot an abnormal amount of individuality. Is it a matter for wonder that, finding the man she has married unsatisfactory, she tosses him aside and begins life anew? It might be argued that many of the conditions enumerated apply equally to the men; but it must be remembered that the latter have less time to reason and analyse. They are essentially a race of nervous incessant workers: they seem to be obsessed by the idea that if they pause to take breath the imperfect structure of their Republic will fall to pieces. Even the rich men die in harness.

Inevitably this anarchistic spirit in women has bred one dominant and most important attribute—the ability to begin life over again every day in the year, if necessary. It has doubtless been noticed that no morbid sex-novel of the polemical order has been written by any woman of the United States. Neither is serious cynicism to be found in her work. For these women are rarely morbid and bitter; never, it might be asserted, unless they are unhealthy, or very young. They act, rather than talk, when it comes to crises. The past, when disposed of, has no further concern for them. The present is theirs; the future, a condition to be moulded by their imperial will. Moreover, the women of the present two generations, who dwell in great centres, have in large measure thrown off the shackles of conventional religion. And, to reiterate an important point, the atmosphere is electrical.

All this may sound somewhat terrifying, but it seems to me that it

is in the line of progress—although the line is indubitably an erratic one—and that the result must be beneficial to the American race. The women of the United States are by no means divorce-mad. Far from it. They shrink from the vulgar publicity of the Divorce Court, the inevitable newspaper notoriety. In most cases they bear their burden as long as they can, consistently with self-respect. But when they do act, it is with the uncompromising directness of their race. There seems to be an accepted idea in England that American women have a habit of divorcing one man in order to marry another. As a matter of fact, such cases are rare. The women who seek relief in the Divorce Courts are, as a rule, extremely tired of matrimony, in no haste for another experiment. On the other hand, there is no question that if an American woman became convinced that she had met the right man, after having suffered the infliction of the wrong one, she would walk straight through the courts to the church. It is the unsleeping democratic struggle towards the ideal which animates the women of the Republic as ardently as it did the men, thirty years ago, when they fought respectively for States' rights and the Union. In other words, they are determined at all costs to be happy, and to make not one effort, but as many as circumstance may devise.

Doubtless the immediate cause—which, in its turn, is the result of those enumerated—of the emancipation of American women, is their adaptability to circumstances in the matter of self-support. Many of these self-supporting women, it may be observed, come to the large cities from remote towns and villages. The young men of the small communities have long been prone to seek their fortunes in great centres. Formerly the forsaken women, husbandless and hopeless, stayed at home and lived out lean, yellow, mutely rebellious lives. To-day they pack their trunks, turn their square shoulders on these Adamless wastes, and go forth to "hustle." And the number of these self-supporting women is computed to be in the neighbourhood of 4,000,000.

Naturally, there is little of the Amelia Sedley about these women. They may preserve their femininity, their love of home and family, their hope of husband and children; but the man who says to them "You must" has an uncomfortable hour; and he who attempts to enforce his mandate is, sooner or later, sent to try his luck elsewhere. As a matter of truth, no sensible United Statesian who takes the time to select his wife in a spirit of differentiation, ever finds it necessary to assert his authority. Such women as find it possible to love their husbands are considerate and sympathetic. If a man marries a cross and nagging wife, he deserves his fate, for the young people of the country are given every opportunity before marriage to know each other.

This vast army of brain-working women—recruited, for the most part, from the carefully educated middle class—are thinkers. A large proportion of the women of the upper class are clever and alert. Both classes are manifestly dissatisfied with their men. In less progressive times the religious spirit—a common interest—kept the family together. It still does in remote districts; but this paper has to do with the tendencies of a rapidly developing civilisation. Perhaps the very cause of the weakening of this spirit—intellectual development—may in time become its substitute, and draw the men and women of the United States together again. For herein lies the root of the whole difficulty: the women have outstripped the men spiritually and mentally. The men of the United States possess some of the finest pertainments of the human race, but they are failures where women are concerned. Their own interests are so restricted that they are unable to interest for any length of time the most versatile and mentally restless women on three continents. They have never taken the time to cultivate the soul with which their women, steeped in the literature of older worlds, informs the ideal man; necessarily they fall flat when the glamour of passion has departed. The situation seems to be hopeless at present; it is not likely that any reform will be worked in this generation. But as woman is responsible for the upheaval, it would seem that she must be held responsible for the future. She has the training of her sons in her own hands. The American father seldom or never interferes in the rearing of his children. He has not time.

In a paper of this length it is only possible to generalise freely. Far be it from me to give the impression that the United States is one seething hell of matrimonial discontent. In any community, no matter how inchoate, the commonplace of the human race preponderate, and the commonplace usually think they are happy so long as death and disaster stand aloof. And in behalf of the outstanding minority I cannot do better than quote from a letter of matrimonial address, which is the choicest gem of one of the latest and most flatteringly received of the "veritistic" novels. Perhaps I should preface it with the statement that the wooer is a native of Chicago:

"I cannot promise to conform to your ways, nor to bend to your wishes, though I will try to do so. I cannot promise to assume cordial relations with your relatives, nor accept your friendships as binding upon me. I cannot promise to be faithful to you until death, but I shall be faithful so long as I fill the relation of husband to you. I shall not lead a double life, nor conceal from you any change in my regard toward you. If at any time I meet a woman whom I feel I should live with rather than with you, I shall tell you of her with perfect frankness. I *think* I shall find you all-sufficient, but I do not know. It may be that I shall become and continue the most devoted of husbands, but I cannot promise it. Long years of association develop intolerable traits in men and women, very often.

"On the other hand, let me say that I exact nothing from you. You are mistress of yourself; to come and go as you please, without question and without accounting to me. You are at liberty to cease your association with me at any time, and to consider yourself perfectly free to leave me whenever any other man comes with power to make you happier than I.

"I want you as comrade and lover, not as subject or servant, or unwilling wife. I do not claim any rights over you at all. You can bear me children, or not, just as you please. You are a human soul like myself, and I expect you to be as free and sovereign as I. . . .

"I have written frankly because I believed it would prejudice you in my favour. Had I believed otherwise, doubtless I should have written in terms of flattery and deceit, for of such is man when seeking woman in marriage."

The pith of this letter—written in all sincerity, despite the fact that it reads like a burlesque—is that the men of the United States are at the dawn of comprehension of their women, and making their initial effort at adaptation. It may be, also, that they are arriving at subtlety. And this is the portent: they will catch up, they will pass; for it is in the nature of man to do all things more completely than woman. Thus, it may be that the next century will see the now half-grown United Statesian at the full of his development, and woman his willing subject. And with the severe schooling he is getting meanwhile, he should find himself several steps ahead of the races whose men have been the principal factors in their own development.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE SECTS.

IN the February number of this REVIEW I showed that, according to the Year Books for 1896, nine Free Church denominations—Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Calvinistic Methodists, United Methodist Free Churches, Methodist New Connexion, and Bible Christians—had 1,807,723 Communicants in England and Wales, and that the Established Church had 1,778,361. I further showed that these nine denominations had 373,685 Sunday-school teachers, while the Established Church had 200,596; also that the nine denominations had 3,103,285 Sunday-school scholars, and the Established Church 2,329,813. In calculating sitting accommodation it was possible to take the Salvation Army into account, and the figures accordingly stand (after making a deduction of 10,000 seats counted in each of two Year Books, and therefore twice over):

Ten Protestant denominations . . .	7,600,003
Established Church . . .	6,778,288

Thus the leading Free Churches have outstripped the Established Church in Communicants, Sunday-schools and sitting accommodation; all these denominations being Evangelical in their teaching.

Complaints have been made that I have underrated the strength of Nonconformity by failing to tabulate all the denominations. My answer is that I cannot collect figures which are not in existence, nor give to other sets of figures a uniformity which they do not possess. At the same time it is desirable to make use of such accounts of the remaining Free Church bodies as are available, in order to estimate their strength and determine their relation to the Evangelical denominations already enumerated. The principal of these, so far as I can discover, are the following: (1) the Society of Friends, with 357

meeting-houses regularly open, 16,476 members, 6706 adherents, and 41,757 Sunday scholars, the majority of whom are adults. It should be added that the 16,476 members include all the children in Quaker households. (2) The New Church (Swedenborgian), which has 74 congregations, 6093 members, 830 Sunday-school teachers, and 7795 scholars. (3) The Free Church of England, with 20 congregations about 1000 Communicants. (4) The Independent Methodists, mostly in Lancashire, with 141 chapels, 8571 members, 2795 Sunday-school teachers, and 25,074 scholars. (5) The Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, with 34 congregations, 2100 communicants, 370 Sunday-school teachers, 3022 scholars, and 11,000 sittings. (6) The Peculiar People, mostly in Essex. About this small body I have been unable to obtain accurate information. (7) The Unitarians, with 307 congregations: no further figures are published. (8) The Catholic and Apostolic Church, which has three congregations in London and one or two more in the provinces.

The only really large denomination outside the ten whose figures were given in my former article consists of those who call themselves undenominational. Under this head must be reckoned the "Brethren" and all who frequent mission halls of a neutral character. The "Brethren" are but a small minority of the undenominationalists, who are much more numerous than is generally supposed. After going through the London and suburban directories, and carefully omitting mere mission rooms, and halls connected with the Established Church or any other religious body, or with the London City Mission, I have come to the conclusion that Greater London alone contains over three hundred mission halls of an undenominational character, and that these will seat about a hundred thousand persons. The strength of undenominationalism in the great provincial towns I cannot ascertain, but nowhere is it proportionally so strong as in the metropolis.

I have now taken a complete survey of the whole field, with the necessary exception of a few isolated eccentric congregations; and the net result of the inquiry is that, save two small bodies—the Unitarians and the Catholic and Apostolic Church—the Free Churches are evangelical and anti-sacerdotal. Their relations towards each other are not antagonistic, but fraternal. Here and there may be found groups or sections who prefer to work apart, or who are bound by narrow and antiquated views of Church order, but everywhere there is an increased desire for amity and concord.

THE WORKING CLERGY.

The revelation of the strength of the Free Churches has come as a surprise to many of their friends as well as their foes; but the

remarkable character of the figures is only fully realised when it is borne in mind that the Established Church is the Church of the great majority of the aristocracy and the upper middle class, that it enjoys the exclusive use of the ancient parish churches, and that it draws an income of six millions a year from ancient national endowments. As might be expected, the clergy of the Established Church are far more numerous than the ministers of all other denominations put together. Let us take the working ministry in all cases, omitting those who have retired, or who are engaged in teaching and other occupations. According to the "Church of England Year Book" the number of working clergy is as follows :

Incumbents	13,802
Assistant Curates	6,463
Bishops and Cathedral Clergy	230
	<hr/>
	20,495

Curates in sole charge are, of course, not counted, for they simply supply the place of incumbents who are not at work, but have been counted. In the case of the cathedral clergy and suffragan bishops, pluralists have been eliminated. After all, the number of working clergy is understated, for no account has been taken of gaol chaplains, and military and naval chaplains on duty at home.

Let us now turn to the pastors of the nine leading Free Church denominations, first excluding those who have retired, or who are engaged in other occupations ; but including evangelists or lay pastors actually in charge of churches.

FREE CHURCH PASTORS.

Baptists	1,718
Congregationalists	2,441
Presbyterians	301
Wesleyans	1,774
Primitive Methodists	965
Calvinistic Methodists	502
United Methodist Free Church	318
Methodist New Connexion	185
Bible Christians	165
	<hr/>
Total	8,369

Considering the vastly superior numbers of the Established clergy over the Free Church ministers, it would seem astonishing that the Established Church does not show better comparative results. It would be a mistake, however, to rush to the conclusion that on the average a Free Church minister is, in point of efficiency, superior to the clergy-

man. The Free Churches have a great advantage in that most of them use the agency of lay preaching, especially for rough and obscure work. In most of the denominations local preachers are duly accredited and recognised, and no account is taken in this article of those who do not seek denominational recognition, or who are unattached. The only case in which the Year Book fails to give the number of local preachers is that of the Congregationalists, and I have estimated their number as proportionally the same as the Baptists. The secretary of the Congregational Union considers that I am justified in making this estimate, and if any one thinks the proportion too high, let him consider the amount of open-air work in London and the great towns, and the number of local mission halls worked by large Congregational churches.

LOCAL PREACHERS.

Baptists	4,885
Congregationalists	5,665
Presbyterians	
Wesleyans	17,065
Calvinistic Methodists	399
Primitive Methodists	16,742
United Methodist Free Churches	3,066
Methodist New Connexion	1,133
Bible Christians	1,492
Total	49,947

The Established Church, of late years, has availed itself of this kind of lay help to some extent, but its "lay readers" at present only number 1653.

I anticipate that some who have followed my figures thus far are ready to ask—If all these statements are true, what becomes of the list of nearly three hundred religious denominations given in "Whitaker's Almanack," which is so often quoted as an illustration of the evils of what is barbarously called "Polychurchism"? Dr. Horton has treated this list with merited scorn in the *Fortnightly* for April; I propose to examine it in detail. Let us first consider what it actually professes to be. It is headed with these words: "Meetings for Religious Worship in England and Wales have been certified to the Registrar-General on behalf of persons described as follows." Whitaker gives the total as 293, but the entries are only 285. Registration confers certain rights and privileges, so it is natural that people in the habit of meeting together on Sundays should seek to be placed on the list whether they are really religious bodies or not. A single glance at the list should be sufficient to show any well-informed reader that it is untrustworthy. But let us proceed to an analysis.

First of all must be eliminated all entries which are evidently of foreign origin. We may expect that Frenchmen and Germans, Jews and Turks, should find their way to such a country as England, and should bring their religions with them; but it is ridiculous to number such religions as belonging to the English people. Such entries include Jews, who are entered in nine different ways, missions to the Jews, entered in six different ways, the Greek Church entered in three different ways, and Moslems, who are entered in two different ways. They also include French, German, and other foreign congregations, and certain Welsh and Scotch bodies. Welsh Wesleyans are not anything more than Wesleyans because they worship in Welsh, nor are Scotch Baptists anything more than Baptists because they are characteristically clannish. Thus at the very outset forty-four entries of nationality must be eliminated.

Next, I find a group of religious societies which, though religious in their object, are certainly not religious denominations. Here are a few samples: the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the Mariners' Friend Society, the Society for Visiting the Sick, the Newcastle Sailors' Society, the London City Mission, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young Women's Christian Association. I can understand these entries, for if any one of these societies starts a religious service in a certain place the name of the society is given: but these bodies cannot be reckoned as religious denominations. No less than fifteen such entries must therefore be struck out.

Yet, farther, I find another group which from their very names can hardly be described as religious denominations at all. At any rate they are non-Christian bodies. In this category are the Political Society, the Secularists, and various spiritualistic organisations; including a Society of Recreative Religionists which, as I happen to know, was started in order to get up Sunday entertainments. Under this head we must eliminate twenty-one more.

A footnote in "Whitaker" states that some denominations are described under different names. Leaving out of account the classes already disposed of, I find that there are thirty-two of these superfluous entries; probably there are more, as they cannot all be detected.

Next comes a very large group which are not, properly speaking, denominations at all, but simply evangelistic agencies. Some are missions belonging to particular towns, like the Portsmouth Mission and the Sheffield Highway Mission. Others are organised by Christian teetotalers, the Independent Order of Good Templars being among the number. Others are obvious imitations of the Salvation Army. The terms "Army," "Mission," "Gospel," sufficiently indicate their character. Not a few of these movements are simply energetic offshoots from Methodism, and the leaders are often still connected

with some Methodist Church. I count sixty such entries, but the real number is probably larger still.

Another large group represents the desire of many people to get rid of denominationalism altogether. Sometimes they call themselves "Brethren," with various modifications, and the ingenuity of their efforts to avoid any sectarian designation is very curious. The undenominational people describe themselves in thirty-nine different ways. They are all dominated by one idea, and, though they may vary in small details, they practically represent one mode of thought and one kind of Church government.

A smaller, but still numerous, group owes its existence to the growth of ritualism in the Established Church, and to the reckless manner in which both public and private patrons sometimes force extreme sacerdotalists upon Protestant congregations. The very names used by these Evangelicals show their attachment to the Church in which they have been brought up, and their reluctance to rank themselves as full-grown Nonconformists. Some twenty congregations are federated as the "Free Church of England," but there are about fifteen varieties in all. There are also about fifteen varieties of unclassified Methodists and Presbyterians, probably representing purely local and temporary dissensions.

We have now less than fifty denominations left, and the majority of these are obscure and isolated congregations. As far as I can ascertain, there are really not more than a score of Christian denominations of English or Welsh origin outside the pale of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches; and of these all but two are nearly allied in faith, much more nearly than are the different modes of religion in the Church of England.

While examining the list, I soon became aware that I was wandering among the tombs of the dead. First I came across a society of Independent Religious Reformers which breathed its last in London many years ago; then I met with certain names belonging to bygone Methodist controversies; then I lighted on "Believers in Joanna Southcott," and though that deluded dropsical woman had some two hundred followers left in 1851, they can hardly survive as a distinct congregation now. At last the smell of the charnel-house grew so strong that I determined to make inquiry of the Registrar-General himself. His reply amply confirmed my suspicions, for he wrote: "The list of religious denominations published in 'Whitaker's Almanack' represents those bodies that have at any time certified a place or places of worship to the Registrar-General; the editor would not have the means of eliminating therefrom the name of any denomination which may subsequently have ceased to exist." This is decisive. I have thought it desirable to publish my analysis because it demonstrates that even taking the list as it stands it is utterly

untrustworthy and therefore worthless. But the Registrar-General has now given it the *coup de grace*. Henceforth the most audacious champion of State-appointed religion will hardly venture to quote it as a list of existing religious denominations. It is a mere record that at some time or other buildings have been used ostensibly for religious worship under distinctive and very often misleading designations. After the clear and positive declaration of the Registrar-General it ought no longer to appear in any reference book which claims to be a statement of actual facts.

HOWARD EVANS.

THE LATEST INTERNATIONAL.

ROBERTSON of Brighton was never so happy in his theological exposition as when he could use one difficulty to solve another. At times, when reading his discourses, you feel that whenever any insoluble problem confronts you the best thing to do is to seek out another problem as insoluble and solve one by the other. This Robertsonian method is being applied with remarkable success this year to the solution of two of the greatest difficulties which baffle the instructors of our ingenuous youth. For if there is one thing which is more repugnant to the ordinary school-boy than the learning of a foreign language it is the carrying on of a regular correspondence. Out of these two repugnances experience has proved it is possible to generate their opposites, and over two thousand young people in France and England are at this moment demonstrating every week to their own satisfaction and improvement, that while foreign exercises are "horrid" and letter-writing is "an awful bore," it is "great fun" to substitute a letter to a foreign correspondent for the hated exercise. Thus do the two antipathies produce a sympathy, and the youth who hates equally to write a sentence in a foreign language or to write a letter finds that he likes nothing better than to carry on a correspondence when each alternate letter must be written in a foreign tongue.

The idea of covering Europe with a network of friendly correspondents, whose letters to each other would replace the dull grind of the regular exercise by the delightful novelty of making acquaintance, possibly friends, with an unknown correspondent in foreign parts, has grown so rapidly within the last six months as to justify the publication of some particulars of what has already been accomplished, some speculations as to what may yet be attained.

The original idea reached us, like the idea of the ironclad, from across the Channel. M. Sevrette, professor of the Lycée at Chartres, seeing the possibility of making a pleasure out of a task, started a Correspondence Club, for French and English boys, nearly four years ago. He succeeded in several cases, and lads who were put into communication with each other made the weekly letter the foundation for a permanent friendship. But M. Sevrette was not at the centre of things. He was alone and single-handed, without means of communication with the great public either in France or in England, and his Correspondence Club, although achieving no small measure of success within a narrow range, showed no indication of Continental development. The new start which has encouraged such hopes as to the future extension of the scheme was also due to the initiative of a French teacher. M. Mielle, professeur au Collège et aux Écoles Normales, Draguignan, who is married to an English lady also engaged in teaching in the South of France, made the experiment with his own boys, and found that it worked admirably for two years and more. He found that the interest of his scholars in the acquisition of English was marvellously quickened by the weekly letter which passed between them and the English schoolboys to whom he introduced them. His plan was simplicity itself. Each of his scholars who wished to become proficient in English was given the address of an English schoolboy or schoolgirl, as the case might be, to whom he wrote at the beginning a letter in French, asking for a reply in English within a week. Then the French boy wrote an English letter to his English correspondent, by whom it was received, corrected and returned in the following week with a French letter, which, in its turn, was sent back corrected. Each boy wrote two letters per month alternately in French and English, always returning the one monthly letter written in foreign language carefully corrected. As M. Mielle said, "the fun of it made the suggestion a success." The experience of two years convinced M. Mielle that there was no reason why the same system might not be generalised with success. So he communicated with M. Colin, the editor of the *Revue Universitaire*, to which all the lycées and colleges of France are subscribers, and appealed to him to suggest the general adoption of the scheme to the teaching profession throughout France. M. Colin entered into the proposal with spirit, and, as the result of his appeal, there are at the present moment no fewer than 1500 persons in France of both sexes—about 1000 males and 500 of the other sex—who are now regularly exchanging letters every fortnight with an equal number of correspondents in the United Kingdom. M. Mielle, however, is not a mere pedagogue, and behind this scheme of schoolboy correspondence he saw, with the eye of faith, the dawn of a new international brotherhood. When, last December, he was explaining to an

English friend what he hoped might result from the scheme, he wrote :

"Not only in a purely professional point of view do I advance this scheme ; but it seems to me we shall promote greater interests than the mere advancing in our countries of the knowledge of a foreign language. The progress of the world, the interests of peace and civilisation, the good understanding between France and England may be usefully served (and where more usefully ?) in our schools.

"I own that my heart beats faster when I think of a thousand or so intelligent boys and girls of the middle class on each side of the Channel exchanging friendly greetings, and playfully correcting each other's slips in the Queen's English or le Français de France, and where then will be the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe ?"

M. Mielle's dream has been already more than realised, and no one can yet say whereto this most pregnant suggestion may grow.

The original proposal of an Anglo-French Letter-Writing Association has already been developed in many different directions. The *Revue Universitaire* speedily supplemented its appeal to French students of English to French students of German, and elicited an even more cordial response. Then suggestions were made for the extension of its scope to Italy, to the Scandinavian countries, and even to Russia and Roumania. The Swiss, ever quick to perceive the practical advantages of any educational proposal, welcomed it warmly, but at once proceeded to adapt it for their own use. "How admirably," exclaimed one Swiss journalist when recommending the scheme to his readers, "how admirably would this system serve to unite fraternally the youth of our different cantons ! At present, when the period of military service arrives, the lads from German-, French-, and Italian-speaking cantons meet in camp as total strangers. Excepting for their allegiance to the Federation they might almost be foreigners to each other. But if M. Mielle's admirable suggestions were carried out, and the scholars in our schools, introduced by this friendly correspondence into personal relations with other scholars in other cantons, speaking different languages, the camp would be a point of reunion, a meeting-place of friends, and the muster would come to be looked forward to with as much pleasure as it is now often regarded with aversion." The *Revue de l'Instruction* of Belgium laid stress upon the same considerations in recommending the interchange of correspondence between the pupils in the French and Walloon schools.

It is not difficult to see the practical advantages of M. Mielle's system. Correspondence never begins, or, if begun, speedily languishes when the correspondents have no point of interest in common, no object which is forwarded by letter-writing. But in this international exchange of letters between students there is a common point of interest to start with, and the object common to both is directly

promoted by every letter that is written. The first difficulty is to make a start. On this subject M. Mielle says:

"I leave the boys completely a free hand in the choice of subjects. But in the beginning I suggested that the best way to open a correspondence would be to describe the school and surroundings. They described school-life in our schools (*lycées ou collèges*), sometimes as boarders, sometimes as day-scholars, and asked their English comrades for a reciprocity. Then about their games, sports, &c. Some even spoke about their family, and told all about their brothers and sisters. Then the holidays were an inexhaustible source of information. Then, what books do you like, read, and so on? Which is your favourite book, &c.? In short, the choice was left to the writer, the master being always glad to give his advice, but taking care never to force it unasked on the boys.

"As I wanted to make the letter-writing a pleasure to the boys, I made a point not to interfere in the sending or receiving of them. They were always shown to me (I mean the English ones), and usually we read them cosily and familiarly together, spending thus many a delightful half-hour."

It is extraordinary how the mere effort to convert the simplest commonplaces of small talk into their foreign equivalents adds interest even to gossip about the weather. To say it is a fine day, but that it looks like rain, interests no one; but to make the same remark in the correct French or German idiom stimulates thought and excites interest at once. And, as might be expected, the blunders which we all make in attempting to express ourselves in other than our native tongue are a source of inexhaustible amusement. An entertaining volume might be compiled under the familiar title "English as She is Wrote," or "French as She is Wrote," from the letters—especially the earlier letters—passing between the correspondents of this new International.

The schoolboy has usually his master to help him, although some make it a point of honour never to submit their letters to their tutors; but there are others, especially among the adults, who have taken a part in the correspondence, who have no chance of such assistance. "At this moment," wrote a bachelor of twenty-seven, in the Government service in the South of France, "I do not know a word of English. I live in the country, where it is impossible to find a teacher. But with plenty of goodwill and a good grammar I hope soon to attain success." "With plenty of goodwill and a good grammar" one may indeed hope. But the attempt to translate literally French forms of speech into English has sometimes results almost unintelligible until they are translated back again. Here, for instance, is a letter written by a French boy to his English correspondent, who had asked him to visit him this summer holiday. Even with the double process of translation it is somewhat difficult to know whether the invitation was accepted or declined:

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I think that I can give back me to your good invitation but I go in England during the holidays, strive to go all same self even London. You have been much in the feasts all these time to the occasion of the Jubilé, and I understand that you have not written at the time, so I excuse you. If you must send me an English newspaper speaking of the Jubilé, I send you by the guardhouse the photographs of the sights of this city and the principal monuments.

"I go from W—— today to pass the holidays of the fourteen Juili (the national feast) we have to days of holidays at the occasion. W—— is a little coast town where my great fathers have two Swiss cheese houses, each year we go down yonder for pass the great holidays. The coast is so beautiful and become so worldly. Make you much of velocipede in this moment? What stamp have you? I hope receive a letter of you the twenty-one Juli and in this expectation receive dear comrade a hearty shake of the hand of your sincere friend P."

The reading of the following letter from an English girl to her French friend probably caused as much amusement, although not so much mystification as the French boy's reply to his friend's invitation :

"CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE,

"Vraiment je tremble à la pensée d'écrire une lettre française à une vraie Française. Sans doute vous vous moquerez de mes fautes et vous vous ennuyerez de les corriger, mais ayez pitié d'une pauvre anglaise qui aime tant sa propre langue, qu'elle a bien de la difficulté d'en apprendre une autre.

"Pour commencer. Je vous remercie chaleureusement de votre petit billet de ce matin.

"Je trouve que cette idée de Monsieur Mielle est superbe ; il doit être anglaise ce gentil monsieur. J'espère que vous serez bon correspondant et j'essayerai de faire de mon mieux pour vous intéresser.

"J'aime l'histoire plus que les autres sujets anglais ; la grammaire Française m'agace, mais la traduction j'adore ; je ne suis jamais plus contente qu'avec un livre française ou allemand et un dictionnaire. J'amise beaucoup quelques-uns de vos écrivains ; j'espère que vous avez le même sentiment pour les notres.

"Je viens de lire 'Jack' par Daudet. Jack est charmant, ravissant. Je sais que tout Français aime ce dernier mot. Les œuvres de Victor Hugo me plaisent joliment, mais il aime trop l'horrible et moi je déteste l'horrible.

"Maintenant pour ma famille. Mon père est mort il y a plusieurs années. Ma mère, mon frère et mes deux sœurs vivent à S——.

"Ma sœur aînée va se marier en août. Son fiancé est très gentil, mais un peu original et étrange. Il ne lit jamais des romans. Il ne remarque jamais si on porte une robe ou un chapeau neufs.

"Cependant pendant nos vacances il nous conduit au théâtre ou il nous donne un piquenique.

"Mes sœurs sont plus instruites que moi.

"J'avais pensé à vous dire quelle espèce de pension est I—— C——. Mais je garderai ces choses-la quand j'aurai le plaisir de vous écrire en anglais.

"Cette fois vous me répondrez en anglais, n'est-ce-pas.

"Voulez vous que je vous corrige vos fautes ? expliquez-moi comment vous pensez que votre correspondance soit le plus profitable.

"Figurez vous que j'ai encore mille choses à vous dire mais le temps me manque et j'ai grande envie de dormir.

"Maintenant il faut que je vous dise Bon Soir.

"Votre amie anglaise."

The national self-complacency of the English which shows itself in the delightfully ungrammatical phrase, "Je trouve que cette idée de Monsieur Mielle est superbe; il doit être Anglaise, ce gentil monsieur," seldom found more amusing and less mischievous expression. The correspondents for the most part seem to get on famously together. "Dear Comrade, I have been very satisfied to receive your letter that has made me much pleasure," is a fair example of the greeting with which the correspondence opens, and they "reserve the next letter for speaking you more long."

Stamp-collecting is an endless source of interest to the schoolboys of all countries. As one French boy writes: "From your letter you seem to be a fervent collector of stamps, so am I, but only when I have a spare time, but I have some rare enough."

Photography and cycling offer endless opportunities for gossiping interchange of experiences. One correspondent wishes for an English devotee of *le Boze*. Girls chirrup away pleasantly about their lessons, their clothes and their appearance. Eugenie writes; "Reading over my letter, I see that I have forgotten one thing, my portrait; you fancy perhaps that I am tall. No, no, undeceive yourself. I am rather small, with fair chestnut hair and black eyes. What can I tell you more about myself? I play the piano and recite for pleasure—Do you play any instrument or sing? I await your answer eagerly."

"Good-bye, my dear Robert," one French lad concludes his letter. "I pass my Arm through the Manche and I give you a vigorous handshake." What a charming phrase, and how delightful to substitute the hearty handshake for the other salutation which each nation has, alas, too often interchanged when, like Robert's correspondent it passed its arm through the Manche in the shape of Channel fleets, and their French equivalents.

Sir John Gorst wrote at the beginning of the year: "Such correspondence between the two countries would be of obvious advantage, both educational and national. I feel the almost invincible reluctance of the British schoolboy to write any letters at all will prove a great, but I hope not an insuperable, obstacle."

There seems good reason to believe that the schoolboy's reluctance can be overcome when he finds that he can replace one of his grinds over his French exercises by a delightfully adventurous struggle to carry the experiences of an English school through the intricacies of the French language. The French tutor of Rugby, in sending in a list of correspondents from the first French set of Rugby school, remarked that if only a small proportion carried out the correspondence to any considerable length a great gain has been obtained. "I would fain entertain the hope that in some cases the correspondence would lead to invitations to spend the holidays at each other's house. This in particular would be so happy a result that I, for my part, shall be

very glad to give the plan my whole support." This happy result is already being attained in several cases, and still there is more to follow.

The task of securing English correspondents for the army of students who, in France through M. Mielle and the *Revue Universitaire*, and in Germany through Professor Hartmann of Leipsic, impatiently demand persons to whom to write letters on this side of the Channel, has been undertaken by Miss Lawrence, of Cambridge House, Wimbledon, who has displayed admirable zeal and devotion in promoting the formation of this new International. For older students the *Practical Teacher* has afforded M. Mielle the publicity of its pages. It was to this magazine that M. Mielle addressed the following common-sense reply to the usual objection raised by conservative teachers who are always loath to try any new thing :

"I have been told, and am told again by several English friends, that the average English boy *won't* write—that I can't expect this same average English boy to write to foreigners while he scarcely ever does to his parents, relations, or friends.

"To this I answer :

"1. The more is the need, then, for your average English boy to enter our correspondence scheme. Letter-writing, be it in the mother or a foreign tongue, is the best means of cultivating and acquiring a perfect use of a language. Better a nice, free, outspoken letter than all the so-called essays, narrations, and compositions.

"2. I cannot quite believe in that abhorrence of your boys for letter-writing. They are sensible enough not to be fond of writing when they have nothing to write about, and they hate (quite right, too !) all sentimental, soft, 'humbuggish' prattle, and who can blame them if they do ? But let them be shown how interesting our International Correspondence may become, let them be persuaded that it is the best practical way of learning to write French with ease, and then see if they will not put to shame all the wise Thomases in the world."

It was about time that something was done to bring about a good International, an International of friendship and mutual helpfulness. And it is well that it should begin with the young. Friendships are easier formed before we reach the twenties, and there is a certain seductive fascination about the thought of international friendship which appeals peculiarly to ingenuous youth. For the most part parents and guardians in France frown upon correspondence between the French *jeune fille* and the English boy, but where it is permitted the fearful joy of corresponding with an unknown of the other sex in his or her own tongue adds to the popularity of the system.

There was need for some such movement, if only because our improved facilities of communication have destroyed much of the advantages of travel, just as the postcard, the telegram, and the telephone have killed out much of the old style of letter-writing. Both evils may be minimised by M. Mielle's plan. The Englishman who

careers round Europe, passing from one huge hotel to another, often returns home without having ever been out of earshot of his own tongue. We pretend to travel to Paris, to Berlin, to Rome or Vienna. We merely allow ourselves to be shut up in glazed and cushioned boxes on wheels and transported at so many miles an hour from one edition of the Métropole or the Cecil to another. The Cosmopolitan Hotel is of no country and of all. It is a world in itself, interesting enough in its way, but it is an exotic. The great Parisian hotel is no more France than it is Lapland or Senegal. Hence, if we would know our neighbours, we must leave the beaten track of the globe-trotting tourists and make friends with the people. For my own part, I felt I learned ten times more of France and the French in a week's stay in a little old-fashioned inn much frequented by the market-folk in Orléans than by all the visits I have ever paid to the French capital.

The establishment of a friendly correspondence between individual scholars will, in these days of cycling, lead to the interchange of visits, and thus there will be established, in the simplest and most natural fashion, an internationalising of the peoples that will be based, not on competition but on co-operation, not on national rivalry but on mutual helpfulness, and which can hardly fail to be most useful for the peace of the twentieth century.

Something might be said concerning the rapid spread of personally conducted tours of schoolboys which began years ago in Switzerland and are now becoming established institutions in all other lands. A party of English scholars makes Tours their headquarters this summer; another will travel through Brittany. The German Minister of Education did not deem it beneath the dignity of his high office personally to plan out a route for a party of Cologne schoolboys across Switzerland to Milan and Venice. But this, although it is a related subject, is not the topic of this paper, which only seeks to chronicle what has already been accomplished in the promotion of international correspondence, and to suggest the immense possibilities of future development if only this promising initiative be vigorously followed up.

W. T. STEAD.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS HALF A CENTURY AGO.

A CHAPTER FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART II.

“**I**NDEPENDENT Opposition” is a phrase which has become familiar to the House of Commons in recent times; but the history of the first experiment to establish it is little known, even to those who profess the principle. I will fly through the leading facts. To the Parliament of 1852 more than fifty Irish members were returned pledged by the Tenant League to Independent Opposition. In the second session, Mr. John Sadlier and Mr. William Keogh renounced the principle for office, and a section of Irish members, gradually increasing, deserted with them. Dr. Cullen was at this time Archbishop of Armagh, and exercised in addition formidable and unmeasured authority as delegate from the Holy See. Unhappily he took the side of the deserters, and carried with him a majority of the Irish bishops. His motives, I make no doubt, were excellent; but he was profoundly ignorant of Irish affairs, looked at them through a haze of Continental prejudices, and never hesitated to postpone the interests of the country to what he conceived to be the interests of the Church. The bulk of the clergy of the second order stood firmly by the League, and were not least firm in the districts where bishops had become hostile to us. In the contest which ensued John Sadlier got completely ruined by the disclosure of personal offences; but, on the other hand, half a dozen candidates who professed his opinions got elected, in various parts of Ireland, by the aid of Whig bishops. Our lives in Parliament had been of exhausting labour; not only the business with which we were specially charged, but Irish business from all parts of the Empire, came to us, and we did not evade our duty.

In my own case, long days in committee, long nights in the House,

constant anxiety and disappointment prostrated a constitution never robust, and I was advised that a considerable holiday was the only alternative to a catastrophe. There are few things more difficult to a busy man than to idle, but I resolved to comply. A prodigiously exaggerated account of the Malvern water cure, by Sir Lytton Bulwer, induced me to give that method a trial, and the rest, regular hours, and simple fare were balsamic. When I regained strength I went on the Continent with my wife to complete the holiday. We visited Belgium, got some idea of the farming of peasant proprietors in the most thickly populated district in Europe, inspected many *ateliers d'apprentissage*, where a generous attempt was then being made to teach the ignorant simple industries by which they might live; and we saw historic places of Irish interest to learn the eternal fate of the exile for conscience' sake; the men of to-day, we found, could scarcely distinguish Ireland from Iceland, even in the *Colleges Irlandais*; we saw the great dead city of Bruges, the living and thriving Antwerp, and the capital—the *petit Paris* of the Low Countries. We revelled in the grand Gothic architecture of churches, châteaux and Hotels de Ville, and in the exquisite domestic art of the Flemings, contrasting with Italian art, with which we were best acquainted, as the realistic story of "Robinson Crusoe" contrasts with the awful visions of Dante. Then a run to Paris, and, after two months of pleasant idling, home to Dublin. I had been kept constantly informed of the proceedings of the League, and I knew that Dr. Cullen thwarted it more and more. Father Tom O'Shea, one of the most noted of the League priests, was ordered by his bishop to quit a mission on which he had been sent by the League and return immediately to his parish, and all the League priests who could be intimidated had become apathetic. Serjeant Shee had a fierce conflict with Lucas in the newspapers, Lucas having charged him, and, as the result proved, justly charged him, with deserting the principles and policy of the League. But worse remained. On the day of my arrival at home an express from Lucas was brought, calling on me to attend a Callan meeting where the fate of our party and principles were nakedly at stake. My health was not altogether restored, but the appeal was too passionate to be resisted. After describing the serious difficulty which had arisen, Lucas added:

"This new order of things will require very careful and very resolute handling; and if there were no other reason, your presence at Callan will be absolutely necessary. Do, therefore, come, for God's sake, unless the field is to be abandoned at once."

The League had determined to hold county meetings through the southern counties in succession, and Father Keefe, one of the founders of the first Protection Society, was forbidden by his bishop to attend

the meeting in Callan, his own parish, which threatened to be prejudicial to Serjeant Shee, and directed to refrain from any further interference with public affairs.

If a bishop could do this with impunity the Irish contest was at an end, for elections could no more be won without the help of the local priests than the Scotch or Dutch, in their historic quarrels, would have turned out without the leadership of their ecclesiastical guides. I attended the meeting, and, before it was held, came to an understanding with Lucas and the local priests on the measures to be taken. The senior professor* of theology in Maynooth had advised that the bishop had exceeded his authority as fixed by canon law. An appeal to the Pope and the Propaganda was determined upon, and the case was so critical that it was agreed we should resign our seats in Parliament as a signal protest, if the Pope did not restrain the apostolic delegate and the Irish bishops from destroying the Irish cause by illegitimate methods.

The meeting at Callan was an immense one, and representative Leaguers from various parts of the country attended, and the local clergy were headed by their archdeacon and some of the most venerable and influential of their order.

The second county meeting took place at Thurles. The archbishop was unfriendly, but sixty-two priests had signed the requisition, and 20,000 persons were said to be present. George Henry Moore, the orator on the occasion, took sides decisively with his colleagues at Callan.

Lucas, who undertook this mission to Rome, was gifted beyond most men with powers to conduct it efficiently, and in Rome he had the aid and countenance of the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Clonfert; but it is needless to follow the story into detail, for the mission altogether failed. Before any lay tribunal in the world he would have been more than a match for Dr. Cullen, but before the Propaganda it was different. And the help he expected from Ireland did not come promptly, and sometimes did not come at all. From the Pope he had a gracious reception in recognition of his services to the Church. On an intimation by his Holiness that he would carefully consider any facts submitted to him in writing, Lucas sat down, in the unwholesome summer of Rome, to write a State paper on the condition of Ireland. Before it was completed his health failed so rapidly that he was obliged to leave it incomplete and return precipitately to London. So painful a change had been wrought in his health and appearance that the door-keeper of the House of Commons repulsed him as a stranger, and when he came among his colleagues they could hardly recognise him. But he was cheerful and confident that the English air would soon restore him to health. In a few days

* Rev. Dr. Hanlon.

he went on a visit to the country-house of our friend Richard Swift, at Wandsworth, and there, for the first time after six months' separation, we had an opportunity of confidential talk.

"We talked," says my diary, "from seven o'clock till late in the night, only to discover a wide and irreconcilable difference in our views of duty just now. Lucas said the Pope had requested him not to quit Parliament, and so leave Catholic affairs without an adequate spokesman, and he had determined to follow the Holy Father's advice. I said we were bound in the most specific manner to retire if the appeal to Rome failed, and it had failed egregiously. What would our promises be worth for the future if we did not fulfil this one? Lucas said he could not admit the memorial had failed, as no answer was yet sent to it. He had duties, as editor of the *Tablet*, which he could not neglect. Doubtless he had, I said, and I offered no opinion respecting them; but, as an Irish member, he was bound to resign his seat in compliance with a promise of a most specific kind which he and I had made at Callan. He could not cloak the responsibility, for I should certainly keep my engagement. He said his constituents did not wish him to resign. Very likely, I replied, they did not, nor did mine; but the object with which I had consented to make such a promise in concert with him was to teach the Irish people the difference between Irish members who had abounded in promises which came to nothing, and men who meant what they said; and he by nature and discipline belonged to the latter class.

"I am determined to retire, and Lucas is determined to hold on."

Shortly after, I told my constituents in a public address that it was no longer possible to accomplish the task for which I had solicited their votes, and that I would therefore resign my seat. To avoid the pain and humiliation of a controversy with my comrade in the face of rejoicing enemies, I allowed the fact that I was retiring in fulfilment of a pledge we had made in common to fall into the background; but some newspapers assumed that he was about to take the same course, and he wrote a letter to the *Times* stating that was not his intention.

Shallow critics declared that here was an end of my vaunted experiment of Independent Opposition. But it was not the end, but only the beginning. Every measure obtained for Ireland from that time to the present has been obtained by the exercise of this principle. Mr. Parnell gave conclusive evidence on the point before the Parliamentary Commission on his public policy, and whoever has exercised control in Irish affairs since his time rejoices in following the same path.

This is Mr. Parnell's evidence :

"*Mr. Asquith*.—Do you remember the passing of the Ballot Act in 1872?

"*Mr. Parnell*.—Yes. The passing of the Ballot Act in 1872 was the first public event which more intimately directed my attention to politics. I thought that, arising out of the passage of that Act, the political situation in Ireland was capable of very great change. I had some knowledge—not

very deep knowledge—of Irish history, and had read about the Independent Opposition movement of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and the late Mr. Frederick Lucas in 1852, and whenever I thought about politics I always thought that would be an ideal movement for the benefit of Ireland. Their idea was an independent party reflecting the opinions of the masses of the people, acting independently in the House of Commons, free from the influence of either English political party, pledged not to take office, or form any combination with any English political party until the wants of Ireland had been attended to. The passing of the Ballot Act rendered this possible, in my judgment, because, for the first time, it enabled the Irish electors to vote free from the coercion of the Irish landlords.”*

Meanwhile some of the friends nearest to Lucas assured me that he was in a much more dangerous condition than he supposed, and that he would be for a long time, perhaps for ever, unfit for serious labour. I was deeply touched by a calamity brought on by the constancy and courage with which he had performed his task at Rome, and I wrote to him to put our recent controversy out of his mind, as I went into exile remembering only the good battle we had fought together for a good cause. The last letter but one which I got from him came in reply :

“ I was delighted, my dear Duffy, to receive your very kind note on my return to Brighton from London on a visit to the doctor. The little scene to which you refer was most painful to me, and I am, above all things, delighted that we may now consider the affair at an end. There may be a difference of opinion, but I am sure you acquit me of entertaining towards you anything but kind and affectionate feelings, such as I have no doubt whatever you entertain towards me. . . . It is to me a subject of the deepest regret that you are going from Ireland—not only on public grounds, with regard to which I consider it a calamity—but on private grounds, and because the absence of such a friend as I have always felt you to be makes our wretched politics very much more distasteful than they have hitherto been.”

Before leaving Parliament, I had some duties to perform. Irishmen, wherever they existed in the Empire, sent their Parliamentary business to the Irish party ; and the Australian colonies being at this time engaged in framing constitutions which had to be sent to Westminster for confirmation, the Irish in Melbourne and Sydney besought the Irish members to give these measures benevolent attention when they came before the House. This was a task very acceptable to me, and I undertook it promptly. I knew that Robert Lowe, who understood Australian politics better than any man in Parliament, intended to be heard on the subject, and I told him I could bring him help he did not count upon, if our intentions with respect to the Bills were not dissimilar.

Lowe was at this time one of the most remarkable men in the House of Commons, and never rose to speak without attracting wide

* Official Report of the Parnell Commission, vol. vii. pp. 1, 2.

attention. He was unusually tall and erect, and so distinguished by the white hair and pink eyes of an albino, that every one recognised him. His speeches were excellent for sense and spirit, but he contended with physical impediments which only a powerful will could have overcome or held in check. You observed in a moment that he did not see anything which was going on around him, and was completely ignorant of the impression he was making. He spoke philosophical and epigrammatical sentences in a monotone which plainly betrayed that he was speaking language committed to memory. Since Edmund Burke no one had probably delivered speeches so intrinsically important with so little of the art of a rhetorician. He was not popular, a mischance which I have always attributed to his blindness, for such a deficiency renders a man habitually silent, leaves him incapable of recognising his acquaintances when he casually encounters them, and perhaps impatient of being accosted by persons whom he may fail to identify.* We fought the interests of the colonies with persistency and some success, but I am not writing history.

But there was another task which it was more peculiarly my duty to perform. After the escape of Meagher and Mitchel from Van Diemen's Land, the Government allowed Smith O'Brien and his remaining associates to return to Europe, with the sole condition that they must not revisit the United Kingdom. It is a significant tribute to the character of O'Brien among men who knew him well that I had little difficulty in obtaining the signatures of 150 members of Parliament to a memorial requesting that this restriction might be withdrawn. Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Henry Baillie, Spooner and Alexander Hamilton, Whiteside and Napier, signed as willingly as Cobden, Bright, Lord Goderich, or Milner Gibson. The Secretary of the Admiralty and the Secretary of the Board of Control felt free to urge this measure on the Cabinet of the Administration to which they belonged, but I wanted something more—the assent of the Leader of the Opposition. When I mentioned it to Mr. Disraeli in the House, he asked me to come and talk it over with him in Park Lane. My diary contains this account of the interview:

"I was received in his library, a convenient room on an upper floor, well-lined with books. He spoke immediately of my intention

* This note will indicate the moderate and reasonable grounds taken up by the friends of Australia:—

"34, LOWNDES SQUARE, May 12, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If you will fix with your friends any hour on Tuesday or Wednesday that is most convenient to them, I shall be very happy to attend, to give them such information as I can on the subject.

"Please let me know what you decide. My impression is that we ought not to oppose the Second Reading of the Victoria Bill, the objections to which are rather to its form than to its substance, and that it can be put right in Committee.

"The New South Wales Bill, should, I think, be opposed at every stage.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"R. LOWE."

of leaving the House of Commons. I was too impatient, he said. Human life might be likened to a wheel; it was constantly turning round, and what was at the bottom to-day would be at the top some other day. The wheel, I said, was worked by a strong pulley hauled by the party Whips, and Irish Nationalists never came to the top. I told him I was chiefly anxious to see him because a memorial was about to be presented to Lord Palmerston requesting that Smith O'Brien might be allowed to return to Ireland. I trusted he was not unfavourable to that design? Not at all, he said; the time has come when Mr. O'Brien might properly be allowed to reside wherever he thought fit. I inquired if I was at liberty to mention this opinion. Certainly, he said; if the Government blotted out all penalties, he should not criticise their conduct unfavourably. I said I wished we were asking the favour from him rather than Lord Palmerston, who had no sympathy with a generous career, who apparently did not understand nationality, and, with all his airy gaiety, was at bottom a dry, hard Whig, who cared for nothing in politics but a majority. My countrymen, Mr. Disraeli observed, smilingly, were not of my opinion; they constantly supported the gay old man. Yes, I said; and that disposition made the House of Commons intolerable to me. I said he knew from experience that O'Brien was a gentleman and a man of honour, but he probably scarcely understood how chivalrous, and even heroic, his nature was. There was a story current about him in Ireland which every one believed because it was so natural and probable. He had a duel with the brother of O'Gorman Mahon, and when the men were placed and the signal about to be given, O'Brien cried, "Stop! No signal, I pray." His opponent's second stepped forward and said, with a serious countenance, "This is very irregular, sir. Pray, what do you want to say?" "I want," replied O'Brien, "to call your attention to the fact that the gentleman opposite me has let the cap fall off his pistol."

"Taking up a volume of Disraeli's early novels which lay on the table, I said I would take the liberty of saying something which was permissible because I was probably seeing him for the last time. I differed widely from public opinion which preferred 'Coningsby' to all his books; a few of the early novels were, in my opinion, far better. They had the inspiration and enthusiasm of youth. 'The Wondrous Tale of Alroy,' as it used to be called, was the most entrancing romance since 'Ivanhoe.' 'Contarini Fleming' could not be compared with any other English book, because it was *sui generis* an insight into the desires and the dreams of a youth of genius, and 'Ixion in Heaven' was of the *genre* of 'Candide,' and worthy to be set on the same shelf. His early novels, he said, had been judged hardly, and perhaps they deserved no better. He would have withdrawn the one which excited most clamour if it had been possible.

Yes, I said; and nothing he had ever done or designed surprised me more than his willingness to sacrifice 'Vivian Grey' to Mrs. Grundy. That story painted, no doubt, an audacious and unscrupulous adventurer, but all his plans failed in consequence. He was not a prosperous, but an unprosperous hero, and the moral of the book plainly was that unscrupulous projects tumble down about the projector's head. The *advocatus diaboli* might insist, indeed, that the accomplished young neophyte of diplomacy was made altogether too fascinating, and I could not deny that objection, for the first time I read 'Vivian Grey' was like the first time I drank champagne; I was intoxicated with an altogether new and mysterious enjoyment. As I spoke this last sentence, which was literally true, and spoken to a man whom I never expected to see again, I noted a flush rise from Disraeli's cheeks to his forehead till it glowed with sudden light. The man, *blasé* with applause in many shapes, was moved by my manifest enjoyment of what pleased himself most, for, under the mask of abstruse political profundity, which could be shifted like a domino, he was always at heart a man of letters, and the only one among his contemporaries. Other statesmen published books; he was a dreamer and a creator whose truest life was in the region of imagination.

"Before leaving, I asked him if he would permit me to speak my mind upon Irish politics without asking or expecting any response. He smiled assent. I told him that Irishmen were not opposed to Conservatism in the abstract—the Conservatism of Tory cavaliers and gentlemen—but they had a deadly and implacable hatred of the black bilious bigotry which so often coloured it in Ireland, where it was the Toryism of Covenanters and Cromwellians. It was not impossible to reconcile Ireland to the Empire if they obtained a local Parliament, and if religious equality became a fact instead of an audacious pretext. I spoke much on this text, to which he listened without uttering a syllable, and then shook me cordially by the hand, and accompanied me to the landing."

Sir Denham Norreys, the member for Mallow, a supporter of the Government, undertook to sound Lord Palmerston before the O'Brien memorial was presented, and reported the result to me:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, August 7, 1853.

"DEAR MR. DUFFY,

"I saw Lord Palmerston to-day about Wm. S. O'Brien. He spoke kindly about him—but still stated that he and Sir George Grey did not consider that they could with propriety recommend to her Majesty his free pardon at present; but at the same time he desired me to say that he by no means wished to convey to me that the 'door of hope' was shut upon him. He recommended that he should do nothing which would altogether separate him from this country, as it is quite possible that at a not very distant future a more favourable answer to a similar application in his favour might be attended with better success.

"In fact, his case is not decided favourably because it would rule that of others whom they don't wish to pardon.

"At any rate, you have this satisfaction, that by the memorial which you alone were the means of procuring, and by the efforts which have been made in his favour, which your untiring energy in his behalf excited, Smith O'Brien stands in a far more favourable position than he did at the commencement of the session.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Duffy, ever faithfully yours,

"DENHAM NORREYS."

Before I left Europe, perhaps for ever, I determined to shake the hand of my old friend, Smith O'Brien, again, and I spent a few days with him in Brussels, where he then resided. Much of our talk is chronicled in the diary, but time has made it obsolete, and I only make a couple of extracts of collateral incidents :

"O'Brien naturally wished to know the judgment of the country on our unsuccessful experiment in '48. I told him I believed the country was just to his character and unjust to his policy. No one doubted that he meant generously, and made noble sacrifices ; but his own class would not be persuaded that he was morally justified in attempting a revolution ; the middle class, who had no such scruple, thought there ought to have been French or American officers procured to take charge of the operation, and the new secret societies declared it was a pity and a crime to sacrifice a grand opportunity to sentimental humanity ; he ought to have burned Widow MacCormack's house at Ballingarry, and her family if necessary. What did a few individuals count in a revolution ? O'Brien said with great feeling that he would not be guilty of the murder of Widow MacCormack's children for any political success whatever.

"At the *table d'hôte* in the evening I fell into conversation with a Belgian member of the Chamber of Deputies, who took a great interest in Irish affairs. After various questions about our institutions and notabilities, he took away my breath with surprise by suddenly demanding, 'Connaissez-vous Madame Veuve MacCormack ?' After a good deal of wabbling we came to understand each other. He had never heard of the Ballingarry widow, but there was an Irish lady of the same name residing in the Quartier Louise at that time, whom he assumed I ought to know."

O'Brien brought me to visit M. De Potter, leader of the Ultras in the Belgian Revolution, and one of the editors of the *Pays Bas*, their organ at that era. When Brussels rose, De Potter was taken out of prison and made one of the Provisional Government ; but when it was proposed to negotiate with France he insisted on a republic being declared ; his colleagues contended that the great Powers would not permit Belgium to create a republic in the centre of Europe, and thereupon he retired. Belgium became a monarchy, and in the quarter of a century which has followed De Potter has been altogether

excluded from public affairs. He is now an old man with white hair, and looks somewhat like George Petrie. He is very garrulous (which is pardonable, I suppose, in one who is visited as a personage), and he is too deferential to his guests for our Western ideas. We were introduced to him as Irish patriots by M. Deputtien, another of the Belgian National party of 1830, who knew O'Brien. He was in prison with De Potter, and he affirms that the leader was not at all a practical politician. It was there he read for the first time the Constitution which they were resisting. As Secretary of the Commission Deputtien declares that he had the good fortune to strike an effective blow for liberty. He was ordered to write a letter to the Prince of Orange, then besieging Brussels, which amounted to the first step of a submission. He wrote the letter, read it to the Commissioners and had it approved, and then dropped it under the table, substituting a blank sheet of paper in the envelope. The Prince was enraged at so disrespectful an answer, and the negotiation which might have renewed the slavery of Belgium was broken off.

Next to the return of O'Brien, I felt the liveliest interest in the investigation of Maynooth College (then ordered by Parliament), as I had friends in that institution whose interests and happiness were imperilled. It was confidently believed that Dr. Cullen would obtain the assistance of the Whigs to bring the College completely under his personal control, to denationalise it, to Italianise it, and crush the professors who cherished some spirit of independence. The constitutional rights they enjoyed under statute were to be abolished, and replaced by a purely arbitrary system of episcopal control. I wrote to one of my friends in the college asking for instructions how I could help them in Parliament, and his answer was worthy of a great ecclesiastic:

"COLL. MAYNOOTH, April 23, '55.

"In the first place and before all things I would have you do nothing whatever save what you are persuaded is right, proper and becoming to do. But in truth C's hostility to us is precisely on the points in which you agree with us. He is for centralising all management of affairs in himself, and he is for narrow views, clandestine manœuvres. We are for the very opposite of all these. Our opinions on priests in politics are a mere accident as regards him, and coincide with his opinion only in terms and appearance. We are opposed to clerical tyranny.

"Crolly thinks it of the first importance that we should be interrogated. Our sole *object* and wish in all this is to prevent C's and his party's interference and annoyance. I can speak for myself with the most perfect sincerity that I do not feel the least emotion of ill-will, revenge, or any other unworthy stimulus.

"This is not a matter of Crolly, Duffy, and Murray, &c., *v.* Cullen, &c., but of liberality, fair play, manly honour and truth, *v.* &c. &c. &c., and therefore your heart should be in it as well as ours (over and above all personal considerations) and therefore I need not apologise for any trouble I give you in it."

I rejoice to think that I did my *devoirs* to the satisfaction of my friends. They were examined before the Committee, and the rights of the Professors were saved. When I resolved to retire from Parliament I determined to quit Ireland also. I could no longer promise the suffering people relief, and the pain of witnessing injustice without curb and wrong without remedy would render life too painful. An Ireland where Mr. Keogh typified patriotism and Dr. Cullen the Church was an Ireland in which I could not live, but would probably soon cease to live. Where to go was a primary question. The circumstance that I had recently taken a considerable part in resisting alterations in the constitutions adopted by the colonies of Australia turned my attention to that continent. I gave it a provisional preference till I could make searching inquiries.

I communicated my intention immediately to a few intimate friends; most of them remonstrated, but Edward Whitty declared I was right, and that he would go with me.

"The idea fills me with excitement. If you go, I will go. I would presume to advise you to go without reference to the appeal to Rome, which will be resultless. There is something more than the Bishops against you; your country is in America or Australia. Your project would be historical. You would lead the colony; you would create a better Ireland there; you would become rich. I am sure you would be happier, for I think you have been long fighting without hope. I say all this with no impertinent conceit of sagacity—with profound respect and you will understand it. I know nearly everything about Australia. When the gold business came up I did the whole subject—went at all the books—for the *Daily News*. I have several friends there. Filmore, correspondent of the *Times* in Sydney, Butler Cole Aspinall (whom you know), on the *Melbourne Argus*."

I entreated Whitty not to go to Australia immediately, but after I had made some footing there. I only knew three men on the Australian continent. The experiment I was making was a perilous one, and I could not allow him to share the peril.

In the interval he went to Liverpool and worked ten hours a day at his father's paper, became English correspondent of the *Melbourne Argus*, and afterwards undertook the editorship of the *Northern Whig*, and published his singularly original and graphic novel, "Friends of Bohemia." Finally he emigrated to Australia in 1858, two years after me.

Conflicting reports on the climate and social life of Australia reached me, and I determined to have information which I could rely upon. Two or three extracts from my diary will indicate with what success:

"William Howitt's recent book describes the plague of flies in Australia as equal to any of the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians.

If his story be authentic, they must make life intolerable. I resolved to talk to him about it, and still more to talk to his wife, on whose sweet reasonableness I have more reliance. 'Yes,' he said, 'there was a great trouble from flies in the summer months.' But, *au contraire*, during fifteen years in the country he had not to sit up one night with the illness of any of his family or servants. There were climatic troubles enough in England; to find a perfect climate with no drawback one must wait for Paradise. As for society, it was a little rough. Before the gold discovery there was some very nice society and some very able men, though they had sometimes sprung from a class whose habits were, of course, not altogether agreeable. But he referred me to his wife for details.

"I was charmed with the Howitts' house; it has an air of civilisation and culture produced without cost by the taste of a poetess. In the drawing-room there were shelves mounting from the floor to the height of an easy chair, with pictures on the walls above them, and flowers in various places. The corners were filled with triangular shelves for curios; the effect was charming, and gave their humble cottage a peculiarly pleasant and refined appearance. Kinkel, who lately escaped from a German prison, dined with us. He resembles John Dillon, but his face is less noble and his brow retreats. He told me the European party of revolution dislike Irish Nationalists because their objects were exclusively local. Mitchel, whom he called *meagre*, has disgusted them by his pro-slavery opinions. The next movement, he declared, will be against priests as well as kings. After dinner Kinkel's children sang a little German serenade in the open air, under the dining-room window, which was very charming. Mrs. Howitt told me not to be too much alarmed by William's opinions about the Australian climate; when he was in a passion he was apt to be a little unreasonable. She said this with a smile which completely extracted the sting."

"I met Woolner, a young sculptor at Cheyne Row (the Carlyles' house). He lived in Australia and declares that so charming a climate nowhere exists. The flies count for nothing, the air is exhilarating; he was always in high spirits and ready for work. There were some men of brain and culture in Melbourne and he enjoyed life thoroughly. I laughed and inquired, 'Why did you quit this terrestrial paradise?' 'Well,' he rejoined, 'I am an artist and art won't be born there for a generation or two, and meantime I must live, if possible.' I quoted Howitt's book. 'Ah,' he said, 'Howitt's book is such a one as a man might be expected to write who acted against the advice of all his friends and fared accordingly.'"

I spoke to Robert Lowe in the House about the climate and social life. He said I must come and talk to his wife, who was a most

enthusiastic Australian. And so she proved. She declared the climate is delightful, and the trouble from dust, of which I had also heard, not worth mentioning. Since they have lived in London she constantly entreated her husband to throw up his seat in Parliament and his political functions and return to the sunshine. I asked her about insects. Insects, she said, were probably a trouble in newly-occupied districts, but she suffered no more inconvenience from them in her drawing-room in Sydney than in the one in which we were conversing. Lowe said their residence was four or five miles out of Sydney and he rode in daily, inhaling the intoxicating air with a pleasure he could never revive in this country. Mrs. Lowe produced photographs of their Australian home and of other favourite scenes, bathed in sunshine, and gemmed with sparkling waters which looked like glimpses of Paradise. Lowe said the comfort of Australian houses was often marred by the practice of building them after English models, in no respect suitable to the country. They made large windows and many, for example, and then had the trouble of inventing contrivances to blind them, instead of beginning with the narrow casements suitable to hot climates. Verandahs were universally used, which was a great comfort; the verandah generally became the favourite apartment, containing drawing-room, boudoir, and study, for they sometimes surrounded the entire house and were capable of being applied to many purposes. In Sydney there were wealthy and cultivated families in the second generation who enjoyed many of the comforts of Europe in their houses and habits of life. They had generally the good sense to live after the manner of continental Europe rather than of England. He was in the habit of having all the doors and windows of his house opened every morning from five till seven, which kept it cool till three in the afternoon.

"I said my enjoyments in life had always been many books and a few friends, and these were indispensable to my happiness. Books, he replied, were as easily had in Sydney or Melbourne as in London; only a few months later, and a few shillings dearer. 'As regards friends,' he added, smiling a little cynically, 'if you insist on that luxury, you must import it.'"

"My constant friend, John Forster, invited me to meet Mr. Latrobe, the first Governor of Victoria, who confirmed all the favourable statements. On the whole, I am content with this information, and proceed with my preparations."

My design in going to Australia was to practise at the Bar, and to hold aloof from politics; but my friends insisted on anticipating for me a political career in the new world. Lucas wrote me, "John Bright, who has been to see me, says that Lowe predicts you will be member for Sydney before six months;" and Isaac Butt wrote, "that you may win in the land of your adoption all that the strange

fate that attends Irishmen of genius has kept from you at home, is now all that your friends can wish for you." They forecast the future more successfully than I did.

In these realms what event is too sombre or disheartening to be celebrated by a public dinner? My intended exile suggested two—one in Dublin, projected by the Tenant Leaguers and the survivors of the Young Ireland party, the other in London, by men of letters who had only a limited interest in Irish affairs, but were good enough to honour me with some personal sympathy. When a committee, which had John Stuart Mill for chairman and James Hannay for secretary, communicated their wishes to me, I felt that such a grace was a compensation for many disappointments. My friends who were professors in the new university were active in organising the Dublin dinner. A courtly ecclesiastic whispered to James McCarthy, the Professor of Fine Arts, when he read his name on the committee: "Don't be a fool; the archbishop is essential to your success as an architect—you cannot build churches without bishops—and the archbishop does not love the exiled agitator." "No," replied McCarthy, "I believe he does not; but I do." McCarthy had never taken any public part in politics, but while he was studding Ireland with noble Gothic churches, on which the genius of native art was stamped, his heart was still the heart of a boy for his early hopes and early associates.

Some practical men insisted that, before seeing me for the last time, there ought to be some more permanent testimony of good will. Colonel French, who will be remembered as one of the *habitués* of the Reform Club for a whole generation, originated a Gavan Duffy Testimonial Fund in London; but, as I always refused testimonials, I brought that project to a prompt termination. Arthur Geheoghan, then a young Protestant Nationalist in the Excise department, afterwards one of the four officials called "The Kings of Somerset House," wrote to offer me all the savings he had accumulated, to be repaid without interest and at my absolute convenience; and Mrs. Anderson, the wife of a general officer, whose sympathy with Ireland made her well known to me, proffered me the law-library of her uncle, Judge Bowen, and proposed to meet me in London to hand it over. "My dear husband has just escaped with life," she said, "and is still so weak I would not leave him for any other cause on earth than that to which you have devoted life."

It adds a flavour of rare magnanimity to Mr. Geheoghan's offer that he did not agree with me in the contest which had brought about my exile.

"There is not on the face of God's earth," he wrote, "a more pious and self-sacrificing priesthood than yours, and as an Irishman I am proud of them. Often and often through the by-lanes and boroens, at all hours, and at all seasons, I have seen the young curates hurrying to watch over, to

pray beside, to cherish, and to comfort the parting hours of the wretched and the poor. But while I silently admired them on their errands of mercy. I thought that their reward should not be of this world, and grieved when I reflected that the dignitaries of your Church, in return for such acts should require from a grateful peasantry the surrender into their hands of their rights as citizens or privileges as freemen.

"I differ from you on many points, but on none more so than that it is either desirable or expedient for the clergymen of your church to take an active share in politics. That O'Connell hastened Emancipation some years by their assistance there is no doubt, but equally true it is, that they have most habitually checked and retarded either *directly* or *indirectly* the growth of a free and manly opinion in Ireland ever since."

Michael O'Grady, applauding my refusal of a testimonial, entreated me to accept from the Irish workmen in London the carved fittings of a library in Irish bog-oak. Of these proffered favours, I accepted only that of Mr. Geheoghan to a limited extent, because it could be repaid.

My diary records some memorable and pleasant transactions during my last session in London.

I can recall no period in a long lifetime so entirely destitute of recreation as the years I spent in the House of Commons. The business in which I was determined if possible to succeed, swallowed up my whole life. I breakfasted on Blue Books and lunched on Irish correspondence, and I never had leisure to go to a theatre or exhibition, and if I dined out once or twice a week it was apt to be with men immersed in the same pursuit, where nothing was changed but the venue. When a bore of vigorous lungs was on his legs, I sometimes escaped to Westminster Abbey for an hour, or if a debate arose in which I took no interest I made for the National Gallery; but these were rare chances. One pleasure only I allowed nothing to interfere with. I spent a couple of hours every Sunday with Thomas Carlyle in Hyde Park or Battersea Park, with an occasional *détour* to John Forster's at Palace Gate. But the society of men of letters of my own age, which I would have preferred to a banquet at Buckingham Palace, I had to abandon. Edward Whitty, a man of fine genius and a sympathetic friend, often made the occasion for me, but his notes of that date announce constant disappointment.

"I had up a lot of people to meet you on Sunday evening—Mahoney (Father Prout), Piggott (*Leader*), Hannay, Peyrat (of *La Presse*), and others, and was sorry that you could not come. The day was sunny at Hampstead and the claret and cigarettes were encheering.

"For a variety of reasons, I am anxious to see you at the earliest possible moment and beg of you to name time and place.

"James Hannay, B. C. Aspinall and his charming wife, and two or three others expected to meet you here last evening. I know you wanted to see more of Aspinall but that will be scarcely possible, for he is going to Australia. Why a man of his fine powers, and who was born to flutter between Brompton and the Boulevard des Italiens, should betake himself to the new and dismal land I cannot conjecture."

Tristram Kennedy gave me a mount and brought me to Rotten Row, and Edward Whitty introduced me behind the scenes at the Opera; but I did not much enjoy either experiment.

I recur to my diary. "Breakfast at the Stafford Club with Richard Doyle and his brother Henry and Wallis (afterwards editor of the *Tablet*). I was surprised to note how familiar they were with the *Nation* and the work of the young Irishmen, the Doyles being sons of a Unionist and Wallis an Englishman. Dick Doyle speaks in a slow, rather drawling tone, but always admirably *ad rem*. Of Thackeray he said that he could not get over the impression that he despised the finest of his own creations. He looked down even on Colonel Newcome because he was not a man about town. Henry, speaking of Cardinal Wiseman, declares that he is the tenderest and most considerate of sick nurses; he had tended him in illness like the best of fathers. Wallis referred to the insolence of James, who said recently Dr. Wiseman was an English gentleman, if being born in Spain of Irish parents could make him so. I said I accepted the insolence as an *éloge*. Dr. Wiseman was in fact strikingly Irish; he looked, as some one said, like a strong parish priest with the key of the county in his pocket.

"I asked the Doyles about their father, the famous H.B. He was still living, Richard said, and was soon coming to see them. Originally he distrusted O'Connell very much, as might be seen in his work, but latterly he came to think better of him. I spoke of *Punch*, and Richard said his brother could not put up with the Exeter Hall clique into whose hands it had fallen."

"Cobden introduced me the other day to Lindsay, the ship-owner, the virtual leader, I believe, of the Civil Service reform movement, of which Layard is the figure-head, and which has drawn Dickens and Thackeray into its current. 'Twenty years ago,' says Cobden, 'he was sleeping under a dogcart' (at present he is worth £20,000 a year). 'I advised him,' Cobden added, 'that his brain was over-worked, and that he ought to give up business and take to politics as a change. He took half my advice, he took to politics but didn't give up business.' Lindsay's brain is still active, but he has a very over-worked look; his head droops on his breast, and his hands hang loose and flabby. I heard him speak at the city meeting for his new movement; he has energy, pluck, and good sense, but not a touch of eloquence. If it were not unjust to Cobden I would say he was a vulgar Cobden. He has one weakness of which there is not a trace in Cobden—an affectation of intimacy with aristocracy. 'Among my correspondents,' he said, 'there is an old lady of great capacity and business habits, the Marchioness of Londonderry.' I believe he is really intimate with several great ladies, though he would not be a comely figure at a fancy ball. I met Bennoch, the poet, in this connection, and liked him

very much ; he has a more agile intellect than any other of the new reformers."

"Went to a reception which Mrs. Loudon and Mrs. Crowe gave in concert. Among the company Louis Blanc interested me most. His face is very fine and his eyes expressive, but the effect is seriously diminished by his dwarfish figure. He has not at all the air of a gentleman in the English sense. He smiles and contorts too much even for a Frenchman, and suggests an artist, play actor, or singer rather than a politician. I spoke of the vehement promises Ledru Rollin and other democratic leaders had made of help to Ireland, which compared ill with the slender performances by the Provisional Government. He said Ireland and all struggling nationalities would have been helped but for Lamartine, who paralysed the good intentions of his colleagues. I expressed regret that Kossuth should have become a regular contributor to the *Sunday Times*. People were accustomed to think of him as the chief of a people. Blanc said it had become necessary for Kossuth to work for an income. It was a pity ; the articles would damage the reputation of the Magyar as they contained no new ideas and not many old ones. The next European revolution, he said, would be a fierce and sanguinary one. In 1848 the Republicans ruined their cause by moderation, and that was not a fault they would commit twice. Ireland, he went on to say, would find little favour with the leaders, for in Ireland everything was under the influence of the priests, and priests were the sworn enemies of the revolution, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic ones. He asked about the rejection of the Tenant Right Bill in the House of Commons. He understood the question fairly well, but predicted that we never would get anything from the British Parliament worth having. Sir Edwin Landseer, whom I saw for the first time, talked cheerfully on a hundred trifling subjects ; it is a perplexity to me that he wastes an hour of his life in such assemblies. He has the look of a younger Palmerston, gay and *débonnaire*.

"Later in the evening I met Julia Kavanagh. She is very small, smaller even than Louis Blanc, and like him has a good head and fine eyes. She is very much at home in Irish subjects, and tells me she is learning Gaelic. She proposed a volume of sketches from Irish history lately to Colborne and afterwards to Bentley, but neither of them would hear of it. She sent my scheme for a Small Proprietors' Society to Wills of *Household Words*, whom I met last year at Malvern, proposing to make an article about it. That philosopher told her he had quite another object in view. He meant that Ireland should be colonised by Englishmen !

"I called on Sir Emerson Tennent at his office, and had an interesting talk about the war. Admiral Dundas assured him he could not get Lord Stratford to send spies to the Crimea before the expedition. The ambassador flew into a passion when he insisted on

the necessity of it. At the council of war before the expedition, Dundas asked what they ought to do, as he objected to attacking a place of which he knew nothing. St. Arnaud would scarcely hear him out, but passed on to the French admiral, who agreed with Dundas that they had too little information to justify an attack. St. Arnaud exclaimed, like the hero of a melodrama from Port St. Martin, "Let us go; let us show ourselves; let us conquer." He then requested Lord Raglan's opinion, who mildly stated his objections; but St. Arnaud, who was half-bandit, half-play-actor, repeated his rhodomontade. I inquired why Raglan, the commander-in-chief of an independent army, submitted to this *gasconnade*. "Because," Tennant replied, "he had a letter in his pocket from his Government commanding him to do so." Baraguay d'Hilliers, according to Tennant, declares that the French fleet in the Baltic is commanded by a prosy old lady and the English fleet by a vulgar old woman. The *entente cordiale* does not seem to grow.

At this time I made a hasty excursion to France, to see John Dillon and his family, who had made a visit to Europe, and came as near the Mother Country as the English authorities permitted him. "Dillon," says my diary, "looks vigorous and tranquil; he preserves the sweet serenity that distinguished him of old." I cannot pause on this visit, except to note two lessons I got—one against prejudice, one teaching magnanimity. On Sunday morning Grey and I strolled to the local church without waiting for Dillon. After we came out we compared notes, and agreed that French women had an unrivalled art of dressing. One *petite* dame, who knelt before us, was, we agreed, the best dressed woman we had seen for a decade, showing that only the French &c. When she walked out of the church, we discovered that the *belle dame* was our countrywoman, Mrs. Dillon. The example of magnanimity was furnished by Dillon himself. We told him what was being done in Ireland, not only above the surface, but, as we understood, beneath the surface. "We ought to consider," says Dillon, "that what we call England is the only country in Europe where the personal liberty of men is secure. Here we are living under a perpetual spy system. We don't know that our servants are not spies, and it is little better in Germany and Italy. It goes against my conscience to see anything done in the pursuance of our just quarrel which is not done in broad day." When we consider that the exile was shut out of his own country by the Power he was judging so generously, this was surely finely magnanimous.

At the Ellenborough "want of confidence" debate I took a last look at the House of Lords. There is as large a proportion of commonplace men as I have seen in any assembly of gentlemen. Lord Grey, far from inheriting the noble domed forehead of his father, looks, as he hobbles along, shrewd and ordinary, an attorney or land agent.

Lord Penmure, with his port-wine complexion and costume of a *ci-devant jeune homme*, might be a retired stockbroker. The Duke of Newcastle, a wooden mediocrity, without a ray of the divine light of intellect. Lord Derby looks like a Lord John Russell with a soul, but that makes a profound difference; and the Duke of Argyll a Frederick Peel ditto. Lord Derby has the unsettled eye and mien which sometimes betokens genius, but never wisdom or discretion. He looks unreliable, not from falseness, for he is open and dashing, but from recklessness. Lord Ellenborough spoke without force or fire, Lord Aberdeen like a Puritan preacher—he is highly respectable, solemn and discontented. But in front a *nulla fides*, Cabrera, the Spanish cut-throat, was pointed out to me under the gallery of the House of Commons one evening, and he is one of the handsomest and most gentlemanly men I have seen. Compared to him Louis Napoleon is vulgar. Napoleon's complexion is reddish brown, Cabrera's a clear colourless pallor, his head impressive and well set. Again, Sir de Lacy Evans, the commander of the not too reputable Spanish Brigade, is a noble, soldierly-looking man, whose profession immediately suggests itself, whereas Lord Hardinge, a great soldier, is nothing short of mean and ugly, and might pass for a Common Councilman; and the Duke of Cambridge, illustrious by birth and courtesy, is big, brawny, and resembles a sergeant of Dragoons.

About this time an able but singularly ungenerous article appeared in the *Times* suggesting that the Attorney-General had probably provided a legal appointment in Australia for the Irish exile. I was going to a colony where the Attorney-General, or the Imperial Government, could not appoint or remove a policeman, where the favour of the people of Australia was the only road to office of any kind. But political criticism does not always trouble itself with the state of the facts. Edward Whitty wrote me that it was generally believed in journalistic circles that the article was written by Thackeray, and I was amazed and wounded at such an unexpected hypothesis. I had established friendly relations with Thackeray,* and I believed it impossible that he could have struck such a malign stroke. To put my mind at ease I wrote and asked him, and promptly received his denial.

"Thursday, September 6,
"36 ONSLOW SQUARE.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,

"There is not one word of truth in your correspondent's information. I have not written one line in the *Times*. Ye gods! when will well-informed correspondents leave off swallowing *mouches* and telling fibs? I wish you a happy voyage and prosperity wherever you are; and don't think I should be the man to hiss the boat that carried you away from the shore. May we both return to it ere long, and shake hands, says

"Yours very sincerely,
"W. M. THACKERAY."

* See "Conversations with Carlyle." Cassell & Co.

A curious illustration of the feverish activity of Lord Brougham's life turned up at this time. Among the many articles *pro* and *con* which my retirement from Irish affairs begot, the *Liverpool Daily Post* enumerated various notable men who had spoken favourably of my literary experiments. Among others Lord Jeffrey was mentioned as having been enthusiastic over the ballad poetry of Ireland. An anonymous correspondent, too important to be refused a hearing, burst in with a denial that Jeffrey had ever expressed any opinion on the subject. In a subsequent number Jeffrey's language was cited from a letter to his wife, and Edward Whitty sent me the following letter from the querulous correspondent.

Private.

"BROUGHAM, 6th October, 1855.

"Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. Whitty. He supposed from the extract he had seen from the *Liverpool Journal* that it was in the *Ed. Review* Lord Jeffrey was believed to have mentioned Mr. Duffy's poetry—and he is much obliged to Mr. W. for the reference to Lord Cockburn's work, which he finds to be quite correct."

In the autumn of 1855 Thomas D'Arcy McGee made a long-meditated visit to Europe to see old friends whom he had not forgotten, and who had not forgotten him, and I naturally saw much of him. We dined one evening with Dr. Brady, and I met Sam Lover at close quarters for the first time. Poet, painter, and lyrist as he undoubtedly is (says my diary), I have found it hard to like him. He is an Irishman under protest. There is not a gleam of the divine fire of nationality in all his writings. He helped O'Connell against the Established Church, and his written and lithographed satire on the bishops was piquant, but a little too savage, but in the contest to make Ireland a nation he is always absent without leave. In manner and bearing he is a superb Jackeen.* His face is comical, but not plastic or expressive. It is the face of a droll; his stories are of the stage species, without natural humour. They are carried off by a certain boisterous pleasantry, but in print would be deadly dull. We spoke of Irish poetry and fiction, and McGee, it seemed to me, said better and truer things than the elder poet. There was one criticism of Lover's, however, which I thought profoundly true. The best of Irish novels he said was Gerald Griffin's "Collegians." Best not only in the plot, which is intensely interesting, but because every class of Irishman, from the highest to the lowest, was represented in it. Carleton and Banim blundered the Irish gentleman, but the more sensitive nature of Griffin enabled him to understand society which he had not much frequented.

Brady talked of Maxwell, and told some ugly stories of the prebend

* The Dublin equivalent of Cockney.

of Balla. Lover said his life was loose, but his disposition was generous. His wife's friends said that he left her to starve, but he probably did all he could for her. On one occasion Maxwell wanted Lover to spend the day with him, and, as an inducement, he enclosed £20 to be sent to Mrs. Maxwell. Brady said Maxwell had latterly lost all care about his reputation, and would do any sort of work for prompt wages. I said Maxwell was the antetype of Lever, and might have done quite as well if he had been half as prudent.

Lover told very well, even dramatically, a story of Sheridan Knowles concerning the responses at a baptism, in which he was sponsor. The officiating minister, in a nervous voice, admonished him, inasmuch as he had promised on behalf of the child that it should serve God, it was his duty to see that the infant at a proper age was taught the prayers prescribed by the Church, and all that a Christian ought to learn for his soul's health, and Knowles responded in a voice of stage thunder, "All this I will most faithfully perform." The best of the joke, added Sam, is that, before the week was out, he would forget the existence of his gossip and the baby. But his other stories about Knowles were of the Handy Andy species, and not very credible. Knowles, he said, announced at a dinner table that he was going into the country next day. "Is there anything I can take anywhere for any of you lads, or anything I can do for you in the country; I have plenty of leisure and good will at the service of my friends." "Where are you going?" one of them demanded. "Oh," said Knowles, "that is a point I have not yet determined."

I met Dr. Hughes, the eminent Archbishop of New York, in the House of Commons lately. He has a notable Roman head, the side face of which looks like the head on a coin in the time of Cæsar. He struck me as shrewd and clear rather than great or impressive. He says that Father Mullens' letter on the condition of Irish Catholics in the United States contained exaggerated statements, but he admits the lapses from religion are numerous. Meagher, he says, might have been anything in the Republic which the votes of the people could make him if he had sat down to work at a profession in a quiet, serious manner. He considers him now irretrievably lost in habits and opinions.

I met Sir William Molesworth at dinner for the first time to-day; he interested me as the first of the philosophical Radicals who had been called to office. He is shy and pedantic, but apparently good-natured, and undoubtedly upright and sincere. He seems to suffer habitual physical pain, which Dr. Brady, who sat near me, explained. He is very industrious, notwithstanding the popular impression to the contrary. Dr. Black, who accompanied him, is his mentor, educated him in politics, and still sometimes furnishes, Brady says, the material of his speeches, and manages his affairs. Of this latter function Brady

gave me a startling instance. At some public dinner, where Molesworth, who presided, put down his name for a subscription, when the paper, which passed round the table, came to Black, he altered the figures, doubling the amount his friend had proposed to give.

I breakfasted with Godley, the founder of the Canterbury settlement in New Zealand, and had some interesting talk with him. He assumed that I must go into politics, and his theme was patience and moderation. The colonists could get anything they wanted, or that was good for them, from a Government which, whoever were in power, would regard them with feelings which were paternal. "Richard Swift sent me an invitation for the civic dinner to Louis Napoleon. It was not an exhilarating spectacle to see London prostrating itself before the author of the *coup d'état*. Alfred the Great, revived from the dead, could not have met a more enthusiastic and sanctimonious reception. I had seen him before, in Paris, but never so closely; he is ugly, but meditative-looking, and rather shy and silent than impressive. His habitual abstraction is less solemn than awkward. If he were presented as the bagman of a gun-factory he would look the character to perfection. I had a more satisfactory inspection of him at the Crystal Palace, where he accompanied Queen Victoria, while the Prince Consort escorted the Empress Eugénie. She has a wonderfully graceful willowy figure, but her face, to my thinking, is not expressive. The two rulers were altogether eclipsed by their consorts in grace and graciousness. But did human absurdity ever match the spectacle of an unfortunate gentleman walking backwards, with his face towards them, for half an hour! Can anything to beat this exhibition be seen in the Courts of the Sultan or the Mikado?

"In the midst of these transactions the death of Frederick Lucas was suddenly announced. It was not unexpected, but the loss of so close and loyal a comrade was tragic, and, as a token of sympathy and mourning, I immediately countermanded the public entertainments projected in my honour.

"Mr. Mill called to invite me to dine, but my brief time in London was all occupied. I had a very interesting talk with him. He spoke with indignation of the article in the *Times*, and strongly regretted that I had not accepted the London literary dinner. He deplored my quitting Parliament, as he was certain a party of the best men in public life were gradually getting concentrated. Speaking of Australia, he said a duty on gold was not liable to any political economy objection. It was one the least injurious to the community that could be devised. I inquired whether he thought the bulk of the public expenditure in a new country might not be defrayed by leasing land in perpetuity for settlement, instead of selling it, the State retaining the fee simple. He replied that he considered such a method quite legitimate; but the rent reserved would be difficult to collect, and liable to Parlia-

mentary combinations to annul it. If such a system were established, the rent ought to be an *ad valorem* one, and be liable to be increased to meet improvements springing from the growth of society without any effort of the occupier, and the title of the occupier ought to be forfeited by a certain amount of arrears. Speaking of responsible government, he said, in colonies where it existed the Governor ought, he thought, to be as impassive as the Queen is in England, except where imperial interests, of which he is the guardian, were concerned.

"I met Dr. Madden in Piccadilly, and we lunched together. I suggested that the big volumes of his 'Life of Lady Blessington' might be squeezed into a pleasant little octavo containing the correspondence, which was interesting, especially the anonymous letters. The time for a new edition, he said, had not come. The anonymous correspondence was the letters of important men, whose assent to publication with their names he had not obtained. The letter rating Pencilling Willis savagely for his breaches of taste and confidence was by Lytton Bulwer, who also wrote the letter on Catholicity, in which he says that if he had been born a Catholic he would have remained one. The letters signed 'F. B.' were by Sir Francis Burdett, and those signed 'P.' by Sir Robert Peel. I told him the story Dr. Gully told me at Malvern, that Bulwer ran a race with his brother Henry for their mother's estate, which was to be bequeathed to whichever of them first became a peer, but Madden cannot say whether or not it is authentic.

"*A propos* of the 'Life of Lady Blessington,' I asked him how he avoided the glaring D'Orsay scandal. He shook his head meaningly, and said there was no evidence in the papers submitted to him, and so he kept his peace. In the evening we went to hear J. B. Gough, the teetotal lecturer, at Drury Lane. If Demosthenes said that acting was the soul of oratory, Demosthenes said well. Gough moved tears and laughter as I have never seen any orator do. He walks up and down the stage, recites dialogues, makes imitations, and, in short, *performs* a dramatic entertainment. He was originally a comic actor, and turns his experience to excellent account. His gifts are not great; he is the Henry Russell of lecturers, vulgar and clap-trap, but with genuine power over the popular heart. Among the letters which reached me at the last moment was a welcome one from Charles Kingsley, the friend of all who suffered in a good cause.

"Let me say good-bye," he said, "to a man whom (deeply differing from him on many points) I have long admired for his talents and fearlessness, even where I thought these great powers misapplied. However, what is past is past; you are going now to a more wholesome atmosphere, there to mix with social problems more simple than those of this complicated and diseased Old World. I almost envy you. Yet I seem to see here still work to be done which I can do, though on the future of England and of Europe I look

with sad and shuddering forebodings. Yet we must have courage. 'God is the King' after all, and Right must conquer at last, not, perhaps, in the way which you or I might make out, but in some deeper, wider way."

And a final farewell from Mary Howitt:

"You must, dear Mr. Duffy, take with you our best and kindest wishes to the Antipodes. I think of your speaking of the woes of old Ireland with deep emotion, and I trust that God will give you a beautiful and a happy home in the new world of Australia, and that though you never can forget the old land of so many sorrows, yet that the one may afford you and your children such abundant joy and comfort, as may make the day you set foot on its shores the most fortunate day of your life."

These sympathisers were all Liberals, but it touched me keenly to have the good word of a Conservative, who judged what was done and projected by quite another standard. Emerson Tennent wrote to me:

"And here let me say that I think in the management of the *Nation*, you have done more than any living man, Moore only excepted, to elevate the national feeling of Irishmen. I don't talk of your energies in pursuit of a brilliant delusion; but I refer to the lofty spirit which has characterised that pursuit, to the bursts of eloquence, and flashes of true poetry which have accompanied it, and to the pure and lofty, and at the same time gentle feeling which you have evoked in the struggle. The *Nation* has exhibited the genius of Ireland in a new and unlooked for phase."

During my last months in the House that august assembly did not grow on my sympathy. For the great senate of a great nation it seemed to me that its aims were selfish and small. The imperial spirit which watches with equal care over an empire from its centre to its circumference was scarce in the House in that day. And the outside world hardly sanctioned its great pretensions. Passing out of the House with a brain heated by high debate, and by the intense contest for a great stake, fancying that all interests were mean except the applause of listening senates, I was often painfully struck by the complete indifference to all that had excited me so much, which existed a stone's-throw from the Palace of Westminster. The House of Commons did not interest the lounge there any more than the Corporation of London. The triumphant oration with which all England would be ringing to-morrow, as it seemed while one listened to the cheers and counter cheers, did not find an echo in the next street. A few cabmen wanted to know when the House would rise as affecting the question of fares, half a dozen rustics in town wanted to see Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone. And now the cause of the Irish nation for the time lay prostrate, and the House of Commons was profoundly indifferent to the fact. The bulk of English members, like the bulk of Englishmen, loved their country, no doubt, and would face the gravest consequences in her behalf if there were any public need, but she was prosperous and at peace, and there seemed no need. They were in Parliament chiefly

for personal ends, at lowest for the social rank which it was supposed to confer, and I have never seen in any part of the world a body of educated gentlemen so totally indifferent to abstract justice. Patriotism in the old sense, it seemed to me, was only found in the remnant of Irish members who sought nothing but public ends, and had no personal advantage to hope; they were defeated and dispersed, and to the bulk of the House their defeat and dispersion seemed a matter of no serious importance; was often, perhaps, a jest.

I quitted Europe with the main purpose of my life unattained, but as I was persuaded, not lost, but postponed; for a belief in God's justice is incompatible with the doubt of Ireland's final deliverance from cruel and wicked misgovernment. For my own part, the game had gone against me, but I was determined not to be utterly subdued by fortune. I was under forty, in reasonably good health, and "my quiver still held many purposes."

On the last day in London Michael O'Grady introduced a troop of Irishmen who wished to say good-bye. One of them uttered a saying which surely amounted to genuine spontaneous eloquence. He brought an old prayer-book to get my autograph, and one of his companions, who was provided with a more presentable volume, said: "It's a shame, Tom, to offer such a book to Mr. Duffy for his signature." "Arrah," said Tom, "why shouldn't I offer it to him? Isn't it like himself, tattered and torn in the service of God and the people?"

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

RARELY can it have happened that death brought so keen a sense of personal loss to many homes where it extinguished the light of no familiar countenance as when, on September 9 of this year 1897, it forbade all readers to hope for another word from Richard Hutton. The lay sermons from him had come to be looked for no less eagerly than the letters of an Indian mail day. We cut the *Spectator* with as much confidence as we broke the seal dropped by a friendly hand. The article expressed a relation as well as a judgment; it left the mind stimulated as by news of the beloved absent, cheered as by expressions of affection for oneself. For the same reason, no doubt, there were many to whom it said nothing. The *Spectator*, under Hutton's guidance, addressed rather a public than the public. It was faithful to a tradition of periodical writing which, disregarded and defied as it is by the chief periodicals of the day, will perhaps be felt by those who compare these later publications with their forerunners to be exactly what makes periodical literature living. A specimen of every opinion of a particular epoch has its own interest, no doubt. It cannot be in any case the ideal of a newspaper; but the *Spectator*, under Mr. Hutton's guidance, was so much more than a newspaper that we naturally compare it with those clusters of writings which in our day aim at little more than this, and the strong aroma of an individual mind affects us as something unique. Let us, before the sympathetic hush of attention pass away, as it passes so soon, gather up and set on record the grounds of an impression so peculiar.

In noting one negative qualification for this influence, I anticipate no dissentient voice. No one—not even the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who encloses Richard Hutton's audience within the walls of a Rectory garden—will deny that he abjured, throughout his career, that alliance with scorn which ordinarily supplies journalism with its most

pungent condiments. Nothing that he has written is bitter, or stinging, or pregnant with *innuendo*. Think of all that he cut off in that renunciation! Remove ill-nature, and how much of what the world counts wit would remain? Perhaps the best, but how vastly reduced in amount! That removal, at all events, would blunt no single sentence due to his pen; no criticism from him ever wounded a tender memory, or impoverished the springs of creative power in a single mind. Could the same be said of any other journalist of his time? Think over all the temptations to smartness which beset a writer who has to consult the exigencies of the hour, and weigh the renunciation of one who always refused the cheap efficiency of depreciation. I remember well the laugh—not altogether scornful, and perhaps as much at himself as at any one else—of a *Saturday Reviewer*, who confessed he found it a difficulty in the way of reading the *Spectator*, that it was “so just.” He was the spokesman of the larger half of the newspaper-reading world. Nothing, indeed, is really less dull than justice. Were it less rare it would be recognised as the spring of literary no less than of moral excellence. But the renunciation of epigram precedes the attainment of that delicate accuracy of interpretation which is as much more satisfying as it is more rare. Perfect justice is perfect literature, but imperfect justice lacks the piquancy of slashing abuse without necessarily attaining the subtle grace of accurate discrimination. It says more for Hutton that he never tried to attain the first of these things than even that he sometimes came very near the last.

Two negative concessions must be made in connection with this negative claim. In the first place we must allow that a critic who aims, above all things, at doing no injustice to any one whom he mentions, whatever his other excellences, will rarely attain that of a simple style. Justice, either in what we must reluctantly call the true sense of the word as an impartial estimate of praise and blame, or in Hutton's sense of a careful allotment of every word of praise that can sincerely be given, is not a simple thing. The endeavour to strain away from condemnation every word that is untrue in itself, and then again every word that, being true in itself, is yet misleading in its general connotation, as so many true words are—this is an endeavour which the exigencies of periodical writing almost inevitably associate with an involved style. There is not time to boil down the substance of every parenthesis into the main sentence, and the frequent use of parenthesis must be accepted, no doubt, as a defect in style. The majority of newspaper readers discovered this defect in Hutton's writings, and their opinion must here stand for a verdict. But for my own part, I never found his meaning obscure after giving the amount of attention which his subject seemed to me legitimately to demand, and his careful parentheses were to me a characteristic

expression of his anxious candour. It is only at second-hand, therefore, that I take note of this disadvantage. But it is impossible for any of his admirers not to feel, at times, that the substance as well as the form of his criticism suffered from this cause. His ideal of the critic's office, as far as he carried it out in his own person (and I can remember but few inconsistencies in what he permitted), was like that of a captain described by Xenophon, who "thought it enough to praise the good, and not to praise the bad." Whatsoever things were true, whatsoever were sincere, if there were any virtue, and any possible praise, it was Hutton's care to bring these things before the attention of his readers, and he does not seem to have felt it incumbent on him to appraise them in comparison with similar productions, or in any way to graduate his approval. He had hardly any sense of *rank* in literature. It is a very rare defect in a critic, and perhaps we might without loss get a little nearer that ditch before making any attempt to fill it up. The mutual admiration of a clique, no doubt, is common enough. But Hutton's occasionally exaggerated praise, whatever else it was, had no relation to the mutual admiration of a clique. It might betray the leakage of personal friendship; it never suggested the insurance of a benefit society. He over-praised the unknown, the ineffective; he was a keen critic where his praise might have roused a sonorous response. Still, we must concede that a critic who thinks that the review of a book, like the character of a servant, may *consist of*, and not merely contain, all the recommendation which he can pronounce with absolute sincerity, will sometimes mislead his readers. Proportion is a primary requisite in literature, and one who looks at all excellence apart cannot be accepted as a guide in the paths of literature strictly so called. But it is not on the field of literature strictly so called that we looked for the wise and healing words we shall hear no more. It is in literature as an expression of the deepest truth, literature as an answer to the most profound yearnings of our nature. Surely this must always remain the most perennial realm of literature; and when we say that we met our guide here, we can afford to concede, without much sense of loss, that he sometimes failed us elsewhere.

For this recollection is needed to give us a clue to his best work, and an explanation of any disappointment in the rest. His least satisfactory piece of criticism (though full of charm) seems to me his little biography of Scott. A critic of that great genius must turn to what is mere literature. Mere literature—one shrinks from the epithet! It seems almost like talking of mere life. Still if we compare Scott with other great writers we see that the expression, as characterising his work, is not unmeaning. A more famous attempt to fix his place in literature brings out this limitation with all the force, whatever that may be, of great exaggeration.

"The great mystery of existence," says Carlyle of Scott, "was not great to him . . . no man has written so many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted. The Waverley novels are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating in any shape. The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance, the heroic that is in man no divine awakening voice."

I can hardly persuade myself to copy words so unjust, but I have conceded that unjust words are not always untrue, and whatever truth there is here shows us that the creative genius of Walter Scott would not be the best fitted to elicit the critical acumen of Richard Hutton. He had a delicate apprehension of what was most characteristic of Scott. I remember his enjoyment of an expression I quoted from Ruskin, who speaks somewhere of Scott's "far away Æolian note," and many allusions prove him to have been led towards that biography by real sympathy; nevertheless when he concentrated his attention upon a writer who avoided all the depths of life, his reader felt him not at his best. But now turn to his review of the writer, who, of all novelists least avoided these depths, re-read (for everyone who reads these lines must have given it one perusal) his review of "George Eliot as Author," and you have such a specimen of his true intellectual guidance as will either justify those who leaned upon it, or show a divergence rendering a common view impossible. One is at this date somewhat chary of re-opening a review of George Eliot, so much was written about her at the time merely recording, with that uncritical fervour which so soon becomes vapid, the spell of a great genius dealing with the problems of the hour. But in re-perusing the essay in Hutton's "Leaders of English Thought," we come upon that enlightening criticism which I remember its object once declaring no less rare than original creation. It is a luminous and pregnant essay on English fiction, rich in expressions which reveal some characteristic feature in every great writer with whom George Eliot could be compared. "The breadth and spaciousness of Fielding," "the delight in rich historic colouring of Scott," "the bas-reliefs cut out on the same surface" of Miss Austen and the society novelists—all these phrases, simple as they are, gather up the appreciation of a glance at once penetrating and wide reaching; they are the utterance of a mind in direct contact with that which the reader is taught to appreciate. "What we care to know of men and women is not so much their special tastes, bias, gifts, humours, as the general depth and mass of the human nature that is in them"—there we have much more than a clue to the special power of George Eliot. "There is a concentrated sort of egotism about common novels which is one reason why the interest of them is apt to die away in riper years." There again you have a general judgment in the form of a special recommendation which anybody can understand and yet which comes to the mind quite

freshly. These judgments are all literary, but the critic was guided towards them by his instinct for what lies deeper than literature. It is his discernment that George Eliot was a preacher as well as an artist which enables him to judge her artistic work. "To banish confusion from a picture," he says in this essay, "is the first duty of the artist, and confusion must exist where those lines which are the most essential of all for determining the configuration of character are indistinctly drawn." Perhaps that sentence may explain the limitations of his criticism, certainly they indicate the powers which made him a welcome guide to many seekers in his generation.

Thirty-six years ago, when the *Spectator* came under his influence, such guidance as his was even more consciously needed than it is at the present day. It was one of those epochs in the history of the world, when men became suddenly conscious of all that is weak in the assumptions of the past, and those among them to whom those assumptions were precious stretched out groping hands, seeking a new guide. A man of science had just startled the world by showing (as it seemed then) that the creation needed no creator. A brave missionary had admitted the atmosphere of rational judgment to that closed chamber where the notion of literal inspiration, like the corpse in a hermetically sealed tomb, crumbled to dust at that admission. A multitude of agencies, of which these were the most obvious and important expressions, converged upon the faith of the past, and either destroyed or expanded it. Men were shown at the same time that the Bible was full of errors, and that the Creation was a process going on at the present day. Either half of the demonstration would have shaken the fabric of orthodoxy; combined they shattered it. Those who were driven from its tottering walls found various refuges. Many among them awakened to the discovery that, if it were no longer possible to believe in God, it was quite easy to forget Him, and that, while belief was arduous, distracting, incomplete, oblivion might be absolute. Perhaps the discovery had never been made before. Nothing is so unlike oblivion as hatred, and those who had formerly attacked Christianity were, equally with Fénelon or Whitefield, preachers of its vital importance. For the first time in history since Christianity existed it was possible to ignore Christianity. Nay, it was even found possible, in turning from it, to carry off much that was supposed its inalienable property. The wreck of orthodoxy, it was discovered, had not overwhelmed its treasures, and they who fled the quaking walls carried with them no contemptible proportion of the hoarded wealth. The novels of George Eliot reproduced so much of what had been regarded as Christian feeling and belief that for a long time her simpler readers studied them as pious effusions, and confused her striking aphorisms with texts from the Gospels. The fervour of the pulpit was found also in other writers; and doubtless it

was nothing new to find the fervour of the pulpit in an assailant of Christianity, but always previously the true character of this fervour had been forced on the attention of all because it had been employed in a definite attack. But when the mere dictum of science was accepted as making God unnecessary, it became waste of force to explode hypotheses based on His supposed character and operations. They could simply be let alone. "People with a taste for these chimeras may study them," it was felt and said; "we have something better to think of." And nothing in their lives revealed to the world any moral disaster. On the contrary, there was in many cases the withdrawal of a perturbing influence, which left a great calm.

It was one of the equipments which fitted Richard Hutton to become the guide he was to his generation that he understood this state of mind. I cannot think of any one else who did. Many persons noticed it. Maurice and some of his followers set it down, in their indictments against the clergy of the English Church, that they had failed to bring the message of their Master to a world which rightly turned from a travesty of His teaching. Except among those who supposed that any one who took no interest in religion must be wicked, or that any one who ignored religion must be courageous, I cannot conceive a greater misunderstanding of the position of the agnostic. It has long since been confuted by the mere existence of the party known as the Broad Church, a party of which the *raison d'être* may be described as the abjuring of theology. But this view did not need any experimental confutation for one who really came in contact with this kind of unbelief. A letter lies before me, written by Richard Hutton about a generation ago, of which I will here copy all that is important, though not the whole of this is relevant to the special point now before us. "What you say of Ewald," he addresses his correspondent, "strikes me as profoundly true. Not only does every line of the history prove that the Jewish people, as a people, did *not* devote themselves to the search for God, but were, first from servility, afterwards from pride and self-confidence, always revolting against His guidance; but I think nothing is more notable about the attitude of their highest prophets than the *involuntary* character, so to speak, of their inspiration.' Theirs is not the tone of *searchers* after God, 'if haply they might feel after Him and find Him,' but of minds constrained to say, not, indeed, unwillingly, as in the case of Balaam, but still *constrained* to say what they did say. It is to invert the very characteristic of the Hebrew literature to speak of their greatest teachers as Platonic feelers after Deity. But do you not feel it strange that so little of this divine constraint of conviction shows itself even among the finest and truest of modern religious writers? Sometimes God seems to me to have intentionally intermitted His action on the self-conscious side of human intellect in these latter days. Witness

the remains of A. H. Clough (one of the finest and truest of modern poets—a man whom I knew well and honoured deeply) who gives it as his repeatedly expressed conviction :

‘ It seems His newer will
We should not think of Him at all . . .
But of the world He has assigned us, make
What best we can.’ ”

“ Such belief,” he goes on, “ seems to me inconceivable, yet I clearly follow the series of spiritual disappointments which led Mr. Clough to adopt it seriously as God’s real will for the modern world.”

As I copy the last sentence, after the interval of so many years from the first perusal of the letter, I see afresh how that double vision of the reasonableness and unreasonableness of Agnosticism qualified Hutton to be the religious teacher of our generation. He had nothing more to say of this averted attention than that he understood it. I do not suppose that is all there is to say about it. But he who saw it, and saw beyond it, was fitted to deal with the problems of our time as no one was who missed its significance, or distorted its explanation. Forty years ago almost every religious thinker seemed to me to do one of these things. It was alike bewildering to be told either that the sudden oblivion of the Eternal which came upon us then as definitely as the dropping of a curtain was a mere generalisation from an exceptional case here and there, or that this vast eclipse was due to misstatements in sermons which had not been heard and books which had not been read. How refreshing, when wearied with an endeavour to extract some nutriment from either assurance, to turn to one of those weekly essays which always put us in contact with the facts of life ! It is difficult to justify this sense of refreshment ; perhaps it will hardly be understood by those who study his books. Important documents for the student of the spiritual life of the nineteenth century, these volumes cannot reproduce the sense of greeting, of encouragement, of stimulus brought by him to an audience listening week by week for his voice in the *Spectator*. Those who try to give an account of any such influence will always, I believe, be astonished to find how much of it is negative. A blank cannot console ; a blank cannot stimulate—no, but what we need is contact with some broad stream of thought and feeling that a blank will often admit. Some of the hardest and most scornful atheism of our day has been probably provoked into expression (of course, not created) by the endeavours which originated in sympathy with its supposed perplexities. Nothing so stiffens and hardens unbelief as the attitude which, in confusing it with doubt, betrays an incapacity to apprehend any part of its real ground. And hence it happened that, from the very start of the *Spectator*, the Broad Church was a subsiding influence in religious

life. Whatever it may have accomplished in Christian work, in literature, in ecclesiastical organisation, all competent to judge will allow that, as a force in thought, it went for almost nothing. The name of one great leader of thought is sometimes associated with it; but Maurice had no real sympathy with its aims, nor, to say the truth, any clear insight into the difficulties it confronted. A clear recognition of those difficulties, a steady glance beyond them—if this seem a small thing, it can be only to one who has never known these difficulties. Triumphant wrong—unpurifying pain—these things, alas! are as old as humanity. What could any work on the origin of species do to enforce the cogency of their terrible argument against the existence of a divine Father? This, that for the first time it provided a coherent, workable hypothesis of Creation which ignored the existence of a divine Creator. The notion of an automatic creation forced on the intellect a question that had never ceased to torment the heart—why believe in anything above nature? With the attempt to justify an affirmative answer, its difficulties sprang into sudden illumination. Any daily paper was a refutation of the belief in the Divine for one who had leaned heavily on the old view of a Creator, and found it suddenly give way; the list of ordinary casualties and crimes seemed suddenly to need some explanation that had become unattainable. It was discovered then by some who still found support on the old ground that faith in God is, in its simplest form, a mystic faith. A critic in the *Times*, who shows himself intimately penetrated with sympathy for what was most characteristic in the writing of Richard Hutton, says that he was not prone to mysticism. He who, as the same critic happily expresses it, “gave shape and intellectual cogency to what in others were aspirations, vague, unsatisfied desires” was certainly the very opposite of a mystic in the sense in which the word is sometimes used, of making feeling do duty for intellect. But, if we may not say that the mystic element in faith was what gave Hutton the power above described, then we must find some other word to express that element. When one turned from any Broad Church utterance to an essay from his pen, one felt not so much that there was any difference of actual belief—it might be that the views were precisely identical—but that he was moving in a different direction. *Il mare mi chiama*, says the Venetian fisherman. What is it that “calls” each one of us? What magnet determines the curve of our thought? We must look beyond the actual movement to answer that question. On a vast scale the tangent and the circle are for a time indistinguishable; they who are about to part company for ever may for a long period, as men reckon time by months and years, appear inseparable allies. What “called” Richard Hutton was the truth of a sacramental belief. The pure theism of his youth melted into those convictions which find their justification in the discernment that

language can convey adequately only such truth as belongs ultimately to the deliverance of the senses ; that, for the truth which appeals to what is deepest in man, words are mere signposts, and facts—what in some form we must call experience—the road that leads to our goal. A sacramental Church, where it is understood, is felt to be no enclosure shutting in an exotic principle inapplicable to ordinary life, but a fertile spot exhibiting the true character of all indistinct and impoverished growth around. "Take, eat ; this is my body broken for you," is an address heard not only within the sacred walls ; it is converted there to a promise, but it is heard everywhere. "To them that are without, these things are done in parables"—are *done* (*γίverαι*) in parables, not told in them.

This growing approach towards a faith at the opposite pole from the rationalism of his youth seems to me traceable throughout all the writings of Richard Hutton. It explains the strange rumour of these later years, that he had joined the Catholic Church. He had a great sympathy, no doubt, with some doctrines of the Catholic Church. I remember his speaking to me of an interesting passage in the life of Charles Dickens—his dream that he met once more a dear friend returned from the world beyond the grave, and in answer to his eager inquiry what was the best religion, was told by her, "*For you, the Roman Church is the best.*" "And I can imagine," said Mr. Hutton (whose repetition of the story is my authority for it, as I never read the book), "that those words were true. The Roman Catholic religion *would* very likely have been the best for him." If any one thinks that there is no one for whom Roman Catholicism would supply the best discipline, these words, no doubt, will tell us an implicit surrender to the Roman claims. To measure the distance of such discernment from such a surrender would delay us in a tangle of truisms. But it remains that the great historic Church owes its permanence to its hold on the truth of spiritual life, as manifested in fact rather than expressible in words. It is a truth which will always appeal with a peculiar force towards a Unitarian whose faith expands. No writing of Hutton's so reveals his deepest thought as that essay which gives an intellectual outline to his later faith. "The Incarnation, and Principles of Evidence" sets forth, under what seems to me an unfortunate title, the aspect under which a divine Son appealed to a heart always faithful to the belief in a divine Father. Are we the children of God, as Hamlet and Othello are the children of Shakespeare—beings whom he has invented, and in our case endowed with sentient and conscious existence? Or are we the children of God as that little namesake of Hamlet, whom the poet laid to rest in a green Warwickshire churchyard, was a child of Shakespeare? * Is human paternity, besides being the greatest *fact*

* Hamnet Shakespeare, the only son of the poet, died in childhood.

of human history, also an expression of something that transcends human history? Is it a sacrament as well as a human relation? This question was that which Hutton set himself to answer in the explanation of his change of belief, which he gave to the series of "Tracts for Priests and People," and which, with some omissions very significant for the rapid growth of a sacramental faith, he afterwards included in his collected essays. He sought therein to explain the degree in which he felt the great truths of theology dependent on the verdict of historical criticism, and justified the claim that even events, when they were also symbols, should be so far emancipated from that dependence as to be contemplated, to some extent, by their own light. We may feel the existence of a divine elder brother so real, that the fact of his entrance on human history may need even *less* evidence than the birth (for instance) of a son to Julius Cæsar. The *minus* of evidential force noted by the intellect in all that deals with the supernatural may be cancelled by the *plus* of evidential force that springs from what the spirit of man recognises as most profoundly natural.

It is but following out this train of thought on the other side to suggest a connection between the events of a particular career and the convictions of an individual mind; and the first volumes from the pen of Richard Hutton, though perhaps not in other ways what his admirers would wish to bring forward—for, in truth, they show little of his strength—are a legitimate quarry of information about him. Hutton's expansion of faith was preceded, whether or not it was influenced by a vast grief. The wife of his youth was torn from him after a mere moment of union. Perhaps even that moment was overshadowed by the coming separation. Across the interval of half a century comes back her dignified, serious aspect, shrouded in a sort of remoteness, like one whose fine ear catches a distant summons, inaudible to surroundings. The anguish with which he mourned her was soothed by the sympathy of her brother, an author of various pieces in verse and prose; which Hutton edited after his early death. The volumes dedicated to the remains of William Caldwell Roscoe chronicle a wonderfully close friendship, enshrine some verses breathing the atmosphere of true poetry, and recall to one or two persons still living an engaging personality, fragrant with playfulness and pathos—one of those recollections which one is surprised to find so distinct and yet so unjustifiable by remembered words or actions. He would have deprecated the attempt at a literary memorial, I should fancy, as earnestly as his brother-in-law has done, but this "gathering up the fragments" was much more to Hutton than the expression of an exaggerated admiration for a dear friend. It was also, I cannot doubt, a training for sympathetic appreciation of all inchoate and imperfect utterance of true thought. Perhaps it was even more than this. It has sometimes

happened that death has been a greater revealer than life. It is possible that the endeavour to recall the incidents of a somewhat disappointing career, the grounds of an indestructible impression, may have been such a lesson as to the meaning of the Unseen as nothing else could have given. It is interesting, at any rate, to note the seed of the later faith of Richard Hutton in a remark from one who never shared it. He tells us, in the prefatory memoir which he prefixed to these "Remains," that his brother-in-law once, in speaking of what was then their common Unitarian faith, said to him: "The simplicity of the doctrine of the unity of God is urged in its favour, but I do not know that I always feel this; I am not sure it is not *too* simple to be the full truth." "I gathered his meaning to be," Hutton goes on, "that a voluntary self-revelation of the Divine Mind might have been expected to reveal even deeper complexities of spiritual relations in the eternal nature and essence than are found to exist in our humanity—the simplicity of a harmonised complexity, not the simplicity of absolute unity. But the remark was one of those which often fell from him in his higher imaginative moods without seeming to hang together with any permanent train of thought in his own mind." The work from which these words are taken was published in the opening of 1860, and they show that for seven years after his early bereavement the faith of his youth had undergone no substantial change; but seven years is not a long interval for a new influence to work underground. A great sorrow either destroys trust in God, or allies it with a sense of mystery. He who feels both that God is a Father, and that a crushing blow is from His hand, is prepared, by other than intellectual or even spiritual discipline, to break through the limits of a merely rational faith. Those who can trust God through anguish enter on new views of His relation to the world. Every page of Hutton's tract on the Incarnation is an attempt to show that it presented itself to him as a dynamic truth—as something as full of bearing on the conditions of spiritual life as a true understanding of the nature of oxygen on the conditions of the animal life. It was to him a mystery, not in the sense in which we ordinarily use the word, as something without any intelligible meaning for us but which we accept on account of our trust in the speaker or writer, but rather a mystery in the true etymological sense, a jewel in a locked casket, of which we do or may possess the key. As a *fact* it was an event in the history of Judæa, rightly disbelieved by those who demand for it the evidence adequate to an extraordinary and unprecedented event. But as a *doctrine* it is a principle giving to the perplexities of human life all the explanation which they are capable of receiving—showing, that is, that all the experience, and therefore all the duty, of humanity, has its root in the divine nature, and that man, not only when he exercises justice and mercy, but when he resigns himself to a higher Will

and accepts the allotment of a hard fate, draws on a spring of strength that is in very truth divine.

The foregoing notice may appear to linger unduly on Hutton's theological attitude. It was only one side of his efficiency as editor of the *Spectator*. He would not, indeed, have been so effective a theological guide if he had not been much besides. His influence sprang from the fact that he never shrank from tracking the principles of divine judgment into the concrete applications of the day. He did not stop at the decision which satisfies some elevating and inspiring teachers—"so far as you follow out this or that principle you are true to your own ideal, so far as you admit self-seeking or partial impulse you are false to what you yourself have set up as an ultimate claim." He entered on the more arduous and perilous position—"this is the side which incorporates most of those impulses which lead towards truth—that gathers up, on the whole, what opposes it." Of course he could not be a political writer without doing so, but very few political writers are so much besides. He committed himself to special applications of the inferences from eternal truth, and proved his devotion to an ideal by following it across the track of an admired teacher and even against the whole urgency of his influence. He is admitted by respectful but decided opponents to have been a force on the side of our national union, a tribute to his political weight which could be given to no other spiritual teacher of this century. Few indeed are the leaders of thought who turn, as he did, both to the heights of eternal principles, and to the valleys of concrete application. But these descents into the realm of the concrete need no review from one who seeks to gather up what was most characteristic in him. They open the region of the temporary, they bring to mind divergence, and where they bring to mind close agreement and warm encouragement they do not, somehow, revive what one so much seeks to revive as one looks backward. In some respects Richard Hutton was an opponent of the reforms I thought needful. He was a decided and persistent opponent of female suffrage. He always urged that the only advocates of female suffrage who had any case were those who sought to represent women as women, and that the ideal of simply not *preventing* a qualified elector from voting on account of sex, which is what seems to me the true principle, was a mere transient resting place in an inevitable descent. I recur to the controversy only to mark the independence of his position. His sympathies would have been naturally all on the side of woman. He felt the woman's point of view on every subject on which a woman's point of view can be said to exist. But he also felt, and I wish they were more generally felt, the disadvantages of representing a class which outweighs all others, and yet cannot furnish a single soldier. I think it was in great measure his strong sympathy with women

which led him to suppose their cause might be safely entrusted to representatives of whom all had a mother, and almost all a wife or a sister. If it was an error, it was not the exclusiveness of a narrow nature, but the delusion of one which supposed its own expansive sympathies an inheritance of the race.

His injunction that no memoir of him should be given to the world is in harmony with all the expectations roused by any knowledge of his character. He was one of the least egotistic of men. It is possible indeed that some little flaws of graciousness felt now and then in personal intercourse would have been avoided if one so kindly had had a more adequate sense of his own importance. I cannot think that anything here written sins against that injunction. I merely seek to record the impression which one of those who for thirty years has listened to his voice took of that which he himself gave to the world—to harmonise for my fellow-listeners his various utterances and gather up in grateful memory the message which lay at the heart of all. I do not write for the public; I write for his audience. The attempt to interpret him to a wider circle would be checked, if by no other reason, by the reminder, always sounding in my ears :

"Non far, chè tu se' ombra, e ombra vedi."

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THE PROSPECTS OF RHODESIA.

WE have heard a great deal of late about the prospects of Rhodesia. Here is a country, it is said, much vaunted and advertised for Stock Exchange purposes. It is taken up and prospected by a vast and powerful company, possessed of almost unlimited resources; capital, enterprise, and able administration have for years done their best; and the result is—*nil*. It is alleged to be a gold country, and there is no gold production; it is boasted as a land for European agricultural settlement, and the settlers are a handful; it is fatal to health; it is a fraud, and a fraud found out.

Recently these views have been supported by bringing forward the statements of an American mining engineer, Mr. Blake, who writes as an impartial and unprejudiced traveller. Business, he says, has taken him to the country. He has visited the mines and cross-examined the actual miners, and is convinced that there is practically no gold, that there is no agricultural prospect, that the country is wholly unfit for occupation, and will certainly be abandoned within five years from this date.

Unfortunately, the case against Rhodesia is put, in this country, mainly by persons who have other grounds than the mere ascertainment of the facts for showing it to be worthless. Rhodesia is the country of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. It is true, no doubt, as I believe has been stated in the pages of this REVIEW, that its acquisition was pressed upon the British Government, before Mr. Rhodes rose to power, by other men interested in the development of South Africa. But to Mr. Rhodes is certainly due the influence which induced the British Cabinet to undertake indirectly, through the British South Africa Company, the annexation and administration by England of this vast tract of territory, with all the political consequences of

occupation. The company is the creation of Mr. Rhodes. He is the real ruler of it and of Rhodesia; its success is a success for him, and its striking and early success is generally admitted to depend upon his energy, ability and decision of character. Those who predict its failure are, speaking generally, the persons who disapprove of the character, policy, and methods of Mr. Rhodes; who wish to make him out to be a mere stock-jobber on a large scale, playing with policies, countries, and races as counters in a Stock Exchange gamble—reckless, unprincipled, dangerous.

The subject of this paper is not so much Mr. Rhodes as Rhodesia. I have business interests in the country, and have for years been in touch with it, and been in the habit of receiving constant reports and information, both written and verbal, from men at work there. I have recently returned from a visit to it; and, although my stay was not a long one, it was specially devoted to examining the business prospects of the land; and I had exceptional opportunities of getting at facts. I hold no brief for the Chartered Company, and have no interest in it; and the main object of my journey was to determine whether the expenditure of capital in the country and the further development of its mineral resources would be prudent and likely to be profitable. My answer to that question was in the affirmative.

At the same time, it is right that I should own that I take a very different view of Mr. Rhodes, his policy and his transactions, from that referred to above. I do not defend the raid on the Transvaal; Mr. Rhodes himself does not, and has abjured its policy. I am not concerned to discuss the details of Mr. Rhodes's many and enormous transactions. But no one who knows Mr. Cecil Rhodes can doubt that he is actuated by large, far-seeing, and statesmanlike views; that he is the hope, as he is the leader, not only of British interests in South Africa, but of the true interests of everyone, Dutch or English, who looks for its rapid advance in commerce and civilisation. South African politics are a duel between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Krüger, in which Mr. Rhodes stands for progress, and Mr. Krüger for stagnation and decay. Those who disbelieve in civilisation may spend their strength in worrying out their objections to this or that act of the South African imperialist, statesman, and pioneer; but those who are working for a great commercial Federation there will find that it is to Mr. Rhodes they must look.

Contrast the work of the two men. According to the organs of the Transvaal Government, Rhodesia is a barren good-for-nothing country, and yet the most powerful man in South Africa is the uncrowned king of Rhodesia. To Mr. Krüger it is given to rule over what is admitted to be a marvellously rich and resourceful portion of South Africa. Never before, in all probability, has there existed such a combination of mineral resources and favourable economic conditions

as is capable of being found in the Transvaal. Here is a centre from which might flow blessings for the world at large, for the whole of South Africa, and for the corresponding enrichment and happiness of its own people. How does Mr. Krüger use this talent placed in his hands? He cannot hide it; but he can and does his utmost to limit its power to increase. Those who spend their lives, their brains, their energies, and their capital in exploiting the riches of his territory, he treats with contempt, dubs as "Uitlanders," or foreigners, and regards as enemies. He denies them the right of citizenship, or self-government in any form; so that between ruler and ruled there is no confidence. In dealing with the resources of the country the needs of the people have no consideration; there is no room for it in the autocracy which is masquerading under the name of a Republic in the Transvaal. Are his people well governed? Are they happy? They are neither well governed, happy, prosperous, nor contented. This is notorious; but I am speaking from the personal experience of unofficial Boers whom I have met, and from very careful observation outside Government circles throughout South Africa. During the whole of my six months' residence in South Africa, chiefly in the Transvaal, I never heard one kind word spoken on behalf of Mr. Krüger or his Government, though I did hear many hard things. The reason for this is that Krüger is the embodiment of all that is narrow-minded, prejudiced, and retrogressive in South Africa, while Rhodes is the embodiment of freedom, liberty, and progress. Go where you will, mix with whom you like, except Boer officials, and you will hear Mr. Rhodes spoken of in appreciative terms. Even his participation in the raid into Transvaal territory is understood and forgiven because it is known that had he been successful in overthrowing the Transvaal Government the whole of South Africa would have been the gainer. The strength of Mr. Rhodes lies in the fact that he is above all things democratic. Democracy, true democracy, has always been remarkable for its foresightedness. The democracy of South Africa loves Mr. Rhodes because he is more foresighted than itself. The aim and object of Mr. Rhodes's life—and the effect of his work is proof of the fact—is to raise the status, and add to the happiness and wealth of the inhabitants of South Africa, be they Boers or Britons. In other words, Mr. Rhodes, consciously or unconsciously, aims at the betterment of humanity in South Africa.

Great Britain, by pursuing a policy too much British and too little colonial, has unfortunately done not a little to alienate the affection of its sons in South Africa. It has been the aim and object of Mr. Rhodes to nullify this growing feeling of estrangement; and if South Africa is to remain a part of our great Colonial Empire allied to Great Britain by bonds of love

and affection it will be found to be largely due to the matchless foresight of Cecil John Rhodes. Whether this is perceived by the people of Great Britain it is hard to say. Certainly it is thoroughly understood by the astute Dr. Leyds. The Transvaal Government has thoroughly grasped the fact that the centre of free thought, action and liberty, as taught and understood by the Britishers, is in Rhodesia. As Rhodesia grows and flourishes so the dislike for the narrow-minded, selfish policy of Krüger and Leyds will extend. To defeat the growth of Rhodesia is one of the objects dearest to the hearts of Krüger and Leyds. Nor is it difficult for them, by the aid of a huge secret service budget, extracted from British capital, to do much mischief. It is obvious that there are difficulties of all sorts to contend with in Rhodesia. It would appear to be one of the objects of the Transvaal Government to emphasise those difficulties, or see that they are emphasised, in the vain hope that thereby it will embarrass and delay the inevitable progress of that country.

It is not difficult to divine the source of the extreme hostility of the Transvaal authorities to Mr. Rhodes and his province. If Mr. Blake were right, and Rhodesia were abandoned, the Transvaal would be the most northerly of the South African States, the British policy of heading off the Boer trek system by the establishment of a strong British State to the north would fail, and the Dutch influence in Africa, with unchecked expansion northwards, would be supreme. But if Rhodesia becomes, as I am convinced it will become, a powerful colony of the English type, the Transvaal will be more or less surrounded by British civilisation, and will before long be merged into a united South Africa—the great aim of Mr. Rhodes's life and work. The question of the success of Rhodesia is therefore not a mere matter of mining and farming, but of the whole political and commercial future of South Africa. And depend upon it, Mr. Krüger sees this as clearly as his great rival.

In the Transvaal the absence of freedom, the enforcement of the Dutch language, the worse than unsympathetic Government, and its hopeless ignorance are all constant sources of irritation. On the other hand, to have business relations with the Chartered Company in Rhodesia is certainly, in comparison, and to my thinking, intrinsically a pleasure. On the part of the latter there is an ever ready disposition to assist, an ear always open, some affable official always available, so that whether it be a new comer or an old resident, whether it be banker, merchant, company manager, farmer, prospector, or what not, there is always evidence of a willingness to help and anxiety to know of and remove any difficulty. With the Transvaal Government one must always reckon on obstacles being placed in the way of business unless an injury, perceptible to the official mind, is likely to result to the Government itself; while the prevailing policy

of the State is to hinder the development of the resources of the country except in so far as their development is necessary for the maintenance of a corrupt, narrow-minded, and selfish Government. A part of this policy is, no doubt, to grant some amelioration of the adverse conditions which hitherto and for so long the Government has so complacently allowed to stand in the way of the proper development of its vast mineral resources.

The main purpose of these pages, however, is to throw what light I can upon the prospects of the early development of Rhodesia. At the time of my entering the country towards the end of May last, it was not known how far the natives had settled down; and this question naturally became the object of immediate inquiry. As my companion and I drove up from the Shashi River to Bulawayo in a Cape cart, meeting traders, storekeepers, and others on the way, and as within a week of our arrival at Bulawayo we had to drive to Gwelo (110 miles), and from thence into outlying districts, some of which had not been traversed by white men since the rebellion, we certainly had the opportunity of forming an opinion. Fortunately this proved to be entirely favourable and we came to the conclusion that except in so far as Mashonaland and the chief Machiumgombie were concerned, there was nothing to fear from the natives, who appeared to us to be thoroughly beaten and cowed. Before I left the country Machiumgombie had been defeated and the last remnants of the rebellion quelled. Nor do I think there is any danger of further rising. The visit of the native chiefs and the Indaba with Mr. Rhodes on June 22 last at Bulawayo created a profound impression. The excellent tact and judgment displayed by Mr. Rhodes in his personal dealings with the natives, and the whole policy now being pursued by the Chartered Government, combined with its excellent police service, have made residence in the country absolutely safe; and before I left, storekeepers, prospectors, mining contractors, farmers, and others were spreading themselves promiscuously over the country without any feeling of fear; so that the effect of the rebellion, as apparent to the natives, has been to bring about their own starvation, while on the other hand the white man appears to have flourished and increased.

The only danger in the Native question seems to be that of injudicious interference by the Imperial Government. The white settlers in Rhodesia must be left to manage their native labourers. If the Home Government is going to dictate a Native policy according to the ideas of ignorant and far-off Englishmen, moved only by sentimental considerations, there will be trouble. If the Imperial authorities were to send as their representative to Rhodesia a gentleman inexperienced in South African affairs, and perhaps unable or unwilling to learn, things would go wrong. If the people at home raise the cry

of "slavery" over every plan for putting some pressure upon idle and, *because idle*, dangerous natives to induce them to work, labour will go short and industry suffer. The Matabele are under our charge. If they get into difficulties we shall have to feed them; we must govern them, and govern them, not as civilised and industrious men on our level, but as very imperfectly developed men, who have to be ruled in many matters in which Englishmen govern themselves, and who are indeed, accustomed to an arbitrary rule. And one of these matters, for these habitually idle people, is the obligation to do a certain amount of work. On this subject a practicable suggestion has been made which might work well. It is that certain cultivable lands should be set aside for natives, on the terms that they give a fixed rent in labour—say, two or three months in the year, at a fair and current rate of wages. The locations would be placed under the native chiefs, who would be responsible to the central Government. Such an arrangement would benefit the whole country, the natives not least; and it might be carried out practically without restriction of personal liberty.

But supposing the country to be settled and quiet, ready for the miner, is there any gold worth mining? In answering this question, I start with the admission that to arrive at an accurate conclusion as to the future of Rhodesia as a gold-mining country is a matter of difficulty, and I desire to emphasise this by adding that on going to Rhodesia in May last, I did so with many doubts and considerable misgivings as to whether or not there really were payable gold reefs. The question to which on entering the country I was determined to get an answer was why, seeing that the country had been open to prospectors since 1894, had so little gold been produced? In a much shorter space of time Westralia has furnished us with a considerable production. It is not surprising that the absence of results should have caused some misgivings. Now I propose to show that this question is susceptible of a simple and satisfactory answer to those who will have the patience and honesty to look in the right direction. My own fear had been that the reefs which I knew to exist did not hold in depth, that the old workings of which I had heard so much were mere pot-holes dug by natives who ceased to scratch the ground when the gold gave out. It was therefore gratifying to find from my own personal observation that this hypothesis as to the old workings was in certain and characteristic instances untenable in fact.

Gwelo, it may be known, is the centre of various mining districts in which a good deal of work has been done, and in which some very valuable mines have been discovered. While at Gwelo it became part of my duty to examine some mining claims adjoining the Dunraven Mine, in connection with which I wished to examine the Dunraven Mine, and was very courteously afforded the opportunity of so doing

by its owners. Here I had my first introduction to old workings, clear, unmistakable, and fairly well defined. Having examined these, I was taken into the mine by means of an adit. Here, without doubt, was a well-defined, broad, and apparently permanent reef lying far beneath the old workings. From the second level I ascended the shaft and saw the point where the old workings had ceased. An examination of the assay plan enabled me to see that the reef is in many places very rich, and that the mine presents a payable proposition, and that it is richer as the shaft descends than at the point where the old workings ceased. But for the Matabele outbreak and the rinderpest, the machinery, part of which I had passed on the roadside some distance away, would have been erected and a production obtained. At three miles distant from the Dunraven lie the Bonsor and the Tebekwe Mines. The Bonsor I had not time to visit. It is, however, I am informed, a thoroughly proved and decidedly payable mine. The Tebekwe Mine I had to visit for the purpose of transacting some business with the consulting engineer, who had just come down to inaugurate a fresh start. Here I found still more complete proof of the fact that old workings may be a true indication of a payable reef. The old workings of the Tebekwe Mine are remarkably clearly defined, and extend for a distance of about 2500 feet. It was interesting, by the way, to observe that trees which must have taken a hundred years to grow were growing from the bottoms of these old workings. A series of shafts has been sunk here along the whole length of the old workings, in every instance cutting the reef and proving its permanence at a distance of over 100 feet from the foot of the old workings. Two levels have been driven in the face of the hill. I was taken along the lowest one, which disclosed a large, well-defined reef. Here, again, the assay value showed a valuable and highly payable mine, which, but for the before-mentioned causes, would have been in a productive stage. These circumstances I mention because I can vouch personally for them, and because they afford satisfactory evidence of the existence of payable reefs underlying old workings. I am in no way interested in the properties in question. Other instances affording equally characteristic proofs of payable reefs existing under old workings are to be found, notably on the Geelong in the Gwanda district, on the development and equipment of which, with a view to early production, some £100,000 is being expended under the most excellent technical advice and expert knowledge.

The discovery of this Geelong mine by Mr. Andrew Nicholson is extremely interesting, as it throws some light on the methods of the ancient miners.

After the first Matabele war Mr. Nicholson went down to the Gwanda district—the first prospector who had been over that ground.

Having found an enormous heap of what appeared to him to be discarded quartz, he tested it, and found it to carry a few pennyweights of gold. He then proceeded to examine the Geelong hill, and in digging down from an "outcrop," some of his "boys" fell into what turned out to be very extensive old workings. The whole hill seemed to be undermined, and "on the move." Further excavations revealed an underground timbered chamber, 500 yards long, containing vast quantities of rich quartz ready broken down from the reef, partly burnt, and ready for the battery. The timber was still in this mine, and large numbers of the diorite hammers were found. This discovery proves that the ancients knew how to treat the quartz with fire when they could not otherwise break it small enough to get the gold out.

Who were those old miners, and why did they so suddenly break off their work? The conjecture is that they were the same people who built what are now the ruins at Zimbabwe, probably some thousands of years ago. Some accident, some plague, war, or other catastrophe, would seem to have come and swept them all away; and for centuries those reefs have been awaiting a new discoverer. What is true of this mine is no doubt in a measure true of a great many others, for the country is covered with these ancient workings.

There is, then, no doubt whatever that well-defined and payable reefs do underlie old workings; and the question next arises, what are the causes of so much delay in the actual bringing of gold to market. Strange as it may sound, it seems clear that what has militated against a considerable production of gold in Rhodesia (apart from other causes) is the enormous area over which the gold reefs extend. Moreover, the mining laws have favoured large holdings of mining claims, so that the attention of both prospectors and capitalists has been, until quite recently, directed towards making discoveries of and acquiring claims. Wherever new reefs have been discovered, thither have prospectors and capitalists wended their way, vying with one another to be in the last good thing. The moment serious development was taken in hand, rinderpest swept through the country, destroying the one and only means of transport, followed or accompanied by a rebellion which was only finally quelled in the month of July 1897.

The question, therefore, why there have been no actual results from the gold mines of Rhodesia finds a sufficient answer in the simple fact that time enough has not elapsed. But there is an even more satisfactory answer in the fact that there has already been won by previous workers a large production. Although no written record exists of the amounts obtained by the ancient workers, it must have been very large. I do not think it would be possible, certainly it would be extremely difficult, to find a reef yielding gold, of which

the visible outcrop has not been removed by prehistoric miners. This is a difficulty which probably has never before been encountered in the development of the mineral resources of a country. Let us pause for one moment and consider what it means. It is notorious that gold mines are generally richest at the surface ; which is due to the fact that nature has been at work for countless ages separating the ore from its matrices, enabling it to be easily recovered and at little cost. For this reason mining from the surface to a depth of from 50 feet to 100 feet is easy and profitable. Now practically the whole of the surface deposit has been removed from the gold belts in Rhodesia, so that for the individual prospector without capital the winning of gold is difficult, and development, involving the expenditure of capital and erection of machinery, is necessary. The one involves time, the other needs transport, neither of which, as I have shown, has yet been available.

To summarise then : I find satisfactory and abundant evidence of the existence of reefs carrying rich pay-shoots underlying the old workings. But the reefs are distributed over a large area in wild spots widely separated and difficult of access. The whole attention of the community was devoted for a long period to the discovery and acquisition of mining claims. The development work was temporarily stopped owing to the rebellion and the insuperable difficulties of transport, which, however, are of an evanescent character and are capable and in course of removal, and the outcrops of gold-bearing reefs have been removed by a previous gold-mining community. This I think accounts to a fair minded inquirer for the fact that so little gold has yet been actually won.

When the railway to Bulawayo is opened and machinery can be got through at a reasonable cost, very extensive mining operations and much development work will be vigorously pushed forward, and results of a permanent and solid character will be shown. Those persons are very rash who base their attacks on Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company on the theory that Rhodesia is not a gold-mining country ; not to mention the wild theory that it was disappointment with the country which led to the famous raid.

If I may be permitted to venture into the region of what " might have been," I may safely assert that if the gold industry on the Randt had had to contend with the difficulties which beset Rhodesia very little gold would have yet been brought to market. Although not one of these unfavourable conditions existed in the Transvaal, how many years elapsed between the discovery and the production of the gold ? How many times and how often was the whole industry (to say nothing of the individual mines) condemned ? Certain it is that no amount of attack or condemnation at the present time will weigh with those who are engaged in the gold-mining industry in Rhodesia.

Large sums of money are being expended and large sums still are available for expenditure as soon as the railway reaches Bulawayo, transport is organised and the economic conditions improve; and this by some of the most prescient capitalists in Europe. In the meantime it will be remembered that time is bringing with it a more favourable economic condition. The southern portion of the country is about to be connected by railway with Cape Town and the northern with Beira; no unfavourable customs dues bar the way and preferential rates will be given to food-stuffs entering the country.

If one were to judge Rhodesia from much one reads in England just now, one would judge it to be a dreary, cheerless, hopeless spot. What struck me during my visit to the country was its inherent vitality, its supreme cheerfulness, its absolute confidence in its future. That this should be so in face and in spite of so many difficulties is not, at all events in the eyes of the Transvaal Government, to be attributed to British pluck, though certainly it would be difficult to meet a community which seemed so to revel in having difficulties to overcome; and, although there is no doubt that this happy disposition to look difficulties in the face and overcome them cheerfully has in some degree contributed to the hopeful view Rhodesian inhabitants take of the future of the country, there are other and more permanent causes for this cheerful attitude. Those who are intimately acquainted with the gold-mining industry are satisfied that there is a great future for it. There is a large English population in South Africa seeking permanent residence in a country where British freedom, British society, and British interests will prevail, and where every man, whatever his nationality, knows he will in due course have his share in the government of the country. In addition to this, the country possesses a fertile soil and climatically is healthy and exhilarating beyond power of expression. On this last point there is a lamentable ignorance prevailing. Since my return to England I have been frequently asked whether the country is not very unhealthy and full of fever. My reply has been and is that I had no idea that the earth contained so perpetually exhilarating a climate. It does not appear to be generally known that Rhodesia is situated on the "backbone" of Africa, at an elevation of from 4500 to 5000 feet above sea level, and that no more delightful climate can be found than in the tropics at such an elevation. No doubt there is some malaria, but chiefly in the low-lying and swampy districts. And if at certain times of the year, in certain spots of this vast country, malaria does exist, is there a town, is there a village or hamlet in England which does not annually claim its victims from tuberculosis, a disease the germs of which find existence not only difficult but scarcely possible in the dry atmosphere and perpetual sunshine of the high plateau of Matabeleland? In other words, Rhodesia is free from the scourge of consumption, and those who

are afflicted with the disease in its early stage, and can reside there, are extremely likely to recover their health. Of course, in so huge a territory there are to be found some unproductive portions, but, judging from my own observations, from the fact that the country has proved itself to be capable of rearing hundreds of thousands of oxen and raising large quantities of corn, and that, wherever irrigated, its soil is found to be enormously productive, I can have no doubt as to its future as an agricultural country. This view I found taken most strongly by some Cape farmers with whom I travelled down from Bulawayo, one of whom, a Dutch Africander, informed me that as a result of his visit he intended to return and to recommend farmers from western provinces of Cape Colony to emigrate northwards, and settle in Rhodesia.

Again, it has been urged by some that it is a waterless country. Now I will admit that while I was there, in the dry season, the country had this appearance in many places. On the other hand, it is notorious that throughout nearly the whole country water is found at a shallow depth. This has been ascertained from shaft sinking in the various mining districts. Apart from this, one passed many rivers with running water. I made careful observations of cultivated land lying alongside some of the rivers, and land which was irrigated by means of water pumped from wells, and in both instances I was astounded at the extraordinarily productive nature of the soil, which goes on yielding crops the whole year round.

Summarising then the position in Rhodesia, we find abundant evidence in favour of its possessing mineral resources of great value, a remarkably fertile soil, a healthy, invigorating climate, and a confidence in its future by those who have already made it their home. Existing townships are flourishing and land is increasing in value. While I was in Bulawayo a town lot or stand was purchased by one of the leading banks for £6000. For the half of another stand £5000 has just been paid. I could quote many other instances of high prices being paid by merchants and traders. A big jump has lately taken place in the price of stands in Gwelo, which, as I have before said, must be the centre of very important mining districts in Matabeleland. Next year there will be a demand for new townships, probably the first new ones to be created will be in the Gwanda and Inseza districts. I have said nothing of Mashonaland, because that part of the Chartered Company's territory I was not able to visit. I however learned enough while in Matabeleland to satisfy me that in all directions, perhaps more notably in Umtali and neighbourhood, great and steady progress is being made in Mashonaland. Evidence of the accuracy of this view is afforded by the news just to hand of the high prices realised by the sale of stands by the Chartered Company in several townships in Mashonaland.

Bulawayo will now become the distributing point for the vast territories within the sphere of the Chartered Company lying to the north. Within a short space of time a railway, already projected from Bulawayo, passing through an important and valuable coal-field to the Victoria Falls, will be built.

In whatever direction therefore one looks, there are signs of active progress. For the last fifteen months the inhabitants of Rhodesia have suffered adversity. In spite of all this, and of the high price of living, and the absence of transport, values have increased. Churches of all denominations are to be found in Bulawayo. It has a population already of some 4000 souls. It boasts an excellent social club, and another is about to be built at a cost of £20,000. It has some beautiful suburbs. It has also a good sports club, and polo, cricket, and football grounds. Special carriages, replete with every comfort, are being built on the American model for the convenience of passengers direct from Cape Town. Even now nearly all the comforts of modern life are obtainable, and the chief dread is the appearance of the top hat!

Within a mile of the spot where Bulawayo now stands, but a short time since was the chief kraal of a savage despot. Not four years have elapsed since the downfall of Lobengula and the occupation of Bulawayo by the pioneers. If within so short a space of time under so many misfortunes so much has been accomplished, may we not confidently predict a bright and glowing future?

F. CATESBY HOLLAND.

“THE CHRISTIAN.”

WHEN fifty thousand copies of a new story have been sold in the United Kingdom in the course of a few weeks, and when it has been received by some with intense bitterness and fierce denunciation, while others have awarded to it the most glowing eulogies, all will be ready to admit that the book cannot be an ordinary one. Few will dispute that “The Christian” is not to be classed with those fictions—and their name is legion—which excite no more than a languid interest, and which we lay down without taking the trouble to read them to the end. Whatever be its merits or demerits, this novel is one which must force all serious men to think over the problems which the author intended to set before us.

It is a curious fact that whereas in America Mr. Hall Caine's novel has been welcomed with almost extravagant adulation, in England it has been angrily, and by some almost contumeliously, condemned. I think that the explanation of criticisms so widely opposed to each other is that in England—chiefly owing to accidental circumstances and to the erroneous impressions of some of its earlier reviewers—the book has been judged from points of view far different from those which the writer intended. In England it has been assumed that the hero of the book is meant for an *ideal* Christian, and even for the follower of Christ needed by the nineteenth century. The author has then been assailed for putting forth an utterly false exposition of the Christian life, and for holding up to our admiration a weak, hysterical, self-deceived fanatic whose work ended in deplorable failure. Mr. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews*, writing with characteristic straightforwardness, and not without much genuine appreciation, understands the author to have implied that the Christ of holiness had failed, and

that such an unhappy being as John Storm is now necessary to work out the redemption of the world.

There does not seem to be any real ground for such a view unless it be in the perhaps unfortunately selected title of the novel, and in expressions which have, apparently without sufficient authority, been attributed to the author. But if for any such reasons the motive of the book has been misinterpreted, we may feel sincere sympathy with the writer amid the flood of vituperation to which he has been subjected. Let him not take it too much to heart.

"Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli."

In ancient days even Homer had his Zoilus. In modern days critics no less eminent than Voltaire thought it enough to say of the "Divina Commedia" that the Inferno was revolting, the Purgatorio dull, and the Paradiso unreadable. A contemporary of Milton described the "Paradise Lost" as "a profane and lascivious poem." Keats was ordered by the *Edinburgh Review* "to go back to his gallipots." Byron characterised Wordsworth's *magnum opus* as

"A drowsy, frowsy poem called 'The Excursion,'
Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"

at the very time that Coleridge was describing it as

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted."

Humbler mortals, if they have done their best, and if their motives have been high and pure, may listen with indifference to the abuse of critics and "the irresponsible chatter of hare-brained frivolity." Wordsworth wrote to a friend who had commiserated with him on the contemptuous ridicule to which he was subjected, that he need not be grieved on his account, since he felt sure that in the long run his poems would be found to co-operate with all beneficent influences, and to make the happy happier. And Dante gave noble advice when he put into Virgil's mouth the words:

"Lascia dir le genti
Sta come torre fermo, che non crolla
Giammai la cima per soffiar di venti:"

which Carlyle translated into homelier English when he wrote, "Get the thing done, and let them howl."

Leaving the title of the book out of sight for the moment, it is, on the face of it, a love story, in which a tragical complication is intro-

duced by the passion inspired for one another by two natures radically opposed. Is it too much to conjecture, that in forming his conception of John Storm and Glory Quayle the writer was much influenced by the doctrine of heredity? The heroine is the grand-daughter of a French actress, and the daughter of a fanatical devotee. The hero is the son of a saintly mother and of a father devoted to worldly schemes. Almost every incident and scene in the story turns on the apparently hopeless relations between two natures so fundamentally dissimilar, yet powerfully drawn to each other by a mutual love.

In presenting the love story, the writer unquestionably meant at the same time to urge his own moral and religious convictions upon the consciences of his readers. But it would be as unfair to attribute to him the dramatically presented views of his various characters as it would be to quote as the sentiments of Shakespeare or Robert Browning the opinions which they merely put into the mouths of very dubious personages. For instance, the Prime Minister, who is John Storm's uncle, being an Agnostic, and feeling genuine distress for the broken fortunes of a nephew to whom he is sincerely attached, comes to the very hasty conclusion that the relations between Church and State are unsatisfactory, and that the Church ought to be disestablished. That may or may not be the writer's own opinion; but from the merely dramatic and incidental presentation of the Prime Minister's views we have no right to assert that it is. The Premier's conclusion is formed on very partial grounds, and is not brought forward as possessing much intrinsic weight.

This remark has a much wider application. All John Storm's opinions—many of which are crude and violent—have been represented as though they were the author's own. This is surely a mistake in the point of view. John Storm presents the type of an intellect intensely sincere, but very imperfectly enlightened. He is passionate in his methods, and far too impetuous in his sweeping judgments. He means well; but he often acts most unwisely. He tries to revolutionise the world by impossible methods, and he fails to master the impulses of his own heart. He is without wide knowledge, and wholly without the serene wisdom which can make allowance for men who are struggling amid trying conditions. His mind is so ill-balanced that he sinks into strange follies. He has none of the large insight which can penetrate to "the heart of goodness in things evil," and see a germ of life in the mouldered tree. John Storm is a fanatic, and an unwise fanatic, who egregiously fails in his schemes, of which many are foredoomed to overthrow because they are injudicious and ill-considered. But although he exhibits no skill in adapting means to ends, he stands for "the Christian," in so far as he realises, with only one fatal and overpowering exception, the Christ-like ideal of *self-renunciation*. He is a man with all the burning enthusiasm which filled the heart of

Charles Kingsley in his youth, but with little of his robust manliness and sovereign sanity. He represents a type which has sprung up in the Church since the days of Maurice. Amid all their intellectual limitations and moral onesidedness, such men present, to an age in which the faith of many has dwindled to a shadow and the love of many has waxed cold, the saving virtue of self-sacrifice and absolute sincerity. John Storm is a man of pure heart and high mind, if of very moderate intellect and very shallow attainments; the book is the study of such a mind driven into despair, into hysteria, into absolute madness, by the vain attempt to win victory in the most awful of human struggles—the struggle to master an overpowering human affection. It is monstrous to attribute to the writer the design of presenting this distracted creature, torn asunder by two opposite impulses, as the new ideal of the Messiah needed by our century! On the contrary, he overwhelms John Storm with the most disastrous failure. He shows that this failure has arisen because the young clergyman's soul has been so tortured by lack of power to subdue the love for a woman that at last he mistakes a murderous impulse for a "divine mandate," and narrowly escapes being shut up for life as a homicidal maniac. But here I must correct the entirely unwarranted inference that, in the scene between John Storm and Glory Quayle, which is the climax of the book, it was meant to be inferred that the hero and the heroine fall at the supreme moment into mortal sin. This has been assumed in more than one review. Such a *dénouement* would have been shocking, horrifying, thoroughly inartistic, and entirely needless. I can only say that when I read the book it never even crossed my mind that such a sin was hinted at; nor can I find anything to justify the assertion that Glory Quayle only marries John Storm upon his death-bed in order to save her future reputation. There is not a word to show that the writer had any such thought in his mind, and it is unfair to attribute it to him when he gives no justification for it. He ought not to be held responsible for the mistaken inferences of his reviewers; and in future editions he will, I hope, exclude the possibility of so complete a misreading of his intention.

I think, too, that it would be well if the writer removed the impression which his book left upon the minds of many, but which he can hardly have intended, that the aims, the methods, and the whole work of the Church of England are hopelessly ineffectual; that she is not even attempting to grapple with the awful problems around her; that so plethoric a worldling as Canon Wealthy is a type of all the clergy who are not like the hero; that the Church is honeycombed with worldliness; that there are no sincere and whole-hearted endeavours to effect real and striking amelioration except the spasmodic denunciations and crude schemes of a man like Storm. I am quite sure that the author had no such intention; but I think that

he would have done well, were it even by the addition of a couple of sentences, to show that this in no way resembles his real opinion. If it did, no caricature of the conditions of the Church could be more gross. I am well acquainted with a large number of clergymen, and among them all I do not know even one who distantly resembles Canon Wealthy. He closely resembles the worldly Archdeacon depicted by Anthony Trollope in "Barchester Towers;" but though there have been epochs in the Church when men of such a type have been numerous, they have left very few, if any, representatives in the present toiling and suffering days.

As regards faithful, continuous, self-denying labour, I know, not only scores, but hundreds of clergymen who, in far-off country parishes, in bleak mountain-villages, in lonely seaside hamlets, in densely-crowded manufacturing centres, in black mining districts—with no hope of reward, and on pittances less than the salary of a rich man's butler—are hurling the whole force of their energy and enthusiasm against the force of prevalent temptations.

Day by day they are training the young; taking the little children by the hand; gathering the boys into brigades and bands; furnishing clubs and reading-rooms for the young men; providing simple services for the poor and ignorant in humble mission-rooms; holding meetings for the mothers; befriending the servants; sending the sick to convalescent homes; finding a foretaste of heaven amid the miseries of earth by making all around them a little better and a little more hopeful.

Some of the scenes of Mr. Hall Caine's book are laid in parts of Westminster well known to me, and I can say from long personal experience, that the efforts of the clergy were devoted ten times more to the poorest of the poor than they were to the rich; that wherever there was poverty, and drink, and crime, there the clergy were most unremitting in their infinitely trying work; that with an heroic faith which was often unsupported by any earthly encouragement, High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen were to be seen toiling in the slums, not like the

"Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their dainty loves and slothful sympathies;"

and that the police bore spontaneous and hearty testimony to the amelioration of desperate conditions and the marked diminution of crime. The rising generation especially were looked after, and every care was taken to improve the prospects of the future by inspiring the aims, and ameliorating the conditions, of those who are "the trustees of posterity." And all this is being done by clergymen.

whose earthly prospects are as poor as they can possibly be. Mr. Hall Caine's book may be most useful to all, from the true, and indeed realistic pictures which it presents of the

"Dim populous pain and multitudinous woe,
Unheeded by the heedless world, which treads
The piteous upturned faces underfoot
In the gay rout which rushes to its ends."

All which he describes exists, and even worse than he describes; and, amid the fanfare of self-glorification in which we have been recently indulging, it is well that we should remember how many dim isles of misery lie in the splendid ocean of our national prosperity. Anything which may arouse us to do more than we are doing is useful; but if, while we are doing our very best, there is still a fearful residuum of crime and misery, it would be wrong to make it a reproach to us that man cannot do, and never has done, the work of Providence; that much of the best work, now and always, is quiet, noiseless, unknown work; that never were the efforts of the many who are "striving to raise strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth" more numerous and more energetic than now they are; that, so far from those efforts being left unblessed, the ameliorated conditions of life among the very lowest, the steady diminution of crime, the universal preaching of the Gospel to the poorest of the poor, furnish abundant cause for hopefulness and gratitude.

But while I have endeavoured to place Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian" in a light which may obviate unjust condemnation of it, by pointing out that it must, in the first instance, be judged dramatically and artistically as a simple story, I must add that it is full of very valuable lessons. Glory Quayle is not to me at all an attractive heroine; but the story of her erratic career may serve to illustrate how fearful is the battle which many a loving and impulsive woman has to fight single-handed in the cruel world. The coincident delineations of the life among the *jeunesse dorée* are full of powerful warning, and may serve to check the heartless and cruel villainies towards women of which they are said to be guilty by those who profess to know them, as I do not pretend to do. Assuming that the sketches of some theatres, of the race-course, of some men's clubs, of the music-halls, of the low public-houses, and of the irreligious section of fashionable life in the West End of London are accurate, they certainly deserved the indignant reprobation with which John Storm denounced them; even if his method of counteracting their inherent evils was foredoomed to be ineffective. The state of society is not, indeed, worse, but, as far as we are able to judge, far better than it has been in most past ages even in Christian countries; but it is well for us not to rest upon our oars, and so be swept devilward by the subterranean currents; nor

should we ever be tempted to say "Peace, peace" when there is no peace. The warfare with evil in the world needs all the best energies of all the best men in every age, and "in that warfare there is no discharge."

Much of the meaning of the book as the dramatic presentment of a certain modern clerical type is contained in the singularly interesting, and by no means unsympathetic, sketch of a severe revival of mediæval monasticism. The Father Superior is represented as a good and holy man, and it is not at all hinted that any of the monks are immoral or hypocritical. But, by a masterly analysis of thoughts and motives, enshrined in a most interesting narrative, Mr. Hall Caine shows how fatal in some natures is

"The strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

The monastic life—as may be shown in multitudes of historic instances, and by the express testimony of not a few mediæval monks and supreme saints—though, in the holiest characters, it produced admirable types of saintliness like St. Bonaventura and St. Thomas Aquinas, yet in the case of multitudes, who were wholly unfitted to meet its responsibilities and difficulties, fostered a hopeless misery, a blighted uselessness, and an unspeakable degradation. Mr. Hall Caine shows that for many natures—even when men are sincere and pure—such reversal of the divinely appointed conditions of ordinary life is illogical, and may lead, even in the case of noble and well-intentioned men, to dangerous results.

There is surely much that is of far more than passing interest in a book which was evidently intended to grapple with themes so serious as these. But I think that "The Christian" has one yet deeper and wider lesson. So far from implying that the ideal set before us by the Saviour of the world is *obsolete*, it indirectly yet decidedly sets it forth as divine and unapproachable. We cannot imitate the *externals* of the life of Christ, as sweet St. Francis of Assisi vainly tried to reproduce on the bleak hills of Umbria the outward features of a life spent on the hot levels of the Galilean lake. Nor can most men reproduce the spirit of Christ by trying to live celibate or wandering lives, or by such frantic endeavours as those of Stigmatists and Convulsionnaires. We can only follow Christ's footsteps from afar, though we can aim at showing at least those elementary Christian graces which are the very antithesis to the self-asserting, persecuting, and malignant arrogance of all forms of Pharisaism. We can also try more and more to approximate to the broad and simple lessons of His teaching without the vain endeavour to set ourselves above the undying laws which God Himself attached to our human existence.

Such a life is not attainable by convulsive and hysterical efforts, but by uttermost faithfulness in "the trivial round and the common task." If our best efforts to be good are often unsuccessful, we may be comforted by the thought that "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust." And if our lives often seem to be hopeless failures, it is something to know that the limitations of our success may be only temporal. There were many lepers in Israel in the days of Elisha, but he only healed Naaman, the Syrian; many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah, but he was only sent to the widow of Sarepta. Further, a seed is not quickened except it die; and many a weary worker—like John Huss, or William Tyndale, or David Livingstone—has died in the midst of the most absolute apparent defeat, whose work has yet burst up after his death into a wealth of golden harvests. If these last lessons are not, in so many words, emphasised in "The Christian," it is because they lay outside the special object of the book. Yet such lessons are neither excluded nor denied. After all deductions, and all qualifications, it seems to me that "The Christian" is of much more serious import, and of much higher permanent value than the immense majority of novels which the Press continues to pour forth in such endless profusion. It is a book which makes us think.

F. W. FARRAR.

BIMETALLISM AND THE BANK.

THE half-yearly meeting, or Court, of the proprietors of the Bank of England, which was held on September 16, was made unusually interesting by the fact that a few days before a correspondent of the *Times* had charged the Bank with "falling in with the suggestion, recently pushed forward by certain Americans, that it should hold one-fifth of its reserve in silver." In a leading article published on the same day, the *Times* had called attention to some of the chief objections to such a departure, and had expressed the hope that the Bank directors would give some explanation at the half-yearly meeting. In the City the general opinion inclined to the view that the *Times* had been misled or deceived, since, it was argued, the Bank of England would never take such a step without first consulting the rest of the banking community. And when a letter on this subject was published, signed by Mr. H. R. Grenfell, in the course of which he said, "I doubt if any opinion has been recorded or any determination come to at all," the matter was almost dismissed as a *canard*, for Mr. Grenfell, as every one knows, is a director of the Bank, and if he "doubted" about the matter, it was obvious that the question had not been formally broached before the Court of Directors, and, therefore, that it could not have been decided on; whatever might have been said or suggested in the course of preliminary negotiations either with the Government or with the American Silver Commissioners, who have been sounding European opinion on the subject of doing something towards the "rehabilitation" of the fallen metal.

Nevertheless, when the General Court of Proprietors assembled in the Bank parlour, the Governor made a statement which admitted the truth of all that the *Times* correspondent had alleged, though it added other facts which certainly qualified the matter materially. He

reminded the proprietors that "proposals were laid before the Government this summer by the United States and France by which this country might increase the use of silver as a contribution towards an international agreement, and which, while in no way affecting our gold standard, might enable the mints of France and America to resume the free mintage of silver. Among these proposals, was one asking the Bank to hold the amount of silver permissible under the Act of 1844 as against its notes. The Government consulted me, and subsequently I wrote the following letter (dated July 29 last):

"MY DEAR MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,—Referring to our conversation, I now beg to say that the Bank of England is prepared to carry out what is laid down as permissible in the Bank Charter—namely, to hold one-fifth of the bullion held against the note issue in silver, provided always that the French mint is again open for the free coinage of silver, and that the prices at which silver is procurable and saleable are satisfactory."

At first sight these conditions appeared to be so prohibitive that the Governor's promise amounted to no more than saying, "When two Sundays come in a week we will include silver in our bullion store." And there was some tendency, especially on the part of journals which were annoyed by having been outpaced, to accuse the *Times* and its correspondent of having misled public opinion by giving prominence to one side of the question, while suppressing the other, which whittled away the greater part of the objection to it. But, nevertheless, it is no exaggeration to say that the opinion of bankers and business men—except, of course, those who were directly or indirectly interested in raising the price of silver—emphatically condemned even the very qualified consent given by the Governor. The conditions that he laid down might or might not be prohibitive, but it would have been more simple and direct for him to have replied that under no circumstances whatever would the Bank of England put into the bullion store held against its notes any proportion of a metal which would be absolutely useless as an asset in that connection, seeing that it could not be tendered in payment of notes when presented.

If we look at the weekly return published by the Bank on the day of the meeting, we find the liabilities and assets of the Issue Department were distributed as follows: the notes issued amount to £49,750,000, against which, on the credit side, there are £33,000,000 worth, roughly speaking, of gold coin and bullion, the balance being made up of "Government Debt," and "Other Securities." Now, it is well known that the number of notes that may be issued against securities is strictly limited by law, and that for every £5 note issued above that limit there must be £5 worth of bullion in the Bank's vaults. There is no need now to revive the controversy which raged

over the provisions of Peel's Act of 1844; but it will at least be acknowledged by those who are most fully alive to the stiffness, want of elasticity and other disadvantages charged against the Act, that this stipulation, which makes the bank-note practically a bullion certificate, has been the main factor in raising London to its present position as the financial and monetary centre of the world.

"Formerly," wrote Walter Bagehot, "for many purposes, Paris was the European settling-house, but now it has ceased to be so. The note of the Bank of France has not, indeed, been depreciated enough to disorder ordinary transactions. But any depreciation, however small—even the liability to depreciation without its reality—is enough to disorder exchange transactions. They are calculated to such an extremity of fineness that the change of a decimal may be fatal, and may turn a profit into a loss. Accordingly London has become the sole great settling-house of exchange transactions in Europe, instead of being, as formerly, one of two."

Balances, which amount in the aggregate to an enormous sum, are kept by foreign financial institutions in London, and millions' worth of London bills are held abroad, simply because every one knows that London is the only free market for gold, and that the only legal tenders in London are either gold or the Bank of England note, which is practically a bullion certificate. This is the fact which makes us the world's banker and the world's financial Clearing House, and thus brings us in an almost incalculable amount of profitable business. Knowing this, the City resents the notion that under any conceivable circumstances the metallic basis of the English bank-note could possibly be watered by the introduction of silver, even to the extent of one-fifth, into the bullion store held against the note issue. For as long as silver is legal tender only up to 40s., it is obvious that its presence as an asset in the Issue Department would be purely ornamental, since it could not be used to meet the sudden presentation of a large number of notes. Under these circumstances, it is not wonderful that the first news that the Bank had consented to make this change was received with an incredulous smile.

However, he smiles best who smiles last, and the correspondent of the *Times* must now be radiant. For he had hinted in his letter that the Bank's assent was "perhaps given in very guarded terms," and though the Bank's conditions at first appeared to be almost prohibitive, reflection rather encouraged the opinion that the conditions stipulated were not so entirely beyond the bounds of practical politics. The negotiations to which the Governor referred in his speech are in progress and there is, indeed, no doubt that a "deal" is now under discussion, by the terms of which France and the United States are to re-open their mints to silver, and we, by way of a *quid pro quo*, are to water the basis of the Bank's note issue, re-open the Indian mints and make certain other concessions. Now as to the United States,

the platform of the Republican party at the last Presidential Election included "international Bimetallism" as one of its planks, while that of the Democratic party was chiefly based on free coinage of silver without waiting for foreign nations. With regard to France M. Méline is credited with an eager desire to re-open the mint to silver, and it is merely a question as to whether he could persuade the majority of his countrymen to such a measure. Some remarks in the French press do not indicate much goodwill towards the proposal. The *Débats* is quoted as saying that the resumption of free coinage (of silver) in France would be enough to secure the admission into a lunatic asylum of the persons who proposed it, or the Government who passed it, while the *Liberté* expresses the opinion that the free coinage of silver would be a veritable Sedan of finance, and would bring France down to the level of Spain or one of the South American Republics. Nevertheless, the fact remains that negotiations are, or were, actually proceeding with a view to bringing into being the chief condition stipulated for by the Bank, so that, without the outburst of indignant public feeling provoked by the timely revelation of what was going on behind the scenes, it is perfectly possible that the Bank might have found itself bound to put its assent into practice. As to the second condition, which stipulates that the prices at which silver is obtainable and saleable shall be "satisfactory," its terms are so vague that it can have little meaning, and there can be no doubt that if the Bank, finding its first condition carried out, had tried to wriggle out of its engagement by giving a fancy interpretation to the second, it would have provoked far more indignation abroad than if it had refused point blank at the first.

Indeed, such a supposition is quite inconsistent with the honourable traditions of the Bank in its dealings with all the world, and though it would be interesting to have an official "gloss" on the second condition explaining what it really means, it cannot in any case be accepted as affording the Bank a real loophole for escape. Under these circumstances, we have to face the fact that the Bank, by giving this conditional assent, with the full knowledge that the condition insisted on was a matter of negotiation, and so within the bounds of possibility, brought itself within measurable distance of being obliged to water its metallic assets held against notes by the introduction of a metal which is not legal tender, and reverse the policy of building up a large stock of gold that has been steadily pursued ever since 1890, when the Baring crisis alarmed the City into considering its position seriously. If such a change of front had been made by a politician under the exigencies of party warfare, he would have been damned as a weathercock at the mercy of every shifting breeze. What is to be said when it is carried out by an institution, the stability, firmness, and consistency of which form the basis of English credit? A year

ago the Bank of England startled the money-market by suddenly raising its rate of discount when its position was apparently one of overwhelming strength. When it had recovered from its first shock of surprise, the City heartily approved of this unexpected departure, and thanked its stars because the lesson of the Baring crisis had at last been learnt, and a new policy, with a far higher ideal with regard to the dimensions of the bullion store, had been inaugurated by the Bank. And now we find the Bank consenting to water its bullion store with silver, if only the French will open their mint to the free coinage of the metal.

There is no need to discuss at length the question whether France by herself, or France and the United States together, could maintain silver at any given price by opening their mints to its free coinage. Enough has been said when we point out that such an attempt broke down in the past and that everything which has since occurred in connection with silver and the silver market, has added to the difficulties which proved overwhelming nearly a quarter of a century ago. So that if the Bank is allowed to put into practice the amiable good-nature which impelled it to consent provisionally to some concession to silver, it runs a very great risk of finding itself at the end of a year or two, or a month or two, with some six or seven millions' worth of metal in its bullion store which would be saleable only at an enormous sacrifice. Perhaps the stipulation that the silver should be saleable at a "satisfactory" price, mentioned in the Governor's letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was meant to hint at a Government guarantee, so that if the experiment broke down, the Government, that is the taxpayer, should pay the damage and not the Bank shareholder. It is obvious that the question whether the loss was borne by the nation or by the Bank would be a matter of minor importance, when compared with the world-wide damage to English credit that might be involved by any such weakening of the basis of the Bank note. And it becomes more astounding that any such concession should have been dreamt of, when we consider how worthless it would have been as any real support to the price of silver. The purchase of half a dozen millions' worth or so could have had but a merely temporary effect on the market for the metal. The Sherman Act, which made continuous purchases compulsory, broke down under the weight of the inexhaustible supplies of silver; and yet it is apparently believed that it is worth while to make the Bank buy one lump—a considerable mass it is true—which would have had no more permanent effect on the silver market than the withdrawal of a bucketful of water would have on the sea level.

It is admitted that the Bank's assent was given as an answer to representations from the Government. "We have no negotiations," said the Governor, "with the Commissioners who have arrived from

America; they are negotiating with the Government." Politics are happily beyond our scope at the present moment. But it is a fact of which both the supporters and opponents of the Government should take earnest note, that secret negotiations, happily exposed in good time, which involved the possibility of a dangerous blow at English credit, were being conducted by Lord Salisbury's Cabinet.

The fact that the Government was the prime mover does not excuse the Bank. It is a common mistake to suppose that the Bank is a State institution, and practically a Government department. This is not so. The Bank is a joint-stock trading concern, which is only connected with the Government by keeping its balance and transacting its financial business. Its real strength, which once was based on this connection with the Government, is now due to the fact that it keeps the balances of all the other banks, and thus has the control, for which it pays nothing, of an enormous, and comparatively stable, sum of money. The other banks have often been urged, in recent years, to form a joint metallic reserve of their own, and so make themselves independent of the Bank. The obvious drawbacks involved by such a breach with tradition have prevented its being seriously considered, but the Bank cannot expect to have a free hand to indulge in any vagaries which the Government may recommend, without consulting the opinions and wishes of its chief and most valuable customers—the joint-stock and private banks. The system on which the Bank is administered has always been open to attack on logical grounds, since its Board is chosen from the mercantile classes, and does not admit those who have any personal connection with banking. The ablest and busiest men amongst directors have not, as a rule, the time to spare that is required by the duties of the Governor, and hence it happens that the chair is seldom occupied by those who are best fitted for its functions. It has always been supposed, however, that the store of common sense and business capacity at the disposal of the Board is sufficient to prevent serious mistakes. But a curious side-light has been thrown upon the system of the Bank's government in the course of the recent exposure. The Governor's letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which he says that "the Bank of England is prepared to . . . hold one-fifth of the bullion held against the note issue in silver, provided," &c., was dated July 29. And yet Mr. Grenfell, "one of the senior members of the Bank Court," as he describes himself, wrote to the *Times* on September 11—a month and a half later—and said, "I doubt if any opinion has been recorded or any determination come to at all." A comparison of these passages can only lead to one conclusion—namely, that Mr. Grenfell did not know that the Governor had written the now famous letter to the Chancellor. And yet the Governor, in writing, did not merely speak for himself; he answered for the Bank of England's willingness, and thus pledged the Bank to a momentous

step without—if we are to accept the only possible inference from Mr. Grenfell's letter—having consulted his colleagues on the Board. Thus it is obvious that, if the Governor really enjoys, or can assume, autocratic powers of this kind, the sooner some limitations are placed on his prerogatives the better. Even if only the most highly trained financial experts were elected to the Governor's chair, it would be most dangerous for one man to be allowed to pledge the Bank to a revolutionary step without inviting the assent or dissent of his colleagues. But, considering that the Bank directors are chosen so young that their ultimate development is almost a matter of hazard, and are then allowed to grow up, by mere lapse of years, into the Governor's position, there is little need to dwell on the mischief that is rendered possible by the placing of any such autocratic power in the hands of an officer who must be respectable, but may be either foolish or wise, as luck decides.

CORN HILL.

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.

THE article which has appeared under this title in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* has naturally attracted a good deal of attention. It is ably written. Its survey of the situation is, on the whole, as accurate as it is comprehensive, and the writer drives home with effect some truths which I have myself been preaching—*vox clamantis in deserto*—for years. The writer sees clearly—what the mass even of educated people in England do not see at all—namely, that to reform the Turkish Empire by means of Mussulman administration is a sheer impossibility. For Mussulman administration is based upon the Koran as expounded by the Traditions, which are its infallible interpreters; and this Koranic law has put an impassable barrier between the Muslim and non-Muslim. The latter can never become a citizen of a Mussulman State. He lies under disabilities which the Mussulman ruler has not the power, even if he had the will, to remove. For these disabilities are not legislative enactments or administrative provisions which one ruler may impose and another annul. They are in the strictest sense articles of faith prescribed by an immutable creed, and have settled the *status* of all non-Muslim subjects in every Mussulman State from Mohammed's time till now. To ask the ruler to change or modify this state of things is in fact to ask him to become an apostate and forfeit *ipso facto* the allegiance of his subjects. This is the key to the Eastern Question, and it is because the statesmen and diplomatists of Europe have persistently closed their eyes to the fact that they have made such a mess of the question. The experience of generations has demonstrated the utter futility of their method of reforming Turkish administration, and Lord Salisbury has done well to insist on coercion of the Sultan as a necessary preliminary to any future scheme of reforms. Under

coercion, but under no other condition, the Sultan can accept some modification in the *status* of his Christian subjects. But if the coercion stops there things will remain as they were. The area embraced by the scheme of reforms must be withdrawn from the practical control of the Sultan. Christians and Muslims must be put on a footing of equality ; in other words, the Koranic law must be abolished in practice—an offence against Islam which no Sultan could perpetrate spontaneously without forfeiting his throne. For the last fifty years the Cabinets of the European Powers and the embassies on the Bosphorus have included men of great knowledge and sagacity. How is it that not one of them has recognised the essential facts of the situation ? They have invariably dealt with the Sultan's Government as if it were an ordinary secular Government amenable to the principles and doctrines of civilised States. It is in fact a theocracy of a perfectly unique kind. In the belief of orthodox Muslims the Koran is an uncreated book existing *verbatim et literatim* from all eternity, before the throne of Allah, in the Arab tongue. According to Muslim belief Mohammed had absolutely nothing to do with the contents of the book. They were dictated to him, not in the form of ideas to his mind, but word by word, in an audible voice, by the Archangel Gabriel. The Koran professes to be the last revelation of the divine will to man in an eternally stereotyped and unchangeable form. This is the fundamental doctrine of Islam—a divine revelation perfect and final in every item and detail within the four corners of a book existing eternally. It must be evident to any one who grasps that fact that reform, progress, development, under Mohammedan rule, is, in the belief of Muslims, not only unnecessary but impious in addition. Hence the formula of Khalif Omar which committed the libraries of Egypt and Persia to the flames : "If the books agree with the Book of God they are superfluous ; if they differ from it, they are impious. In either case let them be destroyed."

Islam has thus embedded in its very vitals four vices, which doom it to perpetual sterility and barbarism—polygamy, slavery, prohibition of free thought, and an impassable chasm between the Muslim and the rest of mankind. These are an essential part of the system, and the system is not only a polity, but a creed deemed eternal in the heavens. Mecca is the high-water mark of Islam, not Moorish Spain or Sogdiana, where Islam was an exotic under alien influences. Wherever Islam has grown from its own roots alone Mecca is the criterion of its capacity for civilisation.

But Turkey lies under a special and peculiar disadvantage, even among Mohammedan states, arising from its language. Its literary language is a heterogeneous composite of Turkish, Arabic and Persian. Less than a fourth part of it is Turkish ; the rest is a mixture of Arabic and Persian, in which Arabic predominates. To the great

mass of the population the Turkish of literature and society is thus a foreign tongue which they can neither read nor write. In Turkish proper there is no literature at all, and the Turks of to-day are, in the mass, as ignorant as the Ottoman hordes which in the Middle Ages burst on Asia Minor and Europe from the hills and steppes of Central Asia. Their language is still the uncouth jargon of the Turkomans, the tongue of barbaric freebooters and warriors, and is too poor and limited even for the purposes of civilised commerce, and still more for the arts and sciences. And the Turks of the Ottoman Empire are, in fact, an encampment of soldiers, without science, art, literature, commerce, or industries, doomed to perpetual barbarism by their politico-religious system.

What hope is there of reforming such a Government as this through its own machinery? Absolutely none. Sterile as its god, it is incapable of development or expansion except in a military sense. Its only hope is in assimilating, as Japan has done and is doing so marvellously, the ideas and methods of Christendom. But from this it is for ever barred by its fateful book, which forbids under pain of eternal damnation any progress, material, intellectual, or moral, beyond the narrow vision of an illiterate Arab of the seventh century of the Christian era. Here lies the great difference between the Mosaic theocracy and the Mohammedan. The former was professedly prospective and incomplete. Israel's great Prophet died alone outside the Promised Land, and "the Lord buried him" in an unknown grave. His work was done, but the nation was to go forward and look for another Prophet, greater than Moses, who should fulfil the Law and gather all nations under His banner by beating their swords into ploughshares and reigning over them as a Prince of righteousness and peace. The gaze of the Jew was thus directed ever forward to a future deliverer and a new dispensation, not backward to the Prophet of the desert and his temporary legislation. The gaze of the Muslim, on the contrary, is ever backward to a black stone in Mecca and the tomb of his Prophet in Medina. Intellectual and moral aspirations he has none. The highest inducements which his book offers him are the spoils of conquered infidels in this world, and the joys of a sensual paradise in the next. You may talk with an educated Turk about reforms and the need of advancing with the times, and he may agree with all you say; but you go, and your Turkish friend remains imperturbably where he was—an unprogressive Muslim. His religion has become a second nature to him, and although his reason may admit the validity of your arguments in favour of progress, they make no impression on his character. In Islam he lives, moves, and has his being, and Islam closes the door of hope on all its loyal adherents. Contact with Christian and Persian civilisation has, in days gone by, inspired reflecting Muslims with

the hope and ambition of explaining the Koran away so as to make it compatible with civilisation and progress. But all such hopes and efforts inevitably failed, as will surely the endeavours of the Young Turkey party. Calling themselves Muslims, they are in truth Comtists and Agnostics, who have no following whatever among orthodox Muslims. Their dreams of a parliamentary *régime* in Turkey appeal to one's sympathy, but are beyond the range of rational expectation. Parliamentary government in Turkey would mean equality before the law for all creeds, and that, as I have shown, would be equivalent to the abolition of the creed of Islam, which is based on the eternal and unapproachable superiority of the Muslim. Everybody who has studied the Mohammedan system and has a practical knowledge of the question will agree in this. By way of specimen, I quote, with the writer's permission, the following letter from a gentleman who holds an official position in Turkey :

"CONSTANTINOPLE, August 18, 1897.

"The Rev. MALCOLM MACCOLL, M.A.,

"Canon of Ripon.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest your admirable book entitled 'The Sultan and the Powers,' and I take the liberty of addressing you these few lines to add my testimony to your appreciation of the character and policy of Sultan Abdul Hamid.

"I have been living in the Ottoman dominions since 1837; have spent three years in Armenia, Erzerum, Mush, Bitlis, Van and Kharput; have visited the coast of Syria, have lived for fifteen years at Tripoli in Barbary, and have been in close contact with the course of events in Constantinople since 1857.

"With the knowledge acquired of the manners and sentiments of the people amongst whom I have resided for so many years, I feel that I am able to testify to the truth of every word you have expressed in that book, relating to Turks and the Mohammedan faith. I am astonished, however, that England, who sways over an immense Mohammedan population in India should have accepted, with regard to the Ottoman Empire, a policy incompatible with the Mohammedan creed and which, it ought to have known, could not be carried out by any Sultan.

"It is said that, at this very moment, the Great Powers are bringing pressure to bear on the Sultan in order to compel him to introduce *reforms* in the administration of his country that would satisfy his people. They therefore seem to ignore that no reform based on an equality of all races and creeds before the Law could possibly be carried out by Abdul Hamid in his dominions.

"The promulgation, by Sultan Abdul Mejid, of the Hatti-Sherif and Hatti-Humayun, and on the strength of which the Turkish government was incorporated with the governments of Christian Europe, are edicts that no Sultan nor any other Mohammedan potentate could enforce. The same may be said of a constitutional parliamentary administration. The longer, therefore, that the six Great Powers waste their time and efforts in endeavours to introduce *reforms which cannot be carried out* in Turkey, the more they will prolong the agony of its non-Mohammedan population.

"Abdul Hamid's policy has evidently brought the *Eastern Question* to a crisis that might end with the abrogation of the Treaty of Paris, and which

would place Turkey again at the mercy of Russia; or with the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, at the risk of a great war, arising out of the resistance that would be offered by the Turks on the one hand, and out of the mode of disposal of the Turkish dominions amongst its victors, on the other hand.

"The Turkish mob at Constantinople is becoming very saucy towards Christians since the massacre of the Armenians in Constantinople and the crushing defeat of the Greeks in Thessaly, and we require another Ignatieff to bring them to their senses. In the meanwhile, I cannot but deplore the lamentable apathy into which *civilised Christian Europe* had fallen, when it looked on with folded arms at the butchery of its fellow Christians by a savage despot.

"Trusting that you will pardon me for troubling you with these lines,

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

" * * * * "

I entirely agree, therefore, with the writer of the *Quarterly* article, that reforms in Turkey are absolutely impossible through the machinery of Mussulman administration and control. But I cannot accept his solution of the question as either desirable or feasible. The policy of creating independent States on the ruins of the Ottoman Empire he discards as a disastrous failure, and gives Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia as examples. The administration of Bosnia and the Herzegovina by Austria he pronounces, on the other hand, to be a "splendid success." He would settle the Eastern Question accordingly by partition of the Turkish Empire on the following lines. Austria should begin by pushing her way to Salonica and Macedonia in one direction, and to Albania in another. But inasmuch as "Bulgaria and Greece have both shown their incapacity for self-government," we are left to infer that they too must be devoured by the Austrian anaconda. The absorption of Servia is taken as a matter of course. England is to have Egypt and Syria, while Russia would "extend its influence over Armenia and Asia Minor." "Constantinople would be made a free city." What the share of France would be is not explained, further than by the vague suggestion that the policy which the writer recommends "should be one of a comprehensive character, and involve an understanding, not merely with reference to the Balkan peninsula and Egypt, but also as regards Syria, Persia, Central Asia, Tunis, and the Far East."

The first thing that strikes one in this proposed distribution of the Sick Man's territories is some remarkable omissions. Besides the cavalier waiving aside of French claims—for Tunis can hardly be regarded as part of the Ottoman Empire, and, in any case, France is securely seated there—what about Italy and Germany? Does the writer seriously believe that those Powers will claim no share in the spoils? Italy makes no secret of her intention to claim Tripoli and perhaps some part of Albania. Nor has she ever formally renounced

her dream of "Italia Irredenta"; it only slumbers in deference to the exigencies of the Triple Alliance. Germany, too, has her eye on Turkey, and has busied herself for the last forty years in establishing German interests and in extending German influence in Asia Minor and Syria. When the Sick Man's knell has at last sounded Germany will surprise the world, as she did in the case of South Africa, by claiming a respectable slice of Turkey on the ground of German interests. That the *Quarterly* writer, who is so evidently well informed, should have overlooked the certain determination of Germany and Italy to veto his scheme is curious; but that he should have imagined that France would quietly acquiesce in the annexation of Syria by England is amazing. From the days of the Crusades to the Syrian campaign of Napoleon France has felt a romantic interest in Syria, and has never abandoned the hope of one day acquiring the supreme guardianship of the Holy Places. It was, indeed, her premature attempt to realise that dream that led to the Crimean War; and that apple of discord may yet wreck the Dual Alliance. Neither the Catholic population of France nor the Orthodox population of Russia will allow its Government to forego its claim on the Syrian shrines, and both would unite to exclude England.

Another singular omission in the political diagnosis of the *Quarterly Review* is the case of Roumania, the largest of the States carved out of Turkey. His significant silence apparently admits that Roumania at least has been a success. But she, too, had her period of transition through disorders and corruptions to her present condition of prosperity and power. Her powerful neighbours, for their own selfish ends, kept the Roumanians in thralldom as long as they could. And the great sinner in that crime was Austria, which has always been the foe of freedom in South-Eastern Europe and the Levant. By every kind of chicanery and intrigue Austria strove desperately to rivet the yoke of the Turk on the neck of Roumania till circumstances enabled herself, as she hoped, to dominate the Balkan peninsula and the Danube. In 1858 Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury made a valiant attempt in the House of Commons to persuade the Government of the day to support the union of the Danubian Principalities, and thus help the Roumanians forward in their career of freedom and development; but they were defeated by the combined forces of Disraeli and Palmerston, who strenuously supported Austria and Turkey. The Roumanians, however, took their future into their own hands and decreed their union in spite of the Concert of the Powers, which was then sitting in solemn congress in Paris. But it took Roumania twenty years more to find its stable equilibrium. It was not till 1878 that Roumania achieved its independence.

But Bulgaria is not yet independent, and it is still in its nonage. The *Quarterly* gives Bulgaria an existence of eighteen years. It

ought to have said twelve, for it was in 1885 that Northern and Southern Bulgaria united themselves in violation of the Treaty of Berlin, but with the prompt sanction of Lord Salisbury, who was then Premier and Foreign Minister. I venture to think that the success of Bulgaria has been more "splendid" than that of Austria in Bosnia during its longer period of occupation. Behind the Austrian occupation of Bosnia was an old and powerful empire with the resources of centuries of civilisation to draw upon. Bulgaria, on the other hand, is a population of peasants but recently emancipated from centuries of cruel and degrading bondage. Yet in that brief period it has established order, covered the country with schools, organised a fine army, and managed its affairs so well that its credit is excellent in the markets of Europe. Life and property are as safe in Bulgaria as in England, and there is less administrative corruption than in some of the ancient States of Europe.

If the able writer in the *Quarterly* had been more set on probing all the facts than on finding arguments for his thesis, he would have made allowance, not only for the wonderful progress which Bulgaria has made during the twelve years of its existence, but also for the difficulties, not of its own creation, which beset it. On its borders in Macedonia is a kindred population restored by the Great Powers to Turkish rule, but with a promise—never redeemed—of securing some amelioration of its lot. This is a chronic cause of trouble and disorder to the Bulgarian Government. It must be added that the Treaty of Berlin was drawn up entirely in the interest of Austria and to the serious detriment of the Balkan States and of Greece. It was at the instance of Austria—which indeed made that a condition of taking part in the Berlin Congress—that Bulgaria was cut in half; and it was Austria which instigated the Servians to make war on Bulgaria in 1885 in order to rescind the union after she had failed to persuade the Sultan to do so. The Berlin Treaty, moreover, gave Austria control over the internal affairs of the Balkan States in the matter of railways and external commerce, and she has used her rights mercilessly to her own advantage and to the very serious damage of her neighbours. Another gross injustice was to saddle Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro with a proportionate share of the Turkish debt as the price of their annexations, and England with a tribute for Cyprus, while Austria was allowed to annex two fine provinces without paying a farthing for them. The limits of space will not permit me to describe in detail the devices by which, under the ægis of the Treaty of Berlin, Austria has succeeded in hindering the prosperity and development of the Balkan States, shutting out all commerce but her own, and thereby inflicting much damage on British trade. But I must give one more example of Austria's Machiavelian policy in the Balkan peninsula. In addition to the mutilation of Bulgaria, to serve

her own interests, Serbia, instead of receiving from the Berlin Congress the ancient Servian territory which she claimed, and where she would be welcomed by her kin, received a slice of Bulgaria for the purpose of creating a standing feud between those two States, so as to prevent their coalescing against Austria. To prevent a similar coalition between Serbia and Montenegro, which united would make a strong State, Austria has driven a wedge between them, and contrived to give Montenegro, instead of a slice of Herzegovina, a portion of Albanian territory inhabited by a population alien in race and religion, in order to keep Montenegro in perpetual hot water. Her policy is to foster jealousies and animosities among the Balkan peoples till she is ready to absorb them in succession, her last prize being Constantinople, that goal of so many ambitions.

Greece has been much more heavily handicapped even than Serbia and Bulgaria. She has never had a fair chance. Canning's policy was to give her not only Crete, but most of the islands, as well as Thessaly and part of Epirus. That would have made her a respectable State, with ample resources for rapid development. We know how Canning's sagacious scheme was truncated by Austria, using the Duke of Wellington for her instrument, and how Prince Leopold refused the throne of Greece, foreseeing the impossibility of supporting an independent State on so meagre a patrimony, especially without Crete. It is an example of the levity with which the frontier of Greece was drawn, that the Duke of Wellington insisted on withdrawing Samos from Greece on the ground that its population was Roman Catholic, and would therefore become subservient to France; the fact being that there was not a single Roman Catholic in the island. The Duke confused Samos with Syros. This is an illustration of the spirit in which the frontier of Greece was finally drawn. The object aimed at was not the well-being of Greece, but petty considerations inspired by the mutual jealousies of the Powers. Austria tried hard to prevent the recognition of Greek independence, and secretly instigated the Sultan to reject the intervention of Great Britain, France, and Russia.

The kingdom of Greece was thus started on its career so heavily handicapped that the wonder is that it has succeeded so well. It is only those who forget the state of Greece when it was delivered from Turkish rule that can describe the Hellenic kingdom as a failure. "The City of the Violet Crown," as the Turks left it, was for the most part a collection of mud hovels. It is now a city of marble houses, handsome streets, schools, museums, academies, and an excellent university. And what has happened in Athens has happened more or less throughout the rest of Greece. The commercial progress of Greece may be exhibited in one or two sentences. In 1831 the exports from England to Greece amounted to just £535, its imports from Greece to £38,000. In 1835 the former amounted to £30,077,

and the latter to £117,000. Compare these figures with the present trade of Greece, and then say whether Greece has been a failure. The writer of the *Quarterly* article himself bears admiring testimony to the fine qualities of the Greek race under fair conditions, and gives instances of what they have done so splendidly for the cause of education and progress. Then why despair of the Hellenic Kingdom because its success—largely owing to untoward circumstances—has not fulfilled the hopes of all its friends? The Greeks of to-day have many of the faults and failings of their classic ancestors; but they have great virtues, and, given fair play, they may still look forward to a great future. Their recent disasters are partly due to the miscalculations of an ardent and a generous patriotism, and partly to the bungling diplomacy of the European Concert aggravated by the sinister designs of some of its members, including Austria, which has been a deadly foe of Greece since the establishment of the kingdom. Greece is not so low now as it was after the Persians destroyed Athens. That disaster revealed many defects which the Greeks set themselves vigorously to correct, and was the prelude to the most glorious period of Greek history. The present disaster, too, may be a blessing in disguise if it spurs the Greeks on to the correction of faults in their administration and constitution, and helps them to realise that true freedom in a State implies a due subordination and correlation of the various parts of the body politic.

According to the *Quarterly* article Russia has given Austria "a free hand to push forward gradually towards Salonica," and apparently towards Macedonia. Does he imagine that Russia has given that permission in return for Austria's agreement to make Constantinople "a free city"? If so, he must credit Russia with a degree of political altruism which passes my understanding. But even granting his assumptions, a free hand from Russia, as Russia knows well, is by no means all that Austria needs to reach Salonica and Macedonia. In Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, and among the Slavs of the Balkans generally, Austria is hated with a bitterness far more intense than that felt for Turkey. Turkish administration is of course hated by those who are still under its yoke. Yet even the Macedonians would rather postpone their emancipation than exchange the rule of the Sultan for that of Austria. They believe that deliverance from the former is a question of time, whereas the yoke of Austria would be permanent. And as for the emancipated Slavs, the one thing to uproot their mutual jealousies and unite them in the bonds of a fraternal alliance would be a movement of Austria towards Salonica. Greece would join the alliance, and all would make a league with the Sultan in self-defence sooner than let Austria fulfil the programme sketched for her in the *Quarterly Review*. Bulgaria has already taken that course, and scathing attacks have been made on Prince Ferdinand in some

organs of the British press for "kissing the bloody hand." I am not an admirer of Prince Ferdinand, nor am I likely to be suspected of excessive tenderness towards Abdul Hamid. But I must say frankly that, much as I should hate the idea of doing either, if forced to make a choice I would rather kiss the hand of the Sultan than the hand of any of the potentates under whose passive sanction he perpetrated his massacres. To any one who has carefully studied the law and doctrines of Islam it is easily conceivable that all through his massacres the Sultan believed that he was fulfilling the will of Allah. It is probable that the massacres of the Armenians no more pricked his conscience than the extermination of the Canaanites pricked the consciences of Joshua and his host. He could shield himself under the sanction of the Sacred Law of Islam, as Vice-Consul Fitzmaurice has shown in his appalling report of the massacre of Ourfa. But the Governments which virtually supported him have no such excuse. They deliberately violated their consciences in the service of Mammon. I declare that nothing in all the conduct of Abdul Hamid has horrified me so much as the cold-blooded declaration of the Minister of a Sovereign who bears the title of "Apostolic," that the Great Powers of Christendom ought, in their own sordid interests, to stand idly by without lifting a finger "to put a stop to the extermination of the miserable Armenians."*

The day on which Austria moves towards Salonica she will find her march barred by the united forces of Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and probably Greece. The common enemy of them all will unite them all against her. Bulgaria can on short notice put 120,000 excellent troops, thoroughly equipped and well officered, into the field, with trained reserves behind them. Servia could on an emergency mobilise 100,000 men; Montenegro 20,000, and Greece 60,000. Well led and properly trained, the Greeks would confessedly make admirable soldiers. Add to these forces a Turkish army of 100,000 men, and the advent of Austria to Salonica will hardly seem a probable contingency. Indeed the attempt, instead of winning her another province, would be more likely to lose her the two which she filched from Turkey in 1878. Her success there is not altogether so splendid as it seems to those who see it through Austrian spectacles. Of course she has rescued Bosnia and Herzegovina from barbarism and restored them to civilisation, and her rule is naturally popular with the 300,000 Roman Catholics who inhabit those provinces. It is anything but popular with the Pravo-Slavs or Orthodox, who compose the majority, and they would rejoice in any reverse that might befall her. The Tsar may therefore regard with equanimity the designs of Austria on Salonica and Macedonia, knowing how little chance they have of being realised. Russia has by no means resigned her hope of form-

* *Turkey*, No. 2 (1896) pp. 210, 252-3, 290,

ing a confederation of Balkan States under her influence, and she will certainly not suffer Austria to supplant her. Moreover, the Magyars already chafing under the predominance of the Slav element, would energetically resist any further Slavification of Austria.

It is commonly supposed—and the writer of the *Quarterly* article appears to share the opinion—that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between Bulgaria and Greece. The impression is unfounded. Not only did the Bulgarian Government assure the Hellenic Government of its sympathy on the Cretan question and its glad acquiescence in the annexation of Crete to Greece; but it opened negotiations with the Cabinet of Athens, with a view to a friendly understanding and common action in regard to Macedonia. The Bulgarian proposal was that Bulgaria and Greece should together draw up a scheme of reforms for Macedonia, and, after obtaining the sanction of the Powers, offer the scheme to the Sultan. The Greek Government rejected the proposal on the ground that the scheme would come to nought. That was more honest than wise. Bulgaria replied: "We know as well as you do that nothing will come of the scheme; but we shall appear before the world as acting together in the matter, and that will have a great effect, and will be a warning of 'Hands off!' to any ambitious outsider." If Greece had agreed, Bulgaria would have endeavoured to persuade Servia to join the combination. This shows that the mutual antagonisms of Greece and the Balkan States are by no means insuperable, and a common danger may precipitate an alliance. Events are forcing them to see that, while they are quarrelling over the unappropriated spoils, a powerful neighbour may step in and carry them off. They have all therefore abated some of their pretensions. The following anecdote illustrates the possibility of the most unlikely combinations in face of a common danger. After Bulgaria had scoured Europe in vain for a successor to Prince Alexander, Stambuloff sent a secret agent to the King of Roumania to offer him the union of Bulgaria under the Roumanian Crown. The kingdom of Roumania, thus enlarged, could put an effective force of 620,000 soldiers into the field, and Stambuloff's proposal was to take the first opportunity of marching suddenly on Constantinople and making it the capital of a Roumano-Bulgar kingdom. King Charles was captivated by the idea, but said that he could not adopt it until he had consulted the *doyen* of his House, the German Emperor. The Emperor refused his consent, and the scheme fell to the ground. At present, however, Bulgaria has no grand ideas of that sort, and is anxious to come to an understanding with Greece and Servia on moderate and reasonable terms.

The events of the last two years have shown that the real danger overhanging the Christians of Turkey—both those already emancipated and those still in bondage—is from the great militant Monarchies

more than from the Sultanate. That is doomed, and the question for Greece and the Balkan States, and Armenia also, is now whether they will not be wise to turn their backs upon the Concert of the Powers and unite in coming to terms with the Sultan in a league of mutual defence against the devouring eagles. The Sultan cannot alter the legal *status* of the Rayahs; but he can do much to mitigate its cruelty in practice. He can, in entire accordance with the Sacred Law, appoint Christians to any posts in the civil administration of his empire. More than one of the most eminent of his predecessors employed Christians even as grand viziers. He is acute enough to see that his great military patrons are protecting him at present for the same reason which makes cannibal tribes pamper a prisoner—that they may devour him when they are ready for the feast. The emancipated States and the Rayahs are now more afraid of the Christian Powers than of him. Let him avail himself of that feeling, and make haste to agree with them whilst he is in the way with them. Even as regards Greece, he would be wise to break off with the Concert and come to terms with King George. Since he must leave Thessaly in any case, the only bone of contention is the indemnity. By direct negotiations with the Cabinet of Athens he might secure the whole of the interest till the capital was paid off, whereas, if he take Germany for his “honest broker,” he will find that most of the indemnity will find its way to Berlin. He would also find the same policy pay in regard to Crete. I am extremely suspicious about the autonomy promised to Crete, and fear it will be a stepping-stone, after the example of Bosnia, for handing the island, with its superb harbour, over to one of the trade, if not political, rivals of Great Britain. There, too, the Sultan would be wise to come to an understanding with Greece, and it is to be hoped that the British Cabinet will put its veto on the nomination, as Governor of Crete, of any subject or creature of one of the Great Powers. The Sultan would, further, do well to take advantage of the widespread feeling among the Jews to return to Palestine. There has been a great influx of them into the Holy Land during the last twenty years, and they now far outnumber in Jerusalem all other races together. Let him lease Palestine to them. So far from being a danger to him, they would be a protection, keeping out more formidable claimants, and enriching his treasury with the tribute of a land which, under their revived husbandry, would again abound in wealth and become the emporium of a thriving trade. It is as surprising as it is lamentable that the wealthy Jews of Europe have so little imagination as not to see the fascinating prospect which restoration to the Holy Land, with its vista of glorious possibilities, opens up to them. They claim to be citizens of the countries wherein they dwell, and fear that the revival of a Jewish State would destroy their *status* in the various States of Christendom. But, in matter of fact, they still exist, wherever they live, as “a peculiar people.”

traversing the ocean of humanity, as the Gulf Stream does the Atlantic, without mingling with it except in minute dribblets. Besides, the Jews were largely dispersed among the cities of the world long before the extinction of their polity. But what is curious is that the Jewish opponents of the Zionist Congress so signally fail to see the new dignity and *status* which a political home of their own would give them in the world, with its healthy reflex action on the character of the race. I have never myself been touched by anti-Jewish prejudices; but they exist, and have an injurious effect on the Jews themselves, else why do they take pains, as many of them do, to disguise in various ways their names and race? The Jew would cease to be despised if he had a country and a metropolis of his own with representatives at the Courts of kings. That Disraeli would welcome with enthusiasm the restoration of the Jews to Palestine is plain from his writings. Their gifts in the realm of literature and art are proverbial, but will never blossom to maturity out of the soil and atmosphere which gave them birth. Surely they may be regarded as the degenerate sons of a race that has been dowered with an illustrious past and apparently predestined to a mysterious future, who still prefer "the flesh-pots of Egypt" to the Promised Land, the home of their fathers and the heritage of their nation.

I entirely agree with the *Quarterly* writer that England's true policy is to come to an understanding with Russia. Once we purge our minds of what Lord Salisbury lately called "an antiquated superstition," we shall see that our interests clash nowhere with those of Russia; certainly less than with any European Power save Italy. I am glad also to find the *Quarterly Review* in agreement with what I have so often insisted on—the utter impotency, except for mischief, of the Concert of Europe. "The Sultan," says the *Quarterly*, "knows that if there is any menace he can afford to despise, it is one addressed to him by the Concert of Europe. He is perfectly aware that Turkey has never been obliged to submit except after isolated intervention." It is in the Levant and the Balkan peninsula that British interests are just now most seriously menaced, and they are menaced by Austria and Germany, who have conspired to bring about for their own ends the ruin of Greece, and are determined to force her, if they are allowed, inside the iron fence of commercial agreements, by means of which they hope to monopolise the trade of South-eastern Europe. While seeking openings for trade in distant regions, we are allowing what promises to be some of the richest markets in the world, at our own door, to be gradually closed against us. The success achieved by Austro-German diplomacy at Constantinople, if ratified by the Hellenic Government, means the extinction of Greek independence and fatal damage to the influence and trade of England in the Levant.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

AN AUSTRALIAN IN EUROPE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

ENGLAND was slow to comprehend the Imperialism which treats the population of the entire empire on the same footing of social and political equality. Soldiers who won great battles in India, statesmen who established great institutions in Canada or Australia, had to drop the military or civil distinctions which they won by their public services when they passed the Cape of Good Hope, and become plain Messrs. Brown, Jones or Robinson in England. Down to the reign of George III. it was universally held that a colonist was not entitled to manufacture a hobnail or a horseshoe, or to carry the produce of his country to European markets in his own ships. Even Chatham and Burke, who defended the political liberty of colonists with generous zeal, regarded them in the region of industrial progress as social serfs. A returning colonist whose name rang through distant lands, had no recognition at the Colonial Office, or was regarded only as a political poor relation. With responsible government they obtained the power of protecting themselves, but the social recognition came later. It began with a man of genius. Sir Lytton Bulwer, when he was Secretary of State for the Colonies, directed Governors to send him letters of introduction with any notable colonist returning to Europe, that he might personally communicate with them. Lord Carnarvon systematised and enlarged this judicious policy, but still the public understood it imperfectly. I have seen a great assembly of colonial Governors, statesmen and soldiers at a banquet which the Lord Mayor of London gave in their honour, and though there were numerous speeches, not a single colonist was invited to open his lips; the old Christy Minstrels of British politics were the only speakers at the colonial banquet. Mr. Chamberlain has finally set the matter

on its right footing, and colonial statesmen and soldiers have been received in the metropolis as guests of the empire.

At the era I write of, a little over thirty years ago, I returned from Australia after ten years' residence in Melbourne, during which I had more than once held political office, and taken a constant share in public affairs. I brought no introductions to the Colonial Office, and did not trouble myself about them at all. I was returning among friends whom I loved, a curious observer of, but no longer an actor in, the public affairs of the country. I recall my observations in that day because they revive many subjects the interest of which is renewed, and which are probably of not less consequence now than when they were made.

When the *Great Victoria* took a pilot on board in the British Channel, I heard the tragic news that Richard Cobden had died suddenly, and I was well persuaded that he had not left an honest man behind. My first inquiry was for my letters. I had fixed my business address at the office of Edward Neale, consul for the Argentine Republic. Neale was originally a journalist, and a very notable one; his "Metropolitan Gossip" in a Liverpool newspaper was the undoubted origin of the prolific family of London correspondents. Though he was an official entitled to wear a gorgeous uniform and a cocked hat, he insisted on describing himself as an old newspaper hack. I find this entry in my diary:

"Neale's freshness and faith are marvellous. He believes in David Urquhart as Omer believed in Mahomet, or St. Just in Robespierre. Urquhart, he tells me, after his experiment in the House of Commons had failed, operated on public opinion through Foreign Office Committees (established in the great towns of the North), who support a small Parliamentary party faithful to him."

David Urquhart, I fear, has got a good deal forgotten in latter years, but in the fifties and sixties he attracted wide attention. He was a Scotch gentleman of ancient family, who had been a diplomatist, and in 1855 he got elected for Stafford, and won the sympathy of Irishmen by declaring that the repeal of the Union was an urgent British interest. We did him the service of getting his aide-de-camp, Chisholm Anstey, elected for an Irish constituency, and he came to Ireland to confer with us on the policy of the session. He was manifestly a man of ability, but the effect was diminished by fantastic manners, and overshadowed by a self-esteem so prodigious that it cast an air of ridicule on whatever he proposed. An extract from the diary may give the reader some idea of this strange phenomenon:

"I called on Mr. Urquhart at Morrison's Hotel. He received me arrayed in orange silk trousers, and a caftan of some green material, and looked like an Oriental pasha condescending to mate for a moment with the dullards

of the West. A magnificent portfolio lay before him worthy of a Secretary of State. I congratulated him on the probability of his entering Parliament.

"Yes, he said, if he could form a solid English party, who, in addition to performing important services to the empire, could repeal the Union, it would repay him for diverting a brief space from the serious business of his life.

"'You have graver business than Parliament?' I queried in some surprise.

"'Yes,' he said, 'my business is in the generous, simple, noble East, not among the mean intrigues and cabals called Parliamentary government.'

"'You don't approve,' I said, 'of English liberty as embodied in the will of the people?'

"'I approve of English liberty,' he replied, 'as embodied in the will of the Sovereign. My late illustrious friend William IV. contemplated, if he had been happily spared, certain changes in the system which would restore true liberty, protected by its natural guardian, the only safe, reliable and disinterested friend of the people, their king. It was the right of Parliament to present its opinions to the king, and his right to weigh them and decide.'

"I laughed, and suggested that the king would not decide, one might presume, without a colloquy with his mistresses, like some of his predecessors. What a gorgeous Council of State Charles II. could consult without quitting his salon! His late illustrious friend was not a Solomon, but he doubtless knew that his father had lost the American colonies by following his own unaided will.

"'Oh!' Urquhart exclaimed, 'you are poisoned with the gas of the thing called Western Civilisation, the damnable modern practice of ruling the wise by the foolish.'

"May I inquire,' I said, 'if you propose, in this year of grace 1846, to substitute the will of the Queen for the will of the nation?'

"No,' he said, 'my present purpose is quite different. I hope to bring Lord Palmerston to justice. In his early and unfriended youth he was sold to Russia and has never been able to escape from her grasp. As he grew more important he became a more useful and subservient agent. To betray England is the price of his daily bread. And he can never escape; no one thwarts the policy of Russia and lives. When a great person dies prematurely the newspapers announce "a visitation of Providence," but a wise man murmurs "a visitation of Russia."'

"How has Mr. David Urquhart escaped the poisoner's cup or stiletto?' I inquired; 'he has been thwarting Russia to the best of his power.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'and if I succeed my time will come. I am not yet formidable enough, but whenever I am troublesome to Russia, she will dis-embarrass herself of me.'

"The remainder of your menaced life will be spent in Parliament, I suppose?'

"Not at all; Parliament is an episode in a greater career. I cannot long neglect the 40,000,000 of men who depend on me for inspiration and guidance.'

"Forty millions!' I exclaimed. 'May an ill-informed Western inquire where this numerous family resides?'

"They reside in the most interesting countries in the East of Europe. Who guides the Hungarian? Lajos Kossuth, you will say; well, perhaps so, but after Kossuth they look to me most of men. On whom do the Poles rely? It would be difficult to name any one who unites the confidence of

so many of the two parties into which they are unhappily divided as myself. The Moslems? No one can compete with me there. The Sultan is unhappy if he acts without my advice, and when I go to Byzantium, my first, my longest, visit is to the Queen Mother. When she will see no one else, she sees me.'

"'Good gracious!' I murmured; 'there is no scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?'

"'Gossips will be gossips, of course; but assuredly there is no ground for scandal in the conduct of that excellent woman.'

"'Is that your whole *clientèle*?' I inquired.

"'No,' he said. 'The Servians, the Walloons and the Moldavians go to make up the 40,000,000, without counting the Druses of Lebanon, who have no reliance but on me.'

"During this colloquy Urquhart kept his fiery Celtic temperament under complete control, and I tried to follow his example.

"'With such allies,' I ventured to suggest, 'I wonder you have not struck some great stroke in the world.'

"'And haven't I?' he replied. 'I saved England from a Chartist revolution; there would have been a great explosion, and probably a general overturn, but for my influence with the leaders.'

"'In that case,' I suggested, 'the explosion is only postponed.'

"'No, I am taking measures to render it impossible. When the leaders are educated they will understand they can get all they want at a cheaper rate than violence. After four years in a workman's college they will be familiar with history, philosophy and political science, and not likely to commit *bêtises*.'

"'It will be a costly experiment,' I suggested, 'to create, endow, and maintain such a system of education for a whole people.'

"'No,' he said, 'they will learn all they need by conversation with me.'

"Mr. Urquhart uttered these marvels in a level voice, without rhetoric or emphasis; very much, indeed, like the ordinary gossip of a morning call. It is not a bee the man has in his bonnet, but a beehive!"

But on reflection I seemed to recognise truth in the prophet David's warnings, which has fallen too much into abeyance. The sum and substance of Urquhartism was: Russia has designs. These as being inimical, in his view, not only to England, but to humanity all over the globe—the aim of the Romanoffs being the restoration in their own person of Roman universal empire—he held it to be the duty of every Englishman to trace out and expose. But he cared nothing for "motives," whether good or bad, true or false; whether on the part of Russia herself, or of her agents avowed or occult. He dealt only with facts, with results, whether consummated or on the high road to be so, and claimed to have so mastered the knowledge of her system that he could scarcely be mistaken. The tools, he added emphatically, with which Russia works are Cabinets, bought, cowed, or deluded. The most startling incident occurred as I rose to withdraw. A waiter brought in some letters for Ross of Bladensburg, a man of fortune and character. Urquhart coolly took the letters, opened and read them. Noticing my glance of astonishment, he said that his relation to his friends authorised him to treat their correspondence as his own.

I murmured my thanks that I was not one of his friends and withdrew.

Returning to the subject of Urquhart, Neale declared :

"He has proved beyond controversy to the satisfaction of the House of Commons that Palmerston mutilated the form and habitually altered the sense of public documents before submitting them to the House. The object was to screen Russia, and it was shown that in fifty-four instances he had expunged the name of the Tsar in despatches and inserted some other expression. The forgery of a despatch, Neale insisted, was as serious, and, might be, infinitely more serious, than the forgery of a Bill of Exchange; when it assailed the interest of the State it became high treason. 'And the net result of all this,' I said, 'is that Palmerston is one of the most popular men in England.' 'Yes,' said Neale, 'we live in an age of levity and ignorance, but he ran a risk of destruction. Bright stated the case against him in 1861, and but for the succour of Disraeli, he would have been ruined.' 'But Urquhart,' I suggested, 'has been doing other work; I hear of his name in connection with the Turkish bath.' 'Yes,' Neale rejoined, 'he has taught Englishmen to wash themselves as Mussulmans do, and shown them a short cut to India through the Isthmus of Suez—a great project which Palmerston of course opposes in the interest of Russia.' Neale assured me he himself was still faithful to his early Irish convictions. He is a thoroughly honest man, greatly esteemed, I find, by Sir William and Sir Charles Napier, and unspoiled by the demoralising atmosphere of newspaper offices."

My correspondence realised the meaning of an Irish "caed mile failthe." Before I landed welcomes and receptions were proffered, which showed that the men with whom my life had been associated, at any rate, were not disposed to forget me. The member for Leitrim, an ally through all my Parliamentary career, and notably so in the contest over my Parliamentary qualification, offered me his town house and servants during my residence in London.

A similar letter came from Richard Swift, the former sheriff for Middlesex, who promised to gather all that remained of our old party at a political house-warming.

"We went [says my diary] to spend a few days with Swift at his pleasant home at Wandsworth. How little Australians and Englishmen know of each other's habits. He proposed to astonish my boys with a noble flock of lambs reaching almost to two hundred; the eldest had been recently on a run in Australia where there were forty thousand sheep! An Australian wattle is the pride of his green house, and the children are more familiar with the wattle on a thousand hills than English boys with the hawthorn. I will send him an emu, or black swan, when I return to the south."

John Forster asked me to make an immediate appointment to meet a few old literary friends, and there were a sheaf of letters from my own country.

I came home for rest and recreation after assiduous labour, and speedily found myself entangled in more engagements and undertakings than embarrassed me in Australia. Many of them were

merely social, and they sometimes involved long journeys and much loss of time; but they brought me a reward that was more than compensation. For a couple of weeks I found it impossible to visit Cheyne Row, and my dear old friend, Mrs. Carlyle, was impatient that I did not find her earlier:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,

"Wednesday, April 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—Mr. Carlyle read in a newspaper ten days ago that you had returned from Australia, and were stopping in London. I said it couldn't be true; for you wouldn't have been many hours in London without coming to see *us*. But Mr. C. thought otherwise—that you might have found no time yet—and he desired me to put George Cooke (a friend of ours who can find out everything) on discovering where you were lodged. Had this failed, I suppose he would have advertised for you in the *Times*, if still you had made no sign!

"You may figure, then, how glad I was when your letter and basket arrived to me this morning, just as I was starting off for my long daily drive. Since I came back I have done nothing but admire the various presents you have sent me, and think how kind it was of you to collect these things for me so far away.

"But we want to see you; when will you come?

"Mr. C. says he is going to call for you to-morrow morning: but most likely you will be gone out. So it would be best to make an appointment to meet here at dinner, say at six o'clock, when a man's day's work is or ought to be done! Name any day you like, only let it be soon, if you please, for I am impatient to see you.

"Affectionately yours,

"JANE W. CARLYLE."

In all England, and in all Ireland afterwards, there was but one woman each to welcome me with the frank and cordial salute, and I rejoice always to remember that Mrs. Carlyle was one of the two who so honoured me. Men of many moods and many opinions found their way to me daily. A few fragments picked indiscriminately from my diary of that day will illustrate the life in which I found myself immersed in London better than a formal narrative:

"Dined at the Stafford Club with Cashel Hoey, and met Blake, the new member for Waterford, a Young Irelander out of date. Blake complained of the dreadful monotony of life in Parliament for men who take little or no share in debate. 'You want a little society,' I said. 'Woe is me; I did want it,' he replied, 'and I got it; but the remedy is worse than the disease. I was introduced lately to a family of a mother and two daughters of distinction, who had seen better days. On my second visit the mother inquired if my horses were in town; the poor girls, who used to ride daily when we lived in Devonshire, are pining for a little exercise. My horses not being in town (nor in the country), I had three from a livery stable twice a week for a month, at a cost of £30. We naturally grew more familiar, and the old lady asked me one evening whether I had fruit or flowers sent over from my Irish estate. No, I hadn't, but there was a garden lying between the Strand and Fleet Street where for five guineas a week the deficiency was made up. The young ladies were musicians, and enabled me occasionally to enjoy Mozart and Beethoven. The dear girls

play for you, observed the old lady, but not the latest music; they have never heard the new opera which London is crazed about. They did hear it, of course, and a box, bouquets, and ices seriously swelled my weekly commissariat account. By-and-by a dinner at Richmond; mamma and the two girls with two friends of my own sex. Carriages, bouquets, dinner, £25. Since that time I devoted myself steadily to business in the afternoon.' I must have greatly altered, for Blake positively asserts he would not in the least recognise me, a bronzed and bearded man having replaced the pallid student of his experience.

"The O'Donoghue, the grand-nephew of O'Connell, called on me; he is a remarkably handsome young fellow, dressed with great care; in fact, a dandy, but not, I fear, a man of originality or resources. He thanked me for putting him up for Clonmel (in 1855), but said his O'Connell relations were wrath with him for consenting to stand against John, and, worse than that, at my nomination. He represents the extreme wing of Nationalists at present, in concert with G. H. Moore. He talks very agreeably and, I am told, speaks in Parliament with considerable effect; but he has nothing to say that suggests hope or confidence. He told me he went over to Boulogne to meet John Mitchel, with a view to closer concert between Irish and American Nationalists, but nothing came of it, because of Mitchel's distrust of G. H. Moore, and Moore, I understand, distrusts Dillon, and meantime life fades away and nothing is done. 'Alas and alas! for the once proud people of Banba.' O'Donoghue spoke of the Fenians. Stephens, he said, called on him, and asked him to join them. In reply he requested to be told what number of men, and what quantity of arms, ammunition, and money they had accumulated. Stephens said he would be placed on the Supreme Council and furnished with this information if he became a Fenian; if not it would be impossible to disclose to him the secrets of the organisation. O'Donoghue suggested there was one thing Stephens might do without disclosing these secrets; let him muster 10,000 men in any place where he (O'Donoghue) could inspect them, and he would recognise the solid strength of the organisation and negotiate with it; but this was never done.

"I had a good talk on recent Australian affairs with Childers and Clarke,* breakfasting with the latter the other day. They admit that Australia is imperfectly understood at home, of which there were some curious instances recently in the Press and in Parliament. I am very much disposed to deliver a speech or a lecture in vindication of Australia, not on behalf of any party, but in the interests of the colony to which I feel under so much obligation."

When I called a second time on Neale for my Australian letters, he spoke with extraordinary enthusiasm about a young Irish member, Pope Hennessy, whom I had not yet seen. Disraeli's rise to political importance, he says, was nothing to Hennessy's. Disraeli failed over and over again in getting into Parliament; Hennessy got in at once, and he made no fatal failure in the House, but rose from the beginning. He would certainly sit in the next Cabinet. I inquired whether he did not mean that Hennessy would be a junior Lord of the Treasury? "No, no," he said, "he ought to take nothing short of the Cabinet, and he will become a millionaire as well as a states-

* The present Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clarke.

man. Important concessions had been made to him in Continental countries—by the Pope, for example, and at the Tuileries. He was at home with everybody, from Pio Nono to Louis Napoleon, who was his personal friend. The Irish priests applauded him, and so did the Irish Fenians. He had negotiated a great commercial transaction with Rothschild *tête-à-tête*." I inquired if he was going to become a new John Sadleir? "No," he said, "he was an honest man, who meant well to Ireland, and would be of effectual service to her by-and-bye. There was no one in the Tory party between him and Disraeli." I suggested that, if a benighted colonist might venture on an opinion, I thought some case might be made for Mr. Cairns, Lord Robert Cecil, and Lord Stanley; or, to limit myself to his own countrymen, Whiteside and Napier. But Neale had an answer ready in every case. Hoey, who does not rate Hennessy as extravagantly as Neale, says it is undeniable that he has established friendly relations with various powers, potentates, and dominions, bitterly hostile to each other, and that Disraeli is fond of him.

My way to Neale's lay through Whitehall; the last fragment of poor old Parliament Street still protrudes itself between the Foreign Office and the new Palace of Westminster, like a front tooth broken and jagged—a very miserable and ridiculous spectacle. If I were Prince of Wales (which, the Lord be praised, I am not) I would find a career in extinguishing the fog by the aid of science, and, with the help of some architect of genius, making London one of the handsomest cities of Europe. One cannot stir out of doors without seeing something that ought to be amended, something that ought to be suppressed, something that ought to be supplied.

A day or two later Pope Hennessy called on me. He is a dapper, dandified little fellow, with a frank, cordial smile. He told me, if he had been ten years older, he would have been an active ally of mine in 1848. His father bred him up as a vehement Nationalist, and he only waited a fair opportunity to serve the good old cause. He urged me to return to the House of Commons, and pledged himself for one warm supporter. I asked him about his relations to John Dillon, for whom he professed respect and affection.

On Sunday I generally went to Chelsea, and after a pleasant gossip in the little sitting-room at the foot of the stairs with Madame, I sallied out with Carlyle and walked for several hours in Hyde Park or Battersea Park, talking as of old. I rarely could remain for the evening, as John Forster had provided a treat which I found irresistible. Robert Browning had promised to dine with him for some Sundays in succession, and Forster proposed that I should make a third. He knew that I had regarded Browning, since I first read "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" in an ill-printed pamphlet, as the first poet of his age and country. I have found in my diary a note of

the first evening, which occupies as much space as I can afford in this place for these pleasant symposia :

"Before Browning arrived, Forster said that, in his opinion, the poet was hopelessly misjudged by the bulk of his contemporaries. I suggested that that was what ordinarily happened to an original man, especially to an original poet. It was not so very long since Englishmen utterly disregarded Wordsworth; afterwards they were diverted by the shallow impudence of Jeffrey at his cost; and, finally, they acknowledged him as the greatest poet of his age. The same process was probably recurring with Robert Browning.

"I had the satisfaction of seeing Browning for the first time. He is middle-sized, slight, grey bearded, with a small but well-shaped head. His personal utterance wants depth and force, and gives the idea of a much less powerful man than he is. But he is gracious and winning in a high degree. After dinner we adjourned to a singularly agreeable smoking-room, lined with encaustic tiles, and cooled with ferns and creeping plants. The talk fell first upon Palmerston, whose death filled the newspapers. Browning and Forster agreed with a suggestion of mine, that the tone of the London press about him was false and altogether misleading. He was not, Browning said, what they represented him to be, and no human soul believed that he was. I spoke of the *Pall Mall Gazette* as an experiment in journalism which ought to succeed. It substituted for the heavy joints and coarse vegetables of the daily press an intellectual *menu* of small, pleasant *plats*, delicately cooked and daintily served. Browning agreed that it was the perfection of a paper for people who wanted to know what was going on in the world, as a man might learn it at a club or over a dinner-table; not as it was furnished by reading-room or news agencies. Forster said he had not yet seen the journal, but the extracts he read in other papers did not attract him. I asked Forster who was mimicking Fonblanque in the *Examiner*. Why, Fonblanque himself, he said. He was a man of feeble organisation, who had kept himself alive for many years by careful regimen and general watchfulness, and he could not refrain from his old pursuits. Browning said his own father, who was a careful liver, had reached eighty-five, and was still vigorous and alert. The conversation went off to Wordsworth. I said Carlyle considered Wordsworth the best talker in England. Browning said he was certainly not at all so in latter years; he spoke little, and only on subjects that interested himself, without respect to the taste of his audience. The first time he met Wordsworth was at dinner; Savage Landor also was present, and both poets invited him to take wine with them after the kindly fashion of that day, and never was a youngster so intoxicated with delight. I said to Forster that the portrait of Savage Landor in his memoir of him had the look of a wild animal, the mouth ready to snap at you, and in the eyes there seemed to lurk a savage reserve of brooding discontent. If the ten commandments were written in Francis Horner's face, a majority of the seven deadly sins seemed to lurk in that mouth. Forster said that the portrait was ill-engraved; Landor's explosion of wrath covered a generous and sympathetic nature, always eager for the right and the true. I asked Forster how it came that Dickens, in one of his last prefaces, could declare that he had not Leigh Hunt in his mind when he painted Harold Skimpole. It was a cruel caricature, turning foibles and weaknesses into crimes, but it was undeniably Leigh Hunt. 'Oh,' said Forster, 'if you had seen the proofs before they passed through my hands you might have better grounds for that opinion. So much was cut out

that we persuaded ourselves that the salient traits were effaced, but too many of them remained. Dickens was alarmed at the impression he had made, and did his best to repair the wrong, and doubtless, like the queen in the play, did protest too much."

Browning thought Hunt had been ill-treated; he had been punished with a severity his offences did not justify. Yes, I said, for the second time, at least, in Hunt's life his insouciance and levity had been visited with a savage scorn which ought to be reserved for breaches of honour. Moore plunged him in a bath of vitriol for his book on Lord Byron.

"But fed as he was, and this makes it a dark case,
With sops every day from the lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg 'gainst the noble beast's carcase,
And ——— does all that a dog so diminutive can."

We know now, Moore knew then, that Byron was selfish and arrogant, and sorely affronted the sensitive poet whom Shelley loved so well. Hunt's two years' imprisonment, for suggesting that the immaculate Prince Regent associated with persons of doubtful repute, was not a greater injustice than Moore's pasquinade.

From Moore's humour the talk passed to that of Southey, which Browning professed to admire. I said I must correct my judgment on this point by so high an authority. I had always considered Southey's comic poems dull, and even dreary. There were one or two exceptions, perhaps, and the others had sometimes a happy line, but how did he compare with Canning, Praed, or Moore? Browning replied that Southey's humour was of a different *genre* from that of the poets I named, but he deemed it good of its kind.

The talk wandered to Ireland. Forster said he thought Irish complaints were always exaggerated, and often altogether unfounded. They complained of things which were the necessary and inevitable results of the British Empire. Was it a necessary result, I inquired, that the Irish should pay for the most profusely endowed Church in Europe, with which they refused to have any dealings? Certainly Forster said; it was a necessary result: the Irish were a minority in the Empire, and must accept the Church and the other institutions of the Empire as a consequence of that fact. I inquired if the Scotch and the Lower Canadians were not in the same condition, and yet altogether escaped this inevitable penalty. Browning said he thought Forster's doctrine altogether indefensible. The Catholic Church was the Church of the Irish people, and the Protestant Church the Church of the English people, and this was a fact of which legislation might properly take cognisance. I said I was pleased to have Browning's support for so just and reasonable a doctrine, especially as I found throughout his poems the Catholic Church so habitually disparaged that I should have expected him rather than Forster to condemn it

to perpetual subjection. Browning replied that the allusions to the Catholic Church which I complained of were mainly attributable to local circumstances. He had lived in Italy, and he took his illustrations of life from the facts which fell under his notice there; had he lived in England he would probably have taken them from the Church of which Forster was so enamoured. I said I had always assumed that one of his illustrations from the Catholic Church which was English and certainly unfriendly, Bishop Blougram, was intended to suggest Cardinal Wiseman. Yes, he said, Bishop Blougram was certainly intended for the English Cardinal, but he was not treated ungenerously. I rejoined that I had lent that poem to a remarkably gifted young priest, who considered it more offensive than the naked scorn of Voltaire and Diderot. Browning spoke of Irish poets, and I asked Forster for a volume I had recently given him containing several of Sir Samuel Ferguson's poems. I read some verses of "The Welshmen of Tirawley."

Forster said the ballad was vague and rhapsodical, with quite unnecessary repetitions of the same idea in varied phrases. I told him that he was criticising, as if it were a blemish in the poem, peculiarities which belonged to Celtic literature, which were reproduced by Ferguson with singular skill and success. The vagueness of which he complained was certainly not a characteristic of the poem; it opened with a savage directness, which it never lost. Browning maintained an attentive critical silence, but, to my surprise, did not utter any opinion. When we left, I walked away with Browning, and promised to visit him next day, which I did.

In political business at home there is no avoiding a public dinner, and I was entertained at a dinner at St. James's Hall, which revived in a curious and significant way the main incidents of my political life. A generation earlier I had founded *The Nation*, in concert with two friends. One was in his grave, but the other, John Dillon, sat by my side. I was tried with O'Connell and others in 1843, and one of the group, Sir John Gray, was there. Later came a time of trial and danger, and D'Arcy McGee, one of my closest associates in that trial and danger, who, in whatever else he was changed, had at least remained steadfast in his kindness to me, was also there. In the conflicts with the State which followed, if I came through triumphantly, I owed the result largely to the skill and legal acumen of a learned friend, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, who sat near me. In 1852 I entered Parliament, to test the principles of independent opposition, and to obtain through them a recognition of the just rights of Irish tenantry; all who survived of that party sat around me, augmented by the recruits who came into Parliament since my departure to sustain the same principle. And, by a happy accident, some of the men who were my colleagues in the Parliament of Victoria happened to be in

London, and swelled my welcome home. An old speech is commonly as wearisome as an old dream, but there was an incident on this occasion worth noting. Robert Lowe, who was opposing a Reform Bill then in progress, had recently in Parliament disparaged the democracy of Australia by suggesting that the payment of a shilling fee frightened them from acquiring the franchise. I took this occasion to remark that Mr. Lowe was much mistaken in the motive. The applicant was required to attend personally at the registry office, and personal attendance meant the waste of a day's wages, and perhaps the loss of a nugget; but, suppose he were right in his facts, I could not see how it helped his argument that the democracy ought to be refused the franchise in England. If I might call in question the logic of so accomplished a dialectician, it appeared to me a very inconsequential argument to contend that, because the working classes in Australia were indifferent to the franchise, it was dangerous to grant it to them in England, lest they might swamp all the other classes by their eager exercise of it. It was the subject of much humorous banter at the time that the *Times* sided with the returned colonist against its own favourite contributor:

"Mr. Gavan Duffy," it said, "had more reason on his side than we like to admit in his retort to Mr. Lowe's strictures on the Australian Parliament."

Next morning Mr. Edward Wilson, proprietor of the Melbourne *Argus*, wrote:

"I have had read to me with great pleasure your speech at St. James's Hall, and I am very glad to find that you are taking up the cudgels against what I can only describe as the odious, slanderous propensities of John Bull."

John Forster wrote:

"Let me tell you, my dear Duffy, with what pleasure and cordial agreement I read what you are reported to have said at the dinner on Saturday."

"You have, I hope, forgiven me all my levities in our late Sunday night's talk, for which I am ready to confess and do penance in any mode you may prescribe."

The speech seemed to have satisfied some of my Tory friends as well as the Liberals. Sir Emerson Tennent wrote me:

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—I have read your essay on Australian politics with the same conclusive satisfaction that it has given to every one I have spoken to."

"Should we be fortunate enough to find you unengaged for Thursday next (7th), it would give us great pleasure if you would dine with us at 7.15 o'clock. A round table and some intelligent friends."

"Faithfully ever,

"J. EMERSON TENNENT."

A few more extracts from my diary will carry me through this period :

" Called on Robert Lowe by appointment to-day. He received me with great cordiality, and with a more beaming face than I ever noticed on him before. He spoke with perfect frankness and unreserve of his own position ; it was not probable that he should come into the present Government, which was not likely to last. Lord John was a selfish little fellow who had no friends, and his colleagues, except Gladstone, were not very competent. Of Lord —, of whom I inquired sympathetically, Lowe said he was getting on in office as well as a tenth-rate man could expect. I told him we were dissatisfied with Cardwell in the colonies. He said Cardwell meant well ; he had known him for forty years, since their college days. Cardwell had a quick, even mind, lively, but not of great compass.

" Lowe then spoke with indignation of the attempt to revive transportation to the colonies. If he had been on the Select Committee he would have prevented it, and he believed Childers had tried to do so. I said Childers's personal success was gratifying to the colonies. Yes, he said, he had been reasonably successful, a result which owed something to the fact that he was a near kinsman of Sir Charles Wood. He asked me about Michie, and spoke frankly of his correspondence. I said Michie was faithful to Australia in the *Times*, but we felt that he (Lowe) had not been kind to his old country ; articles which we attributed to him disparaged everything Australian. He said his hopes of a future for Australia were greatly mitigated. When men educated in Europe ceased to go there, and the governing men had to be taken from colonial classes, it would fall very low. ' You tell me what great things you are doing now,' he said, smiling, ' but wait till the larrikin comes on the stage. When one reflected,' he went on, ' on the degradation to which the border ruffians of Kansas and other Western States have fallen, it was hard to maintain a hope in popular progress and popular government. The future was a great perplexity ; it reproved the pride of race to remember that an especially good African was immensely better than an exceptionally degraded white man. God may have reserved some future for the descendants of these people which will make plain His wisdom. At present it is hard to comprehend.' I said it seemed to me Australia wanted no interpretation, property and life were as safe in an Australian city as in an English one. The Australians had met all their financial responsibilities promptly ; they fostered education and religion, and the community was as free from crime or offence as any in the civilised world. He repeated, ' Wait till the larrikin comes on the stage ; there is a large native population in New South Wales and they will soon be the masters.' "

I speedily brought my wife and daughter to Dublin, where I was plunged into affairs as if I had been only absent for a week. John Dillon, I found, was honorary secretary to a General Association, of which Cardinal Cullen was understood to be the most active promoter. D'Arcy McGee had recently arrived in Ireland from Canada, and I read with great pain and regret a lecture he delivered at Wexford, in which he described his early opinions as boyish follies, many of which he had manifestly dropped by the way. I wrote a remonstrance, and assured him, in conclusion, that though he regarded himself as a fool at twenty and a philosopher or statesman at forty, in my opinion he was much to be preferred in the former character.

Dined in the evening with John Dillon; Samuel Ferguson, D. F. McCarthy, John O'Hagan, Charles Hart, P. J. Smyth, J. J. McCarthy, and Dwyer of the *Post* formed the company. The only stranger was Mr. Prendergast, author of a book on the settlement under Cromwell, which is well spoken of. He told a story during the evening extremely ill-suited to his audience. When Smith O'Brien was at Ballingarry, Prendergast was sheltering in a farmhouse with some English newspaper correspondents, and as he had nothing to fear from the people, he undertook to go out and discover the state of affairs, and exulted in the fact that he brought them back word that the conflict took place in a cabbage-garden—a phrase which stuck. I could not refrain from telling him that if he rejoiced in disparaging a generous gentleman, he ought to exhibit the sentiment somewhere else than among that gentleman's most intimate friends. Dillon whispered to me during the dinner that he could not invite McGee, as most of the men present, since his Wexford speech, would walk out of the room if he came into it. McGee, who has seen Dillon, quite underrates the intensity of wrath he has excited. In a note to-day he treats it as a joke:

"John B.
Dillon, he
Cannot put up with D'Arcy McGee."

Next day I had a long *tête-à-tête* with Dillon. He tells me there is a conspiracy in Ireland at present (*dicit* Fenian) which has caught many of the ex-clubmen. It is entirely promoted by James Stephens, whom I would remember as a man who joined O'Brien at Ballingarry. He had come to Dillon at the outset and asked his assistance, but he regarded his project as utterly futile, and declined. I suggested that the large number of Irish officers trained in the American War gave Irish conspiracy a new element of strength. Yes, he said, but they could not come into Ireland without passing British sentinels, who would close the door on the first serious alarm. The conspiracy found favour in America, I said, judging by the Irish-American papers which I sometimes saw at Melbourne. Yes, he said, favour, but not confidence. There was at that moment an agent in Dublin, sent over to ascertain what reality there was in the representations sent across the Atlantic by Stephens. The conspirators were honest, but not competent to such a task, and no serious result was probable, or indeed possible. Fenianism did not surprise me at all. England inquired, and in a like case had always inquired, who kindled the sedition. As well inquire who boiled the smoking torrents that burst from a German Spa. Men may construct pipes and reservoirs to regulate the current, but the spring is spontaneous and the inevitable result of natural agencies.

After a little I was entertained at a public dinner, where all that remained of the National party of 1848 and the Tenant Right party of 1852 was largely represented. John Dillon occupied the chair, and on his right sat George Henry Moore, and on his left Isaac Butt, the two most gifted orators in Ireland. Archbishops and Bishops, who rarely visit public assemblies, sent letters of cordial sympathy, and popular leaders and popular priests came from every part of Ireland. I was rejoiced to tell my old friends that all I asked for the Irish farmer had been attained for the Irish immigrant in Australia. All that I asked for the Irish nation—to rule and possess its own country without external interference—was also attained in Australia, a testimony, surely, that our claims in Ireland were not unjust or extravagant. The most significant fact of the evening, perhaps, was that Isaac Butt, who was supposed to have attended only as a private friend of mine, seized the occasion to announce himself as a Nationalist of the same school as the guest of the evening, and from that time his career as a National leader may be said to have commenced. On the same occasion George Henry Moore made a speech of great rhetorical power inflamed with unexpected bitterness. He scoffed at the attempt of certain persons, meaning Dr. Cullen and his associates, to revive a National movement, after having betrayed and destroyed one of the greatest National movements Ireland ever possessed. He had countenanced the deserters, but after their defection there still remained at the head of the people's cause two men of whose leadership any people in the world might be proud, and whom any other people would have followed with unwavering confidence. One of the two was their honoured guest, and the other sat in a higher place, and still prayed for the interests of the people for whom he was martyred. It needed all the sweetness and serenity of John Dillon to prevent an explosion, for he was a supporter of the new movement assailed.

I was urged to remain at home so vehemently, so persuasively, that it was hard to resist. A General Election was at hand, and it was thought that a genuine Irish party of Independent Opposition, such as I had projected in 1849, might be re-created. John Dillon wished to have me forthwith nominated for a popular constituency, but I would consent on one condition only—that George Henry Moore and the popular priests of the Tenant League would fall into the movement. I met unexpected facilities, and still more unexpected difficulties. I told Dillon that Moore must be nominated at the same time as I was, and that I was persuaded Dr. Cullen would never consent to either of us. Dillon insisted that I was mistaken, but he was prepared to bring the matter to the simplest possible test; he would propose Moore and me as candidates at the next public meeting, and if Dr. Cullen made any embarrassing objection he would resign his office as secretary and quit the association. But Moore was

more intractable ; if Dr. Cullen remained connected with the association he must decline to associate himself with it. There was nobody living in whose integrity I had more complete confidence than Dillon's ; there never was anything in his conduct that was not frank, open, and intelligible, and if he wished to get help from all men whose honesty he did not distrust, whatever might have been their mistakes in the past, the sentiment was not strange in a man returning from a distant continent. A private conference of the old League priests was held with Dillon and me, and I found them as rootedly opposed as Moore was to any co-operation with a society of which Dr. Cullen was a patron. I thought it unwise and impossible to shut any Irishman out of public life who was not charged with dishonesty or corruption, and I determined to refuse the invitation to remain at home. Before I left, John Dillon was asked to stand for Tipperary, and he invited me to accompany him to the constituency. I had great satisfaction in the decisive opinion he expressed on Independent Opposition. "I am a thorough believer," he wrote, "in Independent Opposition as a principle of Parliamentary action, and I should feel bound to act in opposition to any Minister who will not aid in carrying a satisfactory measure of tenant compensation." He was, of course, elected ; but it is a significant illustration of the senseless and stupid policy which the Fenians borrowed from the Chartists, that a Fenian mob, in the capital of the county, silenced by clamour the most distinguished and best tested Nationalist then in the country.

When I returned to London with more leisure, I found English opinion on Australian affairs strangely ill informed. On one point I was peculiarly sensitive. Responsible government was pronounced to have ignominiously failed in Australia. In the *National Review*, under the control of men so able and so fair as Mr. Bagehot and Mr. Hutton, the most contemptuous judgment was pronounced on us. The verdict seemed to me ill informed and unfair, and I determined to join issue with them, not as a friend of the Government, but as a friend of the colony. What I projected was a book on the working of responsible government in connection with democratic franchises, which, in my opinion, had an unblemished record during the ten years I had known it. I thought I would write it during the winter. I dined with Forster to talk over the project. "He approves of the idea, and proposes to speak to Murray or Longman about publishing it, or, if I were anxious about profit, to Smith & Elder, with whom I might make a better bargain." He made various suggestions which ought to be useful, for Forster is certainly the original of Lytton Bulwer's practical man of letters, to whom he sent Lenny Fairfield to learn how to employ his powers successfully.

I desired to see Mr. Disraeli, and fortunately Mr. Disraeli desired to see me. In July Mr. Montagu Corry wrote to me : "Will you, if

convenient to you, oblige the Chancellor of the Exchequer by calling on him here on Wednesday next, the 1st of August, at half-past two?"

We talked much of Irish and Australian affairs. In Victoria, trouble had arisen with the Governor, which I assured Mr. Disraeli was attributable to the blunder of sending out a man to work responsible government who had never seen a Parliament. "Well," rejoined Disraeli, "that grievance disappears, for we have sent you out a man who was born in Parliament House and bred up in the shelter of the Speaker's robe." He asked me why I spoke to him of colonial affairs, instead of speaking with the Secretary of State for the Colonies? I rejoined that I had received counsel from a learned man very early in life—when I wanted to move anything, to go where the motive power existed. Of Ireland, he said it was his purpose to deal fairly and justly with the questions which agitated the country, and as promptly as the enormous claims on Parliament will admit.

Dr. Newman invited me to visit him at Birmingham, but when the time I could conveniently leave London (in August) had arrived, it proved too late. Father Neville wrote me from the Oratory: "Dr. Newman is away from home; he is on the Continent for a few weeks. He will be very sorry to have missed you, for he had been looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you upon your return to England."

Another disappointment, almost as vexatious, followed; Stuart Mill wrote:

"BLACKHEATH PARK, August 11, 1866.

"I had been hoping for some further communication from you, and now it has unluckily come on the very day on which I am leaving England for the Continent. I very much regret that circumstances have prevented us from meeting more frequently during your stay in this country, but, so far as regards Australian politics, I regret it chiefly on my own account, for on that subject I should have been almost solely a learner from you. If you have time to write to me at my address in France, Saint Vévian, près Avignon, it would give me great pleasure to correspond with you.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"J. S. MILL."

When the fog and the east wind became intolerable, we turned our faces to the South. Paris, Florence, Rome, of what a dazzling journey they are the *étapes*, but a prudent man remembers that it is a journey which the whole civilised world has made, and that there is nothing more to be said on that topic. The morning after our arrival in Rome, a visitor came to us, who proved to be the most gracious of friends and the most skilful of guides to the Immortal City. Father Tom Burke, the Irish Dominican orator, had risen to eminence during my absence in Australia, but I knew him and he knew me by repute, and we speedily became friends. I necessarily recognised immediately

what keenness of intellect, natural humour, and knowledge of character Father Burke possessed, but his pulpit oratory, when I came to hear him, was a profound surprise. He was preaching at the time in one of the churches in the Piazza del Popolo, where sermons are delivered weekly for the English, Irish, and American visitors of various creeds who winter at Rome, and, in a letter to his biographer, I afterwards stated the impression he made upon me :

"I had heard all the contemporary preachers of note, in the Catholic Church at least, and all the Parliamentary orators of the day, but I was moved and impressed by that sermon beyond any human utterance to which I had ever listened. I despair of conveying the sort of impression it made upon me, but I think persuasiveness was its most striking characteristic. He marched straight to a fixed end, and all the road he passed seemed like a track of intellectual light. You were gradually drawn to adopt the preacher's views as the only ones compatible with truth and good sense. His accent was Irish, but his discourse bore no other resemblance to any Irish utterance with which I was familiar. We have the school of Grattan, and the school of O'Connell, the artificial and the spontaneous, into which most Irish oratory may be distributed ; but Father Burke's belonged as little to one as to the other. The lucid narrative which, without arguing, was the best of arguments ; the apt illustration, which summed up his case in a happy phrase, might have recalled Plunket, but in truth, like most original men, he resembled no one but himself."

It was a rare enjoyment to visit the monuments and historic sites of such a city with such a guide. If a holiday-maker has seen the birthplace or the grave of the local artist or preacher, poet or patriot, when chance conducts his steps, he counts his day well spent. But when the painter is Raphael or Claude, the poet Tasso, the patriot Rienzi, and the preacher Saul of Tarsus or St. Matthew the Evangelist, written words are but a pale shadow of the feelings they evoke. To visit for the first time the noble halls and galleries, cabinets and courts of the Vatican, which vie in beauty with the treasures they contain, and make all other museums mean and dingy, is an education in art ; and what an historical study is the Collegio Romano, where one might see the identical rooms occupied by eminent missionaries and saints of the Society of Jesus two centuries ago, still containing the books and furniture they used when they were students or professors, and its noble library, where it was a pleasant surprise to find the works of Savonarola on its shelves, and the portrait of Galileo in its observatory ? And where can the early history of Christendom be better studied than in the Catacombs, the hiding-place of early popes and saints, and richer than the Colosseum itself in the blood of Christian martyrs ? Of the early history of Ireland, how much we find in San Pietro in Montorio, where our martyrs lie buried. But nothing in the capital of the Christian world, not St. Peter's or the Sovereign Pontiff, was a sight fit to match in interest to Irishmen the exhibition of the Accademia Polyglotta, where students from Asia, Africa, Austra-

lasia, and America spoke, each of them, the language or chanted the music of his birthplace, and from three continents and their outlying islands the students bore names that marked them of our own indestructible people. The remote history of Europe, when the children of Conn gave missionaries to half the known world, seemed revived again in that spectacle. What a volume steeped in tears, but illuminated, too, with glorious incidents, might be written on the Irish monuments and institutions in Rome! His own San Clemente furnished my friend with a constant text, for its Irish friars were the hosts and often the trusted counsellors of princes, from Charles and James Stuart, and Charles Edward in a later generation, down to Albert Edward of Wales in our own day, who has knit a friendship with the good friars, and, what is nobler and better, it was the constant guardian of Irish interests when Ireland had a foreign policy and a diplomatic corps hid under the black or brown robes of monks and professors. And he did not forget that other Irish house founded by the great Franciscan who was ambassador from the Confederation of Kilkenny to the Holy See, or the more modern college in whose humble church the heart of O'Connell is preserved. There is a granite obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo in which my friend found a type of the Irish race. It is covered with hieroglyphics sculptured by Egyptian artists before Moses received the tables of the law on Mount Sinai; it has seen cities grow and perish, generations and cycles come and go, the Goth and the Gaul in turn masters of Rome, the piratical soldier of fortune, and the crowned emperor holding the cradle of Christianity to pillage; but it still lifts its eternal face to the sun as fresh in the day of Bismarck as in the days of Cæsar. The eloquent Dominican saw in this eastern monument a type of the Celtic race, destined to outlive chance and change and remain fresh and imperishable in the old age of the world. One weighty saying of Father Burke's I still remember, and I have often quoted it since. Speaking of Frederick Lucas's mission to Rome in 1855 on behalf of the second order of the Irish clergy, he said:

"Lucas failed because the case of Ireland against England was necessarily ill understood at Rome. The Holy Father and the Propaganda saw every day men who bore names which they had read in English history, and who were officials of the Roman Court—Talbots, Howards, and Cliffords. The only Irishman they saw was probably some priest with an unpronounceable name, and whose Latin or Italian jarred upon southern ears. They received habitually touring English nobles and ecclesiastics who had not a good word for Ireland, for national prejudice, which is strong enough in an ordinary Englishman, is stronger in a noble, and strongest of all in a priest. And this class prejudice (he remarked) was not local, but general: one of the bitterest enemies of Poland he had ever encountered was a Russian nun, probably of noble birth. The Poles being a Catholic nation did not counterbalance the fact that they were bad subjects to his gracious Majesty the Tsar."

To my question why he did not himself undertake this neglected duty of representing Ireland truly to the Holy See, he replied that Rome was the head-quarters of the Church militant, where its statesmen and rulers were assembled, and he, for his part, was simply a private soldier in the ranks.

I had brought a pocket full of introductions to Rome, to Cardinal Antonelli, the Prime Minister, the heads of religious houses and professors in the Propaganda, and the Irish College, but I did not make much use of them. One incident I cannot omit. His Holiness was pleased to grant me a private interview. The domestic apartments of the Vatican exceed in beauty even the noble halls and galleries thrown open to the public, and the costume and uniforms of the attendants and suite were rich and effective. After passing through four ante-rooms occupied by guards, attendants, ecclesiastics, I reached the chamber where the Pope spent much of his life. It was of modest dimensions and modest appointments, and he was clothed in a robe of white woollen. His face was singularly sweet and beneficent, and his voice a marvellous organ for so aged a man. I had seen him before in public, and afterwards at the Paschal ceremonies, but I was more impressed by the simplicity and patience with which he pursued inquiries when he thought I might tell him things he desired to know. To grant audiences is one of the duties of a sovereign, but how inexpressibly wearisome it must be. An imitation monk, an English Protestant clergyman, calling himself Brother Ignatius (represented to be a prodigious blockhead), was with him the other day. Sometime after, I saw his Holiness again, when the foundation stone of the church of the English College at Rome was laid. He held a drawing-room to which a limited number of persons, scarcely reaching a hundred, was admitted. Among them were the King and Queen of Naples, the heroic Queen whose courage at Gaëta had excited the admiration of Europe. An English lady, much in favour with the Queen, came to me and proposed to present me to her Majesty. I said I greatly admired her and would feel honoured by such a presentation if it were becoming in me to accept it; but it would amount to political hypocrisy, for nearly every other person in that salon desired her restoration, and I hoped never to see a Bourbon return to an Italian throne.

In Ireland a number of Fenians had been arrested under the Treason Felony Act, and their trial took place in Dublin at this time. Though I was not acquainted with them, and thought their means and methods insensate, I was deeply interested in men who had risked their lives in the just quarrel of Ireland. I wrote to Judge O'Hagan * repeatedly on the subject. At the beginning of the New Year 1866 I said :

* Afterwards Lord O'Hagan.

"I have read the Fenian trials with mixed feelings of compassion and astonishment; 1848 was unwise enough in many respects, but anything to match the fatuity with which Stephens entrusted treasonable notices to ragged recruits who had joined him a few weeks, does not, I think, exist in the history of conspiracies. And Pagan O'Leary who no sooner met a soldier over a pint of porter than he exclaimed (like the man in the *Critic*), 'A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal allegiance to the Irish Republic—now virtually established. Can they be matched anywhere?' Poor fellows, God pity them! They had courage and devotion, which rescues them from contempt. . . . Again, 'I have been dreaming constantly of the unfortunate Fenian prisoners. Fancy the condition of men of some culture like O'Leary, Kickham, and O'Keefe, utterly without books, and without pen and ink. The circulation is commonly slow and the blood cold in a man who lives by journalism, and fancy them, as I constantly do, sleeping in stone cells! It would be a good action if you, who would be listened to, would ask Mr. Gladstone, who has told us his opinion of the treatment proper for State prisoners, to allow them books and pen and ink, and a few yards of matting for their cells. They would not be less secure, but they would be rescued from torture.

"When old Palmerston died I could not help regretting that you had not remained in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone might surely be made see, if you were within reach of his ear, that the very greatest work which remains for a British statesman to attempt is the pacification of Ireland. Peel had the glory of carrying Catholic freedom and free trade, but there is a greater work behind. I doubt if it can be attempted with advantage while a man so conceited and so fearful of English opinion as Lord Russell remains; but this Government will not last long I fancy, and after the Tories there will, no doubt, be a Gladstone Government. A poor old conceited body, beyond seventy, who thinks he carried the great Reform Bill and created the No Popery riots of 1850 is not the man for such an undertaking."

The Rev. Dr. Murray, Professor of Theology in Maynooth, who had taken much trouble to make friends for me at Rome, urged two works on me, to be undertaken in the winter holidays. I had mentioned to him that Murray's "Handbook to Rome" was substantially borrowed from an original and most laborious volume by an Irish priest, in which the inscriptions on monuments and facts of every sort, which look so well informed in Murray, had been borrowed. He urged me to review the handbook in the *Dublin Review*, doing justice to the original pioneer:

"Catholic theologians," he said, "constantly borrow from each other, without acknowledgment, whole sentences and paragraphs, word for word. Donovan, a Catholic author, takes from another Catholic author, and gives what he takes in a Catholic spirit. This is all in 'a family way,' between brother and brother. It is quite another and widely different thing, when an English Protestant plunders a Catholic writer, and smears the goods thus stolen with his own japan, and sells them as wares of genuine Protestant manufacture. Then you could give such a vivid, flashing 'flame picture' of all you saw and felt in the Jerusalem of the Christian Church. And you could put so forcibly that argument, which has never yet been properly stated, from the *sacrilege* of handing over the See of the Vicar of Christ, with its numberless shrines of God and His saints, and its relics gathered for 1800 years, into the sooty paws of that dog-faced centaur, Victor

Emanuel, to stable his harlots in the midst of them. Irrespective of all personal regard or even acquaintance, I would give a trifle for an article—even of only one sheet of sixteen pages—on this matter from your pen. For God's sake write the article!"

I did not write the review, not because the complaint was not a just one, but, before leaving London, I had visited Mr. John Murray with John Forster to talk over my intended Australian book, and Mr. Murray, knowing I was going to Rome, had presented me with a copy of his guide. I felt that to review it unfavourably would be an ungenerous return for his courtesy. The other point my friend urged related to my intended book:

"Mind," he wrote, "put no politics of any kind into your book. Every word in that direction will be a blot, a soot drop. Of course, I do not mean politics as a science or as a philosophy, but what is commonly meant by the word—*i.e.*, party politics, *e.g.*, Whig or Tory. Narrate, describe, &c., and you will produce the most charming work any Irish Catholic has ever written."

For five months we employed every day in seeing the wonders of Rome, and when Easter was over, drank of the Fountain of Trevi to guarantee our return some day. On our journey back we stopped at Genoa, at the hotel where O'Connell died; some pious hand has placed a bas-relief of his head in front of the apartment where he died. I asked the head-waiter, and afterwards the landlord, the name and story of the illustrious dead, but neither of them had the slightest idea. So the Irish soldiers and scholars of the Middle Ages are ignored; a people who have not a national existence cannot fix the attention of other nations.

When I arrived in London, I determined not to publish the Australian book, which raised too many issues, but to deliver a lecture on the misapprehensions that prevailed in England about that country. I lectured at the Society of Arts in the presence of many political friends. The lecture probably answered its purpose, for it was well received in England, and the first returning mail from Melbourne brought two editions of it, published by competing booksellers without waiting for my authority, and it was welcomed by both political parties as a just vindication of the country. Among many letters it brought me, I think one from Butler Cole Aspinall was the most gratifying:

"I and the whole community have read with pride and satisfaction your English and Irish doings, notably the lecture on our Parliamentary career.

"Your enemies even admit that you have done honour to yourself and the colony at home.

"I have no time to write at large; but I cannot but sincerely congratulate you on the feeling which your speeches at home have created here."

I returned early to London mainly to witness the great Parlia-

mentary tournament over the new Reform Bill. It was a keen enjoyment to me ; and on its conclusion I wrote my impressions to Judge O'Hagan :

" I came home last night at half-past three from the debate, having sat through two weeks of Parliamentary talk without flinching. And there were half a dozen speeches which repaid the endurance of the rest. First of all, the speech of Coleridge, who is master of the most effective Parliamentary style of any man I have ever listened to. His style is better than Gladstone's ; more refined and scholarly than Bright's. It was a high intellectual treat to listen to him.* Lowe's speech was amazing for variety and scope. It wanted nothing but a dash of passion, and a little magnanimity towards his quondam friends to be a grand oration.

" I took the responsibility of advising certain of the Irish members who consulted me to vote for the Bill, on the single ground that I believe Gladstone means better towards Ireland than any one else, except Bright."

I returned to Australia with the hope of making a second visit to Europe, which I accomplished ten years later, when much had changed, especially the relations of colonists to the Colonial Office.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

* Afterwards Lord Chief Justice.

THE CELTIC MIND.

IN the title of this essay there is a tacit assumption to which the cautious thinker may very well take exception. It implies that something going to the root of the matter may be said about average Celtic nature that is not true of human nature generally—not true, in particular, of some other human nature with which we compare it. A thoughtful friend states the objection thus: “You speak of the Celt, by which you mean practically the Irish,” he says, “as if the Irishman had characteristics exceptional in human nature. Now, in fact, he is very like the other Europeans; it is the Englishman who is so odd.”

This criticism contains a truth which should not escape us. Only behind, and overtopping the Englishman, we must place the German, who, as compared with the Celt, is still more anti-Celtic. In short, we must include in our purview all those nations in which the Teutonic race-element preponderates. These may be contrasted with the nations to the west and south of them, and one might frame a theory on the psychology of the Teuton—that strange variety of the human species. All knowledge is relative, and we must speak of human nature as we know it, more especially as we know it in these western isles of Britain and Ireland. We know the Teuton by his divergence from the Celt, and the Celt by his divergence from the Teuton. When both are present, we pick each out from the other, much as one picks out the red men from the dark men in a crowd.

It is not without interest to inquire into the psychological ground of the characteristics by which such selection is made. In a Saxon assembly we easily recognise the presence of a stray Celt, apart from accent or physique, and even after a long course of naturalisation in England. I, for one, have recognised him at first sight

times out of mind—by his gesture in every minute detail, the curves of his wrinkles, the movements of his eye, by his turn of phrase, by the tone of his feeling, by the form of his thought. Yes, whether he or the Saxon be the odder of the two, it is certain that each is an odd one to the other.

I admit, therefore, that the psychology of the Teuton would be just as good a topic as the psychology of the Celt. But I submit that on the whole, and especially at the present juncture, the latter is more interesting. This is the age of the Celtic renaissance, and the Celtic renaissance is led by the Irish Gael whose gift it is to speak eloquently in the English tongue. And the English people is rubbing its eyes and rousing its ear to listen. So even for the duller words of the mere student there may be a little attention.

It will be well to keep close to the facts with which we are most familiar—the facts, first of all, that make the extraordinary contrast between the English villager and the quaint peasant of the Irish hills. Of the Irish Celt, as most familiar, I would mainly speak, though not of him alone. I have met the replica of an Irish waiter in one of the Italian valleys of Monte Rosa. I have seen a Highlander and an Irishman look like brothers on a platform, and I have discovered Irish affinities in Welshmen at first sight. Within limits the Celtic type stands out plainly in all its varieties. We are concerned here not with the varieties but with the type. We must remember, too, that though the Irish Celt stands fairly for the type, it is not every Irishman who is an Irish Celt. Nor need this multiplicity of Irish types confuse us, because after all, though I do not propose to argue it here, it is the Irish Celt that has given a “character” to the Irish people.

What then, in the first place, are the characteristics, as observed, of an Irish Celt? And in the second place, how can these be understood as springing from some psychological difference of human kind?

In the first place it strikes all observers that Irish personality is essentially positive. Hence its force and fascination; hence also its liability to exaggerations. Hence too its contradictions; hence, most important of all, the moral dialectic by which it sustains itself.

Thus no genuine Irishman of the West ever takes instinctively to pursuing virtue in the Aristotelian manner by steering in the mean path between two extremes. On the contrary, his manner of correction when he finds himself on one extreme horn—say, in a rage of resentment—is to stretch himself over to the other horn—in the above case fellow-feeling with the person who has offended him. And this a healthy Irishman does for the most part instinctively. His capacity for swift transition from one mood to the opposite is the natural counterpart of his positiveness; it has developed as the necessary alternative to abstract self-control. Thus the moral dialectic of the

Celt is conspicuous, he being both positive and easily moved. It can hardly be said that he has any one characteristic without the suggestion of the opposite, as also a characteristic, springing to mind. The Irishman is self-assertive; true, but he is also instinct with consideration for the self-ness of another. As the one springs from a vivid sense of respect due to himself, the other springs from an equally vivid sense of respect due to others. If he allow himself to boast unduly, his good manners will presently prescribe a pause to let you have your turn. He may talk much, but he seldom loses, as so many lose, his power of listening. He is self-conscious and easily offended; but he is also other-conscious, and applies his high standard of respect due to others. His quarrelsomeness and his exquisite manners are a twin growth. He is uncompromising in his adherence to his opinion while it is his opinion; but he has a rare accessibility to the ideas of others. He is sensitive and easily wounded; he is elastic and easily recovers balance. He resents, with quick instinct to take offence, but he is quick to see the olive branch, and, even without it, is apt to console himself with the philosophy of humour.

Contrasts and transitions come to his nature with ease. Thus, his way of going right is by the maintenance of pairs of opposite qualities in him. His way of going wrong is, of course, the universal way, by concentration on one of the two; only the positiveness of his nature makes him go even more wrong than others in the absence of the compensating quality. This is because he has less natural instinct for pure negative self-control than other people. A noxious Irishman is like a biped who limits himself to the use of one leg. His correction lies in the development and use of the neglected leg. This treatment, be it noted, is good for all, but it is peculiarly good in this special case. Others can, in a sense, be cured of their mischievous tendencies, if not of their inner faults, by the negative training of checking exaggerations. Irish human nature is too positive to yield easily to this treatment; merely to check its exaggerations is to sit on the safety valve. Character is so assertive that it cannot be cured by mere regulation of conduct; for it the readier cure lies in the "more excellent way"—the development of the complementary quality. Thus virtue drives a pair of steeds; its vehicle is not the steady one-horse chaise—the steed within two limiting shafts—of the Aristotelian ethics.

From another point of view this positiveness shows itself in that chief inconvenience of Irish human nature, its indestructible irrepressibility. You may check its expression in fifty ways, but, after the immediate occasion of repression is past, it springs to view again, as vigorous in all its multifarious humanity as ever. In political contests this gives the Irishman a certain advantage, not unfruitful in affecting the decisions of Government.

But Celtic irrepressibility is as unlike the unconvertible stolidity of the Teuton as may be. It preserves itself by new developments in adaptation to circumstance. Events may greatly change the vivid being of the Celt, but they change him not by the repression of the actual, but by the development of the potential in him. Without this adaptability to circumstance, the common human lot indeed must, as a rule, crush out irrepressibility. If the plant does not turn to grow round the stone, then does the stone crush the plant. And, on the other hand, irrepressible vitality urges to efforts of adaptation. For an example, note how in present day politics the Irish people take this alien British constitution under which they live, and convert it into an instrument for their purposes, using it with such efficiency and skill as to astonish the native manufacturers. And their skill in the use of the English tongue may be cited perhaps as another instance, since they not only speak it as spoken in England, but bend it with great readiness to their own forms of thought.

Irrepressibility and adaptability are both rooted in this positiveness, or vitality of nature, which shows the wrong side of itself in occasional Celtic exaggeration. A Celt standing outside his social world would doubtless exaggerate whatever he had happened to carry with him into his outsideness. But he is too positive to stand outside more than he is obliged. His positive subjectivity requires an objective in which to express itself. So he lives *in* his social world, and it teaches him balance, correcting the emphasis it finds in him by some other emphasis which it suggests. He requires more than another, however, an adequate world demanding a completely rounded human nature from him. If such a nature be demanded he is apt to supply it and thus escape exaggeration. If not—well, the greater sort will escape one-sidedness by inventing some outlet for themselves, but the average will present us with an endless variety of quaint queer unipeds—eccentricities and self-confident individualities of all sorts. Thus it is that, in every sense of the word, the Celt at once has a crying need of much education, and can profit by it more than most.

Positiveness, irrepressibility, adaptability—with these go, of necessity, that quality of manner, an assertive personality taking itself for granted, which is either the most delightful or the most obnoxious thing according to the other features of character. A positive nature creates more than it criticises its actions—hence the danger that it will allow imperfect work to stand, the vividness of the ideal making up for the inadequacy of its realisation. It is alive through and through with instincts of expression that express themselves without fear. Consequences and other-opinion are not necessarily disregarded, but in all cases the Celt expresses *himself* in his talk and in his act, even when he is most under external influences. Hence that extraordinary appearance of originality which even most ordinary Irishmen

display. They are original, even when commonplace, by mere expressiveness of personality.

This positiveness of instinct, showing itself in all these ways, forms, as it were, the warp in the web of character.

But without a woof the warp would soon be broken by the disintegrating influences of life. The Celtic woof is that quality, whatever it may be at bottom, already noted, by means of which the actual in character reconciles itself to hostile fact by realising supplementary potentialities. The adaptability by which the irrepressible maintains itself, the moral dialectic which develops character without negation—these point to some characteristic other than positiveness *per se*.

Here it is necessary to make a simple psychological distinction between the actual and the potential in consciousness and character. At this moment, I am actually conscious of the few matters on which my attention is engaged, I am potentially conscious of all that I have ever experienced. Of these latter I am not said to be conscious; but I could be made conscious of them *with greater or less swiftness and certainty* should occasion rise. *With greater or less swiftness and certainty*—we are all familiar with the many grades of potentiality implied in those words, the slowness with which the associative process explodes in some for the reinstatement of items remote from present attention, the lightning flash with which the subconscious becomes conscious in others. The consequences of this difference are very wide. Grasp of intellect as well as readiness waits on the man whose mental processes are what we call swift.

In this quality of swift wit the Celtic Irishman is not easily surpassed. His repartee is the most punctual thing about him, his memory never laggard, his perceptions quick. These are the obvious and direct signs of his swift wit, and his claim to this characteristic is sufficiently established by them. But a mind that reacts swiftly is practically a mind that sees many points at once—*i.e.*, in a single pulse or circling of attention: hence it is a mind capable of wide intuitive—not merely logical—grasp. This is good for thought, and more important still for power of exposition. The man who has it in very high degree can condense all the main points of an elaborate argument into a circle that can be embraced by one sweep of the attention. (We all know that trouble of thought by which we forget one point when we go on to the next). Moreover this swift wit is also certain: outside its grasp of consciousness at any moment lie other items still subconscious, and if these continue subconscious their neglect is a source of error. But the swift mind is swift because it is explosive; all therefore that comes within the circle of the stimulated association springs towards consciousness—claims attention. And so, except when the absorption of attention is extreme, no item cognate to the matter in hand is likely to allow itself to be forgotten.

While we are framing our argument on the thoughts that come first to hand, others, less powerfully, but still sufficiently, stimulated, press on us with their evidence, crowd after crowd. Opposite sits the Teuton attending to two things. Here sits the Celt in need of all his positiveness to marshal his hosts. Thus, according to his knowledge, he has logical as well as intuitive grasp, a power of making the most of himself and of what he knows. No one will, I think, deny that the Irish race has this gift. It shines in the talk of the Irish peasant, however narrow his experience, it shows in the skill of the Irish M.P., and, indeed, descending a little, it is evident no less in the Irishman's aptness for competitive examinations.

The bearings of this characteristic are more readily understood if we think of it steadily as what it is in psychological analysis, namely, *a high degree of liability in the subconscious to pass into the conscious*. This is the centre of the whole matter. From this all the observed manifestations follow; it explains them. The psychological quality is no doubt correlated with a physiological quality, *i.e.*, a high tension in the nervous structures, making them liable to explode on very slight stimulus. Thus it may be that our quick-witted Irishman is what he is because he differs from the Teuton in the very quality of his nerve structure. Now this is a difference which is capable of increase or decrease even in the lives of individuals: it would seem, therefore, to be readily conceivable as the difference between two branches of the same race, slight probably in the original divergence but cumulating under favourable circumstances with the generations.

Be this as it may, and, returning to our conception of the psychological quality, we may conveniently describe it by the partly metaphorical phrase, *a high potential*. This phrase emphasises the essential fact in the mental sphere, *i.e.*, that the *potential passes readily into the actual*. Now if this be so with respect to the facts of consciousness, it is so also with respect to the formation of new ideas, and the declaration of instincts hitherto silent. Character springs from an agglomeration of ideas and instincts: a characteristic is a characteristic because of the dominance of some idea or instinct. Hence, without further parley, it is obvious that a nature with *high potentiality* is one that easily reveals itself to itself on appropriate provocation, shows faculties, qualities, good or evil, of which it knew not formerly. So the brave man finds that he can tremble with fear, the coward that he is not altogether without courage. In the Celtic mind, a field for the most part obscure is highly phosphorescent and breaks readily into light.

We set out to explain the moral dialectic of the positive man, the adaptability of the irrepressible. This quality of high potential explains them. It may be through the intervention of reason, or it may even be merely by the suggestion of opposites, but certainly

one quality in excess is a stimulus tending to evoke its opposite. Now with a high potential this tendency grows towards a certainty; the mean of reason is preserved by a balance of instincts each of which evokes the other.

And as regards adaptability to circumstance without repression, it is clear that the same quality makes this easy, except to a nature abnormally narrow. If there be anything that can respond to the circumstances it will declare itself.

This high potential is, then, the woof of our web. Looking closer, there seems reason to think that it is *the* Celtic characteristic *par excellence*, and that the positiveness which it throws into such strong relief is just the force of universal human nature, preserved in all its native vitality from the asphyxiating effect of repression by the gracious manifestations of this other quality ever reconciling nature with reason and with fact. For confirmation let us look to ourselves; do we not know that in so far as we are well-balanced the power that permits positiveness in us is the consciousness that we have seen all round the matter—taken a concrete view—and thus are guaranteed against ill-balance? Probably the least Celtic of us have, in our lives, had at least one experience of being absolutely sure that a particular course was the course to take, and have known that this sureness was grounded in the certainty that the whole of us was awake at the instant and concurred in the decision. The consciousness of being all there, and with no objection to the course proposed, not only frees the impulse from mental check, but gives that peculiar sense of inner freedom and power which marks to himself all the actions of the positive man. If I have no doubts and feel myself to be all there, then I have no fear of doubt and am quite sure. Thus, the more *concretely*—i.e., as one whole—my mind reacts, the more positive am I, whether right or wrong. Lack of this concreteness shows itself in hesitation without definite grounds, and more sadly in regret after the deed is done, when reasons against it come too late to mind. The concrete mind may also hesitate—must hesitate when contrary reasons present themselves in almost equal force for and against. But it hesitates on definite grounds—it “knows its own mind”—and has the best chance of reaching a decision in accordance with its own whole nature. Concreteness, then—the tendency to react as a whole—is, if not *the* cause of positiveness, at any rate an auxiliary cause maintaining it. And concreteness of nature is high potentiality from a slightly different point of view, since if all parts of a nature come into action on slight stimulus, they will tend to come into action all together in accordance with any objective demand made upon them. All that is relevant turns up at once. All the mental faculties are in operation together.

Presently it will be our task to follow out the consequences of this

concreteness in the Celtic nature, but first let us glance at two more direct effects of high potentiality.

The incidents of life, as perceived by a rapidly moving, closely knit nature, must necessarily produce more disturbance of self-consciousness than the same incidents acting on one less susceptible. But an alteration in self-consciousness is an emotion, and so we might expect to find the Celt more emotional than the Teuton. This he is generally believed to be, some esteeming this liability to quick, strong emotion as a grace of nature, while in the eyes of others it is a defect. It may, indeed, be either, but this does not concern us now. Carleton has made his readers familiar with that liability to extraordinarily rapid transitions of emotion which characterised the merry peasantry of his day to an extent that is grotesque. And Mr. Villiers Stanford has made skilful use of the same characteristic in his new opera of "Shamus O'Brien."

Again, a nature endowed with high potential is so many other things besides its actual self, not merely *in posse*, and yet not quite *in esse*, that more or less distinct varieties of human nature become readily intelligible to it. The manifestations of another person's state of mind move all the potentialities that resemble it in a mind so easily moved. This is sympathy, and the perfection of the sympathy depends on the exactness of the correspondence between the actual state of mind in one and the imagination of it through the awakened possibilities of the other. The more breadth and variety of human nature a person has, the better equipped is he for sympathy with others—now through one side of his nature, now through another. But, with average capacity, the effect of greater variety obviously follows in a person whose possibilities of thought, instinct and mood are apt to become real on the slightest stimulus. It is often supposed that we can only sympathise with that which we have already experienced, and this would be true if the manifestations of another's state were always insufficient to awaken *for the first time*—i.e., out of the potential—similar states in us. This universal negative is by no means true. It is not even true altogether for stolid natures, much less for those of the susceptible type. Thus, starting once more from the central source, we find ourselves again in the light of an established fact—i.e., the Celtic gift of accurately imaginative sympathy. It is not that the Celt is kinder than another. It is that his kindness is so much more skilful. His sympathy fits you like a glove. He seems to have a miraculous insight into your wants.

Probably all healthy human nature has a capacity to complete itself as a rational whole; and completeness, actual or potential, implies the capacity to become "all things to all men," in the sense of sympathy. But without a high degree of readiness in the potential to become the actual the process might take an infinite time.

In other ways, as we shall see, high potentiality enters into the social gift, but at present let us be content to note the direct ability for instinctive sympathy which it confers.

Returning now to the effect of this central characteristic as concreteness of reaction, the peculiarities of the Celtic intelligence may be readily understood. Consciousness flashes out at many points almost at once. Perception, imagination, feeling, thought, all work together on the object of consciousness. Whatever the business in hand the Celt *tends* to deal with it in a mood that is whole. While he is engaged in abstract thought, his imagination lies in wait, with all the eyes of the senses open, ready to dash in the colours of reality. Hence his gift for illustration and his inventiveness. In his most absorbed moments his senses are still awake, eye and ear active in fancy and open to impression. He dreams indeed—dreams much—but the life of the senses vibrates even through his dreamiest moments. And in like manner when his attention is concentrated on some object, in the attitude that implies withdrawal from self-consciousness, the current of self-consciousness is still visible enough to colour the mood with mild dashes of emotion. In short, the concrete intelligence owes its concreteness to the fact that it always tends to be doing everything at once. This habit, which might be a drawback—is so often—becomes a gift when combined with boldness and vigour in special intellectual pursuits. The Celt has this vigour very generally; it is the positive quality in him; he is prone rather than otherwise to the speculative in philosophy and the abstract in science; his danger is that he will follow his idea with too much eagerness. Fanaticism is near him. Salvation lies for him in this concreteness of his intelligence. It is like a safety-belt to the over-confident swimmer; it brings him to the surface when he gets beyond his strength. A concrete intelligence thus emboldens the thinker; it enables him to swim far and still keep the land within reach.

But the value of concreteness is specially obvious (1) in all the practice of social life, and (2) in the exposition of thought and in literature *per se*. I hope to deal with these subjects at greater length some time, and will only touch on them very briefly here. Celtic accessibility to ideas is a familiar fact, and obviously pertains to the concrete mind, which finds hints of most things readily in itself. The ability of a Celtic group to adopt a common standpoint notwithstanding great diversity has been abundantly tested, and comes of the ease with which each mind effects transformations of thought in face of a common motive. An Irish crowd mobilises with strange swiftness, and Irish politicians, even when sworn enemies, can co-operate with a rapidity embarrassing to Governments. This is because each is quick in awakening his intelligence to reach at least the horizon of his own experience.

Every one has heard, too, of the Celtic gift of intuitive social insight—that power of imagining the mind of another which multiplies a hundredfold the capacity for direct sympathy—of its quickness to seize the central facts of a situation and to marshal all the facts, and of the tact implied in all these powers. Such gifts make the Celt effective in society and politics, influential to lead, able to administer, popular in rule, conciliatory in diplomacy. It is a common saying that he is all this, and we may take it as confirmatory of our theory.

Ability to seize the central facts of a situation is the same as that ability for marshalling ideas in the most telling order, which might be called the gift for expounding an argument or telling a story in due perspective. In this respect the Celt is instinctively an artist, and it is in the wholeness of his view that the explanation seems to lie.

When all the points come to mind almost at once the marshalling process naturally takes place under the circumstances most favourable for producing effect. The most pregnant points in an argument stand out to the concrete intelligence as such, and thus they naturally take the most prominent place in the exposition. The more vividly, too, the mind of the hearer is conceived, the more clear is the instinct to place the matter before him so that he sees it as we see it in our own minds. The contrast to this is the procedure of the mind that moves literally always step by step, climbing the mountain without seeing the view—a common thing enough. Such a one may produce the closest, most convincing argument, beginning at any point that is logically suitable, and yet leave his hearer without any single clear conception of a whole. The reason is that his habit of mental abstraction—of treating his points as a *series* of separate though connected units—prevails to the extent of shortsightedness, so that he does not see the whole as a simultaneous whole, and thus its true genesis in thought is hid from him. So in exposition he begins wherever he happens to be, or wherever he happened to begin himself. To begin well is to arrest the attention at once, to strike the imagination, or engage the intellect. The point in which interest naturally centres should come first. This condition of effectiveness is instinctively secured when he who expounds sees his subject all at once.

The superiority of the French to the German in these respects is explained by the Celtic infusion. We need not pause here to apply the same idea to literature other than logical exposition. All literature is expression—the exposition of story, of fancy, of thought—and it is the most essential requisite of good literature that the thing to be said should be said so that in the mind of the hearer it is the thing it was meant to be.

Therein lies, therefore, as I would suggest, the first explanation of

the acknowledged literary excellence of the Celtic peoples. Their gift of speech and literature, however, is wider than this instinctive aptness for effective exposition in order. It includes command of words, an ear controlling all speech with its demand for rhythm, an eye stamping all thought with the forms of the pictorial imagination. With these forms the arrows of thought are pointed and made to pierce the mind. The Irish orator, the Irish writer, is fluent, musical, graphic; he engages the eye, delights the ear, and strikes the imagination at least as much as he takes possession of the intelligence. Also, and for the same reason, he moves to feeling, and thus further wins the mind to his theme.

And the explanation of these gifts lies ready to hand; it is still the same central characteristic. He deals with his literary matter concretely. When he thinks, he does not cease to imagine in sight and sound, nor does he cease to feel. On the contrary, the more intense his thought the more does all his intellectual and emotional being react with it, not, however, to distract, but to support. Hence the music of his periods, the vitality of his illustrations, the brightness of atmosphere, the high spirits and personality expressed at every turn. Consider this last-named trait. The Celt is not only lucid and brilliant, he has, above all things, a personal style; *he* is there in his book; you can nod approval to him across the table as you read. And the reason is that he—he himself in all the vitality of an active emotional soul—really was there while he wrote. He did not first turn *himself* out of doors that his intellect might work without distraction. Perhaps, too, he had you, the reader, in his mind as he wrote, on the other side of the table, to be talked at and moved. And so in his writing all this multiform activity of his comes out; he has a personal style—a thing most delightful when instinctive, and most hateful when affected. The real thing and the imitation may be seen by any one any day in the evening newspapers. But a philosopher, as well as a journalist, can talk across the printed page.

Space fails to develop this or any other particular branch of the subject further now. The object of this essay has been simply to sketch in outline a theory of Celtic character capable of explaining those qualities commonly observed in average Irish human nature as based, not exclusively but generally, on a variation from Teutonic standards in the readiness, and hence the concreteness, of psychological reaction. If the description of admitted characteristics has been correct, and if the reasoning has been accurate in tracing the effects of such a peculiarity of psychological constitution, then it may be claimed for the theory that it has some grounding in the solid basis of fact.

SOPHIE BRYANT.

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS.

I.

THE facts and theories we are about to exhibit constitute an attempt at giving to the phenomena of æsthetics an explanation different from that furnished by recent mental science, but an explanation more really consonant with the psychological thought of our day.

These facts and theories will allow us to discard, as mere side issues, the doubtful assumptions concerning association of ideas and the play instinct, as well as the various attempts to account for notions of beauty and ugliness by reference to transmuted recognition of utility and inutility, to sexual selection, and to the survival of obsolete primeval activities, and they will also render superfluous all recourse to a mysterious ultimate principle of supersensuous, not to say supernatural, origin.

For our facts and theories, if at all correct, would establish that the æsthetic phenomenon as a whole is the function which regulates the perception of Form, and that the perception of Form, in visual cases certainly, and with reference to hearing presumably, implies an active participation of the most important organs of animal life, a constant alteration in vital processes requiring stringent regulation for the benefit of the total organism.

After giving a summary indication of the results of their observation and reflection, and before entering on the detailed exposition of these views, the joint authors of these notes are desirous of premising that their object in publication is considerably to invite criticism, correction and amplification of their ideas; and this not merely from physiologists and psychologists, but likewise from all persons who possess the faculty and habit of æsthetic introspection. In the present condition of æsthetic problems it would be unreasonable to hope for

thorough knowledge of facts or complete validity of hypotheses, so that the following notes are expected to prove only that the subject demands a new method of study, and that its problems admit of new solutions; in other words, that æsthetics, if treated by the method of recent psychology, will be recognised as one of the most important and most suggestive parts of the great science of perception and emotion.

Moreover, before proceeding any further, the joint authors judge that it is well to forestall one of their own conclusions—namely, the validity of the theory advanced by Dr. Lange, by Professor Sergi, and above all by Mr. William James,* according to which various bodily sensations, hitherto regarded as the after results of various psychic conditions, are themselves the conditions which we recognise as their supposed causes. In the same way, and with the same initial mystery concerning the fact of recognition, that certain sensations of movement in ourselves can be identified as constituting what we call a state of grief, of joy, of anger, or of tenderness, nay, perhaps, as Mr. James's remarks seem to suggest,† as constituting what we might call the state of *but*, of *and*, of *because*, or of *notwithstanding*; so, in the opinion of the authors of this paper, can the subjective states indicated by the objective terms *height*, *breadth*, *depth*, by the more complex terms *round*, *square*, *symmetrical*, *unsymmetrical*, and all their kindred terms, be analysed into more or less distinct knowledge of various and variously localised bodily movements.

This indication of the nature of our more elementary results may serve to introduce a brief account of the method by which they are obtained; or rather it suggests *ipso facto* what that method must be. This method consists, even like the method evidently employed by Mr. James, in bringing under observation, by means of isolation, diminution of rapidity and repeated repetition and comparison, processes in ourselves which constant repetition and constant connection with other processes have made so swift, so blurred and above all so subordinate to an objective synthesis, that we have in our normal condition no clear notion of their nature or even of their existence. For it must be remembered that the practical necessities of life tend constantly not merely to shorten every conscious process, but also to direct our attention away from our subjective phenomena to the externalised summing up of our conditions which we conceive as the objective cause of those phenomena. Instead of being conscious as such of changes of condition in our eye and ear, we have long since

* Lange, "Les Emotions," translated by Dumas; Giuseppe Sergi, "Dolore e Piacere," 1894; William James, "Larger Psychology," vol. i. pp. 300, 437, 503; vol. ii. pp. 137, 322, 449. Some of these pages contain passages referred to in later parts of these notes.

† "Psychology," vol. i. p. 240 and following. Mr. James indeed calls them excitements of brain parts, but he describes them in motor images.

become incapable—probably utterly incapable—of knowing them otherwise than as objective qualities, colour or pitch, of the non-ego; and similarly, though to a less degree, our attention has become engaged not with the change in ourselves productive of the sense of height, or roundness or symmetry, but with the objective external causes of these changes; and the formula of perception has become not “I *feel* roundness, or height, or symmetry,” but “this or that object *is* round, or high or symmetrical.”

It is only the rarer and more sudden alterations of our condition summed up as *emotions*, which on account of this rarity and violence, have preserved obvious traces of their real nature, though even in this case so rooted is the habit of summing up and separately naming the objective factors of what we call mental states, that it has required the boldest psychological glance to identify the emotion with what had hitherto been separated as its after result. It must, therefore, surprise none of our readers if they are unable to recall, and even, perhaps, to elicit, any of the bodily sensations which we shall enumerate as accompanying, and, in our opinion, originating, the various perceptions constituting *Form*. Practical or thoughtful habits have diminished, to an extraordinary extent, that full perception of Form which alone can enter into the æsthetic experience, and most of the business of life, and the work of reasoning, is carried on through the mere recognition of a few qualities in objects and the labelling them accordingly for use, so that the majority of persons go through existence with comparatively few thorough realisations of Form, and few occasions for the æsthetic pleasure and displeasure by which such realisation is attended; while, on the other hand, highly æsthetic natures, and artists more particularly, are undergoing a constant training which makes the phenomena of perception so rapid, contemporaneous, and homogeneous as to defy all analysis. Such specially developed persons are in the position of a fencer or pianist of whom we should ask for detailed description of the minute adjustments constituting some perpetually repeated series of movements. Students of psychology may judge of the difficulty of obtaining these data of æsthetics by asking themselves how many men of science and of letters could probably confirm, from their own experience, the details which Fechner and Mr. William James have given us of the psychical sensations accompanying or underlying certain of their intellectual cognitions.

So much for our method. It is necessary, moreover, to limit our subject. The explanation we hope to give refers to the question: *Why should a specific kind of condition, either agreeable or disagreeable, accompany the recognition of those co-related qualities of form called respectively Beauty and Ugliness; and this explanation itself rests upon the explanation of a previous question: What is the process of*

perceiving Form, and what portions of our organism participate therein?

Now, we all know that visible and audible Form is a grouping of elementary impressions furnished by the senses of sight and hearing; and we all recognise that these sense impressions are themselves liable to the distinction of agreeable and disagreeable, in common parlance, beautiful and ugly. In so far, therefore, as these sense impressions enter into the perception of Form, there is given to Form a quality of agreeableness or disagreeableness due to its elementary constituents; and this emotional quality of sense impression has often been made to explain in large measure the agreeable or disagreeable quality of our æsthetic experiences. But this explanation has invariably broken down (many far-fetched items being used to fill up the gap) because it is a matter of universal experience that a sense impression, the quality, for instance, of a colour or of a sound, exists quite separately from that of the Form into which it enters; and that elementary visual or audible qualities of undoubted beauty may enter into a Form which is nevertheless admitted to be ugly, and even *vice-versâ*; nay, that the chief qualities of the Form, its beauty or ugliness, may remain unaltered despite a change in its constituent sense elements, provided the relations of those constituent sense elements remain unaltered; for instance, that the same pattern may exist in red, orange and white, or in blue, violet and white; or the same musical phrase preserve its identity despite a change in pitch, let alone a change in *timbre*, so that we recognise it and are pleased or displeased by what we call its beauty or ugliness. *There is, therefore, a specific quality which may be agreeable or disagreeable in certain facts of relation which, united, constitute Form.* And it is into the reason for the various qualities of Form, or, in other words, for the various conditions produced in us by various arrangements of the possible relations of sense impressions, that we are about to explore. We shall exclude from consideration the peculiarities of more elementary sense impressions, first, because all that is known of the structure and function of the special sense organs seems sufficient explanation of the agreeable or disagreeable nature of these impressions; whereas, on the contrary, the pleasantness or unpleasantness of Form has never been properly accounted for. And, secondly, because while the elementary impressions of the eye and ear are in no way more connected with the creative power of man and with the higher problems of man's soul than the impressions of taste and smell, the problem of Form is at once the problem of art and the problem also of perception. It is therefore to Form, to its reasons, and to its effects, that the joint authors of these notes would limit the meaning of the æsthetic phenomenon.

11.

And now let us proceed to examine what happens, apart from the stimulation of the special sense organ, when we perceive visual Form—that is to say, what phenomena, besides the mere sense impressions, can be detected in ourselves as the raw materials of an æsthetic cognition.

The object of perception shall be this chair. It is about four feet six inches high, an oblong about half as wide as its height. It has curved arms, rather a high square seat and a square panel on the back. The two top corners reach some inches higher than the panel and are terminated by carved foliated clumps. While seeing this chair, there happen movements of the two eyes, of the head, and of the thorax, and balancing movements in the back, all of which we proceed to detail, following the attention (whatever the attention may be) which accompanies these movements. The chair is a bilateral object, so the two eyes are equally active. They meet the two legs of the chair at the ground and run up both sides simultaneously. There is a feeling as if the width of the chair were pulling the two eyes wide apart during this process of following the upward line of the chair. Arrived at the top the eyes seem no longer pulled apart; on the contrary, they converge inward along the top of the chair, until, having arrived at the middle thereof, they cease focussing the chair. Meanwhile the movements of the eyes seem to have been followed by the breath. The bilateralness of the object seems to have put both lungs into play. There has been a feeling of the two sides of the chest making a sort of pull apart; the breath has been begun low down and raised on both sides of the chest; a slight contraction of the chest seems to accompany the eyes as they move along the top of the chair till they got to the middle; then, when the eyes ceased focussing the chair, the breath was exhaled.

These movements of the eye and of the breath were accompanied by alterations in the equilibrium of various parts of the body. At the beginning the feet were pressed hard on the ground in involuntary imitation of the front legs of the chair, and the body was stretched upwards. At the moment that the eyes reached the top of the chair and moved inwards along the line of the top, the tension of the body ceased going upwards and the balance seemed swung along the top of the chair towards the right. At this point the movements of balance seemed to help out those of the eyes and the breath; for, during the time of expiration, the eyes do not focus the chair so completely. During this partial interruption in the form-perceiving movements of the eyes and the breath, the balance seemed to alter, and the weight to swing across the top of the chair downwards to the right side till it seemed to land in the right foot. The weight seemed thus to have

followed the oblong shape of the chair going up the *left* side, swinging across the top and then descending on the right side. All these changes have taken place during one breath, inspiration and expiration, and they have answered to a knowledge of the general shape of the chair.

With the next breath comes the recognition of the chair's details. Recognition of the height of the chair, begun with pressure of both feet on the ground, is accompanied by an upward stretch of the body. This stretch upwards seems suddenly checked by the sight of the heavy clump of ornament on the chair's two top corners; there is a sudden sense of the head being weighed downwards; and the size of the chairs seems limited within this pressure and the previous stretch upwards; *the interest seems to concentrate itself within those limits and the height of the chair to be measured off on the body of the spectator.* The width of the chair seems meanwhile again to be felt by a swing of the balance from left to right; the two feelings, being simultaneous, seem to establish a ratio between each other.

Meanwhile, in accompanying the movements connected with height, the breathing seems limited by the limitations of the height; the breath does not rise as high as it can, but follows the rise of the eye to the top of the chair and then changes direction. There seems to be a pull sideways of the thorax, and the breath seems to stretch out in width as the balance swings across and the eyes alter their movement across the chair; then follows the expiration. The breath has thus given, first a sense of going up, then one of width; and the two senses, begun between an inspiration and an expiration, do not die out but continue to be felt subsequently.

The movements of the eyes have been too rapid to be separately felt, and they do not seem to leave any traces behind, *whereas the movements of the breath seem to remain conscious*; and there is a double sensation in one breath of height and width going on in relation to one another. The recognition of the chair's seat is given by the eyes running all the way to the top of the chair, accompanied by the breath as described, after a long inspiration; while, in the next breath's length the eyes run up only as far as the seat, and the expiration takes place about half as soon as the previous time; *by this means, apparently, this second short movement is felt as half the extension of the first.*

The ocular movement across the width of the seat is not accompanied by a stretch of the breath, perhaps because the breath, having stopped short with the eyes, is rather too low down to be stretched very easily. But a shifting of the balance replaces the stretch of the breath, and the lateral movement of the eyes across the seat is accompanied by a change of equilibrium from one foot to the other. It is to be noted that the ocular movements seem accompanied sometimes

by both breathing and balancing movements, and sometimes by one or the other as circumstances make it more comfortable. The shifting of balance usually replaces or ekes out the alterations in the breathing when the latter would produce a disagreeable effort.

We now come to the third dimension. The *bulk* of the chair is much less impressive than its height or its width. But there is a feeling, apart from the ocular adjustment, different from those accompanying what we call height and width underlying the perception of the two arms of the chair: they seem to come forward, and the weight of the body is shifted involuntarily a little backward (away from them) as they are focussed. Moreover, the breathing is not the same as during the perception of either height or width. There is a sense of being able to lean upon the breath in expiration; altogether there are more changes in the non-ocular movements than the ocular movements would warrant.

This mass of details will show, we think, that the act of perception includes, besides the intellectual recognition which remains as mysterious as ever, elements of bodily alteration far beyond any chemical or muscular change in the eye. It is true that readers to whom the identification of emotional phenomena and of certain senses of relation with bodily phenomena is either unfamiliar or repugnant will object in this case also that the altered breathing, senses of tension, and altered balance enumerated in the foregoing experiment, are not a part of the perception of Form, but a reaction (on the same principle as the thoracic changes said to result from grief) produced by the perception itself. To this we would answer that the objection takes perception of Form for granted, either as explicable by ocular changes which are insufficient and cerebral changes of which there is no evidence, or as a generally inexplicable process. While, on the contrary, although it is of course impossible to establish the identity of these non-ocular adjustments with the factors of form-relations, it is yet possible to prove experimentally that the perception of such relations as height, width and bulk are impeded by voluntarily contrived bodily adjustments of opposed character, so that we not only perceive Form better by deliberately making these corresponding adjustments of breath, muscles and balance, but see it much worse by deliberately counteracting them;* indeed, it seems probable that if we could rid ourselves of all previous form experiences and the consequent recognition, so to speak, by *labelling*, we should not see Form at all.

Various coincidences could be enumerated which point, moreover, to the fact that these adjustments of breathing and balance are the actual physical mechanism for the perception of Form, the sense of

* To such an extent that if while trying to *visualise* an object with shut eyes we refuse to let ourselves breathe, the act of seeing the form in memory becomes impossible.

relation having for its counterpart a sense of bodily tension. Of these coincidences two seem especially to the purpose. The first consists in the fact that, while the renewal in memory of a sensory impression, a definite colour, tone,* timbre or elementary sweep of the eye seems impossible save through an accidental stimulus and beyond the control of our wishes, the vivid remembrance of the *forms* into which these sensory impressions are grouped, of the relations in space, time, and pitch which they constitute, can be obtained by any person of sufficient visual or musical power, after sufficient familiarity has been gained. Now the sensory apparatus of the eye and ear are outside our control and require stimulations from outside; but the muscular system of the breath and equilibrium is as much in our power as that of the arms and legs. Indeed, it seems likely that the fact of our being able to think in terms of relation, relation spatial, temporal, and perhaps even logical, may be due to the accident which has placed the muscular system in our dominion, while the special sense organs have remained outside it.

The other coincidence consists in the fact that, while the sensory satisfactions—those of smell, taste, colour, and timbre—require an interruption, corresponding to a repair in the sensitive special organs, and the large bodily pleasures, of eating, drinking, going to sleep, &c., are due to a want which is deadened by satisfaction, and can recur only after a still longer interval; the pleasure derivable from the perception of Form can continue with great constancy and unintermittence; even as we should expect to find if the pleasures due to Form were dependent upon processes which, instead of being intermittent, like the processes of sleep, food, &c., are as unintermittent as the processes of respiration and equilibrium.

Having given our answer to the question, "What is the mechanism of the perception of Form?" we can now approach the æsthetic problem as such, the question, namely: *Why should the perception of form be accompanied by pleasure or displeasure, and what determines the pleasure in one case and the displeasure in another?*

Few psychological questions have received so many and various answers. A number of them are discussed in the late and much to be regretted Mr. Gurney's very suggestive "Power of Sound." The joint authors of these notes would wish to prove to their readers, that among all these answers the most satisfactory is due, not to the scientific sagacity of Darwin or Spencer, but to the artistic intuition, the artistic experience of Mr. Ruskin, and would wish to afford an

* The revival in memory of a musical tone seems, in our experience, always to be accompanied by a more or less complete adjustment of the vocal parts—in fact, a silent performance of the tone. As regards *timbre*, our own experience limits its reproduction in memory to such qualities of sound as we could audibly imitate. It seems more than doubtful whether two notes are ever heard in memory as absolutely contemporaneous and not in extremely rapid succession merely.

adequate explanation for his dogmatic statement that "beauty and ugliness are as positive in their nature as physical pleasure and pain." But before proceeding any further we desire to call attention to the attempt at a similar explanation made recently by Professor Sergi; and the more so that our own notions will gain in clearness and, we venture to hope, in efficacy, by comparison with his. Professor Sergi, it should be mentioned, entirely shares, thanks apparently to original thought, the hypothesis of Dr. Lange and Mr. William James concerning the identity of the emotional process with those bodily changes which have hitherto been accounted its result; and his interesting book, "*Dolore e Piacere*," maintains that æsthetic pleasure, like every other, is a phenomenon, not of the cerebral, but of the organic life of the big viscera—mainly the heart and lungs. Professor Sergi maintains that, owing to the close contact and, so to speak, mixing up of the sensory nerves with the nerves regulating respiration and circulation in certain tracts of the medulla, what we call intellectual conditions and the impressions of the special senses produce alterations in the action of the heart and lungs, which alterations are perceived by us as pleasure or pain, according as they assist or impede the life of the organism.

Leaving to physiologists to pronounce upon the validity of Professor Sergi's theory of interaction between the various sets of nerves, we must point out that, while explaining the phenomenon of pleasure and pain in general, this theory explains why certain æsthetic experiences should produce the cardiac and respiratory alterations underlying pleasure,* or the cardiac and respiratory alterations underlying pain, only by the old and, as it seems to us, quite inefficient, coalition of chemical and mechanical processes of the special organs with intellectual judgments and inherited or acquired associations and prejudices, which has done duty in the essays of Mr. Spencer, the manual of Mr. Grant Allen and the psychological phantasies of the late M. Guyau. In other words, the special problem of æsthetics has been left behind, however much the general subject of pleasure and pain may have been helped forward.

Now, could we establish that the perception of the relations constituting Form implied the activity not merely of the special sense organs, but also of functions as important to animal life as those of equilibrium and of respiration—of respiration which, with its inevitable companion, circulation, accounts, according to Lange, James, and Sergi for emotion in general—it would become easy to understand why various perceptions of Form have various emotional qualities, and why, to vary Mr. Ruskin's dictum, beauty and ugliness should be positive

* In his volume on "*The Sense of Beauty*" (A. & C. Black, 1896), Mr. George Santayana has a paragraph on "breathing related to the sense of beauty," whose important suggestion he has unfortunately not himself followed up.

in their nature and represent positive physical pleasure and pain. We have experimented so far on form perception as such, independent of any question of agreeable or disagreeable. Let us proceed to watch what bodily changes can be perceived to differentiate one sort of perception from another.

This series of experiments begins with the sensations accompanying the act of looking at a blank wall, which it is convenient to call a white void. The space in front of us seems to come forward as if to swallow us up. We feel as if our profile were flattened, and as if in some extraordinary way we had lost identity. Our breathing is a mere drawing in and running out again accompanied by a slight disturbance of the heart. Breathing takes place very low down in very short weak breaths, at times barely perceptible. Our temperature is lowered, we feel depressed. Holding the breath produces no optical change.

In the second experiment we look at a blank wall which happens to be terra-cotta coloured: impossibility of focussing; the fovea does not seem to play a more active part than the rest of the seeing eye, whereas in looking at objects the eye seems to concentrate the act of seeing on to one point. One feels one's profile flattened. One breathes shorter breaths than in looking at objects; there is, however, only a very slight disturbance of the heart (much less than in looking at white blank). Breathing or holding one's breath produces no difference in vividness or perception.

From *blankness* we proceed to *confusion*, or, more expressively, from *void* to *chaos* on our journey towards *Form*. One's eye now concentrates and focusses. There is no longer the sensation of one's face being flattened. One begins to have command over one's expiration; the breath no longer merely escapes, but issues quite steadily. There is, however, no advantage or disadvantage to perception in breathing or not breathing. Small tracts of *confusion* with spots in them one can focus while one counts two or three, after which one can keep hold of them no longer—the eye has to run about and return. One binds several dots into a sort of group by moving the eyes between them and letting one's balance follow the movements of the eyes.

Rudiments of Form.—Two straight lines meeting (but not crossing) at an acute angle can be seen while following the eye with the breath, but with an uncomfortable sense of sudden contraction; note that such an angle has a character already of regularity. Two straight lines crossing each other at random and *irregularly* are followed by the eye and the equilibrium, but *not by the breath*. Speaking generally, both *confusion* and *irregular form*, or *irregular rudiment of form*, produce too exasperating a sense, if we attempt to follow the eye's movements along them with the lungs; these movements of the eyes are generally followed by shifting the equilibrium and moving the

head, which processes do not involve the same discomfort as movements of the breath.

A *triangle* one can focus as a whole without moving the eye perpetually about. The thoracic movements come into play, and seem to make three little pinches at the three corners. There is a sense of resistance being offered all round, and of the *chest having something to lean against*.* We have now got to *complete Form*. And with *Form* we get to the possibility of æsthetic agreeableness or disagreeableness, in other words, of beauty or ugliness. This triangle, un-cubic and isolated, happens not to be remarkably agreeable as form; we have noted that while looking at it there are contractions of the thorax, and that these are rather uncomfortable. Let us hunt about for *Form differentiated as agreeable*. Here is a jar, equally common in antiquity and in modern peasant ware. Looking at this jar one has a specific sense of a *whole*. One's bodily sensations are extraordinarily composed, balanced, co-related in their diversity. To begin with, the feet press on the ground while the eyes fix the base of the jar. Then one accompanies the *lift up*, so to speak, of the body of the jar by a *lift up* of one's own body; and one accompanies by a slight sense of downward pressure of the head the downward pressure of the widened rim on the jar's top. Meanwhile the jar's equal sides bring both lungs into equal play; the curve outwards of the jar's two sides is simultaneously followed by an *inspiration* as the eyes move up to the jar's widest point. Then *expiration* begins, and the lungs seem slowly to collapse as the curve inward is followed by the eyes, till, the narrow part of the neck being reached, the ocular following of the widened out top provokes a short inspiration. Moreover, the shape of the jar provokes movements of balance, the left curve a shifting on to the left foot, and *vice versa*. A complete and equally distributed set of bodily adjustments has accompanied the ocular sight of the jar; this *totality* of movements and *harmony* of movements in ourselves answers to the intellectual fact of finding that the jar is a *harmonious whole*.

If such are the adjustments in highly vital processes implied by the perception, the thorough *realisation*, not the mere recognition, of Form; if these adjustments can be thus favourable to the processes in question, it becomes easy to understand that a special instinct should have evolved which forces us to court or to shun those opposite qualities of Form which we call beauty or ugliness. Herein lies the explanation of the definition with which we began these notes—namely, of the æsthetic function as the function regulating perception of Form.

Such a definition would at first sight seem extraordinarily narrow

* We purposely give these sensations with the nomenclature which they suggest. Any attempt at physiological terminology would disturb the perfect sincerity of the experiment.

to readers accustomed, as we have all been, to the notion of the play instinct, and accustomed, moreover, to the usual confusion between the æsthetic phenomenon and that special ramification and complication thereof which should properly be called the phenomenon of art. Having been considered rather by anthropologists than by persons of wide æsthetic experience, the æsthetic phenomenon has been supposed to involve the production of some sort of work of art; and, moreover, a wish for neat classification has even tended to limit the recognition of a work of art or an artistic performance to objects and proceedings independent of practical utility; hence the excessive attention given to ornament and to dancing, the identification of æsthetic feeling with the impulses of a play instinct, real or supposed, and the wearisome insistence on inutility and disinterestedness as the chief æsthetic differentia. The careful consideration of the facts we have alleged respecting the connection of form perception with the great activities of equilibrium, respiration, and circulation, and the consequent division of such perception into that which is favourable and that which is unfavourable to our animal life, will show, as we hope, that so far from narrowing and lowering the importance of the æsthetic instinct, we are really widening and elevating it when we define it as the regulator of Form Perception. For while we refuse it the impulses towards making or doing things (by the old theory) utterly useless in themselves, we attribute to it a selective and coercive power which fashions to its purposes the constructive and expressive impulses of mankind, and selects and rejects with the imperiousness of a great organic function among the experiments and possibilities of experience of daily life; till, from claiming a merely negative influence in the work and the play of existence, it ends, in its highest power, with setting the active impulses of man to work for its sole and single gratification, and to create out of reality a world more consonant with the most deeply organised and most unchanging modes of man's bodily existence. It is not only the superfluous ornament, the practically useless dance or song, which testifies to the power of the æsthetic instinct in primitive man; nor the merely decorative picture, the object of virtù, or the sonata or symphony unaccompanied by words and unconnected with rites, in times of high artistic development. The shape of the jar, the colour and pattern of the mat, the balance of handles, spout, lid, in every useful vessel, the proportion of benches and tables, the cut of garments, the movements and songs in religious and warlike ceremonies, the choice of metre and rhyme in declarations of love and chronicles of past deeds; it is all this stringent insistence that necessary objects and actions should obey a law different from that of practical necessity, which really teaches us the importance of the æsthetic instinct among rude civilisations of the past and the present; and it is the perpetual transmutation into works of art of

the buildings, records, liturgies and dramatic shows of higher civilisations, which testifies to the same. The æsthetic instinct is never so utterly the master as when art is described as the servant of utility. And, as usual, the deep intuition of Mr. Ruskin has given us the truth, when, answering the "art for art's sake" theories of this age which has learned to dispense with beauty in necessary things, he has declared, in apparent paradox, that no great work of art was ever begun without an ulterior object. It is in the cathedral undertaken for religious or civic reasons; in the fresco or picture intended as an illustration of a story or an aid to devotion; in the mass, or oratorio, or opera intended, above everything, to be expressive, that we can see the unflinching selections, the imperious orders and counter orders of the organic desire for beauty.

In the realm of visual impressions we have watched already the inner processes which have forced the preference for one sort of elementary form rather than another. We desire to follow the same processes in the more complex cases of what is called Art. But before passing from the æsthetic imperative which controls the rudest potter, to the æsthetic imperative which sways the architect, the sculptor and the painter; before continuing to watch the workings of the æsthetic instinct in connection with objects on to which it forces our attention, we would wish to point out its power in the negative sense, when it purposely diverts our attention or diminishes it to avoid displeasure. We have already remarked on the tendency to substitute a mere act of recognition, often of only one or two peculiarities, for the real perception of the objects and movements which concern us in daily life, a tendency referable to the mere laziness of the human mind and its refusal to do more than the bare necessary. The greater part of most men's lives is thus too busy to be, in any sense, æsthetic; more particularly because, as we shall have further opportunities of noticing, the condition of pursuit, of running to a goal, of hurry of any kind is absolutely incompatible, on account of its special bodily adjustments, with the particular kind of bodily adjustment requisite for full perception of Form. But besides this tendency, independent of all questions of pleasure and displeasure, to diminish actual perception of Form, the æsthetic faculty itself very frequently induces us not to realise Form because realisation would happen to be disagreeable. We are alluding to a phenomenon more important though less recognised than the condition of non-perception into which ugly surroundings end by forcing æsthetically sensitive persons, limiting their perception to mere *signs of things*, and resulting in a sort of blindness which explains why, for instance, a Whistler sketch of a dirty London street is scarcely recognised at all. We desire to call attention to the quite neglected fact, which has momentous influence on pictorial composition, that we prefer to get our notions of the

exterior world, and particularly of what we call landscape, rather when we are moving about than when we are standing still. For our bodily structure is such that standing still brings into consciousness a number of rather uncomfortable tensions, summed up in a vague sense of *not liking it all*, rendering the adjustments necessary for Form perceptions arduous, and hence producing a greater or lesser degree of æsthetic dissatisfaction with objective facts. For when standing still we are conscious of the weight of the head on the neck and the weight of our body at the waist, and very particularly of the pressure of our feet on the floor, the whole resulting in a self-centred condition to which the outer world is foreign. But no sooner do we make a step into the outer world than we are relieved of half our weight by swinging from one foot to the other. Our own locomotion seems, moreover, to modify our feeling of our own shape; instead of being disagreeably conscious of being perpendicular, and rather like a gate post, we begin as we move forwards (whether on our feet, on horseback, or in a vehicle) to feel rather as if we were *like a streak*, and the faster we move the more *streak-like* do we feel our shape to become. This is due to the fact that, as we move, the foreground rushes to meet us, passing in two streams on each side of our head; and these two streams, flowing continuously past, produce a perceptive adjustment which makes us feel smoothed and elongated into streak-shape as they flow. Our own movement gives us the further illusion that, step by step as we approach them, all high things in the landscape draw themselves up higher and higher, and that step by step as we get nearer the width of things opens out into greater wideness, and that the ground comes forward and pushes itself under our feet, distance turning into coming nearness. All the three dimensions seem to expand and stretch themselves bigger, growing under our eye all the time as we move. And we, seeing them grow, feel ourselves also to be growing, as if our boundaries were being enlarged. The third dimension, considered as distance,* we see and feel as distinctly as we see and feel height and width, we realise the ground lying flat and stretching away, we see the projection of things (the third dimension as bulk) really bulging forward or reaching backwards. In looking, the eye starts from the foreground and goes

* The reason of our not realising the third dimension as easily as we realise the first and second, appears to lie in our not possessing equal bodily facilities for adjusting ourselves to the third dimension. We obtain the sense of height by stretching ourselves taller, and the sense of width by stretching our chest wider; but, so long as we stand still, we have not to anything the same extent the possibility of stretching ourselves forward. Quadrupeds or babies crawling on the floor probably do realise the third dimension as well or even better than the two others, because the position of their bodies allows them to stretch forward. But in becoming bipeds, we have lost our equal hold on this dimension, and we get it back normally only when we move about because we then do stretch forward. We shall frequently have to notice how art reinstates the third dimension in a very special manner. Indeed the sense of "harmony" obtained from architecture, for instance, is due largely to this reinstatement.

straight through into the background, and the scene is realised as a whole. This harmonious view of things comes to an end as soon as we stand still; we had expected to see the landscape better, but in reality we see it worse. *We suddenly find that we have lost our hold of the third dimension.* Instead of seeing the distance as distant flatness, it begins to look as if painted on a vertical wall. We no longer feel the bulk of the various objects, nor the projections of their different parts; the trees tend to look flat like ferns. We no longer realise the landscape as a whole. The general effect has dropped to bits under our eye, and the bits are all we can quite satisfactorily see. Instead of looking into the landscape from in front, we find it more comfortable to lay our eye first on the background, and travel back to the foreground. The ground no longer pushes eagerly under our feet; we soon have only an intellectual conviction of its being solid ground at all. So far as inner sensations go, we feel that our weight, which had been partly handed over to the outer world while we swung along from one foot to the other, has returned in full, and oppresses us at the shoulders and waist. We no longer breathe out with any impetus, and inspiration seems to roll over into expiration without any edge; life feels weaker and shallower, because the speed and volume of our breathing have very much diminished. We are changed beings, and beings changed for the worse; and it takes us some moments to become once more acclimatised to this less complete mode of life.

This analysis of some of the differences—for we shall see anon that there are others—between our mode of perception and accompanying physical conditions when walking and when standing still will exemplify the sort of selection which the æsthetic instinct makes in our perceptions. For, as a fact, our visual memory of things is gained during our moments of movement. We have no spontaneous knowledge of the world as it looks when we stand in front of it, and the habit of seeing things from a single, motionless point of view is one of the most difficult and wearisome acquisitions of the student of drawing. Children, simple folk (unspoilt by drawing classes), nay, we ourselves when we are quite natural, all feel a vague disappointment at a photograph or realistic drawing of a familiar scene: the landscape or room looked different in our memory. The æsthetic instinct has, in a way, prevented our registering one half of our visual experiences, for the sufficient reason that these experiences were not agreeable; and we shall see, when we come to examine the composition of pictures, that the old masters, painting or, at least, composing from memory, have given us in their pictures not the scattered and feeble and fatiguing impressions we should have when standing motionless before the scene represented, but the efficacious, corroborating, and agreeable impressions we are accustomed to while moving about.

III.

The various fine arts are arrangements, spontaneously and unconsciously evolved, for obtaining the maximum of agreeable activity on the part of our perception of Form. But such a maximum does not consist in mere intensity of one particular kind of inner adjustment at one particular moment. We have already seen, in analysing the bodily sensations which accompanied the perception of the jar, that we require, for that pleasantness with which we associate the word Beauty, "a totality of movements and a harmony of movements in ourselves answering to the intellectual fact of finding that the jar is a harmonious whole," adjustments of bilateral breathing, of equilibrium transferred with regularity from one side to the other, tensions of *lifting up* and *pressing downwards*, as the eyes move along the symmetrical outline of the jar. This agreeable arrangement of agreeable movements in ourselves, this harmonious total condition of our adjustments, is, moreover, not fugitive; the presence of the work of art, its continuous or renewed perception, enforces the continuance of this agreeable total condition, obliging the simultaneous or consecutive repetition of its whole or of its parts, and excluding thereby the possibility of any other mode of being. It is to this latter fact that works of art owe their strange power of ridding us of the sense of the passing of time. The stress of practical existence is forgotten, we are no longer being driven onwards. We are safe and serene in what seems like a little railed off or mysteriously guarded circle of existence, the circle in reality of our own balanced organic functions, of a mode of life complete and satisfactory in itself.

The simplest of these artificial arrangements for inducing and prolonging such perceptive adjustments as give the emotion of æsthetic pleasure, is *pattern*. The rudiments of its power depend upon the fact that any visible fretting of a surface gives the eye, so to speak, something to lay hold of, and thereby provokes some of the adjustments which accompany the eye's movements. One's eye, for instance, moves slower and more deliberately across a square foot of wicker-work than over a square foot of brown paper, and the movements are steadier and more appreciable. To this quality of mere complexity of surface, pattern adds by its regularity the power of compelling the eye and the breath to move at an even and unbroken pace. Even the simplest, therefore, of the patterns ever used have a power akin to that of march music, for they compel our organism to a regular rhythmical mode of being. These two qualities of making the movements of eye and breath deliberate and making them rhythmical, are common to the most rudimentary as well as to the most complicated pattern.

For an example of the action of pattern let us take the so-called

Greek honeysuckle. As soon as the eye falls upon the pattern, we are conscious of being *bilateral*, for the two equal sides of the pattern call both lungs into equal play. With the sense of being bilateral goes a sense of expansion, and the two unite into a vague feeling of harmony, which is recognised as unusual but at the same time as *eminently natural*. We catch ourselves considering the pattern as in some way the most natural arrangement in the room, although of course we are intellectually aware of its being extremely artificial. This strange sense of something being thus natural and normal because it suits the constitution of the spectator is one of the most important differentia of the æsthetic phenomenon, and a chief ingredient in all artistic emoticns.

As the eyes move upwards along the pattern, the two lungs draw in a long breath and there comes a slight sensation of the sides of the thorax being stretched; this sensation of width continues while the breath moves upwards, giving us simultaneously the sense of bilateral width and of height, the proportion between which being very pleasant to breathe, accounts for a sense of well-being while looking at the pattern. If we try to reproduce these sensations of harmony while looking at the *irregular shapes* in the room, we are met by impossibility; we can no longer breathe equally on both sides, the very sense of having two lungs is gone, and with it the sense of being bilateral. But all these senses return as soon as we look again at the pattern.

After this experiment one quite realises how decorative art may have originated in the pleasure which some prehistoric man may have found in breathing regularly and without need for readjustment when he first scratched lines at regular intervals from each other.

From pattern we can now pass on to that simpler category of architecture which might be designated as *architecture as pattern*, to distinguish it from the more complex phenomena of architecture as *spatial enclosure* and *architecture as suggestive of forces and movements*. This simpler division of the art is the architecture of façades. Let us compare with what seemed to happen inside us while looking at the honeysuckle pattern, what we seem conscious of in looking at Alberti's façade of Santa Maria Novella in Florence.

There is the same pleasant consciousness of our being bilateral. But to this is now added another pleasure, due to the fact that the building is divided into three parts, and that the perception of the middle one (to which nothing corresponded in the honeysuckle pattern, which was divided into two) involves an adjustment which prevents the thorax from collapsing as much as usual during the act of expiration, and thus maintains even then a certain sense of being expanded. Turning to the arcade opposite the church, and looking at two of its arches only, we at once lose this agreeable sense due to the division

of the façade in three ; looking at four arches of the arcade does no better. But as soon as we look at three arches of the arcade, or five considered as a double group of two with one arch between, we get the same agreeable expansion of the thorax during expiration which we had while looking at the façade. We now return to the latter. The great expanse of surface in front of us makes us feel both widened out and drawn up far beyond ordinary life, for the act of seeing produces unusually long and wide breaths; we seem to be breathing according to the proportion of the building rather than to our own. Moreover, the façade elicits in our body sensations more complex than those of which we were conscious while looking at the pattern. *For pattern has no bulk.* It does not require a centre of gravity to keep it upright; its lines are not boundaries of a solid form; so we follow the lines of the pattern by slight movements of our balance, by a slight movement outward of the body above the waist or of the head, first on one side and then on the other, and these little swinging movements we feel as curves which balance one another. But the façade, on the contrary, is planted solidly on the ground, and the perception of this fact involves a sense of weight and lifting up in ourselves; we feel a faint desire to enclose the form between the pressure of our feet on the ground and the very slight downward pressure of the head, and the two pressures result in a sense of resisting gravitation. They can be tracked to the perception of the grip of the ground of the façade's base and the downward pressure of the mouldings and cornices. On the other hand, the arches and upspringing lines produce sensations of easy lifting up and of pleasant activity which more than counterbalance these downward pressures, so that the main impression is one of light-heartedness.

The mention of such various pressures, and the varying ratios which may exist between them, here leads to the consideration of what we should call the secondary or *humanly* emotional quality of the æsthetic phenomenon. For the emotion of *harmonious completeness* which we have found to constitute the main æsthetic phenomenon as manifested in every art, is susceptible of variations, which, while leaving the primary characteristic quite undisturbed, add, according to circumstances, subordinate characteristics coincident with the various kinds of emotion incident in real life. These characteristics, which constitute the expressive powers of art, are due to the proportion in which various forms excite in us senses of gravity, or light-heartedness, of solitariness or confidence, and many more besides, quite independently of the main æsthetic emotion of complete and harmonious living. They attract exorbitant attention in music; but we shall find that they exist in large though varying degrees in the arts which address themselves primarily to the eyes, affording in all the arts the easy and often misleading nomenclature taken from well known expe-

riences of a non-artistic sort, and diverting the attention of criticism from the æsthetic qualities which are strongly felt but only vaguely described to the emotional qualities which are felt very faintly, but are immediately named and identified. We shall not separate the study of these secondary phenomena, but add it, when suitable, to the analysis of the main æsthetic phenomenon, and give an account of some of the bodily conditions accompanying the perception of emotionally various qualities of form while continuing our investigation into the bodily conditions accompanying the perception of artistic form merely as such. And we shall find that even as in music the same emotional characteristic pervades two melodies, of which one is æsthetically excellent and the other æsthetically worthless, so also in architecture, the power of awakening a definite kind of emotion may be common to two buildings of opposite degrees of æsthetic merit, so that, for instance, the predominance of one set of dimensions over another will produce the same religious emotion in churches so different in everything else as the cathedrals, say, of Amiens and of Cologne.

This double phenomenon of æsthetic emotion, differentiated by what we must call *human* emotion, becomes almost inextricable as soon as we consider architecture as an art of spatial enclosure; or, in other words, as soon as we cease contemplating the outside of a church and submit ourselves to the extraordinary forces of its interior. Let us see what currents of bodily sensation we can detect in ourselves beneath the obvious and well-known emotions thus awakened. Coming into a large church we are conscious of a sudden and total change in our mode of being. It will be remembered that while moving about in the open the sides of the landscape *seemed to come forward towards one*. But in a church this sort of wide, lateral view seems to have increased, and it persists even when we are standing still, instead of being replaced by the narrow mode of seeing peculiar to standing still in the open. This important difference is due to our eyes having been caught on their outside by the aisles of the building, so that instead of seeing merely with the fovea, one seems to be using the whole of each eye. Now, as the breathing works in closest connection with the eyes, this widened way of seeing is necessarily accompanied by a widened way of breathing in which both lungs are felt, and the respiratory expansion inevitably produces a general sense of expanded existence. Besides thus *seeing wider* on account of the aisles, we are also seeing much *higher* because of the roof. We are no longer interested in the ground under foot, the interest is above the level of the eye, in the cornices, capitals, and particularly in the arches of the roof; the breath is fetched much higher up than outside the church, and the higher breathing, producing an upward tension, makes us feel taller, feel the ground less under

our feet than in the open. These senses of increased expansion and height are only enlargements of feelings we habitually have. But the interior of a church makes what is practically an addition to our sense of dimension by a remarkable reinstatement of the sense of the third dimension, which, as the reader remembers, we had found to dwindle as soon as we stood still out of doors. We get back the realisation of the third dimension in architecture because the poise of our head over its centre of gravity enables us to make balancing movements backwards and forwards, and thus to follow the movement of lines quite easily, provided they are above the eye. So the roof of a church offers us a road into distance which we can follow with ease and pleasure.*

The full equal possession of the sense of all the three dimensions brings with it a sense of completeness in ourselves, and at the same time of closer relation with the *not-ourselves*; and a sense of isolation and lack of confidence, hitherto unnoticed, is removed and becomes apparent in its removal, whence a condition of satisfaction and of serenity. This realisation of the third dimension is accompanied by a change in the breathing. We feel during expiration as if we had something to lean upon, instead of the breath seeming to give way, and this sensation it is which gives that feeling of confidence in the outer world. Moreover, the distance down the church forwards seems to exercise a very decided attraction, like that of a weak magnet for a needle. The three dimensions of the church seem to stretch the respiration in three directions, and explain very largely that special sense of completeness and harmony given by architecture which encloses, while the particular dimension which happens to predominate decides the *human emotional* colour added to this real aesthetic feeling.

While this is going on we become aware also of various subsidiary senses of *direction*. We have already mentioned that it becomes difficult to pay attention to the ground under foot because the interest is strongest overhead. The head begins to assert its existence: we feel that it is there, that it has a back to it, and it is flanked by ears; there is a sense of living *upwards and sideways*. These senses of *direction* seem to radiate from the centre of the head outwards, and they are various and well-defined tensions; indeed, the sensation of

* We have a facility in realising distance above the eye because our head balances on a sort of pivot held in place by muscles but allowed perfectly free play in every direction. By tilting the head a little back we poise it exactly over its centre of gravity, and in this position the smallest movement backwards or forwards gives us a very strong sensation of really moving backwards or forwards into the distance, so where we have to look high, we see the distance. But distance below the horizon or just above it we cannot realise, because in seeing it we do not tilt our head back on to its centre of gravity, but it comes forward and is held up by the muscles of the neck; moving it backwards and forwards involves a muscular effort attended by fatiguing instead of an agreeable movement of balance. So in this case we refrain from trying to realise the distance, and are satisfied with knowing that it exists.

the chest and head seem more real than those which tell us that we are walking on solid ground ; existence seeming to be concentrated as height, width, and outwardness. The total effect is that of feeling the church as a larger circumference of ourselves, and this is the specific sensation of architecture considered as spatial enclosure.

So far we have spoken of the effects of the relative proportions of a building. Before proceeding to a few details of spinal emotional qualities we must say a word of actual size and the way that it affects us. In ordinary life there is nothing to bring home to us a sense of our size ; but architecture does this very strongly by the stretches imposed on us in the process of perceiving a building. Size which the eye grasps easily and without passing the duration of an ordinary breath is such as we find agreeable and, in a manner, *intimate*. Size greater than this, which can just barely be grasped at one long glance and one long breath, begins to affect us in a special manner. Size greater still we no longer attempt to measure by our breathing and tensions, for we should crack if we did. We compose a purely intellectual knowledge of the size, while feeling it as little as we should be able to feel the meaning of forty miles. This probably accounts for the fact that while, for instance, the Cathedral of Florence still *impresses* us by its size, St. Peter's notoriously leaves us without any emotion of magnitude. Where the sense of size is very strong it, so to speak, engulfs the sense of the shape of a building. In such cases there is a curious sense, due to the increasing tensions produced by size perception, of being immensely expanded, and as if buoyed in deep water, for the sense of size has abolished the sense of our own weight.

The special or secondary emotional qualities of various architectural types can be experimented on very simply by passing from the nave of a domed church to the space under the cupola. The change in our feelings is instantaneous and extraordinary. So long as we are in the nave we feel an attraction forwards due to the strong realisation of the third dimension ; but, once under the cupola, all desire to go on vanishes, for we suddenly become aware of being surrounded, enveloped, and protected by some invisible power. This is due to the realisation of the shape of the cupola by tensions along the top and back of the head, and by an excitement of the muscles of the scalp, and more particularly of the muscles between the eye and the ear, a portion of the head which we feel thereby very peculiarly alive. The secondary, or human, emotions connected with Gothic churches (and so independently of the specific æsthetic emotion that we have them equally in Gothic churches which are not æsthetically satisfactory, at Cologne as much as at Amiens) are a commonplace of literary description. These emotions are explicable by the fact that acutely pointed arches are perceived by an adjustment which feels as if the

breath of both lungs were running simultaneously upwards in a point, with a consequent strain and contraction the reverse of that expansion, which is accompanied by the sense of serenity and fellowship with the non-ego. Moreover, the act of breathing far higher up, both by its unusualness and by the strain it imposes, produces a state of being analogous to that of solitary and Quixotic resolves, forced upon us by the very nature of our surroundings. It is correspondingly difficult to have such feelings, without appropriate real causes, in a low square room. In remarkably high and narrow Gothic churches, like St. Onen, the breathing goes as high as it can, but it cannot go high enough to reach the roof; this gives us at once a sense of a superior force above us. In such a church mystic ideas seem the only natural ones, for we have lost the sense of firm ground under our feet, and seem, in a way, to hang from the sky.

In passing, as we now do, from the consideration of architecture as spatial enclosure to that of *architecture as expression of force and movement*, we desire to warn the reader against the criticism which explains the æsthetic qualities of architecture by a reference to the technicalities of building. This view cannot possibly be true, because we can take the greatest æsthetic pleasure in architecture without any knowledge of building; and because our æsthetic impressions are often at variance with what a knowledge of building would reveal. The question of carrying weight, however considerable its intellectual interest, is not a question which can give us any agreeable sensations; so that, for instance, the distribution of vertical pressure on the different parts of the building is a fact which possesses no æsthetic attraction, and which we do not, therefore, desire to realise. Nay, we sometimes actually shirk such knowledge as æsthetically disagreeable. Thus we realise the weight of cornices and capitals only enough to feel the steadying of the upspringing walls and columns; but we do not realise this pressure beyond that, because such realisation would merely make us uncomfortable. It is only where the construction happens to do something which we can follow pleasantly with our bodily adjustments that we wish the construction to be made plainly visible. And here we enter the domain of architecture as an expression of forces and movements, of forces and movements which we can realise agreeable in our sensations.

As an example of this, let us examine what happens in connection with arches. The problem of how the weight carried by the top of the arch is counteracted by charging the spandrels, is one of which our sensations do not intuitively make us aware; indeed if they did we should dislike it very much. But we feel pleasant interest in the thrust of the two sides of the arch, in their mutual pressure, which keeps them both in position over the centre of gravity, because we feel that in this case the construction is doing something which we,

standing on our two feet, can also do pleasantly. We therefore want to have this part of the construction made visible, and in so far find pointed arches more comfortable than round ones, because the point, however slight, shows that the arch is made of two separate halves which press against each other, a pressure of each half which we follow by pressing our foot down on that side, with a light swing of the equilibrium, and by an inspiration on that side of the chest, making the reverse movements for the other half and obtaining, through these opposing movements, the realisation of the movements of the arch's lines.

These movements of the lines are, in fact, our movements in looking at the lines, movements in most cases so slight as to be hardly perceptible, or like the faintly sketched out movements which accompany our hearing dance music while staying at rest, yet strong enough to produce in us a distinct consciousness, in the case of the arch, for instance, a consciousness of soaring up and swinging across its two sides.* The round arch, as opposed to the pointed, does not show the mutual inclination of its two halves: so, instead of realising those two halves in opposition to each other, we treat the whole as all of a piece, and follow its lines by a slight shifting of our weight from one foot to another, and by following the movement of our eyes upwards by an inspiration and the downward movement by an expiration.† We find the movement of the round arch pleasant and particularly so in arcades where we move freely from one arch to the other; but we miss the opposition of the two forces which we felt in the pointed arch. An interesting corroboration of this manner of seeing, and a corresponding invalidation of the notion that the æsthetic value of architecture depends upon its structural excellence, can be found in the fact that although all books on architecture explain that Gothic, as a style, depends upon complexities of vaulting and buttressing, the lay public insists upon

* This following of the lines by our own movements makes perception a slow process, for we can only do one movement at a time, and as each movement necessitates a special adjustment, there is a pause (sometimes of one or two breaths) between each adjustment, during which the eye merely rests passively upon the object without focussing it. In all cases the eyes do not move about independently of the movement of our head, for the independent movement of our eyes would be much too rapid for our other movements to follow. We see satisfactorily, therefore, by keeping our eyes more or less steady while executing the necessary movement with the head.

† Owing to our consciousness of breathing with both lungs, we possess a certain degree of volition over their separate action. We can at will breathe more with one side than with the other, and thus do something which feels like breathing in on the right side and breathing out on the left and *vice versâ*. Whether these adjustments really take place in the lungs or only in the throat and nostrils is a question for physiologists. Be this as it may, this kind of breathing is automatically set up when looking at mountains or at rounded arches; and it gives the sense of *swinging the breath across*, from one side to the other, which sense is singularly agreeable. Our volitional power in this matter seems due to the curious fact of a very close connection between the right eye and the breath on the right side. And this connection is so close that, shutting the right eye greatly diminishes the breathing through the right nostril, while the same happens for the left eye and nostril. Conversely, if keeping open both eyes we stop breathing through the right nostril, the right eye no longer sees satisfactorily, and lets the left eye do all the work. The reverse is of course the case.

recognising Gothic wherever it meets a pointed arch, for the pointed arch makes an impression on the most ignorant, while the structural peculiarities are visible only to the initiated. Again, we take but little interest in a modern pointed arch with exactly equal sides, for the pressure of the two sides seems comparatively passive, and we feel as if nothing were taking place. But a slightly uneven-sided arch, like those of good Gothic work, affects us as extremely interesting, for we see the two sides of the arch actively pressing against each other, and this at once calls up in us active sensations of equilibrium. We are indeed always balancing ourselves more or less; nay, but for this fact, we should not be bipeds at all, or possess most of our human characteristics, and we are therefore so accustomed to this fact as scarcely to notice it in ordinary life. But as soon as we see something else adjusting equilibrium, our own balance seems to swing on a wider scale, and this wider balancing brings a sense of our limits being enlarged in every direction, and of our life being spread over a far wider area. It is upon this and similar facts that depends the æsthetic wonder and beauty of a great French cathedral; for, great as were their feats as constructive engineers, the great Gothic builders did things even greater with the *apparent*, as distinguished from the actual, equilibrium of their fabrics. They juggled, so to speak, with visible lines and made the beholder realise a whole organism of active and opposing movements, quite independently of the constructive necessity of the case, as is shown by the fact that their modern imitators have been able to make churches of the same pattern hold together without making any similar appeal to the beholder's eyes and nerves. In a great French cathedral every part seems to be balancing actively and the whole building to be, in a way, swinging, a live thing, and, to use Vasari's expression more appropriately, "born rather than built by masons." The columns carrying the arches seem to be balanced on their bases, and the bases to be really gripping the ground. No column is quite rigid; there is always a slight deviation from the perpendicular, righted at once by a return to the perpendicular; so one is made to feel that the perpendiculars are perpendicular in an active sense and as a living fact. The same with the horizontals. They curve up very slightly, as if overcoming the forces of gravitation, so that one feels the horizontal movement as actually taking place. One is never allowed to take the direction once for all, and as a matter of course, as in modern Gothic, but the sensations of direction are actively brought home to one the whole time of looking. In such churches the arches of the aisles rarely have equal sides: the push to one side of the arch is readjusted by a push back in the next arch, and thus all down the aisle, the whole of the arches forming a group bound together by the interdependence of their balance. Both inside and outside a great French cathedral this quality is shown in every part,

from the main items of construction to the smallest piece of ornament; everything seems to move and balance. This means, from the subjective side, that a strong appeal is made by such arrangement of lines to our sensations of equilibrium; and that these, which in ordinary life are almost unperceived, are developed to an importance little short of constituting a sixth sense. We feel our balance in every direction, and we really *are* balancing in every direction, for we are quite unable, while looking about us, to stand evenly on both feet. We feel *out of step* with our surroundings unless we put our weight almost entirely on one foot; and when we have done so, we can fully perceive and, so to speak, feel incorporated with our surroundings. This very subtle equilibrium which has thus been forced on us by architecture, has moreover a very noteworthy effect on our head. It brings us a feeling of clear-headedness such as we rarely felt before, and we feel as if there were nothing we could not understand. This illusion of mental lucidity seems due to an unusual activity in the back of our head, produced by the unusual demand on our balancing powers; but what is exactly taking place is a question for physiologists. With this feeling of clearheadedness goes a keen excitement; we seem to be living at twice our normal rate, and life, for no definable reason, seems twice as much worth living.*

This extraordinary manipulation of our sense of equilibrium is by no means confined to the structural features, arches, lintels, columns, &c. &c., to the purely architectural details of great Gothic, but constitutes the *raison d'être* of all great Gothic sculpture, even when the figures or plants represented seem extraordinarily and exclusively realistic in treatment. Indeed the sculpture of a fine mediæval church is very commonly employed to counteract and complicate the movement of lines of the merely constructed items. Thus, over the door of the Chapter House at Westminster the arch is steadied on one side, and its over rapid curve is counterbalanced by the female statue alongside. She stands in profile towards the arch, but leans away from it at such a curve that she would inevitably fall over backwards if the curve of the arch were not rapid enough to counterbalance and keep her in place. The rocking of our own balance as we look at her makes us feel the forces at work; as at once resisting and balancing one another, and equally dependent on the mutual opposition which endures for ever. Again, we can take a similar example from the Christ portal at Amiens, and more particularly from the pointed arch of the side niche. The left side of this arch presses outwards to the uttermost edge of its capital,

* If we had space to examine into the painting of rapid (as distinguished from balanced) movement, we should find that this quality of art, as given pre-eminently by Botticelli, is extremely analogous in its effects to the best Gothic architecture and sculpture.

and so impetuous is its push that we feel it must inevitably topple over outwards. But it is held back and counterbalanced by the rapid movement in the contrary direction of the wild rose-tree carved in the inside of the niche. The topmost branch makes a swinging curve to the right, and the leaves and roses all turn over to the right also, and press against the inner side of the arch, the rapid spring of the plant's movement checking the outward thrust of the arch, and the two movements balancing one another. And in looking at them we swing over to the left with the arch, and are steadied by the rapid movement to the right which is initiated in us by the sight of the rose-tree. Thus while lines which exactly balance each other, as in the soulless imitation Gothic of to-day, give us no sensation of force and reaction, the counteraction of unequal weight and speed of lines of the genuine Gothic constitute an eternal equilibrium in which we never cease feeling the conflicting forces.*

VERNON LEE.

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON.

* Restorations of Gothic which attempt to imitate the irregularities of line of the original work without the dynamic principle which makes the parts balance each other, restorations in fact which are merely crooked, produce in the beholder an actual organic disturbance. In looking at them our equilibrium is upset and we are tormented by a sense of illogicality which no amount of arguing can remove.

THE ROOKERY ESTABLISHED.

TWELVE months ago I wrote of the First Nest of a Rookery, and of the coming to the grove of the First Pair : it now remains to tell of the Rookery Established and of the flying away from it of forty "birds of the year."

In 1896 a belated couple, a month after they should have been settled and keeping house, took possession of a young beech-tree and, with the help of another pair of sympathising acquaintances and a single rook of Tom Pinch temperament, built a nest and reared a family of three, which flew away with their parents on the first of June.

This year, on February 26, some rooks appeared and fussily reconnoitred the beech-tree that was tenanted last year. Only a mere fragment, a few twigs, remained of the "first nest," for a fierce gale in September had blown it out of the tree and nearly every stick of it had been scattered by succeeding storms. Yet the birds knew the exact spot where the nest had been and, from the persistence with which they examined it, seemed at first inclined to build there again. Several days, however, passed ; the visits to the grove became very desultory, and it looked as if the wrecking of the first nest had given the locality a bad name, and so our budding hopes of a "rookery" began to wither.

But on March 6 a company of fourteen birds came up at daybreak, and solemnly and in the name of the President of the Rooks took possession of the trees. At noon there could be no doubt about their intentions. They had evidently come to stay, and sate swinging on the tree-tops with the possessive air of householders, exchanging self-satisfied remarks with unsettled birds that flew by and talking among themselves in the offhand, commonplace fashion of rooks who are easy

in their minds. Towards evening—it was a mild, clear evening—they began to grow active, and singly and in couples were seen tugging at the twigs of the birch-trees and snapping dead sticks off the elms. One couple commenced by appropriating the relicts of last year. Were they the First Pair? Standing near the trees it was quite surprising to hear the noise that seven couples of rooks could make collecting the materials for nests, and yet by nightfall there were no signs of any foundations.

As a matter of fact there was too much courtship going on. Every rook was paying compliments to the other, and just as one sometimes sees among human beings when something has happened that makes everybody happy, there was quite an epidemic of congratulation and courtesy. Such fanning out of tails, such duckings of heads, such bowings and scrapings, such pretty things said! and all the time everybody pretending to be very serious about twig-collecting.

Why, when building, rooks should refuse all nest material that is offered to them is a puzzle. Almost every other bird, if you put the proper stuff—wool, feathers, moss, and so forth—in its way, will help itself to them readily. But a row of imitation nests upon the lawn did not tempt a single rook. Out in the open, too, just below their trees, we littered the lawn with twigs and sticks. But the rooks would have nothing to say to them. Nor, as a matter of fact, did I ever see a bird take any twigs off the ground. They are all broken off the trees. The rooks search the ground for dead leaves and fragments of turf, but never for sticks. The reason, no doubt, is that they know the litter on the ground to be rotten, or it would not be there; and, though the twigs that they break off for themselves are, ninety per cent. of them, just as dead and brittle as those lying on the ground, the fact of their still adhering to the trees proves that they cannot be actually so fragile as those that have had to drop. So the rooks have sense on their side.

On the morning of March 7 there were six nests commenced, and by the afternoon seven. Next day an eighth pair had joined the new rookery—the word had evidently gone round that the locality was “eligible for building-sites”—and on the 10th came two more pairs. A week passed without further addition, and then came the eleventh couple. After this came an interval of ten days, and then two more nests were begun; and, strange to say, on April 30 and May 1 came yet two others, the fourteenth and fifteenth pair of rooks!

It was not until the ninth couple came that the beech-tree used last year was again built in, and whether from mere coincidence or not it is strange that the nest should be in precisely the same position that proved so disastrous last September. Out of the fifteen nests, five were in elms, one in a Spanish chestnut, three in poplars, two in beeches, and four in Scotch firs.

The last selection is, I fancy, very unusual; and what makes it the more remarkable in the present case is that one of the Scotch firs has only a very small head of foliage, and yet in this apparently insufficient space three nests were completed, two of them touching each other so as to be virtually one nest, while the third was recklessly built on the flat branch without any side "stays." The result was that the first squall of wind that came blew the nest clean off, and it fell on to the lawn so complete that it might have been built where it fell. The poor birds, if foolish in the choice of their site, were wonderful builders, for the whole fabric came down solid and was carried away into a summer-house as easily and tidily as if it had been first-rate wickerwork, which indeed it was. One of the sticks in the nest was over an inch in thickness and four feet long, an extraordinary size for rooks to use, but it was a fir branch, and probably found *in situ*.

When the nest was blown out it was quite finished, the lining of leaves being complete and the cup for the eggs smooth and symmetrical. It was on the night of Friday, March 19, that the catastrophe occurred, and the rookery was startled from slumber by the crash of the falling nest and the clamour of its owners. For more than an hour there was the greatest uproar, and though the fierce wind often blew their voices away, the tumult of the little township was heard fitfully, now and again, in bursts of indignant protest. Underneath the trees you could hear nothing, for the wind was screaming through the topmost boughs, as it does in a gale through the rigging of a sailing ship, and the rooks circling high up in the dark, probably above the belt of disturbance, were quite inaudible. But the farther you got from the rookery the plainer got the voices of the outraged colony. "A nest blown out!" "And with Mrs. Scotch-fir-number-three asleep in it, too!" Well, just imagine it. Here was a house in a village, a good substantial house, that had suddenly disappeared into space, been blown complete, from attics to cellars, away into nowhere! It was surely enough to make rooks talk, and at the top of their voices, too. Just imagine the feelings and conversation of an ordinary human village if one night, during a gale of wind, a cottage was whisked away. Not merely knocked over or scattered all about, but blown so "clean away" that the ground upon which it had stood looked just as if there had never been any cottage there at all! And, mark you, no sign in the fields or anywhere about of the missing residence. Would it not give the folks of that village something to talk about? When it was daylight, the rooks assembled of course at "the scene of the disappearance," and had a great deal to say about "the unprecedented occurrence." There were no remains for any one to steal, no unconsidered trifles to be picked up from the wreck. For the nest had gone holus-bolus. And the oddest part of

it all was that the owners of the ex-nest sate on the empty site thereof, viciously possessive—of nothing—and equally resentful of sympathy and chaff. They sate very close together, the poor two, saying nothing, but making dabs at every bird that came too near. What was in their minds? Did they expect the nest to come back again? And why not? Its coming back could not have been a whit more surprising than its going away. The other two nests in the fir being built into each other from opposite sides of the trunk—at the height of sixty feet, only about three or four inches thick—formed a stout ring of wickerwork round it, and though exposed to the worst of every storm they weathered the gales of March, and in due course added their quota of four young birds each to the sum total of the new community.

It was some time before the pair so roughly unhoused plucked up spirits to build again, but after awhile they, or another pair, selected—the first that had done so—one of the very old elms, and in its topmost twigs, close to the Scotch fir, they built the most perfectly round rooks'-nest I have ever seen. Moreover, it was made entirely of green wood, nearly all of it elm with the buds on, and, looked at through field-glasses, resembled a great bowl of moss. The other nests, judging from the one blown out of the Scotch fir, were almost entirely old wood, brittle sticks, most of them beech, laced with green twigs of larch, elm and birch.

But if they were the same, fate had declared against them, for soon after their nest was finished I found upon the lawn a rook in perfect condition and plumage, but so ill that it let me pick it up without struggling and carry it to the house. Attempts to "make it well" failed, as well they might, for when the bird was dead a post-mortem revealed the fact that its skull had been fractured, probably by the beak of another rook. Its mate, too, disappeared, and so the beautiful round green nest was never a nursery.

Turning over in my mind the possible reasons for this violent act, I remembered that the round-nest builders had been most shameless thieves. It is said in books that all the birds in a rookery pilfer from each other; but (as far as my own observation goes) this is certainly not true, for, except in the two cases I am now referring to, I never saw any stealing from each other's nests, and but for these two I would have supposed that previous observers had mistaken harmless inquisitiveness for larcenous intention. And, as supporting what I say, I would dispute the fact usually asserted of one bird remaining on guard over the nest while the other is abroad seeking for fresh materials. It is more usual for both birds to go away together, which would not be the case if robbery were a regular feature of a rookery.

So far from the birds being suspicious of one another, it is one of the regular customs of the community that the hens shall go round "calling" upon one another. They do nothing beyond sitting near

each other's nest for a few minutes and preening themselves. Then they return to their own domicile. In the course of an afternoon every hen in the rookery will pay several calls of this kind. There is no conversation; the etiquette of these afternoons "at home" is evidently silence. The lady of the house dozes on her nest. The caller sits close by and attends to her own toilette; and when she has sat as she thinks long enough to satisfy social custom, she quietly goes away. But it is obviously "the right thing" that she has done, and equally obvious that each knows it to be so.

And equally interesting is the fact that a bird will, during a neighbour's absence, sit on the edge of her nest without apparently having made any arrangements for doing so; and the proprietor, on coming back, though she always seems a trifle curt in her manner, never resents the friendly but unsolicited solicitude. These amiabilities go to prove that life in a rookery is not all suspicion and bickering, and that the birds recognise obligations which are quite independent of pilfered sticks; neighbourly obligations which could hardly be overlooked by birds who build their nests touching one another.

I have read, too, that the rook is a bird who does not like bird-neighbours; that he tolerates the jackdaw, but no other. This is a mistake, for in the Scotch fir in which were two rooks' nests a pair of wood-pigeons roosted for some time and, unless I am much mistaken, would have nested there had it not been for the constant "ructions" that went on. Starlings always stopped to rest themselves among the rooks, and sparrows hopped about under the rooks' nests (where, when the birds were flown, they built their own untidy domicile) with characteristic familiarity.

Not even when such bad characters as jays are in the neighbourhood do the rooks guard their nests. While all the other birds are agog, the rookery has been left "for hours" untenanted, and I have heard the jays go screeching unchallenged through the tree-tops, where the nests were, and many of the nests with eggs.

But the round-nest builders were wretches. Their nest being built of twigs from the tree in which it stood, instead of from other trees at a little distance, as is the ordinary custom, was very rapidly constructed, and when it reached the lining stage the builders found that their next-door neighbours were just completing their lining, so, instead of going afield for their stuff, they stayed at home and robbed the others. And it was certainly most amusing to watch the thieves sitting side by side on their nest solemnly surveying their neighbours busily tucking in their latest acquisition, a bunch of leaves or a piece of grass with the roots on, and then, as soon as they were gone, hopping into the other nest and abstracting the material just put in.

It was the female, be it noted, which always did the stealing, the male only lending the moral influence of his presence and his silent

approval. But, as a matter of fact, most of the work in a rookery, honest or dishonest, except the feeding, falls to the share of the hen-bird.

Over and over again the thieves were all but caught in the act, and the ready hypocrisy with which, under the suspicious scrutiny of the other pair, they assumed airs of innocence, was immensely diverting. But mark the sequel. The thieves apparently thought, after a time, that it would look better if they made a show of industry. So they flew off to the fields. Back came their neighbours, and, sad to relate, proceeded to rob the thieves! Exactly the same farce went on—only the other way about—and the original thieves were systematically plundered by those they had wronged. And in the end it would be difficult to say whether either pair was a beakful of leaves the worse or the better for all the time spent in laborious larceny. Now it is just possible that the round-nest builders went too far, or the neighbours laid a trap for them—as rooks are doing for each other all day long—or the rookery generally was scandalised and decided to put a stop to such immoral proceedings, and that the poor rook standing under the elm with a fractured skull was the tragic climax. Anyhow, the one died, the other vanished, and there was an end of the beautiful round nest which the two thieves built.

The other case of dishonesty was even more curious. Two rooks started to build a nest, and their antics while building and the whole conduct of their architecture were so curious that I could not help noticing it. They seemed to be half-witted. And the other rooks noticed it too, and evidently came to much the same conclusion, for they treated the nest with the most ludicrous want of respect, behaving as if it were public property, and, even in the presence of the rightful owners, making a sort of general rendezvous and promenade of it. The poor birds never came back to it without finding at least one rook in debonair possession—not stealing from it, for all the other nests were built—but poking its beak into it, rattling the sticks about, or pulling out twigs from underneath and putting them on the top. The owners never retaliated with any earnestness, and the result was that their nest never became a serious "nest," but remained a joke and a platform only. Whenever the builders were out of the way, one rook or another was sure to be busy flattening the structure, and in the end the unfortunate birds'-nest developed into a sort of pier, about a yard long by a foot wide, up and down which the idle ones of the community amused themselves by parading with their hands under their coat-tails. In the end, despairing, I suppose, of ever getting the ridiculous thing to grow round, the builders deserted it, leaving the promenaders in possession of their esplanade, and went off to a spinney, about a hundred yards away, and commenced another nest in a young elm-tree only thirty feet high. But this aberration

from rules the rookery would not tolerate on any account. Whether it was that they thought the lowness of the tree a reflection upon the habits of rooks, or whether such a departure from old forms was considered a dangerously independent innovation, I cannot say, not having talked to the rooks on the subject, but they so teased the pair by interfering with their operations and sitting all over the tree making disagreeable remarks, that the half-witted couple "moved on" once more, never to return.

In this way two nests came to be deserted. Two of the others came to nothing from the mates of the sitting birds being shot by a neighbouring farmer for "scarecrows," and stuck up on sticks in a field which was half thistles.

In one nest were young birds—so young that the mother had not yet begun to leave them to look for food for them, and both they and she were dependent upon the mate. And one day his visits to the nest with food suddenly ceased. Hour after hour, no doubt, she waited for him, and then came night. With dawn hope probably would revive, and instinct or habit would keep her with her young ones, covering them from the cold, and still waiting for the food-provider to come back. Hunger would at last make her desert her post, but it is very unlikely that she would bring any food back for her young ones. Inherited habit takes, fortunately, very firm hold, and the mother, whose duty it was to protect the unfledged birds from the weather and to wait for food to be brought to her, was much more likely to die on her nest of starvation than to go abroad for the means of sustenance. It would never occur to a bird, whose life in all important matters is one of blind routine, that a catastrophe had occurred, that her mate was dead, and that the sole charge of the nestlings had devolved upon herself. To expect her to grasp such a situation at once and act up to it is to expect too much from a bird. And so the day passed. Whenever an old bird flew overhead the poor little creatures clamoured for food, but, out of all the fathers and mothers coming and going, there was neither father nor mother for them. And so next day—the pity of it!—there were no voices from the nest at all.

In the other nest the poor bird was sitting on her eggs. And one day her mate never came to feed her, and she flew down to where the plough was at work and joined the other rooks. I happened to see her leave her eggs and fly away, and I watched with curiosity for "developments." She came back with a companion, who sat down in her tree while she went into her nest, thinking, no doubt, poor creature, that she now had some one to look after her. But the next minute one of the burghers of the grove saw the alien sitting in the widow's tree, and, without asking for explanation, flew full tilt at him, and the alien fled. Then, thinking he had done a fine manly action

in defending the widow from intrusion, and deserved the regard of the fair for driving off the presumptuous foreigner, he pressed his own attentions upon the lonely female, but got a smart dab in the ribs from her beak in reward for his meddling.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!" Here were three rooks, all with the best intentions in the world, made miserable by an officious blunder of uninvited interference!

Day after day did the widow go abroad to try to coax home with her another food-provider. But no. Perhaps it had got about that she was a fraud and that if you "saw her home," her husband, who was waiting up a tree close by, would be down upon you. Anyhow she was left alone. All day long she was springing up off her nest to meet any male that was passing with food for his own lawful household and crying to him, "Give me some! Give me some!" Her voice became so peculiar in tone that it was distinguishable above the whole rookery. It sounded as if she were going crazy, and so I believe she was. And one day she disappeared, leaving her eggs for the jays.

The killing of rooks by farmers is seldom, to say the very best of it, an intelligent proceeding, but in the present case it was stupid barbarity. It was barbarous because the rooks had all eggs or young ones in their nests, and to shoot one of the food-providers was to kill a whole household by starvation; and it was stupid for the following reason. The rookery is separated only by an orchard and a lane from a large field, which was divided in half for two crops. The one proved to be white clover mixed with rye and sow-thistles, chiefly sow-thistles—an ideal picnic-ground for the finch-folk and the bunnies—and the other was some sort of grain, not in ear yet; and along the dividing-line of the two crops was set a row of stakes, and hanging to these by their necks were the dead rooks. Up and down the field went first the plough and then the harrow, and then by scores, following the men at their work, and within a few yards, a few feet at times, of the poor sun-shrivelled twirling corpses of their friends, trudged backwards and forwards all the male rooks of the rookery.

I saw the farmer, one day, looking at his men at work, and the rooks all busy helping them, and I wondered if the sarcasm of the scene, the dead birds and the live ones, bit into him at all. Even the agricultural mind might have been susceptible to such gross and palpable irony.

And while I was looking on an idea struck me. Instead of using rooks as "scarecrows," why not use them as decoys to tempt other rooks to come on to the fields? So men use ducks and wood-pigeons. Why then should not some one make artificial rooks for farmers to set about in their fields? Not all the lecturing and advice-giving in the world would have such effect on the bucolic intellect as the advertisement of "dummy rooks" for the protection of crops.

When the birds begin to build they work in the mornings only, leaving off, as if by common consent, about nine o'clock. By ten there is not a bird left in the rookery, they are all afield, feeding and amusing themselves. Perhaps this is their honeymoon. In the evening—I am speaking of the first three weeks of March, when the sun sets at six o'clock—they all return about five o'clock, straggling up from every point of the compass, and not returning in a body as they do later on. The day's programme depends greatly upon the weather, so long as the birds have no young ones to feed, for after that the weather has to be left out of consideration. But at first the rooks stay at home a great deal on stormy days, and, if the rain is heavy, hardly go abroad at all. All order seems then to be in abeyance, and the rules of the community to be laid aside. The birds sit about in casual groups, and go afield promiscuously in batches. Everybody seems put out, as if arrangements had been made for the day but had been knocked on the head by the weather. But nest-building, of course, goes on, and, with all the birds of the rookery at home together and congregated at one time in two or three trees, the operations seem very confused and the tempers of the workers very short. On a fine day they will sometimes with one accord fly away and leave the rookery to look after itself for four or five hours at a stretch. There are at this time very seldom as many as six together, and, most extraordinary to say, they fly generally in odd numbers.

This last peculiarity held good all through the nesting time, and it was more common to see three or five rooks together than any other number. Also it is very worthy of note that recruits do not come in by couples but singly. Thus at night I would count nine rooks for four nests being built. Next day there would be five nests in the course of construction and at night eleven or twelve rooks. And so it would go on. The number of nests and number of birds never "came even," the latter being sometimes as many as five in excess of the number appropriate to the nests. During the daytime they often flew away from the rookery and returned to it in threes, the extra bird being invariably a male. Nor even after all the fourteen nests were finished and the community was, as it were, complete, could the number of the tenants of the grove be counted twenty-eight. They were on several occasions startled up on purpose after they had come home and were settling down for the night, and their numbers never fell below thirty-five.

Who were the redundant fowls, and what were they there for? If they had been there as understudies to fill sudden vacancies or, in the case of a gap by death, to take the place of the missing bird, the arrangement would have been delightfully intelligible. But that such was not the case was proved by the fact that when, later on, three different hens were widowed, none of the supernumeraries came forward

to help the widows or to take the place of food-provider to the orphans.

Most of these "supernumeraries" were, I take it, females whose partners had been killed, for in Spring it is chiefly the males which go afield, and are there shot for "scare-crows." Besides, as I said in my notes last year, the hen-birds are occasionally assisted in the work of incubation by others: the lady-helps of the rookery; poor rooks who have "seen better days" (and next year will probably see them again), and who, having no nests of their own, make themselves useful to those who have. One or two of the odd birds were, however, "confirmed bachelors," without any intention of undertaking the labour of maintaining a family.

It constantly happens that during the day the rookery seems to be quite deserted. In every nest there is a hen-bird sitting, but so silent are they that, except for an occasional sneeze—rooks are greatly given to sneezing—you would never think a bird was there. And presently you will become aware of the presence of a single male. Somewhere or another, in the corner, perhaps, of an unfrequented tree, or sitting, as if on duty, behind his own nest, he has waited patiently till every husband but himself was away collecting food. Or he may have had to manoeuvre to secure the advantage of being alone. Again and again you may see them trying to sit each other out; and their feints of departure—devices to beguile each other away to work—are very interesting to watch. There are two, for instance, who wish to stay, and each pretends that he must be off at once. First one and then the other starts away with eager caw, as if he were going to fly for miles, but no sooner is he clear of the grove than he wheels about, and, flying low, comes round back to it again and slips into a tree. Sometimes the other is deceived and really goes where he thinks the other has gone; sometimes he only starts, and not seeing the other ahead of him anywhere, suspects a trick, and comes back too; sometimes he never budes at all, in which case, the other, seeing it is no use, really departs. Then if you watch the bird that is left alone you will see that he proceeds to pay his addresses to every hen—except his own mate—in turn, being as a rule repeatedly rebuffed and driven off from nest after nest by their respective occupants, until at last he chances upon a dame whose pretence of repulse gives him the requisite encouragement. Without further comment I leave this very remarkable fact to the consideration of the naturalist, who cannot fail to see in so astounding an economy a most positive preventive of the evils of in-breeding (to which rooks by their exceptionally conservative character would be specially liable), but one that the human mind could never of itself have devised or suggested. Each male helps a particular female to build a nest; while she is sitting he feeds her and her alone; when the eggs are hatched he feeds her young, and

until they are able to fly away behaves in every way as if he were their father! Such a domestic basis falls completely outside the scope of human imagination, so utterly opposed is it to the natural emotions of humanity; and the wonder is that creatures absolutely devoted in their duties as food-providers and protectors, and faithful to a degree to their trusts, should lack all "matrimonial" instinct. But it must not be forgotten that conjugal fidelity would eventually wreck a rookery.

There is, I think, evidence to show that the present system did not always prevail in the community, for there has survived more than one habit, now quite perfunctory and meaningless, that seems to me to point to a long-ago period of monandry, or of recognised polygamy only. For instance, the male belonging to a nest will fiercely attack any other that in his presence attempts to approach his partner. Again, the female belonging to a nest will sometimes (not always, nor even often) make a great show of interference when she sees the male of her nest making love to another. Most curious of all, however, is the still surviving feeling in the male that his conduct is not what it should be. This is shown on every occasion by his subterfuges. Having come home from the field, he is clamorously welcomed by his partner, who comes out of her nest and is fed by him. Finding that she has got all he has brought (though it takes her a long time, as I said in my first article, to convince her that he is not keeping something back, or got more "in the other pocket"), she hops back into her nest, while he, if there are no other male birds near, immediately flies off to another female; after which he comes back to his own nest and invariably says something to her in an off-hand way. She has heard the same excuse before, says nothing, and he flies away to the field on duty.

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Then came the days when the young rooks tried their wings. The tall trees of the rookery overlook an orchard, and down into the orchard among the apple trees, cherries, and pears, the old ones by slow stages coaxed the young. It is not often in England that such a sight is vouchsafed to the bird-lover as a flying school for rooks, a kindergarten of birds.

But there it was, and for hours every day the old ones kept the children employed, calling them from one tree to the other on the pretext of giving them food, and often making them follow all down one side of the orchard before they rewarded them. A dozen young ones all having their lessons together was a most interesting sight, for they were never still. In such comparatively small trees, and within a few feet of the ground, the birds looked immense, and their scramblings and flutterings and squawkings were indescribable. There is no idea of discipline or affectionate obedience in the juvenile rook-mind. Food

or the hope of it is the motive power. It was only when the father or mother called out that they had got something nice for a good little rook that the whole family became good little rooks at once. Otherwise the parents might caw themselves hoarse before the young rascals would attempt to fly.

Very curious, too, was the capacity of the little ones for sleeping. I fancy young animals cannot help going to sleep; that it is a provision of Nature for their good, that as soon as they have eaten they shall sleep. It was ludicrous beyond words to see two birds side by side delirious with excitement over the anticipated mouthful, and then before the second had swallowed what it got to see the first fast asleep. Nature, too, has provided that a nestling shall know at once when it has had enough. Not even the mother herself can coax a mouth open which has once shut. She must fly away and come back again if she wishes to interest them in food.

The differences in character were very interesting. Of two birds on a bough, the one would have eyes only for the skies and the drifting clouds, and at the passing of a rook it would stretch itself to its full length and call out to the voyager in the blue. The other was fascinated by the earth and the grass upon it, watching the old birds parading beneath in search of insects with the liveliest interest. Of two on a bough, one would start off on a buccaneering expedition and complicate itself dreadfully among the boughs, but finish up in the end by being perched proudly several feet above the other one, who with head askance would look up at it exactly as the little sister looks up at the bold brother who has got up on to the wall, but never attempt, till food was the reward, to emulate the adventurer.

Down the side of the orchard runs a spinney of well-grown young trees. This was the upper form of the rook-school. Some of the birds presumptuously promoted themselves to it, and flapped and fluttered about from fir to poplar, and back from poplar to fir, while the lower form took humbler flights from plum tree to apple, and back from apple to plum.

Every one no doubt has been surprised at the way in which old rooks fearlessly and without any formalities of cunctation perch upon the topmost twigs of lofty trees, even in windy weather, twigs that seem to offer only foothold to a sparrow. As a matter of fact, this bold and beautiful dexterity has only been arrived at by exciting experiences in youth. Whenever a young rook, beginning to grow conscious of its wings, is on a branch it begins restlessly sidling along it towards the tip. Presently it begins to find the branch bending beneath its weight, but this does not stop it. On it goes, and then comes the moment when it is overbalanced, when everything turns upside down and it finds itself hanging to the branch, back downwards, by its beak and claws. Great then is the flapping of the

young wings and futile. Phæthos has got to fall. And it lets go, trusting to luck, and down it comes, flopping from branch to branch until it "fetches up"—the humiliation of it!—on top of a laurel, three or four feet only off the ground, or, worse still, on the ground itself. Here it lies panting and looking up with head awry at the giddy heights from which it has fallen. So young rooks are constantly tumbling out of their trees, the reason being that they persist in trying to sit on twigs that will not bear their weight, before they have learnt the secret of balance. If you look at an old bird through your glasses as he swings on a mere thread, you will find that he settled with his feet wide apart, and it takes the young bird some time to find this out, and often the lesson is only arrived at by the rough path of salutary mishap.

The youngster on the flat ground for the first time is a very comical personage. Nothing will persuade him to go out of a slow, priggish walk. He saunters along, looking over his shoulder at you, as if to say that it would take something better than you to frighten him. And when you go to pick him up he stands still. The truth of course is that a rook cannot run nor hop. It can only walk, and even that at a deliberate pace. You cannot hustle it. The more you hurry it the less it thinks of your manners, and its haughtiness only increases with your importunity. "What an earth do you expect a rook to do? Can't you see I am walking away?" it says. And then it stops. It knows it cannot fly, and if it lived to be a raven in years it would never be able to run. So it stands still. "The rook surrenders but never runs away."

When returning home, rooks, it is proverbial, are noisy. But this is not the case so long as there are eggs or young in the nests. The return of the birds is then stealthy in the extreme, quite spectral in its silent swiftness, and, later, when the moon is up and the leafless boughs stand out like black lace against the night-sky, you can count every rook in the grove, and it is pretty to see how each nest has its own sentinel male. Dotted about irregularly are the supernumeraries.

When they first alight it is on the highest points of the grove for observation, the extreme tips of the trees, and here, swinging, they are most sensitively on the alert. The slightest intrusion disturbs them, and they fly up with prodigious clamour, the poor hens, asleep on their nests, springing out of them in alarm and joining the rest. And sometimes they will fly long distances and not come back for half an hour. But eventually they all get together again. They are very excitable and restless, perpetually starting up to wheel round the grove and cawing all the while, but at last the word goes round that it is bed-time, and any one listening can translate as plainly as possible the sleepy last words they exchange. Whether the rookery has any recognised head or leader I could not determine; but it is

beyond doubt that at night there is always one rook—it may, perhaps, be always the same one—who speaks as if with authority, a grumpy, gruff-voiced rook who, in the intervals of silence, says, “Go to sleep,” “Hold your tongues,” “*Shut up.*” He reminds me of the “prefect” of my dormitory at school. Perhaps, too, if little rooks won’t go to sleep, the old one shies his slippers at them. The prefect used to. But when they do go to sleep, it is almost unanimously and simultaneously. And looking up at them you see the little black headless bodies scattered about among the branches waiting for the night to settle upon them. And this is why birds put their head under their wings: so that it shall be dark. If they did not, they would never get to sleep at all for half the year.

Many writers both in prose and verse have spoken of the “creaking” of rooks’ wings, and last year (in my article on “The First Nest of a Rookery”) I said, “I have repeatedly heard the noise when the birds were sitting motionless.” This year I have made very careful observations on the point, and I am, for myself, convinced that the noise has nothing to do with the wings. It is an expression of fatigue. You never hear it when the birds are flying *from* the nest, and seldom when they are flying to it, until the last thing at night. The exceptions are when a male bird is coming home laden with food, or when a young bird in its first flights make some desperate effort with its last ounce of strength to reach the point it wants to settle on. Two young birds came one evening over my head creaking loudly. They made good their point and settled, but creaked several times while settling. As a matter of fact, they were out of breath. If it were the wings that made the creaking, it would be heard at all times, when rooks were at play, or pursuing an enemy, or flying afield. But this is not the case. The conditions under which it is heard are special and always suggestive of fatigue, and I feel convinced that it proceeds from the lungs, and is emitted half-involuntarily with each downward beat of the tired bird’s pinions. Human beings, *mutatis mutandis*, utter analogous sounds under analogous conditions. The athlete grunts; and the man at work with axe or mallet invariably, after a while, accompanies his heavier blows with a “ho!” or a “ha!” But the point can be put to absolute proof by any one who, when rooks are passing overhead “creaking,” will suddenly wave his hat, or shout at them. The creaking will stop at once.

When the rooks are nest-building and make their last flight home at night with their beaks full of material, the creaking is often very audible, and if, as they come “plodding along,” so to speak, on labouring wings, I stepped unexpectedly into view, they would drop their little burdens and the creaking would cease. In the daytime they slip in through the black bare branches like darker shadows, and

settle without a sound. You turn your head as your eye catches a bird flitting past against an open space of sky, and when you look round again, behold, there are half-a-dozen perched where an instant before there was not one. Their wings never strike against the boughs.

To us on the ground looking up into a grove of leafless trees the branches look like network, in some places even a tangle. But the birds, sitting up among them, see long alleys and broad spaces, and, springing up from their perches, can fly, without touching a twig on either side, from one end of the grove to the other. It is not until we remember this that we can understand the singular silence of the rooks' comings and goings, the "ghostliness" of their sudden appearances and their magical evanishments. And yet we know that the tree-tops must be roomy and free of obstacles before the leaves come on the branches, or how is it that rooks can hurl themselves, like javelins flung in a fury, right through a grove from side to side? Suddenly out of the sky falls a rook, and, checking for an instant, takes its line, and then with half-closed wings, and not a sound except the whistle of its passing, it pierces the apparently impenetrable labyrinth of boughs without a swerve, unerring in its aim. And woe to the bird that is swooped at, if it awaits the terrific impact of the "stabbing assegai" of the angry rook.

If we were up in the air we could draw out a "ground plan," so to speak, of the tree-tops. For, be it noted, the rooks build nearly on a level. Taking the average height of the grove as eighty feet, all the nests are between twenty and five-and-twenty feet from the top. By-and-by, should the number of the tenants increase, the newcomers will have to choose between being above or below. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that they would be allowed to go above, and their "choice" would be simply as to below. For what I suppose are the best sites are all selected by the first comers, and, as nearly as possible, they are on a level, the variation never, in the trees I am speaking of, exceeding five feet. This height is no whimsical selection. It is the loftiest level compatible with safety, and once it is established by these skilful tree-surveyors every succeeding nest is built as nearly as possible upon it. To be above it (in the same trees) is to be in danger from storms; to be below it is to submit oneself to unspeakable annoyances when the upper nests are filled with young ones. And this, too, I should like to point out. The grove has a windward and a leeward side. The prevailing wind is from the north-north-west. All the nests at present are on the edge of the grove, south-south-east.

If, then, we were up in the air we would see the village lying on the flat, some of the habitations in rows, already aligning, it may be, streets that will by-and-by be built. Open ways lead from point to point—at present mere country roads, lanes, and rights-o'-way—but should the population increase they will gradually take the form of a

township with streets and avenues, and here an open square and there a "circus." Poplar and Nine Elms will be outlying suburbs, and the town, naturally dividing itself into quarters, will have its West End, where the old families live and houses are the thickest, and lines of straggling residences will connect it with the adjacent parishes of High Beech and Royal Oak, and with what your central-dwelling birds will perhaps call the pretty countrified districts of the Limes and Chestnut-by-the-Lawn. When they get to know each other well by many years of successive neighbourhood the rooks, no doubt, will classify themselves much as human townsfolk do, recognise their immediate co-dwellers as "proper" people to know and will look up to or down upon all the rest according to where they live. We plantigrade folk, walking about on the flat of the foot on flat ground, casually notice a rookery as "a lot of nests" up in the trees. But I am not sure that it can do us any harm to look now and then at the smaller creatures about us from something of their own point of view and recognise in their habits and manners an approach, a very feeble, halting approach, to the civic idea, and a queer, half-pathetic striving towards the goods and the bads of life in a Community.

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Two of the first nests, commenced in the first week of March, had young ones in them in the second week of April. The voices of the young are so feeble that a very slight breeze in the tree-tops makes them inaudible, but I heard them on the 14th, so that the eggs were hatched in some of the nests a fortnight before other nests were even commenced. The fervour of the later builders seemed to make those who had passed through the early stages of housekeeping very touchy, and the "elders," so to speak, evidently thought the fuss that the juniors made about twigs and their constant passing and repassing with building material, quite uncalled for and very inconsiderate, for they were constantly interfering with them while at work and making themselves generally disagreeable. One pair of late builders took a fancy to working the tufts of Scotch fir into their nests, and these their neighbours evidently found very tempting to pull out, which they did persistently. But they did not throw them away; they simply dropped them inside the nest. One of the nests when well built was deserted for more than a week. Another pair of birds helped themselves very liberally to the material. Then the owners, presumably, came back, repaired and finished the nest, and when all the other young birds of the rookery had flown hatched out three eggs. This was towards the end of June. The foliage had already concealed the nests, and I thought the rookery was empty. But one day I heard the voices of young ones being fed, and daily after that watched the old birds flying to and fro, till in due course three young rooks came fluttering after their mother out of the grove and tried their wings

by short, unsteady flights from tree to tree. The father had deserted the family, or it may be he had been killed. At all events they had only a mother, and there was something curiously pathetic about this one bird left with her young ones in the empty rookery. Unlike all the rest they were curiously tame; they remained in the trees about the lawn long after they could fly, and all through July kept near the house. Curious too, to say, they did not for at least a month join the rest of the rookery which fed in the fields round and roosted at night in the spinneys close by, but flew about, the four together, in a most forlorn manner. During all this time at intervals every day the mother kept flying about the grounds calling in a most melancholy manner, and the three young ones following close behind her kept replying with their monotonous clamour until every one wondered at them and why they did not go and join their kith and kin. Quite by accident, at the end of July, the poor bird's secret was discovered. One of her brood had fallen out of the nest, and being hurt had been unable to fly and was hiding among the laurels under the rooks' trees. Here the mother must have fed it for three weeks, and here, alive but most miserably thin, a mere skeleton, I saw it quite by chance before I put my foot upon it. It was taken into the aviary, fed plenteously on dipped bread, scraps of all sorts and pheasants' food, and soon grew strong enough to use its wings. But meanwhile the mother, finding her maimed bird had gone from its hiding-place, flew away too, and became another item in the black cohort at work in the meadows.

Sometimes they come back to the grove. I have seen in the middle of the day a hundred rooks and as many jackdaws seated in high debate among the nest-trees. And at night they sometimes come up in companies and make the grove their dormitory, as the wing-feathers of the moulting birds that lie about on the lawn tell us. When they are alone the rooks are so stealthy in their coming that no one knows they are roosting there, but if they have any jackdaws with them all the parish can tell where they are. It is not often, though, that they come. They shift their sleeping quarters from night to night, splitting up in several parties, and while one contingent possesses itself of the trees in one spinney, another will go to another, but they are never half a mile away from their nests. As it happens, too, their feeding grounds are all in sight of the grove, and though when winter comes they may have to go further afield for food, they are at present home-staying birds, spending both night and day within eye-shot of the nests from which they flew last Spring and to which next Spring it is hoped they may return.

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE ZIONIST CONGRESS.

THE three closing days of August saw a congress at Basle concerning the significance of which friends and foes alike seem already pretty well agreed. It was the Congress of Zionists. Zionists! Until then that word was almost unknown to the public at large. Zionism virtually made its bow to the Gentile world at Basle, and disclosed for the first time what its aims and its needs were.

It requires only a superficial acquaintance with public life to know that every champion of a political idea is inevitably doomed to misunderstanding, to accusation, and to calumny. Let the subject only be one of general interest, and every one will feel himself called upon to pronounce his final and indisputable opinion concerning it. Nor will the inability to grasp its ultimate significance prove in any way a deterrent; on the contrary, the opinion will be volunteered with all the more readiness and positiveness. For the dispassionate observer of mundane things, truly a source of ever fresh diversion!

In undertaking the solution of a great problem, it is necessary, above all things, to allow your opponents the utmost freedom of opinion and expression. In that way their most strenuous efforts, their most mischievous strivings, will be robbed of their sting, and prove, to say the least, refreshing. I can only say that since the moment when I took up the gauntlet on behalf of my poor brethren, and rubbed shoulders with much suffering—with more, alas! than I had at first guessed—the very bitterest opposition of my foes has provided the only source of relaxation for me. That was the humour of it.

Otherwise the situation is sad enough. Our movement is assuredly born of necessity—of the necessity of the Jews throughout the world. But, before I go further, it shall be my task to define the nature of

this Zionism, for the benefit of the reader who is unacquainted with its elementary principles.

It was in my work, "The Jewish State," which appeared a year and a half ago, that I first formulated what the Congress at Basle virtually adopted as an axiom. In the terms of that definition: "Zionism has for its object the creation of a home, secured by public rights, for those Jews who either cannot or will not be assimilated in the country of their adoption." When I glance at that familiar passage, which I have uttered over and over again and as often defended, and recall the bitter struggles which it has given rise to within the ranks of the Jews themselves—when I see how, as it issues from out the pale of the Ghetto, it is pounced upon, worried, and even dragged through the gutter—I wonder at the blindness of human passion. One can scarcely believe that a demand so modest, which threatens or endangers the rights of no man, could arouse such a wild storm of feeling. But the fact is there all the same, and I know only one adequate explanation of it: the Jewish question is still the same living force in the mind of man as it was of old. In this year of grace humanity is just as little able to view the matter through the calm, dispassionate glass of reason as it was throughout the whole of the eighteen centuries following upon the Captivity, when our conquered forefathers were scattered over the face of the earth. And yet there are many who venture to assert that a Jewish question does not exist. Ah! would that it were so. The Jewish question is a living reality, and those to whom that question has come home morally or physically will look in vain for freedom from their pain. That is the position of most Jews to-day, albeit it is just as remote from my intention now as ever it was to raise a feeling of false sentiment on behalf of my persecuted brethren. I wish simply to establish the fact that we suffer. Max Nordau gave utterance to that truth at the Congress in words, the lofty anguish and sonorous force of which it would be difficult to match. He said: "This is the moral Jewish misery, which is more bitter than the physical, because it befalls men who are differently situated, prouder, and possessed of finer feelings."

It is candidly admitted that we Jews hold the moral sufferings of our people as paramount, although in many countries our brethren are the victims of bloody persecution and maltreatment, and find themselves robbed of the common right to earn or to claim security for their property. But there are other racial minorities and individuals throughout the world who have to endure cruelty and hardship of every kind, for we are still far from that ideal condition of things when the right of every human being to pass his earthly life in peace and happiness shall be respected. We do not ask that the Jews' lot shall be better than that of other races. We simply

want to see removed that odious privilege which forces us to fill an exceptional position in the world because of the accident of birth. "Each according to his works," is a motto which actuates the Jew equally with the Gentile. To us there are no other means to obtain that legitimate end than the creation of a lasting home for the Jewish race based on the solid foundation of legal rights.

But is this not apparently begging the question, which is: Does a Jewish nation still exist? Those to whom a nation means nothing more nor less than an accumulated mass of humanity living together in territorial unity, have naturally answered that question in the negative. These sagacious thinkers have overlooked the necessity of considering the term "nationality" from a purely abstract point of view. Also they have entirely forgotten that an exception must be made of the special case of the Jews. I consider the nation to be a historical group of human beings of evident kinship held together by their common enemy. Look at the history of nations and tell me, has there ever been an exception to this rule? Accepting this historical definition of a nation as our standard, then it will be difficult to deny to the Jew his right to national consideration. It is not too much to say that the Jews are a race of quite exceptional tenacity of existence. Eighteen long centuries have flown by and wrought no change in their aspirations; eighteen centuries of unexampled suffering. But they have outlived it all and preserved intact the consciousness of state and the sense of territorial possession.

That is the position which I took up when I wrote my "Jewish State." To-day such a method of reasoning is no longer necessary. In the place of logical inference and historical proof, we have a new and living fact of very special force and significance—the Basle Congress. At that Congress, the Jews demonstrated in word and deed their unshakeable nationality. Naturally, even that will be disputed. Everything that we do or say will be disputed. Facts so obvious have perhaps seldom been denied with such vehemence as in our case. Black is called white and straight crooked, yes is no. Whoever has had to endure that sort of thing for any length of time must inevitably find himself in that happy pachydermatous state of the senses when contradiction has no longer any effect upon him, especially when he has to do with opponents who do not even remain true to their own assertions.

The Gentile has never yet disputed our nationality. It is true that, while admitting this fact, he does not act consistently with his view. No unbiased critic, however, has as yet had anything to say against the facts. That rôle has been reserved for the Jew. The Jew it is who has gone head down against the cause. And why? We have to deal here with a state of nervous apprehension. He is

filled with a mistaken fear, and under the influence of that fear he goes too far. It might perhaps be better if our opponents were to content themselves with declaring that they personally no longer belong to the Jewish nation, whenever such a declaration appears to be necessary in a particular case. A confession of that kind would win respect for the confessor whose character was deserving of it, and whose motives, like Cæsar's wife, were above suspicion. But to deny a whole nation's existence, to blot it out utterly from the world, because one does not wish to belong to it, is an excess of caution, nay, it is more; it is, to say the least, an immodesty in argument. Mr. A. or Mrs. B. is not a Jew. Excellent! (In certain cases very excellent for us.) But there can still be a Jewish nation in spite of that.

But this does not by any means exhaust the list of curious freaks which the Jewish opponents of the Jewish national idea have treated us to. And here I am reminded of an anecdote from the Ghetto, one of those anecdotes which Heinrich Heine found so diverting. Two Jews appear before the magistrate. The plaintiff demands compensation for a pot which, having been lent to the defendant, was returned by the latter broken. The defendant submitted three points for his defence: "Firstly, he did not lend me any pot at all; secondly, the pot was already broken when he gave it to me; and, thirdly, I have returned it to him whole." The comparison is odious, not to say burlesque. But we have the spirit of burlesque developed to a far higher degree when we hear individual Jews say: Firstly, the Jews do not form a community; secondly, Judaism has a mission to fulfil in the world; thirdly, they alone are patriots who only think of the country of their birth."

Firstly: The Jews do not form a community. Good. Then in that case the denier has no right to put up his own individual opinion as a standard for others. It can have just as little or as much authority over the rest as the speaker himself.

Secondly: Judaism has a mission. Then a community does in reality exist; for Judaism, whose *diaspora* is here expressly admitted, can only be contained in the persons of those who proclaim it. But Judaism in its essence is independent of its supporters; it has long since formed an inseparable unit of the ethical principles and the imperishable records of human culture. To say that therefore the Jews have felt themselves called upon to play the schoolmaster to the world is to go from facts. The Jew who would presume to take that standpoint would be guilty of the grossest and most ridiculous coxcombry. There may be individuals actuated by this conceit; the great mass of the Jews are free from it. What we want and what we strive for is to go shoulder to shoulder with the rest of the nations in the realisation of a millennium of peace and happiness for the whole world. That dream is great enough.

Thirdly: The patriotic objection. We Jews have the firm conviction that in drawing off in a legitimate manner a superfluous and unhappy population from the countries where their presence has aroused much discontent, we are doing our mother-country a great and lasting service. In many countries it would mean nothing more nor less than the establishment of peace among the citizens. Shall we call that unpatriotic? And who are the occasionally very impetuous champions of this view? The chief defender of the patriotic idea for England is the chief Rabbi, Herr Adler, a German. As to Prussian patriotism, we have as our leading light the Rabbi, Dr. Maybaum of Berlin, a Hungarian; while lately a voice has joined the chorus of protest in Belgium—the Rabbi, M. Bloch, who, to judge from his name, is neither a Fleming nor a Walloon.

For some countries Zionism will have a preventive value. To-day there are two oases in the anti-Semitic world, England and Hungary. In Hungary, however, the question of prohibiting further emigration of poor Galician and Russian Jews into the country has been under lively discussion. And who knows whether to-morrow England will not be anti-Semitic—should the influx of unhappy Russian Jews into the East-end continue, and the Jewish palaces around Hyde Park go on simultaneously increasing in the same striking degree? The necessity for drawing off the pauper elements from England and Hungary cannot be gainsaid. Doubtless many, perhaps all, who feel their position secure, are one with us in our proposals to “channel and drain” the great masses of the proletariat. Not a word, however, must be breathed of a “State secured by public rights”—it would be such a reflection upon the patriotism of those who would willingly remain behind! *Allons donc!* Who in all reason could ever find anything mischievous in the demand for a guarantee of public rights when such mighty issues are at stake? To-day countless numbers of human beings are consistent and unconditional supporters of the Zionist movement, but only under the one condition that this fundamental law of our national existence shall not be yielded up. Let that fundamental law once be lost sight of, and for the time being at least, the leaders would sacrifice all authority, while the masses in whom the sense of national consciousness has been aroused would in a twinkling be scattered into countless atoms again. Nothing was more instructive at the Basle Congress than the vigour—I might almost say violence—with which the representatives of the great Jewish strata of population resisted any attempt to limit the guarantees for a State based on public rights. The executive appointed to draw up a programme had proposed “a legally secured home.” The delegates, however, were not satisfied, and clamoured for an alteration to “secured on the basis of international rights.” It was only by adopting the intermediary expression “public rights” that an

agreement was arrived at. The significance of this logomachy is, that what the Jews desire is not to acquire more tracts of land, but a country for the Jewish people, and to emphasise that desire in terms as plain as possible without wounding certain legitimate and sovereign susceptibilities. We can acquire land any day in our private right everywhere. But that is not the point with Zionists. In our case we have nothing to do with private rights. That will come later—as well as the land speculators—once our movement has achieved success. What the Zionists are alone directing their attention to is the “public rights” idea. In that they hope to find a remedy for the old evil. Were I to express myself paradoxically, I should say that a country belonging to the Jews on the basis of public rights, even though down to the very last parcel it was the legally secured property of non-Jews, would mean the final solution of the Jewish question.

On the other hand, the increase in Jewish possessions based on private right has given rise to anti-Semitism everywhere. Therein lies the kernel of the whole question. It has been often asserted that the Zionism which I represent is nothing more than what Baron Hirsch and others have already attempted—viz., to transform the Jewish proletariat into agriculturists. I venture, notwithstanding, to think that they are not identical. Hirsch and the “Lovers of Zion” took up the question from the standpoint of private rights. We, the political Zionists, on the contrary, wish to attack the question from the “public right” standpoint. That is the difference.

If I am not greatly deceived, there is just as little of the element of exaggerated self-importance in our movement as there is of illegal intention. It is simply an attempt to do adequate justice to a great question, and our public proceedings have shown already that we intend to do nothing against established right and morality. We have held a gathering at Basle before the whole world, and there we saw the national consciousness and the popular will break forth, at times like a convulsive upheaval. To Basle came Jews of all countries, of all tongues, of all parties, and of all forms of religious confession. There were more than 200 representatives of the Jewish people—most of them delegates for hundred and thousands. Men from Roumania alone brought over 50,000 signatures of those who had sent them there. There surely was never such a motley assembly of opinions in such a narrow space before. On the other hand, there would certainly have been more conflict of opinion in any other deliberative assembly than there was in this. We saw people brought together who were the direct antipodes of each other in their philosophic and religious views and in their political and economical professions, and who, knowing that, did not attempt to hide the fact. In short, they formed the parties which are to be found in every nation, and which promote, rather than hinder, the welfare of a people. But in Basle all differences

were set aside, as if an arrangement had been entered into by which in the great moment that the nation arose, no one should any longer be Socialist, Liberal or Conservative, Freethinker or Orthodox, but simply a Jew. All of us who went to Basle to consult as to the solution of the Jewish question were surprised, nay, overpowered, when we saw, as it were, a thing spring into being over our heads with a fulness and power we had little guessed—unanimity in Judaism. We were far too deeply moved to be able at the time to do full justice to it. The Basle Rabbi, who was not a member of the Congress, but who attended as an onlooker, asked leave to speak during the closing meeting, in order to confess solemnly that he had been a decided opponent of Zionism, but that he had become a convert. This honest, single-minded man, whom we respected even as an opponent, has since shown himself to be an apostle of our movement. Even the calm listeners, the strangers and also the onlookers, who had come there with the intention to mock, were, as we learned later, deeply moved by this particular incident. And what was it for us; what did we feel and experience in the moment when the new-born nation first saw the light of day? Aged men, with white beards, sobbed freely, and to the eyes of youth came the light of a new earnestness.

But I will not speak here of our feelings. A Jewish gentleman has seen fit to publish in the *Times* a few premature remarks concerning the Basle Congress. Had he been in Basle, he might probably have spared himself these foolish observations. Among other things he contended that the Congress was not a real national assembly, owing to the fact that certain benevolent corporations and boards of deputies were not represented on it. They were not there? We did not invite them. What have we to do with boards of deputies, benevolent institutions, and the hundred and one Jewish Pickwick clubs? Our good friend of the *Times*' columns has simply failed to understand our movement. He does not know what the resurrection of the nation is. He has not seen that we have already begun to place Judaism upon a new basis without sending round the hat, and without any banquets. This is not the place to speak of Jewish corporate life and its excrescences. The fooleries, the inflated conceit, the grotesque abuses which it furnishes, have no claim to consideration in this article. Much of it appears absurd or odious, if we forget to view it with that pity and consideration which the peculiar historical evolution of the Jewish communities calls for. The rôle of the rich in the lives of the communities, the moral pliancy of many priests, the efforts of amphibious-minded men to combine ancient tradition with an exaggerated imitation of national customs, the audacious mendacity of the economically weak—for all these foibles the intelligent mind will not fail to find some amount of indulgence. But even if we are not exactly displeased with these communities, we are

certainly far from allowing ourselves to be influenced by them. Zionism has in view another kind of community for Judaism, a new and greater one, and a single one. Also another system of representation.

There is a certain form of West European superciliousness which is dearly fond of treating the Jews of other countries as backward creatures indeed. He is always a barbarian who does not happen to be understood. *Barbarus hic ego sum quia non intelligit illis*. Thus we have people representing the East European Jew as a sort of Caliban. What a mistake! For my part I am bound to confess that the presence of the Jews from Russia was the greatest event of the Congress. For some time I had been in correspondence with many Russian Jews and had received some visits which had proved interesting. Notwithstanding this I did not venture to draw my conclusions as to the condition of the masses from these specimens of modern culture. I accepted alone as truth the reports concerning the physical efficiency and love of work of the lower Jewish strata in Russia. It was, in fact, impossible to do otherwise, as sufficient evidence appeared to be forthcoming—the reports being confirmed by every witness who had seen the Jewish mechanics and agricultural labourers at work in the “Colonies,” or philanthropic experimental stations, as they are called. The efficiency of these mechanics and unskilled labourers forms one of the bases of our plan. They will have the task of introducing the first work of civilisation into a waste land. They are selected to make the land arable, and they will do so, although we have never conceived of any other arrangement than that they should have our intellectual help and guidance. In that Congress at Basle we saw a Russian Judaism arise, having a degree of culture that we had not anticipated. It was not Caliban but Prospero. From Russia they were nearly seventy strong, and we can say without fear of contradiction that they represented the views and feelings of the five million Jews of Russia. Truly a humiliation for us who had believed that in culture we were superior to them! All these professors, medical men, lawyers, engineers, manufacturers and business men, have attained a level of education which is certainly not inferior to that of Western Europe. They speak, on the average, two or three modern languages, and that all must possess ability in their calling can be easily guessed from the bitterness of the struggle for existence in Russia. They intentionally held themselves somewhat in the background of discussion at the Congress, because the purposes and aims of Zionism are not sufficiently known throughout the world. It is possible for the mistake to arise, or to be disseminated by malicious enemies, that there was a tendency at the Basle Congress to break through the existing order of things. The Jews from Russia, therefore, felt themselves called upon to observe a certain reserve, for

reasons easy to comprehend, until all uncertainty in this respect had been removed. Every speaker, no matter from what country, grasped the situation and made allowance for it. We may fairly assume that to-day Government and public opinion in Russia alike are perfectly clear as to the aims of Zionism. The Russian papers have, as a fact, treated the Congress with consideration.

But if our Russian Zionists only took a modest part in the discussion, we certainly learned to know and respect them in private conversation. To express in one word the deep impression they made, I would say that they possess that internal unity which has long since been lost among most of the European Jews. They feel themselves to be national Jews, but free from the narrow and intolerant national conceit which, in view of the present condition of the Jews, would indeed be difficult to comprehend. They are troubled by no thought of assimilation; their existence is simple and unbroken. It is the force of their whole being that they bring as an answer to the point which some pitiful cavillers have seen fit to raise—whether national Judaism will not have as its inevitable result the severance of a people from modern culture? No! These people are on the right track, without the need of much reasoning and, perhaps, without having noticed the slightest obstacle in the way. They assimilate with no other nation, but they endeavour to learn and acquire everything that is good in other peoples. In that way their work will be complete—it will be sincere and genuine. And they are Ghetto Jews beyond doubt—the only Ghetto Jews that our time can show. It is in studying them that we have understood the strength and the spirit of endurance of our forefathers in the time of their greatest trial. Our history came before us in these human figures with a fulness and vividness all its own. I could not but recall how, in the initial stages of the movement, I was frequently told: You will only win the Russian Jews for the cause. Were any one to say that to me to-day, I would reply: That is sufficient!

It is in no sense of the word a mere East-European movement. Zionism has its followers throughout the world, and, as the Biblical expression has it, "they came from all the four ends of the earth."

And now let us ask ourselves, What have we accomplished in this assembly of the scattered? Did we only come together to weep, to hold speeches, to listen? I believe that in Basle we have also done something else.

Perhaps, in the course of time, when mankind shall be able to view our movement through the vista of history, unbiased by the passions and the mockery attending its inception—perhaps then men will admit the logic of our action. Our only course was to make our nationality apparent, if we would secure a home based on international rights. Let a nation only be there, and it will create for itself the

plot of ground which it requires. I believe that whenever a group of human beings in the past has been compelled to find a settlement for itself the process has been the same. We do the same, but in the mould of the present; therein lies the whole difference. We adapt our movement to the economic exigencies and the methods of communication of our time. We never lose sight of the fact that, though our idea be an old and simple one, we can and must carry it out in a modern form. The news of our movement is no longer spread through the medium of wandering shepherds or storm-tossed fishermen; it flashes across the seas and the continents along the electric wire, and rustles through the thousand and one leaves of the world's press. Reports of assemblies, interviews, chats and caricatures scatter our ideas broadcast. And so it will be, as soon as we have passed the stage of counsel and reached the time for action. On the day that we have gained the land which we want, we shall, as it were in a moment, provide it with culture, with railroads, telegraphs, telephones, factories, machines, and, above all, with those social reforms for which to-day every civilised being clamours with the same hot eagerness as he does for rapidity of communication, for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and for the comforts of life. Properly speaking, only very naïve minds require an explanation of that kind. It explains itself in all reason by the very nature of its conditions. Let only human beings be there, and everything else will be there. The task is to set these beings in motion. Up to the present our movement has shown this vital force, and it will continue to show it more and more. The acquired velocity must increase, and with the added force of attraction of the collective masses.

There are times when I have wished myself out of the movement, not only because of the worries which others have caused me, but from reasons of curiosity; for I have the idea that our movement, viewed from outside, must present a remarkable spectacle. I imagine it must be of exceptional interest to modern students of constitutional law. Whether it succeed or not, it is a modern experiment, a contribution to an insufficiently explored field—the psychology of the masses—and shows the evolution of the popular will in the direction of law and order. Is it not one of those moments affording compensation for care and toil in the lively enjoyment of human stupidity, when our movement, impregnated as it is with a longing for legal rights, is mistaken for a revolutionary one? Is it not grotesque when people confound us with the Social Democrats because we are not blind to the needs of the present day?

We have to deal with enormous difficulties, and many of our activities will naturally arise as these difficulties are faced. This is not the time when everything can be determined. The Mont Cenis Tunnel was bored from both sides, and until the last moment, when

light met light, there was always a doubt whether here and there the same level had been maintained. But we shall remain undaunted. The public opinion of the whole world must assist us in the settlement of our difficulties. We open up a new thoroughfare for human well-being.

The diplomatic difficulties are manifold. In the first place, it must be recognised that we shall solve a portion of the Eastern Question when we make a treaty with his Majesty the Sultan with the consent of the Powers. The appearance of the European civilised Jews in the Orient would undoubtedly provide a protection for the Christians settling, or about to settle, there, just as it would signify an improvement in all the conditions prevailing in the Ottoman Empire. What! many will exclaim—shall we strengthen a *régime* under which the unforgotten cruelties of late years could be renewed? Whoever raises such an objection does not, I take it, know the Turks. They are characterised by an inborn indolence and good nature which, it is true, often degenerate into violent excesses. Country and people are becoming more and more impoverished, and that which one might consider as an outbreak of fanaticism may be traceable, perhaps, when viewed more clearly, to a wild expression of rage at their own rotten internal situation. In fact, it is just the Mussulmans—at least, those now in Turkey—who are very tolerant towards the religious confessions of others. I know that these words will clash with many prejudices in England. But I have taken my statement from my own observations, made during my Eastern tour, and from many trustworthy reports. Turkey has fallen upon bad times, and with the *naïveté* of children the Turks would sooner make others responsible than themselves. Help this simple people to a higher well-being; bring them under the disciplinary influences of modern life; help them in a peaceful way, and introduce reform into their hopeless administration, and one would see a future free from any such excesses.

It would therefore appear to be to the interest of Turkey to come to an arrangement with the Jews. But what are the interests which other Governments would have in assisting the realisation of a legally guaranteed Jewish home? The interest would vary with each country, but it is present in some form or other everywhere. It would mean the drawing off of an unhappy and detested element of population which is reduced more and more to a condition of despair, and which, scattered over the face of the earth, and in a state of unrest, must perforce identify itself with the most extreme parties everywhere. Governments and all friends of the existing order of things cannot bring themselves to believe that, by helping us in the solution we propose, they could give peace to an element which has been driven to revolution and rendered dangerous through its dispersion. That a highly conservative people, like the Jews, have always been

driven into the ranks of revolutionists is the most lamentable feature in the tragedy of our race. Zionism would mean an end to all that. We should see results accrue for the general condition of mankind, the full benefits of which we cannot even guess.

There are, of course, a great number of existing political difficulties to be overcome, but these, given the necessary goodwill, might be surmounted. The question of the holy shrines is in itself serious enough. Roman reports, circulated in the press after the Basle Congress, asserted that his Holiness the Pope had the intention of opposing Zionism. The great statesman who now sits in St. Peter's chair is probably as yet imperfectly instructed with regard to the facts of our movement. When have Zionists had the remotest thought or even spoken of gaining possession of places rendered sacred by the faiths of the whole of monotheistic humanity? In the same sense that the Roman law conceived of a state of things *extra commercium*, we are of opinion that these shrines have lost for all time the quality belonging to any one earthly Power. Under no consideration whatever would the mad attempt be made to alter anything in the present conditions, which after all may not be very satisfactory to Christian feeling, without the united consent of Christendom.

The Zionist movement has above all—and here we have to thank the Basle Congress—won for itself the most complete publicity. What we say and do is under the control of, and subject to, discussion by public opinion. We do not shirk daylight, we invite it. Should there be anything unjust in our intention, there will be the eyes of Argus to see it and a thousand arms to prevent it.

In a recent article in a Prussian paper, the tone of which was not exactly friendly, the belief was expressed that Jesus Christ could only arise from the midst of a weak people like the Jews, because His super-human figure would have given to any other race to which He might have belonged a preponderance over the whole of humanity. One might ponder for days and days over a thought so remarkable. But that would lead us too far away from our present purpose. It might not, however, be inappropriate to add another thought to it. The possession of the places where He once trod would also raise any other people than the Jews to such an exceptional position in Christendom that one cannot really comprehend how the remaining nations could ever give their sanction.

How would it be, however, if in spite of all—if after public opinion has been fully set right, the Powers have been won for our side, and important advantages have been assured to Turkey—the Government of the Sultan should refuse to come to terms? The answer is simple. We must await the end of the latent crisis in the Orient. A people can wait. It outlasts men and governments. And things have reached such a point in the East that the coming hour of disintegration

can be calculated watch in hand. Fortunate wars change nothing. It was not necessary to prove the bravery of the Mohammedans. But they are no longer allowed to make conquests. Looked at in that light the Greco-Turkish war was remarkably instructive. The Caliph finds it impossible any longer to bring into his service fresh elements of culture by the might of arms, and in peaceful competition with the nations the inefficiency of the otherwise able Turks is demonstrated. In the present state of insecurity an augmentation by other national forces is not very probable. Should, however, foreign emigrants themselves come under consular protection, the Turkish Government would be compelled to offer strenuous opposition, because the growth of consular influence must naturally mean the unavoidable crumbling away of the inner authority.

As matters are at present, however, the Jews have not the slightest interest in sending even a single colonist to Palestine. Those already there may remain. There are Jewish beggars enough in the Holy Land, who can and must be turned into mechanics and peasants. They are certain of the good-will of the Turkish Government—the more so as we have declared with no uncertain voice that under the present conditions we do not wish to see further immigration. The Basle Congress gave expression to the desirability of retaining the existing Jewish agricultural colonies, which have yielded such excellent results, but declared that no fresh settlement should be created until adequate legal guarantees were secured. We will not found any unprotected colonies, which may increase the value of the land without any political equivalent, and at the same time place them at the mercy of any change in Government policy or any revolution in the present friendly attitude of the population. Let Turkey be willing, and she will be helped. Large funds for the purpose are already there. On some points it may be that the administrators of this fund will hold another opinion than mine—that has just as little to do with them as with me. They are, for the rest, men whom I respect. They will be called upon to collaborate when the time for action comes. The possibility of their refusal need not be taken into serious consideration. They are of tried excellence and philanthropy, and besides they would have to fear every ragged Jew who came to them with haggard eyes. We have now given the matter such a turn, however, that it is no longer subject to the favour or the disfavour of philanthropists. The nation has the power of self-help when only the will is awakened.

Many and various were the proposals at the Basle Congress concerning the national fund and other financial schemes. The proposal of Professor Schapira of Heidelberg University to form a national fund was accepted. Subscriptions were announced then and there. The very first duty, however, of the Bureau established by the Congress

will be to work out a scheme for forming a public administration and accountant's department, for no one intends to risk his reputation in any secret money transaction. The various bank and financial projects were treated with the same caution and public reference to them was under no consideration permitted. For practical reasons, we shall give all due encouragement to enterprise, but only to those private undertakings for which we may safely answer to the Jewish people, and concerning which we can presume with some certainty that they will promote the people's cause. We know too well how our opponents are lying in wait to see a vulnerable point in this respect. In the initial stages of the movement, when the idea was considered as one impossible of execution, we were called fools. The more its practicability becomes apparent, all the more will they suspect us of being business men. The men at the head of the movement have never been in business, neither are they, nor have been, professional politicians. We appeal to our peers, the artists and philosophers, to save us from such suspicions. They are able to read the inner meaning of our words and will stand bail for our opinions.

From the desk of our study we have risen, as the tumult around the Jews became too harsh. We went out to our people because it is in distress, and without guidance cannot help itself. But when we, who above all love the moulding of dreams and the contemplation of the course of earthly events, are compelled in meetings to say always the same, always the same; when we feel that the truths which are dearest of all to us are reduced to commonplaces in our own mouths; there arises in us the longing for that more peaceful world. The task is now to go on to the end. And when we shall have succeeded in bringing our nation to the goal for which we strive, we shall once more put to shame the base imaginings of our foes. What may be our intentions there concerning ourselves? The future will see our people governing itself as best it can and will. I doubt not there will be speculators and politicians there—certainly not less, I trust not more, than elsewhere. And we ourselves have only the one wish: to return whence we came—to the desk.

THEODOR HERZL.

WANTED—A LEADER.

THE luncheon room of the Reform Club looks across St. James's Park, and the towers of St. Stephen's are the most prominent object in the pleasant landscape. Therefore when Criticus, just arrived from Marienbad, found himself face to face with his old schoolfellow Laudator, who had arrived that morning from Scotland, they naturally fell to talking of the House of Commons. Criticus was a powerful civil servant, not yet old enough to have become a Whig. His friend sat for a safe seat in Blankshire, and the Liberal whips quoted him to the refractory as a model of party loyalty.

"The flood of the vacation speeches will soon be upon us now," said Criticus. "I am waiting for them with some interest this year. I am very curious to see how your leaders will face the situation."

"What situation?" said Laudator, in some astonishment.

"The helplessness and headlessness of the party," said his friend, looking meditatively at the Clock Tower.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Laudator in an irritated tone. "Is there a new revolt? I have seen no papers for a fortnight; but I really think it is a shame that people will not let that question rest, now that the difficulty has passed over so satisfactorily. It is Labouchere's doing, no doubt. He is impossible in any Cabinet, and yet he cannot pardon the leaders for leaving him out."

"I know nothing of revolts," said the Under-Secretary. "I was thinking of something much more radical. When I said headless, I meant headless. I never knew a time when the Liberal party was so absolutely devoid of any sort of leading. A man of character would do, or an idea would do; but there is neither, and I shall be amused, as I said, to see your Front Bench trying to fill the gap with words."

"You are too bad," said Laudator. "I did not know you were a

Roseberyite—but even so, I don't see what you want. He is gone, anyhow. Harcourt is accepted by everybody, and even if you don't like him, there is no alternative. Why can't you let him have his chance?"

"As for that aspect of it," said Criticus, "I have no antipathy to Harcourt. There is something pathetic in the situation—a man who has played a desperate game for the Premiership for the last quarter of a century, and who now, just as he is failing, gets an illusory chance. Neither am I a Roseberyite. I was, like most people, in favour of his nomination when Gladstone went; and, like most people, I was woefully disappointed with the results of that experiment. I don't in the least think the collapse was all his fault; but that does not matter now. When a man fails like that he does not return. And I am certain that Rosebery does not even want to return. He did not find it so amusing."

"Who is your candidate, then?" said the other, as one who asks an unanswerable question.

"I only wish there were a candidate," said Criticus. "The presence of an impossible leader would be more endurable if it were not for the absence of any possible alternative to him."

"You are too bad," repeated Laudator.

"No—but your official Liberals are too absurd," said the Under-Secretary. "I am only saying what everybody is thinking, except the Whips and the *Daily News* and a few faithful souls like you. The Government has hardly done, since it took office, a single thing for which the Tories would not have been heavily punished, and rightly, if Gladstone had been ten years younger. Think of it! They deliberately put their hand into the taxpayers' purse to compensate the landlords for the reform of the Death Duties. They introduce a monstrous Education Bill—and what is still worse, they fail. Then they mend their hand by brutally proposing to hand another dole to the squires and parsons who subscribe to the Church schools, and by creating a ring of associations which simply make the Bishops omnipotent. They make unlimited fools of themselves over things like foreign meat and 'prison brushes.' They come in for gigantic surpluses, and cannot do a single thing to reform taxation. They let the Lords cripple their own Irish Land Bill, and they answer the Irish financial cry by proposing a transparent trick. And in Foreign Affairs, where every one supposed they would be strong, they have supplied us with a record of cowardice and failure such as was never approached by the weakest Liberal Foreign Minister of the century. If they had done these things when Gladstone was sitting opposite to them they would be the derision of the world by this time. Your great man is supposed to be nothing if not a Parliamentary gladiator. He has thumped and trumpeted *secundum artem*. And the result is that the Government is, at least, as strong as ever."

"Well, you see," said his friend in a gloomy cadence, "we are in a disgustingly small minority in the House. You fellows cannot realise how depressing it is."

"Nobody that I know of supposes that Liberalism—I mean any Liberalism that means business—has lost its power over at least half the country," said Criticus. "If you people had anything like a live idea to ask us to fight for, and anybody like a great man to ask us to fight under, the depression would soon lift. I remember Gladstone used often to discourse on the perils of large majorities. Heaven preserve us from ever having such a majority as they have now. It is not the smallness but the headlessness of the party that makes the Tories certain of the next election."

"There you are again," said Landator, almost angrily. "I cannot imagine why a man like you, who has known them all, should run down our Front Bench. Of course, for the last twenty years, any one could foresee that Gladstone's loss was sure to be a very serious thing for the party whenever it came. But except for that, I think a party that has on the front bench a set of men like Harcourt and John Morley and Asquith and Fowler and Campbell-Bannerman and the rest of them, not to speak of the Lords, has no cause to complain of its leaders."

"It is not a question of complaint," said Criticus; "they do their best and they are excellent men in their own line. Only, unhappily, their line is not leadership. That is not their fault, but it is our misfortune."

"You have not yet told me," persisted his friend, "why you think Harcourt an impossible leader; still less have you given any reason for dismissing all the others. I fancy you would find if there were a vacancy that more than one of them could fill it."

"As for Harcourt," said Criticus, with an indulgent smile, "I am only saying what all the world says. A great part of the party lost faith in Rosebery as time went on; but I know nobody who is really satisfied with his successor. We all admit that he is very clever and that he plays the game admirably. I consider him myself a first-class gladiator. But did you ever hear anybody say they trusted him as an exponent of a serious political creed? Public opinion may be unjust—I cannot tell, for I could never make him out myself—but it is painfully clear that public opinion, in and out of the House, credits him with no belief and less enthusiasm. Can any one deny that the mass of thinking Liberals regard him simply as a clever actor, who is probably either indifferent or hostile to half the ideas they believe in? It may be most unjust—he may be as sincerely devoted to Local Option and other social movements as he professes to be, but he fails to impress people with his sincerity. I'm sorry. I am not the keeper of his conscience, and I do not know that I should greatly care what

his private beliefs might be, if only he carried conviction—provided always we could trust him to run straight, if once he had real power. But people don't believe in him, and they don't trust him either. That sounds brutal, but there it is, and there is no use in keeping up the farce of pretending not to see it."

"I think it is really most unfair," said Laudator, hotly. "If we start an inquisition into every politician's private opinions where is it to end? Who can find any uncertain sound in Harcourt's public speeches? And besides, why should you think it fatal if he were sometimes an opportunist? Did Palmerston or Disraeli believe in all the things they preached? Yet, because they were clever parliamentary hands, they were successful leaders. I don't concede, mind you, what you say of Harcourt; but even if it were true, I put it to you, brutally, in my turn, what does it matter?"

"Everything," said the Civil servant, "in the present case. Palmerston's success was the success of another age. The conditions have changed completely. As for Dizzy, it is ridiculous to mention him and Harcourt in the same breath. He was a consummate fraud, of course, in many things; but he succeeded just because he *had* ideas, and ideas that had a great deal of truth in them, too. In fact, he was a great man, as well as a great actor."

"Well," said the M.P., "you are very hard on Harcourt, and I only hope you are exaggerating the common opinion. I don't deny, mind you, that there are lots of people who are grumbling, but I think the provinces are ready to back him, and especially the Nonconformists." ("Save the mark," said Criticus.) "But I am curious to hear—with the same brutal frankness, if you like—why you say the others are impossible, too. You can't say Morley isn't honest, anyway."

"John Morley is a most estimable man, and there are times when he produces a real effect on the country. If Harcourt and he could be rolled into one we should have a very good solution of the problem, for the qualities of the one would supply the defects of the other. If Harcourt is too much of a Parliament man, Morley is too little. If Harcourt is too supple, Morley is too rigid. If Harcourt is suspected of *légèreté*, Morley incurs the still worse suspicion of being an impracticable *doctrinaire*. In fact, that is his damning defect. He has never ceased to be a literary man—a theorist and a critic—a man of scrupulous ratiocination and fastidious words, rather than a man of action. We work in this country by rule of thumb. A man like him, who is an intellectual child of the French Revolution, is always a little out of tune in English movements."

"If you mean he is a democrat by conviction, that is nothing to complain of," said the other; "if you mean he is an anti-Socialist, I think he is right."

"Don't misunderstand me," said Criticus. "I am not saying a

word against John Morley as an element in a composite management like the Liberal party. We want that kind of man, and of his kind he is admirable. All I say is, that he is an impossible leader; and I think that hardly needs arguing. His friends tell me that he has no ambition for the place, and that he knows perfectly well that he would fail. Besides, as you probably know, he is a painfully sensitive man, and he has inherited that dangerous gift, an over-strung, nervous constitution. An experience like Rosebery's Premiership would drive him mad or kill him. I care too much for Morley personally to contemplate any such chance. But there is no chance, for there is no possible combination which would elect him. The Whigs fear him because he is too revolutionary. And the whole of the advanced section, including every one who pretends to a Labour programme, regard him as the enemy."

"I don't say I should vote for Morley myself," said the M.P. "If anything happened to Harcourt, Asquith would be my man, I think. But as for the Labour party and their friends, I simply don't take them into account. These Socialist ideas have taken us a good deal too far, and it is just the reaction against them which makes the Tories strong. Morley never did a wiser thing than when he protested against the Eight-hours Bill."

"I heard that speech," said the other, "at the Eighty Club, and I think it is an excellent example of all the faults I have been trying to describe. In the first place, it was a piece of temper. I grant you that they had treated him abominably, but that is no excuse. The first duty of a leader is to keep his head. In the next place, it was a most unreasonable exhibition of the old dogmatic individualism, which is nowadays as dead as Mill. In the third place, even if it had been right, it was ridiculously *intransigent*. We are in the days of social experiments, as Rosebery very shrewdly said, and as Morley himself, in his cooler moments, has admitted. Yet he was fool enough, at a critical moment, to pledge himself publicly for all time that he would resign from any Cabinet that brought in a Bill to limit by law the hours of adult male labour. That may be magnificent, but it is not politics."

"Hasn't he modified that since?" asked the official apologist. "I fancy I remember some things in the Montrose election which were as sympathetic as these Labour people have any right to expect. And no one who knows Morley can doubt that he would do all he could to help them, if he thought it would really do any good. But the fact is they don't know what they want. As I told Tom Ellis, the last time I saw him, we shall have to put our foot down, sooner or later. This sort of sneaking Socialism that has been the fashion among the people who call themselves advanced simply won't do."

"I don't wonder that the official Liberal is angry and alarmed,"

said Criticus, with a touch of amusement. "He's in a tight place, and he will have to face in earnest several problems which no one finds very easy, and which men like Harcourt pass their lives in shirking. But I do not propose to discuss Socialism. That would lead us a long way. All I say is that I think there is no one in the British Islands who does not see that the Liberal party will never return to power until it can offer these millions of working men some decent Labour programme, and can get them to believe that it will carry that programme into law; and I submit to you that that state of things puts an end to any question of Morley as a possible Prime Minister."

"Well, then," asked Laudator, "what have you to say to Asquith?"

"I was with Asquith at Balliol," said Criticus, "and in those days his friends said he would succeed Mr. Gladstone as the leader of the Liberal party. A few years ago, it almost seemed as if it would come true. But his chances have been waning steadily ever since he became great. I have watched him all the time," he went on, "and his track is an odd one. He was lucky in getting into a safe seat just at the right moment. He made some good speeches and he attracted Mr. Gladstone's attention. His appointment to Cabinet office was rather startling, but nobody resented it. Up to that time Asquith was supposed to be the hope of your friends the semi-socialists. He coquetted ostentatiously with the Fabian Society. He gave it to be understood that the 'new Radicals,' and the 'friends of labour,' might look to him. And when he was at the Home Office, he did some very good work for them. But either the air of office or the strong wine of social success has changed him. He has rapidly become one of the governing classes, a 'strong man,' rather contemptuous of popular clamours, whom the great may trust. The total result is, that he has no longer any force behind him. To the formation of political opinion, he has contributed absolutely nothing. The party gets no help from him and certainly no sort of inspiration. Probably the reason is because he has none to give. For his fatal fault, if I understand him, is that he believes in nothing."

"We can't always have enthusiasts," said Laudator, "and we don't want them either. He is a clever man, and he is probably 'lying low.' He may arrive for all that."

"He may," replied his friend. "The party might be driven to vote for him as a *pis aller*. But if they do, they will be in a bad way."

"I am glad," said the orthodox partisan, laughing, "that the Front Bench are not here to listen to your candid diatribes. Is there none among them who is of any use?"

"There is no possible leader," replied his friend. "I once had hopes of Campbell-Bannerman—for he is a good Radical, who actually made his department shorten their hours of labour, and he is a shrewd

man of business with a saving gift of humour. I thought he might have made a kind of W. H. Smith. But I have given him up. He is too rich and too lazy, and his only ambition seems to have been the hope of the Speakership and a peerage. He, too, has done nothing whatever of late, except to help Harcourt to reduce the South African Inquiry to its idiotic result."

"Don't spare them," laughed Laudator. "Let us have Fowler next."

"Fowler," said his friend, "is a Wesleyan and a solicitor. I hope he has the qualities of both. He certainly has their faults in a magnificent degree. He has great gifts; but the party will look in vain for any useful leadership from him."

"Which means," said Laudator, "that he also is an individualist."

"Individualism is the chief item in his religion, I suppose," said Criticus; "and besides, there's no such doughty and conscientious champion of the capitalist as the prosperous northern solicitor. The survival of the fittest and the gospel of utility are incarnate in such a man. I do not advise you to propose him."

"Your forecasts are not cheerful," said his friend, as the other rose to go; "but I cannot let you leave us in a blind alley. You have denounced all our idols of the Front Bench to your heart's content. You assure me that none of the existing leaders can help us out of our troubles. I have a right to ask you what you propose? If all these people are dead dogs, where are we to turn? For I suppose you do not expect us to throw up the game, or to rejuvenate Mr. Gladstone."

"I heard an American say the other day," rejoined the Under-Secretary, "that the best thing the Liberals could do would be to insist on Gladstone's return, except for one difficulty—namely, that he would insist on Home Rule."

"Surely you do not suppose that we are so lost to all sense of honour"—, began the M.P.; but the other cut him short.

"I was only quoting my American. But what I deplore, if you want my view, is simply that you 'don't know where you are.' You tried an omnibus programme. It offended three people out of four, and it convinced nobody. Now you have dropped that, and you have nothing to put in its place. Not a man of you, from the captain to the cabin-boy, has any notion where you are steering to. What is worse, not a soul is even thinking seriously about it. You are all trusting to luck and the blunders of the Government, and yet, when they do blunder, it does not help you, because you can never agree upon a fighting line. You have raised this Irish problem and wrecked the party upon it. I think that was right—and in any case it was inevitable. But now you refuse to face the result. Most of you probably intend to drop it, if you dare; but you are afraid to say either that you still believe it to be a necessary reform, or that you

don't. The very same situation repeats itself over the Temperance Question ; and, again, over the House of Lords. As for foreign affairs, your helplessness is only equalled by that of the Government. But the worst and the most dangerous of your indecisions concerns your attitude to the social question in general and to the Labour programme in particular. I don't blame you for being divided. The Liberal party always is, and always will be ; and on this question it has to execute a somewhat sharp curve. What disgusts me is that nobody is doing anything to solve the difficulty. Your Illingworth wing in the north—with the tacit support of a majority of your Front Bench—treats this whole movement towards a change in the relations of labour and capital as a mere predatory revolution. They regard a labour leader as a brigand, and even a trades union as a sort of conspiracy against the rights of property. The leaders of trade unionism pay them out with an equal hatred, and it is little wonder if some of them go on, like the fire-eaters of the Independent Labour party, to denounce the whole party as if it were an organised hypocrisy. Your leaders, I suppose, see all this as we all see it. Does any of them lift a hand to alter it ? They know that a great mass of the working men do not believe they ' mean business,' even about so simple a thing as payment of members. Which of them ever says a word that is likely to restore confidence ? I know, and you know, why they don't. It is because they have no policy on this subject, any more than on the others. They do not even worry about it. They are content to drift and see what turns up. If you ask me what I propose, I will tell you. I propose that the party should take over the work which the Front Bench cannot or will not do. If they won't lead, let them be driven. The National Liberal Federation is not an ideal caucus ; but it can compel the serious discussion of all these problems, if it chooses, in all parts of the country."

"Then you will say," said Laudator, "that it is not representation, because it is controlled by the capitalists and the Nonconformists."

"Yes," said Criticus, "it is ; and its cogitations will be of no use unless it can frankly take the working men's own leaders and organisations into its confidence. If there is a will, there will be a way. But at present you are all afraid and you are all asleep ; so Chamberlain has made haste to outbid you, and he will do it again and again. Unless some new man arises, I do not expect to see much change—until some time next century."

Laudator finished his claret, and smiled after the critic as he walked away, the confident smile of the official optimist. People said these things, he knew ; but it could not be so bad as that. Besides, there was no hurry. This Parliament had still many years to run.

A NEW RADICAL.

THE NEW POLITICAL ERA.

IT is a pleasing trait of contemporary international politics that the most momentous events which mark their onward trend consist mainly of royal visits and meetings, imperial toasts and telegrams, magnificent military manœuvres, after-dinner oratory, and journalistic comments and forecasts. Actual war is virtually banished to dark continents in need of civilisation, where—especially if European States with a “mission” happen to be among the belligerents—it richly deserves another name. Its spectre is, no doubt, still duly evoked in Continental Parliaments from time to time for the purpose of spurring or frightening torpid taxpayers into heroic sacrifices for military preparations which are believed to act as infallible preventives; but the “coming European war,” whose blood-curdling horrors have so often been prophetically described, and the wholesome fear of which is the main motive-power of modern statesmanship, seemed until quite recently to be farther off than at any time since the Treaty of Frankfurt was signed and sealed.


This pleasant state of things is said lately to have undergone a considerable change for the worse, and a new era to have been inaugurated. The old period, we are told, is divided from the new by President Faure's visit to the Tsar and the “French week” at Peterhof and Cronstadt. The solemn promulgation by Nicholas II. of the Franco-Russian Alliance, in which that series of brilliant festivals culminated, is regarded by many experienced politicians as the beginning of the new “departure,” of which the sole obvious characteristic is its disquieting uncertainty. We are now, therefore, face to face with the unknown. Heretofore, on the one hand, all the efforts of French statesmen were directed to the conclusion of an alliance with Russia, and, on the other, Germany's demonstrative friendship for

the Tsar was inspired by an ardent desire to hinder any such union. And now that the fond dream of the one nation and the paralysing fear of the other have been actually realised, and embodied in the Dual Alliance which is henceforward a potent factor in the politics of Europe, new aims and motives must necessarily succeed the old. The importance of the change cannot yet be gauged aright; but some idea of its significance may be gathered from the intensity of the French people's rejoicings on M. Faure's return, and from the practical conclusions drawn by many German politicians, who point to the Franco-Russian Alliance as an unanswerable argument for the creation of a powerful German navy.

In certain circles in this country analogous ideas prevail. The circumstance that Russia's alliance with France has proved compatible with her continued friendship towards Germany, and the distrust of this country unanimously felt by all three, would seem to warrant the conclusion that what is really aimed at is a European coalition against Great Britain; while the rumours of an international scheme for compelling the speedy evacuation of Egypt, which periodically take definite shape and form, like the stories of the sea serpent, constitute one of a series of signs which lend colour to the most pessimistic views and afford ground for patriotic alarm. It certainly cannot be gainsaid that of late years Continental Europe has been actuated by no very friendly feelings towards Great Britain. The press of every State, great and small, from Russia to Belgium, has perseveringly waged a war of invective and calumny against our people and Government which has effectually deprived us of the last traces of foreign sympathy and goodwill. Every independent move made by British statesmen, to whichever of the two political parties they belonged, was thwarted by a diplomatic coalition; treaties just signed were deliberately broken without the shadow of a pretext, to our serious detriment, and we dared not insist upon their observance; in a word, the history of our foreign policy for the past ten years has been an almost unbroken record of failures, defeats, and humiliations.

Now if such were the results of the envy and hatred borne us by a disunited Europe, what may we not apprehend from a coalition of all the Great Powers of the Continent?

Moreover, panegyrics of peace or public declarations of a resolve to maintain it, though decidedly reassuring, are not a whit more binding than solemn promises and formal treaties. Considerably less so, one would think. Yet the most solemn treaties have come to mean anything or nothing, just as the more enterprising party to the bargain may think fit to determine. Thus the French are steadily fortifying Biserta, despite their express undertaking not to do anything of the kind. They have annexed the Siamese provinces to the east of the Mekong River, contrary to all law and equity, and more particularly



to that "common ideal of civilisation, right and justice" which M. Faure unctuously declared France and Russia were pursuing together. Despite M. Waddington's express promises to her Majesty's Government, the French deprived the Siamese of the tributary state of Luang Prabang, and contrary to the spirit and the letter of the Convention of 1896, in virtue of which they undertook to respect the independence of Siam, they still keep a portion of that country occupied, while one of their most ethical politicians* lately declared that France's enterprising action must include not merely the entire Laos District, but the kingdom of Siam itself, which is destined to become a French dependency. If formal engagements are thus broken and rendered meaningless, why should faith be placed in Ministerial promises to keep the peace? Moreover, a sincere desire to keep the peace is by no means incompatible with a firm resolve to do that which may give just cause to somebody else to break it. It is not necessary to doubt the sincerity of those peace protestations in order to discount their practical value. Kaiser Wilhelm's readiness, nay eagerness, to lend a helping hand to the Tsar against any and every peace-breaker was couched in very strong language and delivered in a tone which carried conviction. Seventeen days later the Kaiser's rival, President Faure, followed suit, and declared that France and Russia, as allied nations, would maintain the peace efficiently. But against whom?

It is admitted on all hands that the populations of Russia, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy sorely need, and sincerely desire, peace. Public opinion in none of those countries will drive the Government into a European war. On the other hand, their respective rulers are equally firmly minded to avoid all international quarrels which might probably end in a rupture. This being so, why are the people of Europe taxed almost beyond endurance in order to support millions of soldiers who are thus needlessly withdrawn from productive pursuits?

Again, if each and every people and Government be so desirous of peace, why must powerful peace leagues be formed over and above in order to prevent the outbreak of war? Every alliance and every *rapprochement* which has taken place since the Franco-Prussian War has for its avowed and "sole object" the preservation of peace. Yet, if any one of these was really serious and sincere, what need was there of those that follow? The Triple Alliance is a vast peace society, founded for the summary and chronic suppression of war. Unless its unavowed aim were diametrically opposed to this, there was no need whatever for the Dual Alliance which, it is claimed, is but another form of the same beneficent institution. However, now that all Europe is thus banded together solely for the purpose of hindering the outbreak of a war, and is cheerfully making enormous sacrifices for

* M. Leroy-Beaulieu.

this excellent object, it should be pretty clear that peace is absolutely assured, and even by superfluous guarantees.

Yet, strange to say, the action of the Continental Powers seems wholly incompatible with any such belief. Much as Germany desires to see peace preserved, and heavy as are the sacrifices which she unhesitatingly makes to maintain it, she left nothing undone to hinder Russia and France from combining to prevent its being broken. Peace, like the "common ideal of civilisation, right and justice" invoked by M. Faure, has presumably more than one meaning. How otherwise explain the circumstance, that with the five Great Powers of the Continent pledged solemnly and severally to uphold peace in Europe, France and Russia found it necessary to join hands in order to guarantee it effectively, and the German Kaiser deemed it further needful to threaten the State that should madly rush into war? Against whom are the Governments thus leagued together? Who is the presumptive peace-breaker to suppress whom Russia may even need the armed help of Germany?

Again, will it be seriously believed in this country or elsewhere, it is asked, that the raptures into which the publication of the Tsar's toast on board the *Pothuau* sent the entire French population had their origin in our neighbour's abstract love of peace? The notion is preposterous. There must, therefore, be something else underlying all those peace-leagues and protestations. Can this unavowed aim be anything other than a coalition against the British Empire?

Such is the process of reasoning adopted by some of our alarmist politicians, and if the comments of the Russian and German press are worth much, the conclusion is well founded. The use of a little common sense, however, aided by ordinary experience, would suffice to give a somewhat less alarming reply to this and similar questions. But in all such cases in which the human will, human passions, and diplomatic ethics are involved, it is no easy matter to carry, or even acquire, conviction by dint of mere reasoning. Where vital interests are at stake, facts alone are decisive. And I have left nothing undone to arrive at a knowledge of such facts as are essential elements of this problem. I was present in Cronstadt when President Faure arrived there, and witnessed the reception accorded him in that city, in Peterhof and St. Petersburg. I had several interesting conversations with some of his best friends, French and Russian, and after his return to France I discussed the situation with the chief statesmen of the Great Powers in the principal capitals of Europe, who represent the Triple and the Dual Alliance, and from them I received ample data for a satisfactory solution of the question. The results may be briefly stated as follows.

First of all, it must be admitted that the imperial, royal, and presidential visits of this year have considerably modified the political

situation. But, taken all in all, it is, from the Continental point of view, a change for the better. Peace—in so far as peace may be taken to mean the simple negation of actual hostilities among the Great Powers in Europe—never rested on more solid bases than at present. For the twofold peace-league formed by the Triple and Dual Alliances offer the safest possible guarantees, short of the abolition of standing armies, that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed, inasmuch as it removes the main contingent causes of a future war.

From the moment the Treaty of Frankfurt was signed, France and Germany set to work to prepare for the next great combat. Their cordial antagonism was the smouldering brand which might at any moment cause the European powder magazine to explode. It was the interest of the former nation to gain time, develop her resources, and, if possible, acquire allies, while it was essential to the latter that the issue should be tried before her rival had leisure to recover from the serious blow dealt her in the war. However peaceably disposed Germany might naturally be, the ethics of modern diplomacy would allow her to choose her own time for hostilities, and warrant her in provoking what she was powerless to prevent. And she would fain have availed herself of that right in 1875, when the second Franco-German war would undoubtedly have been waged, had not the Russian Tsar intervened in time and saved the Republic from extinction. And before the Tsar could be prevailed upon to interfere, the Ambassadors of the Republic had to declare that their Government would not even attempt to meet force by force, but would appeal to Europe's sense of justice and let things take their natural course.

After this unpleasant experience, the French people acquired the conviction that, even if they prevailed upon themselves to let bygones be bygones and devoted themselves to the peaceful development of the resources of their country, they could never feel quite safe from a "preventive attack" on the part of their powerful rivals. And this belief was amply confirmed by the affair Schnaebeli, which in April 1878 rendered war more imminent and the peoples of Europe more restless than ever. Moreover, during all this time Germany and Russia continued to be the most intimate of political friends, the latter country blindly following the lead of the former, even to her own obvious disadvantage. Berlin was then the capital of political Europe, and the slightest remark of Prince Bismarck was capable of causing a disastrous panic throughout the world. Now if this friendship of the two great Northern States should be skilfully utilised by the German Chancellor for the purpose of affording his country another opportunity of mutilating or paralysing the Republic, France might just as well disband her army and be contented to rank as a second or third class Power. And this was deemed to be a very probable contingency,

for if Russia systematically and needlessly sacrificed her own interests to Germany's ambition, she might easily be induced to offer up those of France on the same altar.

Misgivings of this kind continued to be felt in France long after the bulk of the population and the most enlightened of politicians had ceased to regard the recovery of the lost provinces as a factor in practical politics. This uneasiness assumed a still more definite shape after the accession of the present Kaiser, whose warlike speeches and superfluous threats filled the hearts of peace-loving Frenchmen with dismay, less in consequence of their actual results than by reason of the wilfulness of disposition which they were taken to reveal. A monarch like this, it was felt and said, whose actions are sudden and sporadic, and whose motives seem to differ little from mere passing whims, is capable almost of anything—except a consistent line of conduct. As long as his people hold the hegemony of Europe, peace may, perhaps, be efficiently maintained; but that confidence in its preservation, which is almost as precious, can never be felt in France, nor in Europe.

Lastly, however ready the Republic might be to waive all claims to the two lost provinces, the French nation could hardly be expected to content itself with the modest *rôle* in diplomacy which must necessarily fall to the lot of an isolated France in a Europe avowedly led by Germany. Some nations, like most individuals, find it easier to endure a heavy material loss than to brook a trivial slight to their vanity, and the French may well be pardoned for desiring to acquire influence in the sphere of diplomacy, where influence is tantamount to cheap aggrandisement.

Such were the considerations which actuated the statesmen of the third Republic in their strenuous efforts to bring about a Franco-Russian alliance; a reasonable desire to obtain immunity from dangers similar to those which were suddenly sprung upon them in 1875 and 1878, and an intelligible wish to enjoy the means of pursuing "the common ideal of civilisation, right and justice," in a manner alike flattering to their natural *amour propre* and profitable to the State. And these ends they have successfully accomplished by means of the Dual Alliance.

The objects originally aimed at by the chief advocates of the scheme were far more ambitious than those which were ultimately attained. Paul Deroulède and his friends of the Patriotic League confidently hoped to win Russia over to the idea of a war of *revanche*. And the knowledge that this wild scheme constituted the very essence of the programme was, of course, one of the main grounds why Germany so strenuously endeavoured to thwart the project from the first. But Russia, who had no serious motive for following the lead of monarchical Germany in European politics, had still less reason to embark

upon a sanguinary crusade merely in order to heal the wounded vanity of republican France. And this divergency of aims and interests formed one of the chief obstacles to the conclusion of the long-wished-for *rapprochement*. The French Government finally caved in, and the alliance in its present form ought to be almost as welcome to peace-loving Germany as to patriotic France; for if the former country is thereby practically hindered from using its enormous military resources at the "psychological moment" against its rival, the latter has for the present definitely abandoned the hope of realising the cherished dream which was the mainspring of political action in the Republic during the past twenty-five years.

The idea of *revanche* died hard, and was speedily succeeded by other less dangerous but equally impracticable notions, the last of which constituted one of the greatest difficulties in the way of President Faure's visit to Russia. All Europe is at one in holding that the welcome given to the Chief of the Republic by the Autocrat of Russia left absolutely nothing to be desired in point of cordiality. Yet when still in the stage of a project it was deemed insufficient, and the programme was amended in Paris in a manner which no Russian Government would for a moment entertain; it was due mainly to the tact and energy of Count Montebello on the one hand, and of Baron Morhenheim on the other, that the promptings of cool reason got the better of exuberant fancy, and the annals of political Europe were enriched by the chapter known as the "French Week in Russia."

A certain amount of capital has been made of the circumstance that the word "alliance" was not employed in either of the toasts drunk on board the *Pothuau*. But the discussion is of a purely academical character. The words, *deux nations amies et alliées*, which were agreed upon after a conference of two hours between Count Muravieff and M. Hanotaux, are amply sufficient for all practical purposes. I have excellent grounds for the belief—now shared by all Europe—that a formal alliance has been concluded between the two States, and equally good reasons for holding that the only important change effected by this document lies in the implicit but definitive removal from the sphere of practical politics of the fantastic idea of a war of revenge. To this extent Russian diplomacy has scored a brilliant success in the cause of humanity, but not before the Tsar had implicitly abandoned the position taken up by his imperial predecessors that the defence of the monarchical principle takes precedence over all political interests and justifies armed intervention in foreign countries. The maxim has, of course, lost all its force since autocratic Russia joined hands with republican France, and this imperial concession to the modern spirit of democracy has indirectly contributed to tone down the bitterness that existed between Russia and Hungary since 1849, and to smooth the way to the Austro-Russian understanding.

Another noteworthy change which followed on the conclusion of the Dual Alliance, and was made manifest before its promulgation, consists in Germany's loss of the hegemony in Europe which she wielded without question since the Treaty of Frankfurt. She owed this enormous influence less to her military superiority as such than to the genius of Bismarck, the creator of the Triple Alliance, and to the *bonhomie* of Russia, who voluntarily and needlessly followed her lead. It is believed by many in Germany that if Prince Bismarck had had a longer lease of office his country would continue to occupy the same commanding position to-day. This is one of those safe propositions which it is impossible to prove or disprove. Personally, I am disposed to believe it is true. The Triple Alliance would certainly not have sufficed to attain the object; but then that was but a temporary arrangement, even in the mind of its author, and as soon as it began to lose its force, Bismarck supplemented it with another device which was equally successful if less universally admired. Be this as it may, so long as Germany was regarded as the leader of Europe, no change could take place in the political order of things unless arranged or at least ratified by the "honest broker." Berlin was the capital of Europe; the acts of the German Government, nay, the words and even the silence of German statesmen, were instantaneously chronicled throughout the world, and made the text of leading articles and the theme of parliamentary speeches. Now all this is changed; and considerable though her influence still remains, it was never at so low an ebb since Germany became a nation.

Another far-reaching change which has come to pass very gradually, and was not immediately caused, though it may have been hastened, by the growing friendship between France and Russia, is the decay of the Triple Alliance. This political combination, which conferred upon Germany the dictatorship of Europe, and was all-powerful so long as France and Russia kept aloof from each other, is now scarcely more than an empty name. Not only have its members not increased their military strength in the same ratio as France or Russia, their presumptive adversaries, but one is permanently crippled, another temporarily disqualified from taking a very active part in foreign politics, and, what is graver still, the cement which kept all three together—the *raison d'être* of the union—has completely lost its force.

Italy is become a proverb among the nations, a living example of the saying: "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." Despite the prominent part she recently played in Cretan affairs, she is hopelessly lost to the Triple Alliance in all cases in which that group of States may be called upon to put forth its military strength, and she is no longer even one of the Great Powers of Europe in anything but the name. The sympathies of the Italian people were never on the side of Austria and Germany. Their adherence to the Triple Alliance was avowedly a

mere matter of interest; and it is now abundantly evident that no conceivable interest of the people or the State has been furthered by that unnatural union. This painful fact is now so patent, that even in Italy no serious attempt is any longer made to conceal it; and, while the courteous King Humbert, in his toast at Homburg, had many complimentary things to say of Germany and Kaiser Wilhelm, he found no word of praise for the Triple Alliance.

But the direction taken by Italy's sympathies is a trifling matter in comparison with the all-important fact that economically she is utterly ruined, and ruined solely by the shortsightedness or personal ambition of her own statesmen. In 1887 the value of her exports amounted to 1,010,000,000 francs, her best customer being France, who took no less than 40 per cent. of them. In that same year, however, the Italian Government adopted a protective customs tariff, which practically closed her markets to a number of French commodities. This move roused the ire of France, whereupon, adding insult to injury, she joined the Triple Alliance, and estranged the sympathies and provoked the vengeance of her rich and powerful neighbour. This calamitous blunder was the root of Italy's misfortunes. The presence of real and imminent danger might have explained, but nothing could have justified it. In truth, however, this policy is, from a statesman's point of view, wholly unintelligible. Italy possessed no enemies, ran no dangers, and needed no costly system of defence. Consequently all the cares and worries of a Great Power immediately resulted without any of the compensating advantages. A short but sharp commercial war with France was the immediate sequel, and financial troubles the final result. In a short twelvemonth Italian exports to France fell from 406 to 170 million francs. The fond hope of compensating by means of advantageous commercial treaties with Austria and Germany for the impoverishing loss of French markets proved utterly illusory. And what is still more discouraging, Italy can never again hope to recover the lost ground, France having meanwhile found other and cheaper sources whence she now draws her supplies. At present France takes but 14 instead of 40 per cent. of Italy's yearly exports.

What could be more significant of Italy's international position than the fact that her annual trade balance is less than that of either Holland or Belgium, and that economically, therefore, she is a second- or even third-rate Power, whereas she is further systematically ruining herself by madly striving to keep pace with Germany and Austria? Thus she maintains an army far greater than she could afford even were her finances in a normally satisfactory condition, while the male population of the Peninsula is degenerating at a most alarming rate, owing to insufficient food and unhealthy conditions of living. Her naval programme is conceived on the lines of rivalry with France;

a few days ago four large warships were launched,* and the intention announced of constructing vessels enough to raise the Italian Mediterranean squadron to the level of the French by the end of next year. Meanwhile Italy's credit is undermined. Even Germany, with powerful political motives for generosity, refuses to assist in the floating of any further loans, well knowing that the old ones can never be wiped out, nor even the interest on them paid very much longer.

Is it to be wondered at if, under these circumstances, on the one hand new taxes are being constantly devised, and on the other, armed resistance is being organised as a protest against their introduction, or that every year over 150,000 hungry Italians shake the dust of their native land off their feet and bring the price of labour down to starvation level in various quarters of the globe?

In Austro-Hungary considerable changes have also taken place of late, which, whatever their influence upon the future of the Hapsburg monarchy, enormously weaken the effective strength of the Triple Alliance. Heretofore there were but two parties in the empire who upheld that political arrangement in season and out of season—the Germans and the Hungarians. The Germans were actuated by their consciousness of the solidarity of their interests with those of their brothers of the Fatherland, with whom they have infinitely more in common than with their Slavic fellow-subjects, and also by their reluctance, as a parliamentary party, to take up a line of policy opposed to the express wishes of the Emperor-king, who is beyond question the most experienced, far-seeing, and skilful statesman in the monarchy. The Hungarians were inspired by motives which I shall endeavour to set forth later on.

Of these two supports of the Alliance, one has been swept away by the Government itself. The Germans are not merely in opposition, at present, but at daggers'-ends with the Ministry, whose anti-German and Federalist policy has taken extraordinary shapes and reached the confines of persecution. The present Austrian Prime Minister, Count Badeni, is a Pole of the Poles, a man of aristocratic—nay, autocratic—tendencies and high-handed habits. He was for several years the Stadtholder of Galicia, where he ruled the Ruthenians with rods of iron. Without parliamentary experience, he came to Vienna as Prime Minister at a most critical moment, when the errors of Count Taaffe's administration were bearing abundant and bitter fruits, and when a firm but delicate hand, guided by a clear head, was absolutely needed to set matters right and prevent a catastrophe.

Now Count Badeni, who would probably make an admirable military dictator, if kept in countenance by an indemnity Act, seems to lack the insight, discrimination, and tact which go to the making of a

* The *Saint Bon* and *Emmanuele Filiberto* (9800 tons) and the *Garibaldi* and *Varese* (6840 tons each).

successful statesman. His predecessor, Count Taaffe, was a practical psychologist, whose somewhat cynical turn of mind was caused by his almost exclusive dealings with human nature at its worst; he possessed the knack of setting political parties on a perpetual wild-goose chase, while he provided for the daily needs of the monarchy on the principle that sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. Hence he managed to pull through without any Government party—nay, in spite of parliamentary parties, for fully fourteen years, steering the ship of State between the Scylla of Germanism and the Charybdis of the Slavs. His one grave mistake was a leaning towards the latter element. Count Badeni, by way of curing the evil, intensified it, and by means of his now famous *Sprachenverordnung* effected all that a Government could do toward abolishing the German tongue and culture in Bohemia. The result is the decomposition of the body politic which is making rapid progress, and may kill parliamentary institutions and much that is infinitely more precious.

The Germans who, with all their faults, were among the most solid elements of law and order and culture, are now in a state of opposition which may ultimately burst all parliamentary bonds. Their policy of obstruction, which is approved by the great body of the electorate, has already hindered the renewal of the compromise between Austria and Hungary which must be concluded every ten years, and has brought the machine of government to a standstill. The bulk of Germans outside the Reichsrath are in a state of latent rebellion. Riots are of frequent occurrence in the streets of North Bohemian towns between them and the Czechs, and their latest move is a threat to withhold the taxes. My own firm belief is that their deep-rooted patriotism will finally move the Germans to renew the *Ausgleich* with Hungary, which, in consequence of these events, is become the more influential of the two partners; but nothing can disguise the fact that the tongues and peoples of which Austria proper is composed are possessed by a centrifugal force which, unless speedily neutralised, bids fair to break up the unity of the empire.

The Hungarians, therefore, are now the only politically influential supporters of the Triple Alliance in the Hapsburg monarchy, and, indeed, the chief directors of the entire policy of the empire. They have always tenaciously held to the understanding with Germany and Italy, for reasons analogous to those of the Austrian Germans, only of a much more powerful character. They are alone of their race in all Europe, and, despite their primitive affinity to the Turks and Finns, are for all practical purposes without kith or kin. Hungary is thus an ethnographical island in a sea of Slavs, which threatens continually to submerge it. In the event of a general *débâcle*, most other peoples could hope for external sympathy, based on the feeling that blood is thicker than water. Transylvanian Saxons would naturally turn their eyes to Germany,

Roumanians to Roumania, Slovaks and Croatians to Servia or Russia. But the Hungarians would have no one to look to but themselves. Hence they are naturally drawn towards those nations whose interest it is to check the advance of the Slavonic race. This has been termed Chauvinism by their foreign critics, and the term is not, perhaps, wholly incorrect; but it would be equally true to describe it as one of the forms of the struggle for existence which no nation would hesitate to adopt, and which Hungary, under Baron Banffy's guidance, has followed with remarkable tact and signal success.

Here, then, we have the spectacle of an Austrian Government endeavouring to weaken one of the two pillars of the Triple Alliance, and systematically pursuing a policy of federalism which is diametrically opposed to the vital interests of the other pillar of that alliance. The Czechs cordially detest the Magyars, who strain every nerve to denationalise the Slavs of their own half of the empire, and if the federalist principle were adopted in the monarchy the German element in Bohemia would soon disappear as a political factor. Hence the Hungarians are resolved never to accept it.

The final upshot of this curious *chasser croisez* is still covered by the mist of the future; but one thing is perfectly clear: the Triple Alliance, even if its maintenance were as indispensable to Austro-Hungary as it seemed to be ten years ago, is a political capital, the value of which cannot possibly be realised. What European statesman, with moderately developed sense of humour, can, in the present condition of Europe, conjure up before his mind's eye a war in which Czechs and Croatians would enthusiastically fight against their Russian brethren, while Italians, side by side with the hated Austrians, were heroically charging the French?

The significance of all these changes is, of course, thoroughly grasped by the Tsar's advisers, who, I have good reason to believe, counted upon it from the very first. They understand full well that Russia has nothing to fear from Austria in the East of Europe, and they have likewise made it clear to the Emperor Franz Josef that the Oriental question, in so far as it has to do with Turkey and the Balkans, will not be opened up by Russia. Herein lay the basis for a *modus vivendi* between the two States. This basis was further enlarged by Russia's deliberate departure from the doctrine which made it incumbent upon the Tsar to undertake the defence of monarchy by the grace of God wherever endangered. Hungary forthwith forgot her grudge against the Russia of 1849, or at least consigned it to the keeping of Dryasdust. On the other hand, the Tsar's conciliatory attitude towards his Polish subjects had a most excellent effect upon Austria proper, with the Poles. In this way an understanding between the two countries which leaves

attention to the colonisation of Siberia, the construction of the Great Railway, the utilisation of her friendship with China, and the general inauguration of her Far Eastern policy.

Peace being thus permanently guaranteed in the East and West of Europe by the maintenance of the Treaties of Berlin and Frankfurt, the Triple Alliance loses its *raison d'être*, as Bismarck foresaw it must. And the Chancellor's successors have devised nothing in its place.

There is, however, one consideration yet to be mentioned, which I touch upon for the sake of completeness rather than by reason of the real importance to be attached to it by practical politicians. I allude to the possible deleterious effect upon patriotic Frenchmen of the toasts of the President and the Tsar on board the *Pothuau*. Is it to be feared that the alliance may raise dangerous hopes, and perhaps even lead to hasty acts, the upshot of which might prove fatal to the more modest and reasonable expectations of Europe? Certainly symptoms have not been lacking of late pointing to the recrudescence of a spirit which, if it spread, would undoubtedly upset the calculations of every Foreign Office in Europe. The enthusiastic rejoicings in Paris, the posters containing the eloquent legend: $1+1=3$; the telegram of M. Méline, which seemed to hint more than could with propriety be expressed, and the imprudent language of some of the leading organs of the Parisian press, all point in the direction of that forbidden fruit, the enjoyment of which would lead to the expulsion of Europe from the paradise of peace in which it is now lulled to sleep.

But these signs of an entirely warlike spirit are partial and passing. They are easily explained by the buoyant temperament of the French, and by the profound relief which the dawn of the new era has afforded them, and they are more than outweighed by the imperious need of peace felt not only by Russia, Germany and Austria, but by France herself. Theoretically, however, it is none the less true that the Tsardom has given considerable hostages to the Republic. If the 1084 millions of (paper) roubles now in circulation are covered, and even more than covered, by the vast sums of gold accumulated in the Imperial Treasury, it should not be forgotten that this precious metal is the fruit of loans, the greater part of which is in French hands. And if the wildly improbable should ever take place in France, and Russia's republican creditors were to throw these securities on the market, the result might prove as disastrous as a war, seeing that Russia's credit is to a great extent dependent upon Europe.

Far more serious is the question of the Great Britain likely to be affected by the sweeping changes which have lately taken place in political Europe, and which have brought brotherly nations into States for each other, and of the effect of these changes towards the French Republic and every Continent.

declared in very courteous but unmistakable terms that England had come to be viewed with undisguised mistrust, even by those politicians who heretofore respected her aims and admired her motives. "The policy of your country," exclaimed one Minister, who is a sincere friend of the English people, "is a series of fits and starts. It has no continuity. One can never foresee the direction it will take, never guess its object, never grasp the leading motives. It seems to escape, in some mysterious manner, from the domain of the law of causality and to obey some peculiar law of its own. Take the Cretan insurrection, for instance. Can you put into clear language the position which your Government took up from the very beginning on this matter and then analyse their entire policy with a view to showing that the means adopted were calculated to lead to the end in view? Was the annexation of Crete to Greece desired? If so, the Vassos Expedition should never have been allowed to set out, and the Greeks should have been awed into keeping the peace. Had this been done, Crete would most probably be a Greek island to-day, and this simply in consequence of the natural course of events. Again, if it was deemed desirable to safeguard the interests of Greece, as opposed to those of Turkey, why in heaven's name was not Germany's suggestion adopted and the Greek ports blockaded before the war was declared? Why did England reject the proposal?"

Similar strictures I heard wherever I broached the subject. Nobody once blamed our policy on account of its tendency; every one objected to it because, to their minds, it had none.

These opinions I record merely as showing the views held by foreign statesmen about the "incalculable tendencies" of British policy, not as an intimation that I have sufficient grounds for endorsing them in full. It is temptingly easy to condemn a line of action—or inaction—taken up by a Government on any particular question, but it is virtually impossible for an outsider, however well informed, to grasp all the data that preceded, and weigh the sometimes imponderable motives that inspired it. A curious instance of the danger of sweeping and carping criticism of this character occurred recently in connection with this same Greco-Turkish difficulty. When the terms of the preliminary peace between the two belligerents were drawn up and agreed to by the Continental Powers, Lord Salisbury suddenly demurred and presented certain amendments of his own which he characterised as essential. The fact was avidly seized upon by the foreign press, which plausibly maintained that the British Government, in pursuance of its traditional and perfidious policy, was bent on breaking up the Concert of Europe. The peace which was on the point of being signed, would, they affirmed, be deferred for many a long day and very serious losses would be thus inflicted both upon Turks and Greeks, owing to the shameless selfishness of England.

Now, it was quite true that Lord Salisbury did present a series of amendments to the project which the other Powers began by disapproving and ended by accepting; but it is also a fact that this supplementary plan embodied the very few provisions in the draft which are distinctly favourable to the Greeks. Thus in the original document the details of the future evacuation of Thessaly, the time, manner, &c., were entirely left to the good sense and tact of the Porte, on the ground that any attempt to define them in advance would be an insult to an independent and victorious Sovereign. It was deemed quite sufficient to lay down in general terms the necessity of withdrawing the Ottoman troops from the conquered province little by little according as the instalments of the indemnity were paid in—an arrangement which would have allowed the Turks to remain indefinitely in possession. It was to obviate this and various other possible—nay, certain—abuses that Lord Salisbury formally endangered the "Concert," and successfully insisted on the insertion of a number of clauses, the justice and humanity of which are now universally, if tardily, recognised. And if Thessaly be evacuated a month after the conditions for the working of the International Commission have been fulfilled, instead of a year or two later, this boon is due solely to an act of statesmanship and humanity which at the time was sharply and plausibly denounced as the quintessence of "narrow-minded selfishness" and "crass stupidity."

Few people are disposed to make due allowance for the unprecedented difficulties which at present beset a British Foreign Secretary; and party antagonists are very rarely among the few. Yet it is a demonstrable fact that never before in the history of England has it been so arduous a task to hold our own against foreign nations as to-day, and never more necessary to treat foreign politics as an imperial, not a party question. Whichever way we turn, we are confronted by a powerful coalition whose forms are Protean, whose aims are selfish, and whose principles have not yet found a place in theoretical ethics. It is a curious characteristic of latterday politics that a cautious statesman like Lord Rosebery found it impossible to maintain certain rights of ours which were guaranteed alike by actual possession and a formal treaty without having recourse to an ultimatum which brought the country within an ace of war with a powerful European State. And this incident is in some respects typical. The risk of war and the sacrifice of unquestionable rights are the two alternatives between which a British Government is frequently called upon to choose. Cynical selfishness and naked injustice were never so rife as at present. Yet diplomatic documents and royal utterances were never so full of moral reflections and pious aspirations as to-day. A British Foreign Secretary or an Ambassador who, after a few years' experience of the ethics of diplomacy, fails to become a thorough-going cynic must be

set down as a *lusus naturæ*. The terms "Civilisation," "Christianity," "Progress," "Justice," &c., in diplomatic notes and royal toasts cannot but fill him with profound regret that he is unable to refresh his moral nature by such a tonic as would be afforded by a six months' sojourn with Hobbes's primitive man.

But, after all possible allowance has been made for the difficulties which the Government has to contend with, and the lack of data necessary for impartially judging its action, it will hardly be denied that our policy during the past six years has been characterised by a spirit of compromise which defeats the object it is intended to attain. In their dealings with Great Britain, foreign States set at nought solemn declarations and promises, inalienable rights, and even formal treaties. And, in reply, we hardly venture to offer a weak protest as a prelude to a full compliance with the most unjustifiable demands. Emboldened by this reprehensible weakness, they have gone so far as to perpetrate acts of real warfare against the Empire—and, of course, with supreme success. "Great Britain will have to disgorge her ill-gained possessions," said a Continental politician who has been, and probably will again be, a Cabinet Minister. And in virtue of what principle? Simply because our Government has a holy horror of international complications, and our people are supinely indifferent to the most important imperial issues, the practical bearing of which upon their own more narrow interests they are as yet unable to grasp. So far as an outsider acquainted with the main facts can judge, the Government is neither well informed of what is going on in the Continental world, nor sufficiently confident of home support to take the measures needful to the efficient defence of our imperial interests.

Thus despite the costly instruments which the country possesses abroad for observing present political currents and forecasting coming events, the information we received, credited, and acted upon respecting China's military forces and her ability to mobilise them, proved utterly misleading. Most people in this country fancied—until facts taught them the contrary—that Japan was running her head against a granite wall, when she declared war against her unwieldy neighbour. Had our Government realised the true condition of affairs at the time, it could and would have hindered that unreasonable outbreak of hostilities. But, even on the conclusion of the war, a moderately accurate knowledge of the schemes of other States ought to have sufficed to induce the British Government to join hands with Russia, France, and Germany, and demand the surrender of the Peninsula of Liao Tung to China. This step, it may be urged, would have run diametrically counter to our interests, and the principle underlying it might, if generally applied, lead to highly undesirable results later on. And theoretically the objection is unanswerable. But none the less

it should have been disregarded. A private individual may be generous and self-sacrificing if it so please him, but the trustees of a nation hardly possess the right of quixotically holding to a principle whose application is actually impossible, and the assertion of which is positively hurtful to all concerned. England, choosing to be quixotic, lost by her isolated idealism, and lost heavily. For she thereby left Russia and France a clear field for united and energetic action in the Far East, and thus paved the way for a grandiose anti-British policy in China which no conscious efforts of ours, and no chapter of happy accidents can now undo. I am very far from sharing the view of those who regard China as a mere vassal of Russia, no longer endowed with a will of her own, and who hold that Chinese statesmen are a set of idiotic Rip Van Winkles incapable of appreciating modern progress and gauging the trend of contemporary politics. China is still a living organism. She has suffered very much less from the late war than foreigners commonly suppose. Her policy is not yet swayed to any notable extent by the disinterested promptings of either France or Russia, and the opening up of the Celestial Kingdom is still beset with formidable difficulties. But the thin edge of the wedge has undoubtedly been driven in by Russia and France, who have, therefore, the start of us, and a start which will in all probability ultimately give them the race. There can be no question as to Russia's resolve to open up, exploit, and, if need be, "protect" the northern provinces of China, and very little as to her ability. The all-important question for us, to whom foreign markets are as daily bread, is whether we are likely to establish a footing, commercial or political, in Southern China. A timely understanding with Russia would have rendered this desirable arrangement comparatively easy. But the feebly fitful policy of our Government, which persistently refuses to widen its scope so as to include and further the commercial interests of the Empire, has handicapped us to an extent which makes failure almost a foregone conclusion.

For nobody who has followed with intelligent interest the strenuous efforts of France since the days of Garnier and Rivière to realise the "ideals of civilisation, right, and justice" in Asia and Africa, can entertain the slightest doubt as to the true aim of her colonial policy in those continents; and no unprejudiced observer who has taken note of the apologetic protests and the dignified retreat of our Governments, Liberal and Conservative alike, can delude himself into the belief that something will turn up, and everything come out right for us in the end. True, we might profitably shut our eyes to French advances in Cambodia, Annam, and even in Siam, providing always that we had a free hand in Southern China. But what we did shut our eyes to was the fact that, for French statesmen and their Continental backers, Cambodia, Annam, and Siam were but stepping-stones to the southern

half of the Celestial Empire, which is the *alpha* and *omega* of their colonial policy in Asia. What English politicians—whenever they found a little leisure to give the matter their consideration—fancied was the end proved to be merely the means.

This policy, the details of which throw a lurid light upon the "common ideal of civilisation, right, and justice," may not have been transparent, even to Frenchmen, from the first. But it was uncommonly thorough all along. Twelve months after the forcible annexation of three provinces belonging to the King of Annam the monarchy of Cambodia was declared to be under French protection, and four years later Cochin China was duly annexed to France and civilisation. Tonquin became French, as the result of a long course of sickening cruelties, spread over ten years, which are indissolubly associated in Indo-China with the name of Rivière and the most ideal nation in the world. During all this time the enemies of France laughed to themselves at the infatuation which had seized upon the statesmen of that ill-starred country, and led them to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of human lives and scores of millions of francs, merely in order to conquer regions the trade of which would never pay even the preliminary expenses.

But France's aims were not bounded by mere trade interests. They were considerably more ambitious. She coveted, in the first place, the river Mekong, which rises in the mountains of Eastern Thibet and flows through the rich Chinese province of Yunnan and through Laos, and then divides into two arms in Cambodia, finally reaching the sea in Cochin China. Her object was to possess a waterway leading to Southern China, just as it was our aim when we possessed ourselves of Burma and the river Salwen. The means were, as usual, fire and sword. But when the end was compassed, it was discovered that the rapids and shallows of Mekong are an effectual hindrance to navigation beyond the delta, and that some other means must be found to connect Saigon, in Cochin China, with Yunnan and the other south Chinese provinces. The river Menam, which rises in the south-west of Siam, was thereupon chosen. Bangkok, the Siamese capital, is built on its banks, and, as a step in the right direction, M. Ribot declared in the Chamber that all the territory situated to the east of the Mekong river, from the Chinese frontier to the sea, belongs to France. By what right, and from what time, the Republic acquired its right to this vast district was never set forth. The ideal object was, of course, well understood: the inauguration of the "common ideals of civilisation, right, and justice."

Our Government cannot be said to have been wholly inactive during this advance of the French. British protests, friendly, mild, and firm, rained in upon the French Foreign Ministers like raindrops on

the back of a duck, and with similar effects. The Siamese, having borne with this uncereemonious treatment for a time, at last foolishly resisted, and thus played more completely into the hands of their civilisers than before. The river Mekong duly became French, whereupon the Government of the Republic solemnly promised, verbally and in writing, that Siamese territory to the west of that river would be religiously respected. And perhaps it was. Much depends upon the interpretation given to the terms of the promise. What is certain is that squabbles were deliberately organised between French and Siamese officials, a formal expedition was set on foot, and Siam was condemned to pay an indemnity of £200,000 and to cede territory once more; and, as "guarantees" for the fulfilment of these conditions, Port Chantibun, in the Gulf of Siam, was to be "temporarily" occupied by the French, and the Siamese troops were to be withdrawn from the western bank of the Mekong.

Our Foreign Office was meanwhile occupied, like the god Baal when invoked by his worshippers, "in talking, or pursuing, or in a journey." Occasionally it issued instructions to Lord Dufferin, drew up notes to the French Government, acknowledged with gratitude the lavish promises of M. Develle, and advised the Siamese to keep quiet. At last, however, we scored a signal success. By dint of courtesy and firmness we induced our rivals to agree to an arrangement which seemed calculated to put a stop, once for all, to further schemes of civilising Siam. Eighteen months ago a treaty was drawn up and signed by Great Britain and France, by which both States solemnly engaged to acknowledge the full independence and respect the absolute neutrality of the Siamese kingdom. This must be characterised as the most brilliant diplomatic triumph gained by our Foreign Office during the past fifteen years.

Yet this treaty, like the famous verbal agreement quoted by Sir Boyle Roche, proved to be not worth the paper it was written on. So far from respecting the independence of Siam, the French have already begun to treat it as a protectorate. Thus in the Siamese service there are a number of foreigners among whom are fifty-eight Englishmen, twenty-two Germans, twenty Danes, eight Belgians, and eight Italians. Every independent State has confessedly the right to employ foreigners or natives according to its needs and wishes. The French Government, however, claim to control the right in the case of Siam, and insist on the immediate appointment to situations in the Siamese State Service of at least as many Frenchmen as there are Englishmen employed. In like manner the Republic still continues to occupy the post of Chantibun, belonging to this "absolutely independent" kingdom of Siam, and refuses to give it up or even to show cause why it should still be kept. To interest in these matters those European nations which have not yet become enthusi-

astic about transporting "ideals of civilisation, right and justice" to the Far East, was the main object of the journey to Europe undertaken by King Chulalongkorn. But the only two States which in their own interests should and could put an end to this alarming spread of French civilisation and the systematic closure of Eastern markets which invariably follows it, are deaf to the King's appeal. Germany, whose trade with Siam is very considerable, would fain avoid everything even indirectly displeasing to Russia. And England? "England's star is set," exclaimed a Continental Minister to me, lately. "The Anglo-Saxon race," he went on, "may possibly work wonders yet in the history of the world; but the power as well as the prestige of insular England is rapidly on the wane." This is an incontrovertible statement; and the only solacing consideration about it is that the English people are not merely acquiescing in but aiding and furthering the process of decay.

In Africa, matters are quite as unsatisfactory as in Asia. Since the first great scramble for territory there, various States have made varying degrees of progress, rapidly acquiring rights, and vigorously enforcing them, but invariably at our expense. Our bargain with Germany, the results it engendered, and still more the grandiose plan which it probably spoiled are still fresh in the minds of all who take a broad view of the future of the Empire. In our dealings with France there we have fared very much worse. An example or two will suffice. The French Government began by repeatedly and expressly denying that they had any intention to annex Tunis and then summarily seized it. This event came as a painful surprise to our far-seeing statesmen. But at least we still could claim the most favoured nation treatment in the annexed territory in virtue of a commercial treaty, which, being perpetual, could not be terminated by the French without our consent. All modern Governments keep a sharp look-out for the trading interests of their subjects, and England, being a nation of traders *par excellence*, should be especially watchful in matters of this kind. Yet our Foreign Office not only acquiesced in the abolition of the capitulations by the Republic in 1884, but has now signed a treaty which makes short work of our right to the most favoured nation trading, and permits France to levy prohibitive duties on British imports into Tunis, after the expiration of fifteen years! But perhaps we received a *quid pro quo* as is usual in such cases? Absolutely none.* Not even a graceful acknowledgment. "The wonder is," exclaims a French publicist, "that England took such a long time to make up her mind about doing her duty."

And thus weakness on the one side provokes wanton aggression on

* The fifteen years' inconsiderable reduction in the duties levied upon British goods cannot be considered as such and was not so regarded by either of the parties to the treaty, which was a one-sided affair throughout.

the other. The latest endeavour to transplant the ideals of civilisation, right and justice to Africa has embodied itself in an act which is neither more nor less than an armed invasion of British territory. The region of Lagos is ours by rights as unquestionable as those by which France holds Nice and Savoy. The treaties in virtue of which we acquired it are clear, valid, and recognised. Yet French officers have entered the country at the head of armed bands, and claimed it as territory belonging to the French Republic. And French journalists applauded the action and eulogised the enterprise of their martial fellow citizens.

Such is the kind of war that has been going on between this country and its rivals for the past six or seven years. It may well be feared that it will be continued on a larger and more disastrous scale now that peace in Europe has been definitively assured. Hostilities of this nature are quite compatible with the new "truce of God," and the apprehension of those who hold that the modified situation of Europe is especially favourable to their growth in extent and intensity are no mere idle fancies. Even if Continental nations were less desirous of keeping each other in countenance by diplomatically coalescing against Great Britain, the unprecedented weakness of our Government would act as an irresistible temptation. The working principle of the Foreign Office, and so far as one can see, of the bulk of the nation, is, that we cannot go to war about a slice of territory in Africa, or a river or valley in Indo-China. The principle may be correct and Christian, but the results are lamentable and necessary. War is certainly an evil—probably one of the most unmitigated evils created by man; and the sooner it is abolished the better. But empire founded by war must be held together by readiness to risk another war to defend it. This may prove either that empire is an evil and should be sedulously avoided, or else that war, which is also an evil, is unavoidable. We must take our choice of conclusions; but it is impossible to endorse both. And this is what we are virtually engaged in doing. The best practical guarantee of peace in a kingdom which is wholly of this world, is a resolve to incur the risk of war if the defence of the nation's legitimate interests demand it. And this guarantee can be given only by a strong and resolute Government, which is still lacking.

But even a firm, energetic Government could effect but little in these days of "peaceful warfare" without the peculiar weapons adapted to the times. And of these we have voluntarily and foolishly deprived ourselves. It sounds strange that the most commercial nation in the world should be the only one which is powerless to hinder or modify a deadly blow aimed at its trade by striking, or threatening to strike back in return. Yet it is only too true. Just fancy what chance a McKinley or a Dingley tariff would have had of becoming

law if our Government possessed the reasonable right of imposing corresponding duties on American imports into England, and of stipulating that the colonies should do likewise. Or imagine what a brisk trade could be done with Russia if it were in the power of our Government to conclude a special politico-commercial treaty with that empire; or how much nearer to the far-off ideal of Imperial Federation we should be, if the Colonial Secretary were free to treat with the colonies for the establishment of an Inter-Britannic customs union.

This, I am aware, is very dangerous ground. Free trade must still be worshipped with unabated fervour. Whatever else may be swept away, that must remain intact. Yet Free trade is not one of the Eternal Truths, nor even one of the Thirty-nine Articles. It was adopted because, at the time, it was found to further the interests of the nation, and the moment it clashes with those interests it will be thrown overboard. In so far as it continues to supply us with cheap food and cheap raw materials it is still an enormous boon. But some of the other conditions which contributed to its adoption have become greatly modified, and call for a corresponding modification in the formula of Free trade. It was based, for instance, on the supposition, true at the time, that our industrial and commercial activity was superior to all foreign competition. This is no longer the case to-day. On the contrary, we are rapidly losing profitable markets in which we once possessed a practical monopoly, and losing them mainly to Germany and Russia, whose industrial skill, commercial enterprise, and political tactics are making themselves painfully felt in ever larger circles of British labour. During the past nine months of the present year, for example, our export trade shows a falling off in value to the extent of £4,675,000. The causes of this serious phenomenon cannot unfortunately be identified with any mere passing events, the effects of which will wear off in a year or two. Neither can it be put down to a wave of universal depression. For Germany's foreign trade, and notably her exports, show a marked increase during that very same period. The conclusion is clear that Germany is ousting us out of markets which once were ours, thanks not merely to the admirable organisation and enterprise of the people, but also to the direct help given them by their Government. Yet when the sugar trade of England or her colonies was annihilated by German or French Government bounties, the British Government was powerless to parry the insidious blow by imposing an equivalent duty on that State-aided sugar and rescuing a flourishing trade from unmerited ruin.

The notice given by Lord Salisbury to Germany and Belgium that our commercial treaty with those countries will become inoperative in 1898 is the one bright point in this monotonously dismal picture. Whether this measure is more than it seems, whether it will be

followed up by other changes demanded by the new condition of things, it would be premature to discuss. But those who have the interests, not only of the English people but also of the British Empire at heart, sincerely hope that it may mark the beginning of a new and prosperous era in our commercial policy.

To sum up, then, the new era is destined to be a period of European peace. A war between the Dual and the Triple Alliances is a contingency the improbability of which borders on the impossible. Russia having abandoned the defence of the gospel of monarchy by the grace of God in foreign countries; France having given up her schemes for the revision of the Treaty of Frankfurt; and Austria-Hungary having come to an amicable understanding with the Government of the Tsar, all the probable causes of a European war have lost their force. But the result can hardly be contemplated with pleasure by the statesmen who are responsible for the weal of the British Empire. For if the one negative proposition in which the Great Powers of the Continent are agreed be the paramount necessity of avoiding hostility among themselves, the one positive plan which they all cordially approve consists in the desirability of combining diplomatically against Great Britain. They have already tasted the fruits of these tactics and learnt that they are highly enjoyable, and they are now determined to cultivate them on a larger scale and under more favourable conditions. To the complete success of this scheme a powerful navy of the three Great Powers, France, Russia, and Germany is needed. Hence the desire of Kaiser Wilhelm to increase the German navy with the least possible delay. One of the most widely circulated and carefully edited German weekly journals, touching upon this question, frankly says: "The one-sided command of the sea by England must be put an end to, and in its place a diplomatic equilibrium of interests established." * This is German and Continental policy in a nutshell.

Our policy, if it is to be imperial as distinguished from insular and parochial, should consist in a strenuous effort to break up that combination by making a serious bid for the friendship of Russia, in a steady increase of our navy, in a new commercial policy based upon a retaliatory tariff system, and, if possible, in an inter-British customs union. If these schemes turn out to be impracticable, and our Foreign Office remains incorrigible, we shall have to console ourselves with the reflection that it is impossible to fight against fate.

E. J. DILLON.

* "Die Gegenwart."

THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.*

MRS. OLIPHANT'S last work is her best. That combination of masculine judgment with feminine insight which distinguishes her strongest writing, was never more zealously employed with deliberate purpose to do justice to the world-famous firm, whose honour was very dear to her. When only "a slip of a girl" she brought her first aspirings to John Wilson, the editor-apparent of "Maga," and for nearly fifty years after she remained the valued friend, the trusted contributor of its dynasty of publishers.

On her death-bed she grieved for the loss of all that the appearance of this book would mean to her—of acknowledgment due to the dead, of misapprehensions cleared, of misstatements refuted, of tangled tales unravelled, of light thrown upon great transactions. Nor did she forget the reward of public interest and appreciation which was her due. "I rest my fame on this book," she said. She laboured for six years at the immense mass of material, exploring and sifting conscientiously, unerringly reserving the essential and rejecting the unimportant. Intervals of relief were needed, it is true, during which she employed her flowing pen in various and less strenuous undertakings; but she returned, with always increasing zest, to this her most important work. It will not betray her dying hope. We have long wondered at and sometimes regretted the rapidity with which she gave book after book to the world; but in this there is scarcely a sign of ill-considered haste, and there are innumerable signs of the labour which love lightened, and of the employment of every best faculty, whether critical or historical, in the setting forth of her subject. The result is a contribution of the greatest value to the annals of nine-

* "William Blackwood and his Sons, their Magazine and Friends." London: Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

teenth-century literature. We are astonished at the patience which the "House" has displayed in so long reserving its treasures from publication. Old-fashioned honour which fears to wound the living even to the third and fourth generations, has enjoined this prolonged silence, and it has been considered preferable to endure misunderstanding and misrepresentation rather than to offend against its code.

It was the code compiled, if never written, by the founder of the "House." His character determined its status, drew up its charter of liberties and obligations, formulated its relations with authors, contributors and other publishers, with the public, with friends and with foes. As that character was, so the "House" was, continued to be, and is to this day.

From his frugal and diligent boyhood, guarded by a good mother from idleness and evil companionship, taking as naturally to reading as did Burns and Scott in those days of growing appreciation for literature, acquiring experience as he read, through his apprenticeship, his graduation in London, where he was initiated into all the finer arts of publication, his establishment in Edinburgh on a modest basis of business with books, dreaming always of the opportunity which was to come for a higher flight, through his sober wooing and happy married life, and through his opportunity at last with all its varied episodes, brilliant, difficult, satisfactory, disappointing, up to his victories and their enduring effects, he remained the same tranquil, strong, humorous, honourable man, with perception, tact and dignity, holding the reins over his own conduct as he was perforce compelled to hold them over that of others.

In the strenuous sequence of events and influences which Mrs. Oliphant narrates, by which the founder assured the stability of his business, we note the dominant masterfulness of his own character, dominant, not domineering, and masterful, because its resources were equal to all emergency. There was no assumption of authority, no masquerade of finality, but always keen and sensitive intelligence, power to impress its conclusions with reason, dignity to make reasonableness convincing. Christian integrity, Christian self-respect, and Christian courage, cheerfulness and culture illuminate his actions and blossom into tenderness, faithfulness, endurance and loyalty at home and in his office.

It is a noble conservatism to maintain a great house of business on the foundation of unyielding integrity and undeviating practice. Independent of fortunes to be snatched from tawdry and temporary taste, untempted into the whirl of realistic, of nauseous, of irreligious writing, its editors and publishers have tested every manuscript by the standard, which always has outlived and always must outlive the caprices of an effervescent sensuousness, of a spasmodic pedantry.

Strong, wholesome, breezy literature, with the breath of the moor and the river, with a large and many-sided treatment of humanity, as known in the atmosphere of home, of hospitality, of activity, of travel, of valuable experience—not in foetid lazar-houses and in corruption—such has been the contribution of the House of Blackwood to our bookshelves and to our libraries for three-quarters of a century. And such was the purpose of William Blackwood the first.

Two episodes of his career deservedly occupy a large share of the first volume, the brief and noteworthy relations with Scott, and the birth of "*Maga*." The first of these completes the account given by Lockhart of Scott's proposal. Mr. Blackwood knew the great man already, and had made his home in Newington all the more sacred by receiving him as guest on a very special occasion. Mr. Murray, Byron's publisher, entrusted to him the MS. of the poet's "*Siege of Corinth*" and "*Parisina*" for reading to a knot of carefully chosen men of letters. A dinner was given to do honour to the precious manuscript, and Scott was present. It passed off with *éclat*, Scott complimenting Mrs. Blackwood on her boys as they came in to dessert, a little awed perhaps by his presence, but quickly reassured by that most genial and human of celebrities. The poems were read, and the meeting succeeded in laying the foundations of acquaintance and regard on Scott's side, and of very reasonable pride and expectation on that of his host. The expectation was founded on something more serious than the entertainment. James Ballantyne had been throwing out hints for some time past. By 1815, at the close of which year the dinner was celebrated, Mr. Blackwood had moved into commodious quarters in Princes Street, had begun an alliance with Murray as his agent in Scotland, and was extending on every hand, not only his ordinary business, but its scope and capabilities. Men of letters found their way to his rooms, and his subsequent staff was gathering from north and south to his neighbourhood and intimacy. Ballantyne took note of the shrewd and ambitious character of the man who had so quickly made himself an influence in the world of books. He might prove useful; he might serve as a stimulus to Constable; he might give coin of the realm for their cargo of unsaleable literature. And Ballantyne held out a hope, more marketable than his books, that the poet of "*Marmion*," or the "*Great Unknown*," or both, might be willing to treat with the "man clothed in plain apparel." That Murray trusted such precious matter to him as Byron's unpublished poems would make a due impression on Mr. Scott, and we find that early in 1816 negotiations began between the Ballantynes and Mr. Blackwood. The latter was at just that stage of his promotion when such an accession was desirable on almost any terms. We can understand, therefore, the scarcely concealed triumph of his letter to John Murray acquainting him in April

of James Ballantyne's overtures. Something of this triumph was due to Murray's own exultation in the "copyright" of Lord Byron. The poet had no rival except Scott, and Blackwood must have penned his letter with a fine consciousness of scoring. The book offered was the first of "The Tales of my Landlord," but the others were to follow in due time. The conditions were tremendously in favour of the author and his agents, and appended to them was that terrorising clause involving the purchase by Blackwood of £600 worth of Ballantyne's stock. That both he and Murray were disposed to close with the proposal at once indicates the imperial character of Scott's prestige. Scott, too, did not endorse all his lieutenant's suggestions. He objected to a permanent sale of the copyright, and permitted only a "bare perusal" of the manuscript at Ballantyne's house. A formal offer, however, was made on April 30, but even after that date it pleased the "go-between" to play his fish a while before he suffered him to land. Then, by a long and unexplained silence, James managed to brush the fine bloom off the transaction, and Scott himself misunderstood the man with whom he was dealing. Another book, "Letters upon the History of Scotland," had been proposed to Blackwood, and, without a word of explanation, had been transferred to Constable, who advertised it as on the eve of issue. May, June, and July passed without a line from Ballantyne, and Blackwood wrote in much bewilderment to Murray for his advice. At length he wrote to Scott's lieutenant and demanded some definite information with regard to the manuscript now two months belated. He himself had paid already for waggon-loads of that inexhaustible stock, and he was justified in requiring some information as to the book. His letter took effect, and James answered it in a manner all his own, but with the further consequence that about two-thirds of "The Black Dwarf" came to hand three weeks later. The story was most promising, and both Blackwood and Murray were filled with delighted expectation. But the conclusion was inferior, and led to a step on Blackwood's part which, proceeding from his undaunted integrity, proved to be the next element of danger. Apparently the criticisms passed on the story by Gifford, our publishers' reader, urged him to write to Ballantyne, expressing his disappointment, and suggesting a different winding-up. He employed such uncompromising terms that the author waxed furious, and used expressions which Ballantyne had to decompose before forwarding their modified drift to Blackwood.

It is interesting at this point to compare Lockhart's account, justly narrating all the incidents of the matter so far as he knew them, with Mrs. Oliphant's fuller statement. Lockhart gives the text of Scott's explosion with the comment: "I sincerely wish I could tell how Signior Aldiborontiphoscophornio translated (the answer) into any dialect submissible to Blackwood's apprehension." We, half a century

later, are furnished with that translation, so deftly interwoven in the Signior's inimitable style with a tolerably valid ground of offence—the author's dislike to a publisher's critic, whom he considered unduly consulted. Then after the storm ensued a calm, in which the "Black Dwarf" came triumphantly to port and attained a fourth edition in short time. There it stayed, the current curiosity being appeased, and while Mr. Blackwood still held 1200 copies, and Mr. Murray, his partner in the transaction, some hundreds more, on May 5, 1817, five months after the issue of its first edition, the "Black Dwarf," with a "hey, presto!" appeared in the hands of that able coadjutor of Conjuror Ballantyne, Mr. Archibald Constable, about to offer a fifth edition to a world not yet desirous. Let us lay the blame freely on the "Bounding Brothers"; somehow it must be theirs, for that they threw dust in Scott's honest eyes and made him believe the thing that was not is a matter of history. And he himself adhered to Blackwood's or Gifford's verdict on the "Black Dwarf," depreciating it as "wishy washy enough" in a letter to Mr. Daniel Terry, a fortnight before it was published. We can only share Mrs. Oliphant's regret that he was not from the first in the hands of such men as Blackwood or Murray, and that the personal loyalty which so ennobled him should have also ruined him financially and physically.

The Murray of those days was a lofty gentleman, who gave advice as by divine right. Some of it must have amused Ebony, for already his rooms in Princes Street were a *rendezvous* for the brilliant young men of that time in Edinburgh, and Murray's Olympian recommendations "to cultivate young men of genius" were a little belated. The young men of genius were there *in esse* and *in posse*, and were ready for such deeds as befitted their rôle. The deeds befell soon enough, for since there was very definite provocation and a political arena bristling with brilliant Whigs more occupied with their own genius than sensible of that of others, marching there and back again to the pibrochs of Piper Jeffrey, there was occasion enough for derring-do. For the "young men of genius" were Tories one and all, Tories of various sorts, Jacobite and others, but united in a professed and convinced aversion to Whigs—at which who shall wonder? Stimulated by his personal grievance and by Jeffrey's broadcast dragon's-teeth, Mr. Blackwood proposed to measure a field on which the warriors sprung from that sowing should confront the foe. His first adventure was badly captained and had to be recalled. Want of initiative, of humour, of aggression, wrecked the meek and inoffensive *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*.

The "young men of genius" came to the rescue, and from the ashes of the old rose the new "with a shout." The sixty pages describing the birth of "Maga" and the fluttered doves of Edinburgh and London form one of the most graphic passages in the first

of Mrs. Oliphant's volumes. Her vision pierces through the fourscore years, and we see arise the very form and substance of that long past moment. As we read, the virtuous pedantry of three generations of spotless critics collapses. Her story needs no rehearsal here, for all the reading world will read it, and all the others will get snap-shots at it from hearsay and extracts, but a reviewer may be permitted a word of complement to its argument. That argument makes out a solid case for the first number of "Maga."

Horseplay with political and other opponents was the note of that time, just as a literature that "something smacked" was the note of our own two years ago. On the whole, the victims enjoyed it and retaliated in kind. If a poet died of it, well—he was not born north of the Tweed, where the sensory nerves are toughly sheathed.

Nor are the push, the blow in the dark, the gibe, the mocking laugh weapons all disused, rusted over and laid up in museum cases, like flint axe and arrow-head, or unholy thumb-screw of the torture-chamber. What about the omniscient young men who made a name and fame for a weekly a score of years ago, which rested not solely on their literary style, their chastened wit, their academic fastidiousness? Were there rapiers, were there bludgeons in their hands or not? Books were crushed by their invisible hands, books fit and meant for good service. And crushed books involve careers and the well-being of many lives. No one accuses that journal to-day of such prowess. It is no longer written in the Queen's English, and its invective who shall understand? But its past is not forgotten, nor that series of articles on women, which made it the darling of the clubs. Amongst the wits of "Maga," none waged such a warfare, for they were men and gentlemen, and loved their wives and daughters, and honoured all womanhood for their sakes. Who can cast a stone at immortal "Maga," living now? In 1817, stones enough were cast, and very naturally, for men lived in the open air in breezy Edinburgh, where the east winds cultivate the temper up to stone-casting; but somehow they have settled into their places as a cairn of commemoration.

The truth is that all this dull censure of the bright "Blackwood Group" is mere lack of what made it illustrious. We know what the cat and the hen said to the "ugly duckling." Lockhart could not mew, nor Wilson catch mice—he could catch a clean-run twenty-pounder in the Tweed, though—and neither of them was adapted for laying eggs. But the swans did the ugly duckling reverence at first sight of him, and genius will ever accept with joy both Lockhart and Wilson. So Scott accepted them and laughed at their pranks, and we find him in friendly intercourse with Mr. Blackwood once more. A cry warm from the heart of Mrs. Oliphant's loyalty records this magnanimity. "Whatever record leaps to light," she quotes, "he never shall be shamed." But the magnanimity was not all on Scott's side;

a fair instalment of it came from the man who had been so shiftily handled by his lieutenants. True, some shrewd estimate of his own interests may have mellowed that resentment, but at no time does he ever seem to have confounded the shuffling of the Ballantynes with the intentions of Scott. The literary sovereignty of the time was with Scott; his approval was success, his censure was failure, and the publisher who wisely dealt with that fact in view shrewdly steered his affairs.

Murray's tergiversations, his fears and reproaches, his inflated axioms when he became partner in the magazine, read somewhat farcically now from the man who was proud to give "Don Juan" to the world. Uneasy lay his head these six months, and we feel relieved for the honest and agitated gentleman when Blackwood sent him back his thousand-pound cheque. That useful document flourishes in his annals; somehow one expects it to figure on a panel of his escutcheon, or to float on its crest.

But

"wrought with weeping and laughter
And fashioned with loathing and love,"

the destiny of "Maga" brought it, through good report and bad, home to the heart of Scotland.

The "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which maintained its charm and fame from 1822 onwards—till their authors ceased to invent them, dropping off one by one from the association—find an admirable historian in Mrs. Oliphant. So clear and concise an account of that rare co-operation has not hitherto been penned, doubtless for want of statistics, for the partners gave their riches

"with a smile
Like wealthy men who care not how they give,"

and, having "made a Noctes," kept little record of its making. It was Mr. Blackwood who suggested the mock Symposia, as a channel in which the contributory coterie could unite their eloquence. To quote from chapter v.:

"It would not seem that these Symposia were under any regular system at first, or subjected to any editorship. When they began, it was frequently Lockhart who was the author, sometimes Maginn (after the advent of that still more unruly contributor); occasionally Hogg had, or was allowed to suppose that he had, a large share in them. Finally, they fell into the hands of Wilson, and it is chiefly his portion of these admirable exchanges of literary criticism and comment which have been preserved and collected. To produce them required many gifts beyond those of the moralist or the critic. A certain amount of creative skill and dramatic instinct, in addition to the flow of wit and power of analysis and analogy, was necessary to one who had to keep up a keen argument single-handed, like a Japanese juggler with his balls, especially when every man who was supposed to speak was a notable man, whose thoughts and diction could both be easily identified; or to carry out all the quips of a prolonged jest, in which the tempers of some

of the interlocutors were naturally roused, and free speaking was the rule; while, on the other hand, the number of subjects which had to be touched upon in a monthly commentary upon the doings of the world was very great."

I remember the time when the "Noctes" were still the joy of every genial Scot, and I sometimes wonder whether an age that knows them not can be accounted a literary era at all. The nights were not always located at Ambrose's; one of the most celebrated had its scene at Tibby Shiels's historic howf on St. Mary's Loch.

The passage quoted occurs in the chapter which Mrs. Oliphant devotes to John Gibson Lockhart. Her sketch of the man is fascinating, and in most that is essential corroborates Mr. Lang's greater portrait, which has brought his puzzling personality very near to many of us; but the letters from Lockhart to his friend Mr. Blackwood given in this chapter, supplement, modify, and in some important points correct, his biographer's assumptions on the relations between them. It is impossible to judge of that connection from detached hints. A man of Lockhart's temperament is given to revulsions of feeling and scatters regrets broadcast at night which he repudiates in the morning. What we learn in this chapter is that a great regard existed between the two friends, which, fretted by petulance on one side, and by insistence on the other, was never so much as intermitted, but endured and deepened while Mr. William Blackwood lived. When the latter moved from Princes Street to his famous quarters at 45 George Street, Mr. Lockhart was the last of the old group to visit the old haunt, and when the founder of the House of Blackwood passed away only four years after that removal, this was Lockhart's tender tribute: "I shall never forget that in your father I found my first efficient friend and helper in life, and must always continue to respect and cherish his memory in the persons of his children, who will, I trust in God, walk in his honourable steps and maintain his well-won name."

And yet we have "Blackwood groups" and other reminiscences, which glorify the "group" and leave out the "Blackwood"! Well, to their efforts peace, for peace is likely to be their portion.

Lockhart's letters are in themselves delightful productions, vigorously phrased, a touch of feminine splutter about their outbreaks. "I return the two beastly books," he says in one; and a little later exclaims, "What cats!" concerning their plagiarising authors.

These annals of the "House" include its connection with Wilson, Hogg, Maginn, Coleridge, De Quincey and Galt, who are all limned and framed within the limits of their co-operation with the "Founder." They form a series of cabinet portraits for which all lovers of literature will be grateful. Pictures and busts of most of

them adorn the "Old Saloon" in George Street; but not till now has an adequate catalogue been supplied. They were simultaneous in the time of their appearing, although Lockhart, Hogg, and Wilson had the start, Maginn joining them five years later. Galt appeared first in 1820, and his contributions were both valuable and steady for many years, declining with his own health about the time when Mr. Blackwood himself was dying. De Quincey was more desultory in his support of "Maga," but what he wrote belongs to the early twenties, contemporary therefore with its ardent youth. He was a difficult steed to harness, fitful, wayward, forgetful, and the charioteer had his hands full during the few years of their collaboration. But Blackwood was willing to take more than ordinary pains to soothe as well as curb him, for the sake of those surprising articles which are yet amongst the glories of "Maga's" record.

Of John Wilson, that Atlas on whose broad shoulders so much rested, there is store of both new and interesting reminiscence. His moods—ample as his nature—elation, depression, rage, unreasonableness, generosity, loyalty, Herculean labour, idleness as vast, eloquence, nobility of stature, gesture and glance all are noted, and build up the very proportions of genius as it was then understood and admired. Genius is always "guy ill to live wi'," and does not necessarily esteem the daily duty as of imperative importance, having a larger perspective as to duty than purblind mortals use; but John Wilson was ever honourable to the trust reposed in him, even when above petty considerations of "time and the hour."

Hogg was made of different paste, a commoner clay, but holding a rare and flashing gem, although of intermittent ray, which gleamed in "Kilmeny," in "The Skylark," in stanzas of original "Jacobite Songs." For its sake the others endured his roughness, his forwardness, his egoism and his sulks, and if they teased him now and then, it was always as men tease those they love.

As for Maginn; his career interests us much less, and we wonder now at his fame; but what there is to say of him is briefly, prudently set down, and we must admire the loyalty, beyond considerations of personal profit, comfort, and ease of mind, which characterised Mr. Blackwood's dealings with him. Coleridge's letters add a side-light on the workings of that wonderful but wayward brain, whether excited by some strange fit of self-exaltation, perhaps due to the warmth of praise bestowed upon him, into the attitude of a lofty and dictatorial magnate, or brought down from his high horse into mere ordinary relations, in which he could be as tedious as smaller men. Very seldom do his letters rise above this abounding tediousness; but he gives one curious glimpse into the book-market of that day, complaining—as we have reason to complain in ours—of "the rank crop that have beggared geography to furnish them with distinct names in one

volume, or two, or three, besides annuals and monthlies and weeklies, that even novelty itself seems flat, and curiosity turns yellow at the sight of a Hungarian or a Californian tale, as an alderman under the horrors of surfeit might be supposed to do at a Scotch haggis steaming up against him." This letter bore the Highgate post-mark, and was dated May 15, 1830.

John Galt's portrait is admirable. Mrs. Oliphant places him in the "Group" and in literature with that unhesitating sense of his position in both which marks the born critic.

As she suggests, and as has already been recognised by modern critics, Galt was the founder of the "Kailyard" school, although Dr. Moir's "*Mansie Waugh*" claims association in the new departure. "We do not compare," she says, "any of the recent exponents of the native farmer, clodhopper, or shepherd, from his own point of view, with Scott; but we do compare them with Galt, although with reservations, seeing that he is their originator and the chief of their tribe."

The "reservations" are just on other grounds, for Galt lived amongst the characters which he reproduces, and knew by contact, and not by hearsay and folio-fingering, their fashions, standards, and humours. "*The Annals of the Parish*" and the "*Ayrshire Legatees*" appeared in "*Maga*" in 1820 and 1821, and the tie between publisher and contributor was enduring, and not so subject to strain as that with the more self-conscious and exacting geniuses. But with these Mr. Blackwood knew how to assert his authority, reminding them of their promises, expecting them to do honour to themselves in their work. It is somewhat sad and somewhat comic to note how much more alert in respect of fees the geniuses proved to be than the more modest men of talent. In this respect Wilson and Lockhart stand out blameless. They were the very pillars of the magazine and amply acknowledged Blackwood's gratitude and generosity. But when we find Coleridge requiring "a deviation of consequence from your common price," and De Quincey often behindhand with his manuscript and often beforehand with his plea for payment, accounting himself, too, the Atlas of "*Maga*," we feel the pathos of that odd and sordid over-estimate of its own value common to genius unweighted by judgment. Again and again the publisher had to rouse De Quincey's sense of duty; again and again he had to pardon his long-winded apologies and to supply his elaborately detailed necessities.

An outer circle of lesser lights is more briefly surveyed. Their connection with "*Maga*" was fitful rather than regular, and, with the exception of Mrs. Hemans, Dr. Croly and Mr. Gleig, they are not interesting to us now. The last has a peculiar claim. In 1826 his book, "*The Subaltern*," admired by the Duke of Wellington, was published in "*Maga*," and in 1886, sixty years later, his work was

still acceptable in its columns. In a letter from that lively factotum, Alaric Watts, who seemed to effervesce with commercial suggestiveness, there is a bit of gossip about the "young D'Israeli," not all unpalatable yet :

"Murray was much pleased with the philip (*sic*) at young D'Israeli in the 'Noctes' a month or two ago. This fellow has humbugged him most completely. After the tricks of which he has been guilty, he will scarcely dare show his face in London again for some time. You are aware, I daresay, that 'Vivian Grey' was palmed off upon Colburn by Mrs. Austin, the wife of the Honourable Mr. Warde's (*sic*) lawyer, as the production of the author of 'Tremaine'! and upon this understanding Colburn gave three times as much as he would otherwise have done."

Doubtless the gossip did not lose in the newsmonger's hands; his opinion of D'Israeli's courage did scant justice to its quality.

The founding of both *Spectator* and *Athenæum* are duly noted by Mr. Blackwood's correspondents, the former, too, with meet appreciation from Mrs. Oliphant, who closes her first volume with a characteristic comment on these piles of letters.

"The enormous correspondence of these busy and active years is as like as anything can be to the flutter of a large and changing company in an open and liberal house. The dusty leaves thrill when the strings are untied and the covers taken off, with a sensation of life and talk and human movement, every man concerned most with his own matters, notwithstanding the social murmur of many voices together, recounting his own doings, making his private appeal for support, for sympathy, for pardon—for every sentiment is involved. Occasionally we find praises and applauses on one side, gradually growing milder, dying away altogether; and enthusiasms of trust on the other, scarcely moved by the first gentle rejection or postponement, but developing by degrees into a sense of neglect and gradual alienation. One friend drops into the shadows here and there: another comes to the front and takes his place. It is an epitome of the course of life."

Volume II. begins by diverging from the magazine to review the books which were published during those years by Mr. Blackwood, in most cases in partnership with Murray. The romance of "Pen Owen" interests us rather for the mystery of its production than for its own merits, in which, however, the publisher firmly believed, supported for once by Mrs. Blackwood, whose verdict upon authors and their works was seldom favourable. She felt, it may be unconsciously, the need of throwing a little cold water on the whole maddening tribe and their doings, over which her husband was so often unreasonably enthusiastic, with the piper to pay in due course.

But not yet was the "House" in the full swim of production. Its chief output was of works re-issued after appearance in the magazine and we have still to come to the great writers whose fame is bound up with its own.

A new recruit appeared on the stage of "Maga" in 1830. This

was Samuel Warren, whose "Diary of a Physician" made matter for a town's talk, and whose later performance, "Ten Thousand a Year," pleased that generation vastly. Indeed, his books had merit, although both their tragedy and comedy were far-fetched and grotesque. In either kind Dickens struck similar chords, but he is an immortal, and Warren was for his own day. His vanity was on a par with his renown. It was said, perhaps fabled, fifty years ago, that he promoted conversation with the artless query, "Have you read 'Ten Thousand a Year'?" He missed his mark with Thackeray, who smiled fatuously and answered: "Oh, I am so glad you like it; in confidence, my dear fellow, I wrote it." The book shed lustre on his children too, and one of them was wont to explain himself as son of "Ten Thousand a Year," which reminds us of Mrs. Ferrier's "daughter of the statue in Princes Street, you know," when she found that her name and address did not sufficiently identify her.

The next chapter takes us out of the Babel of voices and away from the "contradiction of sinners generally" to the home in Salisbury Road. The boys whom Scott had praised were growing up. The eldest had been for some time in London learning his business. The third, William, had got his commission, and was in India. For eight years, from 1826 to 1834, the anxious and most dutiful father wrote letters to this exile, so full of detail, in spite of the pressure of his daily life, that they arouse our wonder. But they have qualities more valuable than even that, welcome as the full chronicle must have been to his soldier son, for they evidence not only a true fatherly solicitude about his career and his well-being, but an anxiety of the tenderest and deepest character about his inner and spiritual life. They are beautiful letters, touched with the light that cometh from above. It was shining more and more, perhaps, in himself, as the time drew near when this brave, upright, and lovable man was to be taken from the vortex of business and the peace of home. In 1830 he had transferred his business quarters to George Street, his home to Ainslie Place, and it was at this home that he died on September 16, 1834, after an illness of some length, from which in those days there was no beneficent Keith or Annandale to rescue him.

His monument is the publishing House of Blackwood, for there his virtues abide, not "writ in water."

The business and the magazine were left to two capable sons, Alexander and Robert, who together constituted not merely the firm in George Street, but the head of the house in Great Stuart Street, whither Mrs. Blackwood removed. Alexander was the literary and Robert the business partner. "Maga" was still their chief concern, and, to its support for the first months, Professor Wilson brought all the prestige of his name and work. When a few numbers were brilliantly launched, he was able to relax his toil and leave the

columns open to numerous contributors proud to add their names to his. His was always the favourite, however, both outside the office and within its walls, and Mrs. Oliphant tells how a loyal compositor slipped in "Wilson" after "Homer, Dante and Shakespeare" in setting up Mr. W. Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversation between Southey and Porson." The poet raged, and "Wilson" was blotted out, but the wonder is, in those days of adoration for Christopher North, that his name was put after, and not before, the others.

Mrs. Oliphant's apology for poor Branwell Brontë and his pleading for recognition gives a sacred interest to the pages devoted to him. At last he has a hearing, and his passionate faith in his own powers may suffer pathetic comparison with quotations from the rambling rhymes which they achieved. But there may have been a spark from heaven in him, quenched and trampled out by himself and his unhappy fortunes.

The younger Blackwoods moved one by one from home into the careers chosen or offered, the elder brothers acting *in loco parentis* with affectionate care and authority. Alexander was an invalid and had to go abroad for long periods, from which he returned able for work, but year by year less robust, so that his presence in the "House" lasted only eleven years after the "founder's" death. He died in March 1845, making for the moment a breach in the management, which it seemed impossible to fill up. For he had inherited all the sweetness and patience which characterised his father, and had, too, his innate sense of what was best in literature, a gift cultivated by his training, surroundings, and experience.

During his superintendence of the magazine, it had a steady flow of excellent support, Mr. James White, John Sterling, Sir Archibald Alison, Samuel Warren, "Tom of Ingoldsby," the Hardmans, Samuel Phillips, J. F. Murray, Mrs. Gore, Mr. Grove, the late Justice, then a young lawyer, Bulwer Lytton, and others, keeping up its reputation for original articles, as well as for solid information in many kinds, from headquarters in each. Wilson, too, although released by advancing years from the task of constant support, sent an article now and then at his own pleasure, most welcome his of any, always illumined with the brilliant and sunny humours of his genius.

Important books increased on the publishing lists, none more so than Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," the success of which, many-volumed and ponderous, was "extraordinary." Readers of that day were not yet accustomed to the brilliant presentation of national growth and international relations, which began with Gibbon, but was not domesticated till Macaulay ratified the new order, one which in our own day has enrolled so many illustrious names—Froude, Green, Stubbs, Lecky, Gardiner—so that the rhetorical style and pompous commonplace of numerous passages were accounted proper to

Alison's majestic subject, his courage and industry receiving a recognition which would now be granted only to patient and accurate research, with penetration to the principles which underlie every national vicissitude. "It is beautiful," wrote John Blackwood from London, "to see the way in which Alison keeps moving off. It seemed as if about twenty people said to themselves every week, 'Let's have a set.'"

There was no division of counsels in the partnership, which death dissolved in 1845. Its union was complete on all matters, literary, commercial, domestic; and when the younger brother John was associated with the "House," as "Branch" in London, the same implicit bond of mutual respect, consideration and assistance was maintained. This important step was taken in 1840, after the death of Mr. Cadell, the London agent. John had completed his apprenticeship and was twenty-two years old. A keen business faculty was already apparent in his suggestions, and his opinions were valuable to the brothers. "The more I see of Johnnie," wrote Robert from town, "the more am I satisfied with his prudence, and the confidence I would place in him is unbounded."

They decided to take premises in London, where he could be installed as partner, and these were found at 22 Pall Mall. There the young publisher began his reign, with a clerk and a porter for administrative purposes. Lockhart took an affectionate interest in his new departure, and called the rooms "Chapel of Ease to the Carlton."

In the same year we find that Thackeray was rejected as a contributor to "Maga." He offered a series of papers, nondescript, but to contain "as much fun and satire as I can muster, literary lath and criticisms of a spicy nature, and general gossip." But his bait did not tempt the brothers, a certain Bohemianism in the rather careless letter, perhaps, prejudicing them against the writer, who showed in it no indication of his power.

A glimpse of Mr. Gladstone as Tory writing a series of letters to the *Morning Post* and republishing them in pamphlet form is interesting. John Blackwood issued the booklet, revising the proofs with the author, whom he liked much better than he expected.

I have no space for numerous details in the conduct of "Maga" and the vicissitudes of its staff, curious although these are. But the constant reappearance of Lockhart in the story is always of supreme interest. His loyal friendship never failed the sons of Mr. William Blackwood, and we find the youthful "Branch" in the attitude of confidant to his grievances, concerning which Lockhart was in the humour to make a "Noctes." But better counsels prevailed, although "Maga" lost a rousing article. John's letters to his brothers are full of racy news respecting authors, artists, and rival publishers, and his

sale-lists are most entertaining. Pirated editions occupied the minds of the old publishing firms, and Mr. Gladstone was expected to "get something effectual done about them." "The American pirate," writes Mrs. Oliphant, "who has given us all so much trouble, was, it would appear, just beginning to make his depredations felt in those days. The French one they had apparently succeeded in silencing, as we hear of him no more." But there is reason to fear that some of the craft were supporting the "pirate," and launching him on his iniquitous career. The rivalries of that day appear in hints, anecdotes, and unvarnished abuse in "Johnnie's" letters, which are very good reading. Here is an extract:

"Colburn's last feat in the art of puffing a book (viz., by causing Colonel Davidson to have him up at the police-court for the return of his manuscript, and then publishing the book within three days) has excited the admiration and envy of the whole trade. I thought Dickinson would have died on the spot when I told him of it; he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. He thinks Bentley will commit suicide, from vexation that the master-thought had not occurred to him first."

"Johnnie's" criticisms on literature are delightful. "I have got the whole of Bulwer" ("Schiller") "in type at last. It is, I think, an interesting memoir; there is too much of that inflated nonsense about 'mind' and 'ideal,' which seems inseparable from all writers on German matters."

"Maga" was celebrated then as now for its short stories. Modern commentators on the "short story" would give us reason to believe that it came into the world with this fag end of our century, but some of us have never accepted that dictum. Mrs. Gore was a writer both of the long and the short story in 1844. "I daresay you know," she said to John Blackwood, "we poor scribblers do not prefer them, as they take twice as much out of us as common tale-spinning."

The home-life in Edinburgh was now recruited and refreshed by the arrival of Captain Blackwood's two little sons from India. They found an adoring circle of aunts and uncles in Great Stuart Street, amongst whom Alexander Blackwood was the most beloved. Little Willie, now head of the house of Blackwood, was deeply attached to this uncle, and to some of us who know him well it is easy to understand the special tie between these two. For the character of the older man is reproduced in the "head" of to-day, the type bequeathed by the founder.

Alexander Blackwood died when Willie was nine years old, but is still freshly remembered. After his death the London premises were changed from Pall Mall to Paternoster Row, where they are still. Mr. Langford was put in charge, while John returned to Edinburgh to take the vacant place. He paid many business visits to London, which the railway had brought to about twelve hours' distance, and

where his familiarity with all centres of those interests which affected the firm made his frequent presence necessary. The political guidance of "Maga" was one of these interests, and we find him absorbed with Sir Robert Peel and the Corn Laws in January 1846.

Robert Blackwood never rightly recovered from the shock of his brother's death. His own health began to decline in 1847; two years later he withdrew from active work, and in 1852 he died. It was decided in 1847 to ask Captain Blackwood to retire from the Army, and to take up his residence in Edinburgh as one of the firm. This plan, with due deliberation and some delay, was carried out, and William Blackwood, the second, arrived in 1848 to take his due position in the business after some necessary respite. The premises had just been greatly enlarged by the addition of a complete printing establishment. The years from 1849 to 1861 are therefore occupied by the annals of a new partnership, that of John and William Blackwood.

During these twelve years events of great importance succeeded each other. Not only did "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will He do with it?" appear in "Maga," but they were published in three or four-volume form as the "Caxton Series." William Edmonstone Aytoun made one of a new "Blackwood group," romantic, humorous, poetical, not averse to being political as occasion required. Mr. George Henry Lewes became a contributor, and introduced to the firm that woman of genius, his wife, so long known to the world as "George Eliot." And this event shed most lustre on the "House." "The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton" began the wonderful succession of her works towards the end of 1856. "It awakened the world to enthusiasm. Already the signs of a great success were in the air, such as experienced watchers of public opinion could not fail to perceive." "Maga" was the medium of her first success, but her very *nom-de-plume* was as yet unknown to its editor. Not till "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" began to appear did she confess to the name of "George Eliot," and three further years elapsed before her true personality was made known. With "Adam Bede" her rank in public estimation rose to the height which she so magnificently maintained, and its success led to a claim of authorship by an impostor called Joseph Liggins, which obliged her to disclose her true name and identity. The letters which passed between her and her publisher indicate much that was characteristic of that sensitive, modest, and clear-headed woman.

But other great names belong to this and the immediately succeeding period. Sir Theodore Martin's delightful collaboration with Aytoun in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," Mr. Kinglake's "War in the Crimea," Captain Hamley's first appearance in "Maga," and—pathetic in its interest to us now—Mrs. Oliphant's own introduction to the

"House," and the commencement of her long and much valued connection with "Maga," all belong to the years between 1850 and 1862. These were the members of the second "Blackwood group," and many are their relics and associations, prized to this day in the "Old Saloon." All, except the veteran Sir Theodore, have passed away, and we read the personal reminiscences which Mrs. Oliphant interweaves with the last records in these volumes in softened and regretful mood. Only one allusion gives us pause. It occurs in the pages which refer to the late Mr. Charles Mudie, the great librarian. We cannot subscribe to an estimate of his services based upon an imperfect understanding of his character and aims. He was much more than a "very energetic, very brisk, and enterprising man, attached to the Dissenting interest, and with a curious understanding of the ocean of middle-class and unliterary readers." One gathers that the "Dissenting interest" is something quite outside the haunts of learning and letters. But Mr. Mudie, a large-minded gentleman, learned, well-mannered and sympathetic, took infinite delight in true literature, and if he knew the "middle classes," well, it was rather what they needed than what they liked that he understood, so that he laboured to bring into their homes all that was best in current literature. It seems to us that we have found his books in houses that scorn to be called middle-class, and if he has raised to the ranks of culture a fair proportion of middle-class men and women, he has a reward in the success of that noble endeavour far greater than mere fortune, which he never more than moderately attained.

We must close these volumes with welcome expectation of a third to follow, fresh from the pen so lately laid aside, and with congratulations to the "House of Blackwood," which has dedicated them to Mrs. Oliphant, and whose preface tells in so seemly a manner just what is due to us of the grounds of publication.

A. M. STODDART.

THE POSITION OF THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

THE past session witnessed the most reactionary step that has hitherto been taken by the State in reference to the Education question.

The Government, defeated in its attempt of 1896 to revolutionise our elementary system, to abolish School Boards, and limit the scope and growth of our popular schools, passed a comparatively small measure this year, which has been grudgingly accepted as an instalment by the hierarchies of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches.

To sum up briefly the effect of the Voluntary Schools Act, 1897, it gives a sum at the rate of 5s. a head, or more than £600,000 a year, to the managers of Voluntary schools; a further sum of about £100,000 a year was given to the Board schools, or not much more than 1s. a head, in the same session. At the same time pressure is put upon the Voluntary schools to group themselves in associations, and these associations have generally been constructed on sectarian and ecclesiastical lines. The Act makes it dangerous for Voluntary schools desiring further aid not to join these associations, and though nominally the associations are merely to advise the Education Department how the new grant shall be distributed, yet in fact they will have a great and growing power over the schools grouped under them.

The object and effect of this legislation is to emphasise the clerical character of the management of the Church of England schools, which, under our existing system, have the exclusive control over the education of most of the rural parts of the country.

The Education Department have systematically helped this scheme of the bishops and of the National Society. They refused to issue any circular or instructions as to areas or basis of federation; they refused

the natural desire of many managers to associate over such small areas as would give the local managers an effective voice; and they allowed the bishops to step forward and use their diocesan organisation in a manner which made any counter combination of individual managers almost impossible. In a few instances the county gentlemen, by a lay revolt, have secured the secular unit of the county, but generally the clergy have dominated and will dominate the associations; and it is not the ordinary parochial clergy but the diocesan wirepullers and managers who will frame and administer the new policy.

The Act contains some platitudes about helping necessitous schools and increasing their efficiency, and about having due regard to the maintenance of voluntary subscriptions. But all effective amendments were rejected, and a conniving Department may leave the voluntary associations to divide the money and use it largely for the relief of the managers, not for the improvement of the schools. That the Department as now administered will probably do this there is every reason to expect, from the way in which they are generally administering the Education Acts.

Thus at Heywood they have twice refused the application of the Town Council for a School Board, in violation of the constant practice of the Department, and of the pledges given during the passage of the Act of 1870 through Parliament. At Wimbledon they have allowed a year to elapse after the expiration of a final notice for a School Board, in order to enable the Voluntary party to beg or borrow the necessary money.

At Eastbourne a limited company has been formed, under the auspices of the President of the Council, to build schools and let them, at a profit of 4 per cent., to those who will thereby keep out a School Board.

The Department, we are told, make no objection. That is, the Duke of Devonshire as President of the Council agrees that the Duke of Devonshire as an investor in a building company shall make 4 per cent. out of money which should go to improve the quality of the instruction of the schools. Be it noted that the Department is indirectly making building grants to Voluntary schools, whereas all building grants were supposed to be abolished at the passing of the Act of 1870. For the Department allows rent upon a school-building to be charged in the school accounts. It is hoped by the promoters that the new Voluntary schools will be built for £5 a place. Five per cent., or 5s. a place, will be charged as rent. The new grant of 5s., in addition to the ordinary grants, will just pay this interest. And the diocesan federation, if it pleases, may, for the sake of keeping out a School Board at Eastbourne, declare the new school specially necessitous, and give even a larger sum. It is notorious that many schools have been worked for the grant without subscrip-

tions, and thus, whereas if there had been a School Board at Eastbourne, the new schools would have been far better than anything that Voluntary managers or Ducal limited companies can build for £5 a place, and the cost would have fallen on the locality, the whole of the Parliamentary grant going to improve education; now the community of tax-payers may have to pay the whole cost of building the school at Eastbourne, simply because the people of Eastbourne prefer to keep their money in their pockets, and the Government prefers to keep the children of Eastbourne under the clergy of Eastbourne.

Another example of the way in which the Education Department administers the law may be found at Liverpool. The reluctant School Board for Liverpool was forced to build some new schools in the growing outskirts of the town. There were some Church schools in the neighbourhood charging fees, and the obsequious Board, in order that the clergy might not have the obnoxious spectacle of a free Board school raising dangerous ideas in the minds of parents, applied to the Education Department to be allowed to charge fees in these new schools. They were unable, in the terms of the Act, to show any educational advantage that would accrue to the children from these fees, but they represented that it was an educational advantage that the Voluntary schools should not be inconvenienced by the existence of free schools near them. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that the Education Department has sanctioned the imposition of a fee in these newly opened schools.

Many other similar instances might be given of the way in which the Education Department, in the interests of Denominationalism, either strains or violates the Acts it should enforce. And if we were doomed to a perpetuity of such administration, the prospect would indeed be gloomy. But even in the Arctic Circle there comes a short summer, and the surface thaws; and we may expect some day to see a President and Vice-President who, not to put our hopes too high, may in their actions give effect to some of the past professions of the present head of the Department.

Then, the very vagueness of the Act of last session, the absolute power vested in the Department, may make the Voluntary Schools Act, 1897, which was to relieve Voluntary schools from all apprehensions, a means of compelling them to be really efficient, or cease to be.

Indeed, the whole of this new dole is part of the annual votes, and depends on the will of the House of Commons for the time being. Mr. Asquith has declared more than once that he and his friends, if in power, would not submit such a vote to Parliament, at any rate on the present terms.

I do not look forward to the taking away of this 5s. I rather look to see it given impartially to Board and Voluntary schools. But

I do look forward to real conditions of efficiency, to real insistence on voluntary subscriptions.

It would be a moderate demand of the Education Department, as a condition of this grant, that the rules of planning of the Code should apply, so that the school buildings should be entirely suited to their purpose. No rent or interest on construction should be allowed to be paid out of any Government grant. The staff should far exceed the minimum, and should be good in quality as well as sufficient in quantity. The subscriptions should be adequate and should be *bona fide*. The audit should be a real one, with auditors appointed by the Government, not by the managers, who are to be audited, and there should be the same power of surcharging Voluntary managers as there is for members of School Boards.

Where the school claims to be available for the whole community, and not only for one denomination, the teachers should not be limited to members of any one Church; and where a school claims to exist only for one denomination, and there is not sufficient accommodation of an undenominational character, the Department should cause an undenominational school to be built, the existing school not being suitable to the needs of the locality.

It is one thing to tolerate denominational schools for members of a denomination, it is another to give to a denomination, because of the length of its purse and the social influence of its members, the monopoly of education and the right to exclude capable and honourable citizens from the career of teaching.

Let it not be supposed that this hardship of denominational schools imposed on a population who do not belong, as a rule, to that denomination is a fanciful or rare one. To say nothing of Wales and Cornwall, with their preponderating Nonconformist population, and their numerous parishes where the Church of England school is the only one available, I quote the following statistics from the *Eastern Morning News* of July 16 in reference to the Parliamentary division of Brigg in Lincolnshire.

There are 61 parishes in that division, and in 43 of them there are none but Church of England schools. Taking all the parishes, there are on the books of

Church schools	6408 children
Board schools	1625 "
Wesleyan	1648 "
Roman Catholic	165 "
In Church of England Sunday-schools there are							3625 "
Nonconformist schools	6671 "

According to the *Eastern Morning News*, there are in this district 3948 Nonconformist children compelled to attend Church of England

schools. That is a larger number than all the Church of England Sunday scholars in the district.

Clearly, if we had School Boards of proper area, say one for every Poor Law Union, either the clergy would claim that their schools were available for all, in which case they would have to accept some public management and throw open their teaching appointments to all the Churches which contribute scholars; or if they preferred their isolated independence, they must see a public system of schools established beside theirs, and they must make a substantial contribution to justify the receipt of any State aid. The fact is, that a dual system of schools is only tolerable where there is an adequate population to maintain more than one school of complete efficiency, and, moreover, the denominational school should not be recognised because it has been imposed in days gone by through the joint dominion of the squire and of the parson, but only where it represents the real preference of a substantial number of parents. But in all cases the right of the community to manage, the duty of the community largely to maintain, the school which is to supply the needs of the community as a whole should be recognised before aid is given to a sectional and private school.

These indications of policy show that, bad as the recent legislation is, there are ample opportunities within the four corners of the law for a Liberal Administration and a Liberal House of Commons to remedy many of its mischiefs, and that the belief that the House of Lords would be a permanent bulwark to guard this encroachment of clericalism is a fond thing vainly imagined. It is not the strength of clericalism, but the slackness of the sense of civic duty in our population, and specially in that working class which profits most by the extension and improvement of our public school system, that is answerable for the contemptuous way in which parental rights and public management are now thrust aside. The debates last year in the House of Commons proved, to the astonishment of the Government, that in spite of the calumnies of the clerical press the School Boards are not unpopular in the country. Such speeches as those of the Conservative members for West Ham, of Major Rasch, and of others, were remarkable as illuminating the dark places of Toryism in a wonderful and unexpected manner.

A singular but satisfactory precedent was set this year when the Voluntary Schools Aid Bill came before the House of Lords. Lord Spencer and others had given notice of amendments which would have somewhat liberalised the Bill. To the general surprise, Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor, made an appeal to these Liberal Lords not to move their amendments on the ground that, as the Bill, by voting additional money grants, was essentially a money Bill, it was not competent for the Lords to amend it. On this representation,

Lord Spencer did not move his amendments. It is quite true that in the House of Lords the Lord Chancellor is not the authorised voice of the House to rule points of order; nevertheless, an intimation from the head of the law, and from an important member of the Cabinet, not dissented from by his colleagues, is of the greatest weight, and it will be quite easy for Liberals hereafter so to associate requirements of efficiency with financial aid that the House of Lords will be unable to meddle with the details of their proposals.

Therefore, though, as Sydney Smith wrote of the black days of Peterloo and the Liverpool administration, a Liberal Government may seem as remote as a thaw in Nova Zembla, we must bear in mind the hope of a change. We must remember that the country, though, perhaps, not eager for progress, is not reactionary, and that a Government which disregards ordinary lay sentiment in order to hand over the children to clerical control, misunderstands and offends the fundamental ideas of average Englishmen.

Meantime the clergy, with a light heart, have supposed that the concessions made to them by Lord Salisbury's Government were indications of popular approval. They have accepted his advice, and have set out to capture the Board Schools. They have agreed with him that the law which excludes sectarian teaching from the Board schools is unjust, and, until it can be formally set aside, should be evaded; and we have an indication of their policy in the proposals which have been before the country in reference to the elections for the London School Board.

In the spring the *Guardian*, which is far the weightiest and most responsible of the Church of England organs, declared that what Churchmen required was a guarantee for a better and more congenial religious teaching in the Board schools; that if they could not obtain this, it was not their business to be dragged at the tail of a mere ratepayers' agitation for a cheaper and worse kind of secular instruction, and that unless Churchmen could be satisfied on this point they had better have nothing to do, as Churchmen, with the coming election.

In due course, it seemed that this advice would take effect. Mr. Evelyn Cecil, a member of the London School Board and nephew and private secretary to the Prime Minister, wrote a letter to the Dean of St. Paul's—which was published in the *Times* on July 2 with that ecclesiastic's answer—in which the new policy was set forth. The Apostles' Creed was to be taught in the Board schools, and, in addition, facilities were to be given within and without the Board schools for definite Anglican teaching. This policy, in whole or in part, was promptly approved by important forces on the Conservative side. The Voluntary Schools Defence Union, on June 30, approved of the teach-

ing of the Apostles' Creed as part of the general curriculum, and the further securing facilities for children attending Board schools to be "brought up in the faith of their fathers." The Bishop of Rochester, in whose diocese is the whole of South London (*Times*, August 24), adopted and approved the proposals. The *Times*, in a leading article on July 14, indicated that the mass of Churchmen would think the Apostles' Creed a reasonable and moderate basis for teaching. The *Guardian* gave in its adhesion and proclaimed its willingness to work for the cause; and the *School Guardian*, the official organ of the National Society, also demanded the Apostles' Creed in the Board schools and further facilities for Church teaching for Church children.

The Voluntary Schools Defence Union, which bore the brunt of the fight in 1894 on behalf of the Church party, and which has the reputation of having raised most of the necessary funds on that occasion, joined in support of the same policy. Many other weighty names could be quoted on the same side. But Mr. Diggle, as leader of the so-called Moderates on the School Board, saw the danger of joining battle on this issue. He has looked forward to appealing to the electors on the cry of economy and reduction of the rate. He saw how disastrous was the religious cry three years ago, and how, but for the caprices of the cumulative vote, the popular voice would have left him in a minority at the last election. He consequently issued (*Times*, July 14) a verbose manifesto, which had been settled and accepted, after long deliberation, in a party meeting of his colleagues, in which he declared that he and his friends would be no parties to re-opening the religious question, and that their policy rather was to secure economy by concentration of power and responsibility, and by increased party discipline. The manifesto clearly indicated his intention to put an end to the experiment of an outside chairman, and that he hoped to resume his position in the chair and, if possible, the dictatorship of the Board.

The struggle between the party of dogmatic religion and the party which puts in the first place the reduction of the rate was accentuated, and the flames have at length burst out in a conflagration that will certainly not be extinguished till after the election.

Mr. Diggle and his supporters rely on the ordinary Conservative machinery that will work the County Council elections. His appeal for Conservative support is childish in its simplicity. He actually describes his party as the "Unionist" party. Though what the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and the undivided responsibility of the Cabinet for the government of all the British Isles have to do with the better staffing of London schools, the improvement of the curriculum, and the supply of adequate school accommodation, it is

hard to understand. Certainly, the writer of this article believes himself to be as staunch a Unionist as any of Mr. Diggle's henchmen; and Mr. Diggle did not disdain the support of Father Buckley, a Home Ruler, when he was carrying his circular. But the simplicity and childishness of Mr. Diggle's policy are in the form, not in the substance.

He has, and probably rightly, calculated that of the two forces which aid his party, vestrydom is more powerful than clericalism, and therefore he relies openly on that wing. But, like the "honest" man in Horace, while he calls aloud on the Vestries, the London Municipal Society, the Conservative Organisation to help him, at the same time, *labra movet metuens audiri*, there is a whispered appeal to his clerical supporters: "Keep quiet till after the election; let us get a majority, and it will be all right."

Mr. Cecil complained openly at the Board that he offered to Mr. Diggle to drop the Apostles' Creed, if Mr. Diggle would undertake to support what are called "facilities"—that is, the withdrawal of children from the ordinary Bible teaching in order that they may attend special denominational lessons. This Mr. Diggle refused to Mr. Cecil, and now Mr. Diggle has parted company with the last of his Marylebone colleagues, with whom he was elected three years ago.

But is Mr. Diggle really opposed to "facilities"? Quite the contrary. It may be inexpedient to cry "facilities" on the house-top during the election. But the widest facilities are being granted by the School Management Committee without the sanction of the Board. Shortly before last Ascension Day application was made that children who attended service on that day and came late to school might be credited with punctual marks, so as not to forfeit the Board's rewards for regularity and punctuality.

Mr. Davies, the chairman of the committee, proposed that this should be allowed, and incidentally the permission was so widened in committee that leave was finally given in the widest form possible—namely, that whenever a child attended a religious service and came late, that late attendance should count as an early one; and, further, that when a child desired to leave school to attend a religious service, it should be allowed to go without prejudice.

It was suggested that this was an alteration of the rule which should go to the Board, but Mr. Davies, the chairman of the committee, ruled that it was no alteration and was within the competence of the committee. The matter, which was not fully considered, will come up for further consideration, as the ruling of the chairman is now challenged by notice of motion at the Board, and there is reason to believe that a part, at any rate, of the proposed modification is illegal.

The material point about this matter is that the difference between Mr. Cecil and Mr. Diggle is more one of form than of substance. Mr. Cecil would give facilities openly, and go to the electors on that issue. Mr. Diggle would give facilities in a clandestine manner, while saying that he would not reopen the question.

One word as to the propriety of giving what are called "facilities." If these are to be given in Board schools, they should equally be given in Voluntary schools. Moreover, any extension of the Conscience Clause which would permit a child to be absent from the school building during the hours of religious instruction, should be given impartially to all parents desiring it, and not as a means of forcing children into denominational classes. The question is a wide one, and affects the question of discipline. Undoubtedly, if we had a really national system, where all schools receiving State aid are placed under public management, and the teachers are of municipal not ecclesiastical appointment, it would be reasonable to give great facilities to those parents who desire distinctive religious teaching.

Possibly we may yet come in England to a settlement of the religious question in our elementary schools similar to that which has been arrived at in Manitoba, after violent opposition by the Roman Catholics, but now apparently to be acquiesced in with the assent of the Pope himself. That settlement would secure that all the State-aided schools should be under public management, which management will include the appointment of teachers. But where a special religious denomination is strongly represented in a school, and that denomination would be reassured by the presence of some teachers who are their co-religionists there, a certain proportion of teachers of that denomination should be appointed; further, that facilities should be given, outside the regular school hours, for the distinctive teaching of those children by teachers chosen and appointed and, if necessary, paid by the denomination.

The only bodies who would be affected by this in England are the Roman Catholics and the Jews. Already, without any inquiry into religious belief, probably considerably more than half the Board teachers are members of the Church of England. The Jews have organised a system of religious teaching outside school hours, but given in the Board school by permission of the Board, and this permission might be extended to other religious bodies if application were made. But the truth is that though, for a short time, parents may be instigated to take advantage of this special teaching it is not likely that it will be asked for generally or kept up for any length of time. The acquiescence of Nonconformists who are compelled to send their children to Church of England schools shows how good-tempered and easy English people are on this subject, and there is no

doubt that the average Nonconformist is much more distinctly Nonconformist than the average Church of England parent is distinctly Anglican.

Our great security against the serious reopening of religious controversy is the absolute disapproval with which that controversy was regarded by ordinary men of all parties. Leading Conservatives on the School Boards of the great towns of the north were aghast at what they considered the folly of the Church party in London; and the London School Board, so far from being an example to those Boards, has become an awful warning of what they should avoid.

Turning to the question of economy, what evidence is there that Mr. Diggle and his friends would reduce the cost and maintain the efficiency of the School Board for London? Certainly they have done nothing to reduce the cost to the ratepayers, where they might have done much. The Act of last session, had it applied to Board schools, would have relieved the ratepayers of London of a charge of £200,000 a year if the Board had been treated as well as the Voluntary schools. But Mr. Diggle and his majority did nothing to petition in favour of this equal treatment.

Mr. Diggle and his party are desirous of giving the Voluntary schools of London aid from the rates to the same extent as the Board schools, which would add a charge to the rates of at least £350,000 a year.

Mr. Diggle has persistently supported a scheme of superannuation, so unsound financially that the ultimate cost to the ratepayers would have to be calculated by millions. And he is compromising the good faith of the Board by compelling all persons newly appointed to contribute to this scheme, dangling before them the old table of benefits and yet giving them for the present only such benefits as the fund can afford pending some visionary Parliamentary legislation. The benefits the fund can afford, judging by the few who are from time to time pensioned under it, are about an eighth of the apparent benefits originally set forth.

The truth is that the denominational party are not an economical party, they are really a wasteful party. Their economies come in where expenditure would improve efficiency, and widen the gap between the Board and Voluntary schools. In other matters, they are as ready to vote money as any other members of the Board, and as has been shown in the case of aiding Voluntary schools from the rates, they are willing to add enormously to the ratepayers' burdens while throwing aside all consideration for the ratepayers' rights. They have done nothing to help those who claimed their legal right to free education, they have waited and waited while the Voluntary managers denied that right. They claim the right of the parent to choose

his school when that claim is for a denominational school, they throw over that claim and abandon school provision already sanctioned when denominational managers offer to build, in spite of the protest of large numbers of parents asking for a Board school. They advocate the purchase of dearer and less suitable school sites when a better site is objected to by managers of neighbouring denominational schools. In a word hostility to public management, sympathy with sectarian teaching, is the key to their policy, not a regard for the ratepayers or any study for economy or efficiency.

E. LYULPH STANLEY.

DOES AMERICA HATE ENGLAND?

THIS question has been much discussed of late in Britain; and the answer has generally been given in the affirmative; even the *Spectator*, a powerful and true friend of the Republic, has been reluctantly driven to that side.

But the correct answer to this inquiry depends upon what is meant by hatred, for this may be of two kinds—one deep, permanent, generally racial, which creates hereditary antipathy and renders the parties natural enemies; the other only temporary and skin-deep; indignation and resentment aroused by specific questions which pass with their settlement, leaving no serious estrangement behind.

That several causes exist, which must always create more or less irritation in the United States against Great Britain, is obvious. The Canadian question must always do so. Imagine Scotland Republican, owing allegiance to the United States, and constantly proclaiming its readiness to attack Britain at their bidding. The industrial question also has its effect. A score of articles "made in Germany" are causing irritation in England. What can a thousand articles "made in England" be expected to do in the United States? Industrial competitors, and the workmen employed by them, are very sensitive and easily irritated; and in our day, when every nation of the front rank aspires to manufacture and produce for its own wants, "Foreign Commerce" and "Free Trade" do not always make for peace and goodwill among nations, but the contrary. Nations are disposed to resent industrial invasion, Free-Trade Britain not less than Protective Germany.

But deeper than these causes of irritation there does lie at the core of the national heart of the Republic a strong and ineradicable stratum

of genuine respect, admiration, and affection for the old home. The pride of race is always there at the bottom—latent, indeed, in quiet times, but decisively shown in supreme moments when stirred by great issues which affect the safety of the old home and involve the race. The strongest sentiment in man, the real motive which at the crisis determines his action in international affairs, is racial. Upon this tree grow the one language, one religion, one literature, and one law which bind men together and make them brothers in time of need as against men of other races. This racial sentiment goes deeper and reaches higher than questions of mere pecuniary import, or of material interests. The most recent proof that this pride of race exists in America in an intense degree was given, even at the very height of the Venezuelan dispute, when it was suspected that a combination of European Powers was behind Germany's action in regard to the Transvaal, which had for its aim the humiliation and ruin of Britain, and was taking advantage of the family quarrel to begin the partition of the possessions of the only other member of our race. When the plucky little island took up the challenge and prepared without a moment's hesitation to meet the world in arms, the American continent, from Maine to California, might be said to have burst forth in one wild cheer, a cheer which meant more than prosaic people will believe, and more, perhaps, than even the American knew who could not help the uncontrollable outburst; nor can one tell how far this impulse, which he could not check, would lead him when once in full swing. Senator Wolcott only expressed in the Senate what the outside millions felt; the average American just said to himself, "This is our own race, this is what *we* do; this is how *we* do it; of course we have some difference of our own with her, and we do not intend to let even our Motherland light the torch of war upon our continent; she must arbitrate all questions concerning territory here—but this is a little family matter between ourselves. It does not mean that German, Russian, and Frenchman, or any foreigners, may combine to attack our race to its destruction, without counting us in. No, Sir-ee."

No combination of other races is likely to estimate at a tithe of its true value the strength of this sentiment throughout our race, or correctly gauge how very much thicker than water our race blood will be found if it is ever brought to the test.

The message which President McKinley sent to Queen Victoria at her Jubilee was another evidence of race pride, and was no mere formal effusion. More men in the United Kingdom than in the United States would hesitate to compliment and praise her Majesty and sing "God Save the Queen" with enthusiasm. She is universally recognised there as the truest of the true friends of the Republic, for she stood a friend when a friend was needed.*

It is strange that such evidences of race unity at bottom, and of genuine, cordial friendship, should not outweigh some alleged lack of courtesy of expression in a message written by a President to his own Congress or by a Secretary of State to his own Minister. Yet the *Spectator* concludes that Americans hate England, and this opinion it bases upon such trifles as these.

Much stress has been laid in the discussion upon American school-books reciting the facts of American history; this is held to make every American boy and girl a hater of England. This is undoubtedly true; and the pity of it is that there is no possible escape, for American history begins with the revolt of the colonies and their struggle for the rights of Britons. The Republic has never had a dangerous foe except Britain, for the short campaign against Mexico made no lasting impression upon the nation. It is impossible to do otherwise than state the facts as they occurred; and even if there were added the further facts that some of the greatest and best of British statesmen opposed the attempt to tax the colonies even at that early day, and that now the kindness and consideration with which Britain reigns over her colonies gives an example to the whole world, these things would make no impression upon children. The young American must begin in our day as an intense hater of England; and this we must accept: generations will elapse before it can be greatly modified. On the other hand, it is impossible for any American to acquire further and more detailed knowledge of the struggle for independence, of the later treatment of her colonies by Britain, and of British history and the part his race has played in the Old World without becoming her admirer; and should he have British blood in his veins—which most Americans can boast—without being very proud of his race. It is upon this foundation that we have to build our hopes of closer union between the old and the new lands. Englishmen and Hessians fighting Washington must give place in the minds of the young, as they grow older, to other pictures in which Britain and America are seen standing side by side, the two great pillars of civil and religious liberty throughout the world, and the sole members of our race. Later must come the knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Scott; then the political history of England, Cromwell, Sydney, Russell, Hampden, Chatham, Burke, and the many others, until the young American learns that from Britain he has derived, not only his language, but his laws, religion, and even his free institutions; and that the political institutions of the two countries are similar—one crowned, the other uncrowned—yet both Republican, since in both there is government of the people for the people and by the people, which is the essence of Republicanism. This is the chief point which influences the ardent young politician, and gives the old land at last a warm place in the heart of young

America. From this time on, the race sentiment grows stronger and stronger in his heart as knowledge increases.

How different with the young Canadian and Australian, who learn with their first lessons that the rights of Britons have never been denied them, and find in Britain the most generous, most illustrious, and kindest of mothers, whom they reverence and love from the beginning. Such the opposite results of tender and proper regard for colonies and dependencies and of denial to them of the rights and liberties enjoyed at home.

Whether at this day seeds of future hatred or affection are being sown in the hearts of the millions to come in various parts of the world, should be the vital question for statesmen engaged in Empire-building. What an expanding nation would here do "highly, that should she holily," for assuredly Empire founded upon violent conquest, conspiracy, or oppression, or upon any foundation other than the sincere affection of the people embraced, can neither endure nor add to the power or glory of the conqueror, but prove a source of continual and increasing weakness and of shame.

While, in the opinion of the writer, there is no deep-seated, bitter national hatred in the United States against Britain, there is no question but there has been recently a wave of resentment and indignation at her conduct. This has sprung from two questions:

First, Ambassador Pauncefote and Secretary of State Blaine, years ago, agreed upon a settlement of the Behring Sea question, and Lord Salisbury telegraphed his congratulations, through Sir Julian Pauncefote, to Mr. Blaine. The two nations were jointly to police the seas and stop the barbarous destruction of the female seals. Canada appeared at Washington and demanded to see the President of the United States upon the subject. Audience was denied to the presumptuous colony; nevertheless, her action forced Lord Salisbury to disavow the treaty. No confidence here is violated, as President Harrison referred to the subject in a message to Congress. Britain was informed that if she presumed to make treaties in which Canada was interested without her consent, she would not have Canada very long. It will be remembered that Canada took precisely the same position in regard to international copyright. It is this long-desired treaty-making power which Canada has recently acquired for herself; at least as far as concerns fiscal policy, so that she need no longer even consult her suzerain. She can now appear at Washington and insist upon being received when new tariff measures are desired, having suddenly become a "free nation," according to her Prime Minister. There are surprises in store here for the indulgent mother.

The repudiation of the Behring Sea settlement aroused a deep feeling of resentment, not only among the uninformed, but among

the educated class of Americans, who were and are Britain's best friends; and this has been greatly embittered by charges, commonly made in British publications, that the United States has failed to adhere to the findings of the Behring Sea tribunal. Nothing could be more baseless than such a charge. The tribunal decided that the United States were liable for certain vessels seized which carried the British flag, and payment was directed to be made, either of a stated sum by mutual agreement, or, failing this, of damages to be assessed by a Commission. The United States Secretary of State agreed to a fixed sum with Ambassador Pauncefote, "subject to an appropriation by Congress"—those are the very words of the agreement. When the Bill was presented in Congress for an appropriation, the ex-chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, Mr. Hitt, rose and stated that it had been discovered that the fishing-boats in question were really owned, to a great extent, by naturalised Americans. Evidence had been found that a blacksmith in San Francisco, a British subject, had been paid \$100 to take title to these boats, so that the British flag could be prostituted to cover the killing of the female seals, which was unlawful under American law. Only about one-fifth of the amount claimed was due to Canadians, the remainder of the claim belonged to naturalised Americans, who had broken American laws by engaging in this nefarious and unlawful traffic. Mr. Hitt asked that the right of the Government, under the award, to have these claims examined by a Commission, be exercised. Congress agreed to this, and the Commission was promptly appointed and ratified by the Senate unanimously. It is now sitting, and the result, we venture to prophesy, will vindicate the contention of the United States Government—viz., that a fraud has been attempted. Yet many British papers at intervals have repeated the charge that the United States Government has been false to its obligations under the Behring Sea award. Charges of national dishonour—and such a charge involves this—always cause intense bitterness. Writers who make them falsely, as in this case, have much to answer for.

Much offence has been taken in Britain at Secretary Sherman's recent message about the destruction of the seals. It is said that he has not observed the usual diplomatic reserve and courtesy. Granted; but had he not some excuse for plain speaking? It is stated that before Mr. Sherman's letter was written—to his own Minister, be it remembered, not to the British Government—Lord Salisbury had already refused a conference on the subject. After that letter, Lord Salisbury thought better of it, and agrees to the conference, which is to meet immediately in Washington. How this matter is viewed in America is shown by the following cable from Washington in to-day's (Sept. 20) newspapers:

"The officials of the State Department are not disposed to comment upon the correspondence which has been published relating to the fur seal question between Great Britain and the United States. They say, however, that it shows that the object sought by the Government of the United States for the past three years has been attained by the agreement of Great Britain to participate in a conference to be held in October. They point out that the refusal of the British Government heretofore to consent to such a conference led to the transmission to Mr. Hay, United States Ambassador in London, of Mr. Sherman's note of May 10, which was followed by Lord Salisbury's reply agreeing to hold a conference."

The whole Behring Sea business has been mismanaged by Britain—as is believed contrary to her real wishes—simply because she could not govern her colony; the colony has governed her, as she will under Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his successors hereafter, as time will show.

The second cause of the bitter hostility which has been aroused recently against Britain is her conduct upon the Venezuela question. Let us look at the facts in this case. For many years the United States Government urges upon Great Britain in the most courteous manner that the territorial dispute with Venezuela, her small Republican neighbour, should be settled amicably by arbitration. The sixteen American Republics having agreed to settle their disputes by arbitration, it is hoped that Britain will not attempt to light the torch of war upon the American continent. Mr. Gladstone's administration, through Earl Granville, Foreign Minister, agree to arbitrate. Lord Salisbury enters upon office, and immediately withdraws from the agreement and refuses to arbitrate. Repeated requests from the United States are made without result. Finally, President Cleveland appears upon the scene. Now President Cleveland has one great wish—namely, to bring about a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. It was my privilege to introduce the first Parliamentary Committee that approached him upon the subject. The interest he took in it was surprising, and his intimate friends well know that the consummation of the treaty of peace lies nearest his heart of all public questions. He is, beyond all things, a believer in the peaceful arbitration of international disputes.

He asks Britain for a final reply. Will she, or will she not, arbitrate this territorial dispute with Venezuela? Upon his return to Washington one evening from a journey, he reads the refusal of Lord Salisbury, and writes his message before he retires for the night. It gives great offence in Britain, but this is because the British people do not know that for fifteen years the United States Government has been begging Great Britain to arbitrate this question, and that Britain has agreed to do so. The message is not addressed to the British Government but to the American Congress, and the President concludes by stating in effect that it will be the duty of the United

States Government to protect Venezuela should Britain presume to enforce her own views of her territorial rights.

There is no question but that the United States would have fought, or will to-day fight, any nation—even Britain—in defence of the principle of peaceful arbitration upon questions relating to the territorial rights of foreign Powers upon the American continent. Sixteen of the seventeen American Republics have agreed to arbitrate their differences, and why should a European Power be permitted to make war on that Continent thus dedicated to arbitration? Nations have their red rags. Every one knows that Great Britain would fight in defence of her right of asylum. Every one knows that she would defend her colonies to the extent of her power. There should be no mistake made by the British people upon this point, that the United States will not permit any European nation to attack an American State in consequence of a territorial dispute. These claims are to be settled by peaceful arbitration.

It is not alone the uninformed masses of the American people, whose passions would be inflamed in support of war in defence of this principle, but the educated classes, who will be found most determined in its defence; and it is upon these educated classes, for reasons stated, that Britain must depend for friends, because it is with education alone that there can come a just estimate of the past, and a knowledge of the position which the British people hold to-day in regard to colonial liberties and to international arbitration. It is deeply to be regretted that, although public sentiment in Britain forced Lord Salisbury to accept peaceful arbitration, as requested by the United States Government, nevertheless the majority of the American people cannot be successfully reached and impressed with that fact. The educated people, who follow foreign affairs, do know and appreciate that the best people in America had with them the best people in Great Britain in favour of settlement by arbitration, but to the masses it must unfortunately appear that Britain refused arbitration until forced to accept it by the United States. The truth, however, fortunately for our race, is that Lord Salisbury was forced by his own people to recede from his position. The questions which Britons might ask themselves, when seeking for some explanation of the hatred aroused in the United States recently against their country, seem to be these: Does not a nation deserve to be hated which refuses to fulfil its agreement to arbitrate a territorial dispute with a weak power? Is not irritation justified against a nation which, having agreed to a treaty settling seal fisheries, repudiates it at the dictation of a colony, with which the other contracting party has nothing whatever to do?

These are the only two questions which have recently aroused the United States against Britain. In that of Venezuela, we have seen

that the unfortunate hatred engendered was wholly unnecessary and caused solely by Lord Salisbury refusing to carry out the agreement of his predecessor. Arbitration asked for by the United States has now been agreed to, and the question will soon be out of the way, and let us hope soon forgotten, although the triumph of the principle of peaceful arbitration in this case should ever be remembered.

The other question, that of pelagic sealing, is now to be in conference again, as before asked for by the United States, but also refused by Lord Salisbury—at first—and in a fair way towards settlement; and let us hope it is soon also to be forgotten, always excepting that in this case also the principle of peaceful arbitration was invoked and peace preserved through the Behring Sea tribunal, even after the treaty agreed to was cancelled upon Canada's demand.

With the removal of these two causes of hatred there remains not a serious cloud upon the horizon between the two branches of our race at present. The proposed general treaty of arbitration is again to be taken up under happier conditions. It is greatly to Lord Salisbury's credit that he proposed it; and in recognition of this service to the cause of peace and goodwill between the two nations, Americans are disposed to forgive and forget his unfortunate refusal to abide by the agreement of his country to arbitrate the Venezuelan question. As for the denunciation of the Behring Sea Treaty, which had been agreed upon with Secretary Blaine, no one conversant with the circumstances holds him responsible. He could not have successfully withstood Canada, and there was nothing for him to do but to repudiate.

The treaty, which failed of ratification, obtained, let it always be remembered, within six votes of the necessary two-thirds majority of the Senate. A greater number than these six votes was thrown against it, for reasons with which the treaty itself had nothing whatever to do. Into the personal and political history, however, of the opposition to the treaty, which President McKinley declared it was our duty to pass, it would be unprofitable to enter. It is impossible to obtain a two-thirds majority for any measure which becomes involved in the vortex of party politics and personal quarrels. A treaty of peace between the two branches of our race is certain to come. The pulpit, the press, the universities of the United States are its ardent supporters, President McKinley and his Cabinet being among the foremost. No other question before the nation enlists such general enlightened support from the best men of both parties. There is, therefore, no reason in the world why the two nations should not now again draw closer and closer together. On both sides of the Atlantic each should be careful hereafter to give to the other no just cause of offence, and it may be taken as true that, Briton and American being of the same race, what would be offensive to the one would be equally so to the other.

Both Briton and American can dwell with the greatest satisfaction upon this fact, which recent events have conclusively proven, that there is in each country so powerful an element favouring peace within the race, that no Government, however strong, either in the old land or in the new, can decline peaceful arbitration, when offered by the other, as the Christian substitute for the brutal test of war. No small compensation this, even for the estrangement which has arisen over two questions, but which is now rapidly passing away, leaving fortunately unimpaired in the Republic that element which may be trusted to determine international action in a crisis—pride of race—a force lying too deep in the national heart to be revealed under calm seas, but which, under the recent swing of the tempest, bared its great head high enough above the surge to be seen and noted of all men—a dangerous rock upon a fatal shore, for other races in combination, to strike against—if ever they attempt to sail that unsailed sea.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS.

IV.

AS our dominant impression of a picture is that of an arrangement of colours, we must begin our analysis of the perceptive phenomena in the domain of painting by an examination into the part played by colour.

As we have already shown by our first two elementary experiments comparing the seeing of a white and a coloured blank, *colour makes things easy to see*. Colour gives the eye a grip, so to speak, on shape, preventing its slipping off; we can look much longer at a coloured object than an uncoloured; and the colouring of architecture enables us to realise its details and its *ensemble* much quicker and more easily. For the same reason coloured objects always feel more familiar than uncoloured ones, and the latter seem always to remain in a way strange and external; so that children, in colouring their picture books, are probably actuated not so much by the sensuous pleasure of colour as such, as by a desire to bring the objects represented into a closer and, so to speak, warmer relation with themselves.

The power which colour possesses of putting the beholder into more intimate relation with shapes is not explicable by the mere excitement of the eye. It is due to the curious action of colour on respiration, on the fact that, if we may use such an expression, we seem to *inhale colour*. For, while stimulating the eye, we find that colour also stimulates the nostrils and the top of the throat; for a colour sensation on the eye is followed quite involuntarily by a strong movement of inspiration, producing thereby a rush of cold air through the nostrils on to the tongue and the top of the throat, and this rush of cold air has a singularly stimulating effect: sometimes the sight of an extremely vivid colour like that of tropical birds, or of vivid local colour strung up by brilliant sunshine, has a curious effect on the top of the throat,

amounting to an impulse to give out voice. Colourless objects, on the contrary, offer no inducement to draw a long breath. If one breathes in strongly, nevertheless, there results a sense of almost intolerable insipidity, like the taste of white of egg without salt.

This connection between colour stimulation and respiration can be tested by looking at juxtaposed colours while alternately breathing and holding one's breath. This experiment brings out the unexpected fact that when divorced from respiration the eye loses much of its sensitiveness; crude colours, or crude combinations, do not offend us equally while we refrain from breathing. Let us take, for a trial, a picture in a delicate scheme of colour: olive trees on a pale russet hillside; and let us fasten a red patch at one corner and a yellow patch on the other and a bright blue patch in the middle. Looking at this appalling combination while holding the breath, we find that it causes us no kind of distress. But as soon as we resume breathing we find that we cannot endure to look at it any longer. For the moderate sort of even respiration instinctively adopted while looking at the delicate scheme of colour of the landscape is roughly disturbed by the patches of red, yellow and blue; they force the breathing into violent inspiration, which is felt as a sudden over-stimulation of certain tracts in the region of taste and smell, almost as in smelling a rose we should be disturbed by the sudden intrusion of a pungent smell like that of smelling-salts. When we remove the three patches of colour and look at them together we have no sense of aversion, for, although they force us to inhale more air than normally, we no longer experience an uneven stimulation, excessive and insufficient alternately. If now we look at the picture without the patches, we experience a curious complex excitement of the nature both of taste and smell, and the air breathed in seems to *have a sort of grain in it*. No part of the picture forces us to breathe sharply; everywhere we breathe evenly and gradually, with the sort of harmonious evenness with which we inhale the delicate smell of a rose. Moreover, the agreeableness of this sensation causes us to breathe more frequently while looking at the picture than we did before. It is further noticeable that the scheme of colour of a picture has the power of, so to speak, *placing* the respiration. Thus, gay colours place the field of respiration high up, and sombre colours place it low down; and the emotions accompanying these adjustments of the breathing are such that we designate the respective schemes of colour as gay or as serious.

The common expressions, *cool* and *warm* colour, really seem to be based upon fact, for our temperature is actually affected differently by colours, and one might almost say that great pictures have a climate. For instance, the rather strong, heavy colour of Signorelli heightens the temperature and gives a feeling of slight congestion, such as one suffers from when too much wrapped up on a warm day;

while the scheme of colour of a Perugino produces an immediate effect of cool peacefulness. Harmonious colour keeps the respiration well in the same area while the eye wanders over the whole picture, whereas the introduction of crude colour produces an unevenness of respiration, as detailed above.

Our dominant impression in looking at a picture is that, therefore, of an arrangement of colour; whereas in the real world our dominant impression is that of recognition and, so to speak, *naming* of the shapes represented. For in the real world shapes are separated from each other by the air between them, and while the air lets the eye pass freely, the solid shapes, on the contrary, arrest it on its passage. But a picture is merely a flat canvas with different shades of colour laid on it, all of which offer equal resistance to the eye irrespective of what the arrangement of colour may represent; the eye being held equally by the sky, and by a solid object, and the colour of the background being seen in the same manner as that of the figures placed against it. The colour is therefore presented evenly, and we see a picture at the first glance as an arrangement of colour rather than of shapes. Moreover, as a picture is a flat surface, and the sides of a picture can equally arrest the eye, one can, so to speak, lean upon the sides of the picture all the way into its centre. This is impossible with the landscape seen through a window-pane; here the sides seem intangible, the eye drops through to the distance, and the whole looks a mere random fragment of the external world. This fact of the resistance offered to the eye by the sides of a picture is of far greater importance than might be expected, and than is suspected by the rank and file of modern artists, who disregard it in a slavish fidelity to reality, for it enables the painter to enclose and show us a whole little world complete in itself. Moreover, it happens that this enclosed appearance coincides, as we have before remarked, with the actual appearance of a real landscape when we walk into it, for in this case our movement causes the sides of the landscape to come forward to meet us; we seem to be walking as through a corridor into the distance, and we have the sense of being in a special world of which we are the centre. It is on this agreeable impression that we base our recollections of real scenery, for this picture-like arrangement drops to pieces as soon as we stop still, the sides of the landscape cease to belong to the background, and we lose all that sense of pleasant wholeness and enclosure. It is to be noticed that the old masters always represented landscape as we can see it while moving, not as it appears when we stand and look at it through a window-pane.

We have now, as the reader perceives, got into the thick of the difficult questions of the dimensions in painting,* and, before pro-

* The eminent German sculptor, Adolph Hildebrand, has published some remarkable, though rather extreme views, on the importance of the dimensional sense in art in his book on "The Problem of Form in the Plastic Art."

ceeding to the examination of the mode of perception of the third dimension in art, we must premise that we are departing in a measure from the phraseology usually adopted. The third dimension is usually called *thickness*. But as we are treating dimensions *subjectively*, as perceptive modes corresponding to various stretches of our body, we are obliged to treat of it as *distance* and *bulk*, distance referring to the flat ground, and bulk to objects occupying space. Similarly, we divide the first dimension *height* into *height* and *depth*, because the sensations accompanying the act of looking upwards are totally different from the sensations accompanying the act of looking downwards. The sensations derivable from what we call height are agreeable and raise our spirits, while those we get from what we call (that is, first dimensional) depth are depressing, owing to the opposite adjustments of breathing in the two cases. As regards the second dimension, *width*, we have not required to depart from the usual nomenclature, but have considered it merely as existing either on both sides or on one side separately, because we can obtain the adjustment giving the sensation of width either as unilateral or bilateral. The effect of works of visual art on the processes connected with dimensional perception, is very complex: the region of our breathing is placed higher than normally, the breathing apparatus is widened equally on both sides, and some automatic adjustment is initiated in the lower part of the thorax and the diaphragm which answers to the sense of distance by giving a support to the breath in expiration. In order to avoid tiresome reiteration throughout this section, we should wish the reader to keep in mind the following facts concerning the physiological and emotional phenomena connected with the various dimensions:

First dimension (which we call height and depth). Breathing high up. Sense of lightheartedness; our feelings rise without objective motive; we feel hopeful. One might expect good or bad spirits to be almost producible at will by lifting up or lowering the breathing.

Second dimension (breadth). Breathing with both lungs. A feeling of expansion and serene well-being. One is tempted to recognise this sense of expansion as a principal factor in all conditions of happiness and benevolence, so inevitably does it bring these feelings in its train.

Third dimension (thickness, which we call distance and bulk).*

* We have divided the third dimension into *distance* and *bulk* not only because these two halves of the subject correspond to different adjustments, but also because, owing to the difference between these adjustments, the æsthetic value of the two divisions of the third dimension are different and even opposed. For, whereas we ask from painting for an increased realisation of distance, because we enjoy going into the picture, we ask, on the contrary, for a lesser realisation of bulk than we obtain normally when walking about. For when we look at objects which we perceive to project forwards, we are obliged to begin with a sudden high inspiration which is fatiguing, and we

Breathing backwards and forwards. A sense of confidence in the reality of things. Feelings of increased interest towards the outer world, and of an indefinable attraction resembling affection; intimate and warm relations with things outside us. It will be well, also, if the reader will remember that, as all these modes of dimensional perception are united in painting as in architecture and sculpture, there must be present, during our perception of works of these arts, a combination or alteration of these modes of breathing.

Having thus tabulated the relative æsthetic functions of the three dimensions, we can now return to the treatment of the dimensions by art, and more particularly of the first and third, having already had occasion to deal with the second in this relation.

The first dimension, which we must divide into height and depth, or *upwardness* and *downwardness*, is brought home to us by art in a far completer way than in reality. It requires a good deal of experiment to verify how comparatively little reality allows us to realise the facts of lifting upwards and pressing downwards. If we compare them with figures in a good picture, we shall find that our fellow creatures in the real world give us little sense of height, they seem to stand on ground which seems to offer no resistance to their feet and scarcely to be underneath them. We are usually satisfied with the mere optical perception of real figures, or even the mere recognition of them by qualities which serve as labels. But when we come to works of art we demand certain senses of adjustment in our own bodies, and to obtain these we require that the fact of lifting up and pressing down, like the facts of bulk, should be strongly realised in the painted figures. And the old masters, untroubled by realism on their side, were impelled by the same instinct to paint what they felt instead of what they saw; or rather they thought they saw what they really only felt. Thus in Leonardo's memoranda-sketches churches barely two inches high give, by the treatment of perpendicular lines, the full sense of the pressure on the ground, the lift upwards of the walls and columns, and the pressure downwards of the cornices and lintels. These little drawings elicit in the beholder the sense of realisation which we obtain by feeling the pressure of our feet on the ground, the lift upwards of our body, and the slight pressure downwards of the head, feelings of which we are usually not conscious, and whose presence results in a sense of gravity and importance which we transfer to the drawings.*

therefore prefer that in pictures the projections should be flattened, and that we should be separated by a sort of neutral space from the objects which would otherwise bulge towards us. The greatest pictures are always rather flattened.

* Owing to this system of weights and pressures, composition is able to take fragmentary things and turn them into complete wholes. Thus the best Renaissance busts do not affect us as being the cut off head and shoulders of a full length figure; they are complete in themselves, owing to the arrangement of pressure on the ground, the lift up of the middle part and the slight downward pressure of the head. The

We can now pass on to the treatment of the *third* dimension in art.

It will be remembered that when we stand still we see the ground stretching away on each side of us as *width* pure and simple, but we do *not* see the ground which stretches away in front of us as *distance* pure and simple; it has, on the contrary, a certain likeness to *height*, and it is only when we walk forward that this appearance of height is replaced by that of distance as such. We have thus, when standing still, partially lost one sense of dimension; and it is very probable that we unconsciously suffer from this partial loss and the consequent diminution of the corresponding respiratory adjustments; nay, this would account for the singular impression of harmony which results from the full reinstatement of the third dimension by art. In architecture this reinstatement is effected by the poise of our head over its centre of gravity, enabling us to make balancing movements backwards and forwards, and by the consequent ease with which we can follow the movement of lines above the eye.

In paintings we obtain the realisation of the third dimension by a different method. Various experiments point to the fact that while we stand still we cannot satisfactorily see the third dimension, either as bulk or as distance, in the *ground plane* of the landscape; but that we can see distance satisfactorily in a shelf placed about the level of the lower part of the chest, and that we can satisfactorily realise the bulk of the objects standing on such a shelf. This peculiarity seems due to special adjustments of the thorax and diaphragm being elicited by the sight of the flat space on the level with the chest.

The adjustments of the thorax are similar to those we make in walking about—we breathe backwards and forwards, instead of up and down; our ribs project forward while we draw our breath inward, and the simultaneousness of this outward movement of the ribs and inward movement of the breath gives us the sense of stretching backwards and forwards at the same moment, and thus enables us to realise to a certain extent the notion of distance. This realisation of distance is greatly reinforced by the adjustments taking place in the diaphragm. We do not pretend to explain what is really taking place in our body. We merely point out that in our consciousness we feel as if our breath had something *underneath* it supporting it during expiration, something which *does not give way as it moves outwards*, and so it gains in strength and seems to move straight outward instead of dropping down. By this means we actually get a pleasant sensation from expiration, which under ordinary conditions gives rather a depressing sensation.

same holds good of three-quarter length portraits by great painters; we cannot conceive the subject as being longer than we see him, and the addition of the legs would undo the unity of the whole. Good composition combines things into a homogeneous and complete unity which awakens in us a quite specific corresponding sense.

We are able to realise bulk by breathing backwards and forwards in longer or shorter breaths; breathing a short breath, for instance, up to where the object stands, and a much longer succeeding breath immediately beyond the object as the eye moves past it into the distance. It may be conjectured that we are able to realise bulk and distance on a plane above the level of the waist, but not on the ground plane, not on account of any difficulty in the mere visual apprehension of the lower plane as distinguished from the upper, but on account of the depressing sensations which accompany the muscular adjustment necessary for realisation when they are connected with a plane below the level of the waist; for, as we have already said, we always shirk realisation when the effect on the respiration would be painful. We habitually imagine that we see the third dimension on the ground plane in the same manner as the two other dimensions when we really merely know that it is there. It is only when we get the realisation of it by corroboration of it by our bodily sensations that we recognise that we have not been realising it before.

Now, painting has the power of making us thus realise the third dimension agreeably because it can place the ground plane rather in the relation toward us of the shelf opposite our chest than, as is the case in reality, of the ground underfoot. The old masters, who followed their instinct instead of being distracted by theoretic realism, lifted up the ground plane in such a manner that if produced towards the beholder it would meet him somewhere about the level of the chest instead of underfoot. And the greater part of the pleasure which such a realisation of the third dimension causes us must be explained, we believe, in the unexpected reinforcement of the respiration which at occasions in expiration as well as in inspiration. This backward and forward breathing brings with it, as we have noticed already in speaking of churches, a heightened interest in the outer world and a warmer feeling towards things in general, both of which flag very noticeably as soon as we turn to a painting in which the third dimension is imperfectly realised.

There remains for our consideration another important factor in the feelings awakened by painting, which we have met already under different circumstances in dealing with architecture. This æsthetic element is the power of lines to awaken senses of movement, which is universally recognised in such expressions as the movement of lines, their swiftness, their ascending and descending qualities, &c. And here we must premise that when we feel movement in a work of art, it is not as the opposite of standing still. We feel movement in art as the contrast between opposing movements, which we are forced to initiate in the process of seeing. For instance, we perceive a movement forward by balancing forward, and then moving back again; the rapid movement forward contrasted with the rather passive swing

backwards gives us the sense of having gone forwards. We pay attention only to the movement which we are, so to speak, *miming*—that is to say, in the direction to which we become sensible; the lesser movement by which we resume our previous state of adjustment escapes us.

The movement of lines in architecture is in a given direction; we see, for instance, the whole course of the movement of an arch; and the rapidity or slowness of its curve within the given limits is all we have to deal with. For the movement of an arch consists of the balance of its two half-arches, and this balance we follow by shifting our own weight from one foot to another. Thus movement in architecture is a comparatively easily explained phenomenon; whereas we shall find that movement in pictures—that is to say, movement of lines going freely in various directions—is a more complicated problem. For as a picture is not a set pattern, it does not present an unbroken movement all through it, but it gives us instead fragments of moving lines, often opposing each other irregularly, and constituting portions of the various shapes represented in the picture, fragments of lines which may be parts of hills, or figures, or draperies.

As a result of this, we do not follow these lines with movements of our whole balance as we did in looking at the lines of architecture, because we could not *mime*, so to speak, all these fragmentary movements; so we follow these lines of movement in painting by a number of light, free movements of the head and shoulders, requiring no effort, and perceived by us as agreeable, and, so to speak, *caressing* gesture movements. These, which we shall call *gesture movements*, play a great part in the æsthetics of painting. For as, in art, the forces of gravitation are not felt, we have no indication of the actual weight of things, but feel only the amount of weight necessary to steady the upspringing of the movement. In this way most things in a picture are, so to speak, *mimed* by these gesture movements only, which, as we have seen, are effortless and pleasant. Indeed, we perceive even the active movements of painted figures rather as rapid *gesture* than as *action*. Even in the pictures of Lotto, one of the old masters who put most active movement into his pictures, the Virgin carries the child less by a fatiguing effort of resisting weight than by a charming free gesture. Indeed, what we feel and think of as movement in painting is rather a successful arrangement of *lines of movement* than a correct representation of the muscular facts of movement as such. The reader will have no difficulty in remembering a dozen cases where figures are really upheld by the mere lines of their drapery; and even where drapery, which, considered as stuff, would of course give way under pressure, is actually made, as line, to support considerable weight.

V.

It will have become evident all through these notes that for complete appreciation the spectator must be willing to meet the work of art half way.

This is nowhere so much the case as with sculpture, because, as the sculptured figure constitutes the whole work, unaided by any arrangements to guide the attention, we can see it adequately only by ourselves initiating the necessary adjustments; and, as the statue has the same general shape as ourselves, these adjustments involve a very considerable adjustment, not merely of our internal, but of our externally visible, movements.

We cannot, for instance, satisfactorily focus a stooping figure like the Medicean Venus if we stand before it bolt upright and with tense muscles, nor a very erect and braced figure like the Apoxyomenos if we stand before it humped up and with slackened muscles. In such cases the statue seems to evade our eye, and it is impossible to realise its form thoroughly; whereas, when we adjust our muscles in imitation of the tenseness or slackness of the statue's attitude, the statue immediately becomes a reality to us.

That Greek statues, unaided by *lines of direction* and arrangements of colour, are thus excessively dependent upon the movements of the spectator, can be shown by one or two other details. Greek statues, for instance, do not stand as if rooted to the ground, but stand, on the contrary, by balance; we therefore see them satisfactorily only if ourselves on our feet, and unconsciously *miming*, so to speak, their equilibrium with our own. This fact and the above-mentioned one can be experimentally tested as easily as the fact of being unable to hum or whistle a tune with one rhythm while moving our bodies according to another rhythm. Again, as Greek statues possess a definite equilibrium, it becomes necessary to walk round them in order thoroughly to realise them, because, although from some given point we might get a view of the whole figure, yet from no one point could we get the complete sense of the figure's equilibrium. We must therefore shift our position more or less continually in order to follow each part of this balance to its point of stability; and as our own equilibrium is affected by that of the statue we feel dissatisfied until we have realised the position in its wholeness.* In the unfortunately numerous cases, therefore, where an antique, intended to be free standing, is placed with its back against the wall, we are not only deprived of the sight of half of the statue's forms, but we are also

* We are here speaking only of antique sculpture. The sculpture of the Renaissance is partly an outgrowth of architecture; it is largely influenced therefore by architectural laws, and must usually be taken in connection with a definite place and point of view. See a chapter on this subject in Vernon Lee's "Renaissance Studies and Fancies."

deprived of the power of making the statue *unwind itself*, so to speak, under our eye by moving round it, and obtaining the living realisation of its gesture. It is only by making the statue thus unfold itself that we can obtain the full sense not merely of its shape but of its organic totality. For, as remarked before, equilibrium is a vital matter to us bipeds, who cannot stand without balancing ourselves; and we are, therefore, extremely sensitive to any check inflicted on those alterations of balance which are entailed in the perception of form. This fact will also explain our indifference, and even aversion, to certain statues, which, though undoubtedly beautiful in bodily structure, are unsatisfactory in their equilibrium. We are very grateful whenever we get good balance in a statue, even from one point of view only and by accident; indeed, it is possible that the persistent belief in the Venus of Milo as an original masterpiece of the greatest epoch may be due to the fact that the absence of arms makes her compose in the very happiest equilibrium when seen from the front.

In the best Greek figures the foot which bears the weight is placed so well under the centre of gravity that they can walk slowly without rocking, whereas real people—at least moderns—walk, so to speak, with a foot on each side, and therefore lurch as soon as they go slowly. Now, in looking at Greek statues, we are forced automatically to adjust ourselves to their walk in order satisfactorily to focus them; and this adjustment to a better balance in ourselves is extremely agreeable. In this way do good antiques improve our consciousness of existence by literally forcing us to more harmonious movements. But there are other ways also in which our necessity of *miming* by our own muscular adjustments the forms and figures which we focus, gives us the benefit of the finer organism represented in a work of art. An antique statue does not merely move better than a real human being, but it has also a much finer muscular system. The real human being, even at its very best, possesses a bony framework which would tumble down were it not tied into uprightness by the contraction of the muscles; and no movement is possible save by the pull of the muscles on the bones and the leverage of one bone upon another. Moreover, the weight of the body is perpetually dragging it down. But very different from these outward arrangements of pulleys and levers is the muscular system of the great Greek statues. In them the muscles seem to act of their own free will, not as things which contract, but as things which hold up freely and without effort. The body and limbs rise up like a tree with its branches; indeed, one might say that Greek sculpture embodies the character of growing plants in forms imitated from human beings. Good antiques are not only more beautiful in structure than human beings; they carry their weight with as much ease as human beings do so with difficulty, and the muscular adjustments elicited by the sight of this easy carriage of

body is accompanied in the beholder by a sense of increased lightness and strength in himself.

The same improvement upon reality, the same fidelity only to such forms as can awaken agreeable feelings in the beholder, can be observed in the heads of good antiques. In the real human face we neither expect nor get complete harmony of lines and masses, and we accept as beauty what may, in many cases, be a look of intelligence, or goodness, or pathos; we accept, moreover, not only the traces of moral wear and tear, but the indication of continually repeated ungraceful muscular effort, as in the movement of the jaw in eating; now such indications of functions the antique sculptor simply does away with. Moreover, the relation between the features is wilfully altered. The nose is, so to speak, tied to the brow and the mouth to the cheeks in a closeness of connection incompatible with their true functions. The eye, which has exaggerated prominence in reality, is kept quite low in interest, while the hair is given great importance—the importance of freely growing vegetation, for instance—by the separation into conventional strands and locks. The ear also, which in real life looks like an isolated rosette, is drawn into close relation with the rest of the features. Yet we accept this constant deviation, not merely from everyday reality, but from the structure necessitated by function, because such a harmonised pattern of features gives us a totality of delightful senses of adjustment, and that feeling of naturalness—naturalness due to suitability to our requirements—which we noticed already in mere pattern as one of the chief characteristics of æsthetic pleasure. For in such Greek heads as declare themselves, by inner evidence, to be original works of great masters—for instance, the Aberdeen head in the British Museum—the features are so intimately connected, that we are able to see the mouth in relation to the hair, or the nose in relation to the ear, with delightful ease, as if one's eye were travelling in a carefully made track, and as if the sculptor had worked each detail into the rest as though he had been designing an embroidery or laying out a garden.

The expressive quality of antiques is similarly obtained (even as we found it in architecture) by presenting us with forms whose perception entails adjustments in ourselves such as accompany various emotional conditions. Thus, in the bronze head of Hypnos, in the British Museum, the expression is admirably hushed and sleep-compelling, but without the smallest suggestion of sleep in the god himself. And this effect is obtained by the ears being lowered, and thus giving the head a downward bias; by the low brow weighing down the eyes, and the nose being slightly compressed, so that the breathing comes, as it does in the dark, through the month; while the eyes are drawn rather near together, as they seem to be when we turn them slightly inwards at the moment that sleep comes over us.

VI.

The consideration of sculpture, which we had therefore postponed to that of apparently more complex branches of art, has brought out with the greatest clearness, owing to its apparent realism and to the actual locomotion it demands from the beholder, two facts involved in all our previous examinations, which, when united, may constitute the basis of a new theory of æsthetics.

One of these facts can be summed up as follows: that our pleasure in art makes us accept, and even unconsciously demand, a systematic divergence from every-day experience, substituting for reality forms, motions and suggestions of structure and function entirely unreal, and that this fidelity to the subjective requirements of our organism passes muster as fidelity to objective arrangements of the world.

The second fact may be summed up as follows: that, when deduction has been made of the sensory pleasures of colour and ocular adjustment, the æsthetic pleasure in art is due to the production of highly vitalising,* and therefore agreeable, adjustments of breathing and balance as factors of the perception of form.

The greater or lesser agreeableness of artistic experience is, therefore, due to the dependence of one of the most constant and important intellectual activities, the perception of form, on two of the most constant and important of our bodily functions, respiration and equilibrium. And the æsthetic instinct, the imperious rejection of certain visual phenomena as ugly, and the passionate craving for certain others as beautiful, is therefore no unaccountable psychic complexity, but the necessary self-established regulation of processes capable of affording disadvantage and advantage to the organism. The whole of this view is founded, of course, upon the supposition that the movements of the eye are accompanied by a variety, forming an ever-varied unity, of bodily adjustments which, as a rule, have ceased to be apprehended as such, and have merged, even like the alteration in our tissues underlying mere sensations, into vague emotional conditions accompanying the recognition of objective peculiarities outside us. What these adjustments are we have tried to show by experiments on our own consciousness, seeking to detect and name the more easily distinguished among these incipient or actually realised motor adjustments. But as the accounts of them thus given

* In his remarkable volume on Tuscan painters (1896) Mr. B. Berenson has had the very great merit, not only of drawing attention to muscular sensations (according to him in the limbs) accompanying the sight of works of art, but also of claiming for art the power of *vitalising*, or, as he calls it, *enhancing life*. Mr. Berenson offers a different and more intellectual reason for this fact than is contained in the present notes. In a series of lectures on Art and Life, delivered at South Kensington in 1895, and printed the following year in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, one of the joint authors of the present notes had attempted to establish that the function of art is not merely to increase vitality, but to regulate it in a harmonious manner.

have been necessarily incomplete, the joint authors of these notes are anxious to forestall a wrong impression which might easily result from the casual reading of anything so rough and ready. The repetition of the same formulæ of adjustment, such as "shifting the balance," "breathing backwards or forwards," "senses of upward or downward tension," &c., without any specification of the amount of each such adjustment as compared with other adjustments, might easily leave the impression that the totality of adjustments is the same in the perception of every work of art belonging to the same category, and that the difference between individual works of art is perceived by some process independent of these adjustments; a misconception all the more probable that the human emotional quality of works of art seems to vary very little from individual work to individual work as distinguished from category to category of work, so that ten different cathedrals may strike us as equally religious and ten different marches as equally cheerful, although each of the ten be perfectly æsthetically distinguishable from the rest. But in our opinion there is no such analogy between the *human emotional* character and the *æsthetic individuality* of a work of art. The character of cheerfulness or solemnity depends upon an emotion which, once set up by some main perception adjustment, continues operative until some other emotion is set up by another main perceptive adjustment, so that we may continue seeing quite different details of a work of art without the human emotional condition of our feelings in the least altering. But the actual æsthetic quality, the essential individuality of a form, that which in common parlance *we see*, corresponds upon the subjective side to a totality of motor adjustments which is exactly as complex, as co-ordinated, and as individual as that which we think of as the objective form outside us. In other words, the pattern of our senses of adjustment tallies most absolutely in every detail with the pattern of the particular object we are looking at; for the simple reason that the subjective pattern of our perceptive feelings and the objective pattern of the form perceived are one and the same phenomenon differently thought of. Whatever the nature of the mysterious *ego* which is aware of the muscular adjustment and of the form, and whatever the explanation of the possibility of considering the phenomenon as a double one of subjective change in us and of objective quality outside us, there is not, in our opinion, any variation of visually perceived form which does not correspond to a variation distinguishable or indistinguishable [separately] of our perceptive motor adjustment; and every individual difference perceived by us means an individual difference in our perceptive activity.

Our formula that "the phenomena of inner motor adjustment must be, in each single case, exactly as complex, as co-ordinated, and as individual a totality as the artistic form perceived is complex, co-

ordinated and individual; that every particular pattern of form tallies with a particular pattern of motor adjustment," can, we believe, be demonstrated despite the clumsiness and insufficiency of self-scrutiny and self-expression, by comparing what happens in us in the presence of a masterpiece, with what we can detect in ourselves in the presence of an inferior work of the same school. And from this analysis it becomes possible, moreover, to apprehend clearly why certain works of art give us a larger amount of pleasure, or a greater intensity of pleasure, than do certain others.

For this analysis, the last in these notes, we have chosen a comparison of two Venetian pictures of the same period, the one an excellent work of an artist of the second rank, the other one of the most consummate masterpieces of one of the greatest of masters: Catena's "St. Jerome in his Study," and Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love."

In order to bring home to the reader the principal elements of excellence contained in Catena's charming picture, we must point out two of the qualities without which no picture can affect us agreeably, and which are the practical result of the fact, so often insisted on in these notes, that we follow lines by muscular adjustments more considerable than those of the eye, and that these muscular adjustments result in a sense of direction and velocity in ourselves and a consequent attribution of direction and velocity to the lines thus perceived.

Now, in a picture, the actual outlines of the various objects, or the ideal lines given by the movement of the eye from one represented object to another, can either be co-ordinated in such a way as to make of the various parts of a picture an agreeably focused whole, or they may be in vague, haphazard relations to one another in such a way that the picture reverts, more or less, from the condition of being a *form* to the condition of that which we have experimented upon under the name of *confusion* or *chaos*. If a picture possess this co-ordination of direction of lines, this element of composition, which we may be allowed to call *tie*, it is in so far agreeable; if it do not possess it, the picture is, despite everything else, disagreeable. The case of the velocity of lines is very similar. The lines in a picture (both actual outlines and ideal lines along the eye's passage) can force us to quicker or slower inner adjustments, and by this means, make us acquire what we feel as the objective quality of more or less rapidity of movement. And the various velocities of the lines of a picture can, like the directions of lines, be either co-ordinated or haphazard, so that the slowness, for instance, of one line and the pause made before starting upon another, may either be in ratios agreeably perceived and evidently related to one another, or they may be irreducible to any kind of order.* In so far as a picture possesses this quality, which we may

* That pictures possess the quality of being in or out of time, due to their provoking

call being in time, it will be agreeable, without it it is bound to be disagreeable. For the quality of tie and the quality of time are so closely interdependent, that we never find the one conspicuously present without the other. *Tie* and *time* are the most rudimentary merits which a picture can have; and although it is difficult to demonstrate, still more to describe their nature, their absence is instantly and automatically felt by any person of normal sensitiveness, and causes a picture to be dismissed as ugly.

Having explained what we have ventured to call *tie* and *time* in pictures, we can begin our examination of Catena's "St. Jerome" by noting that all its parts are perfectly tied together, and that all its details are related to each other in perfect time. As a result of this co-ordination in the directions and the velocities of the perceived lines, we see this picture at once and as a whole, as if all the parts of it were connected by invisible ties and obeying an unheard musical beat. Thus, we see the crucifix, the bookshelf and St. Jerome not as separate items but in connection with each other: the lion, the quail, the marble steps and the broad brimmed hat we equally see in connection. And the existence of all the details seems to be going the same pace and to be happening together. As a result of this double co-ordination, of spatial and temporal relations, we feel as if we were safely enclosed in a haven where the minutes do not seem to pass and the scene of hurry is removed from our lives. And, as long as we look at it, the picture keeps up steadily this sense of leisure, of order and of serenity. This is what all good art gives us, and what we obtain only accidentally and intermittently in ordinary life.

Meanwhile the colour of the picture, by stimulating certain of our nerves connected with breathing, gives to the air which we inhale a sort of exhilarating power; and the special colour quality of *coolness*, as we very properly call it, awakens in us a feeling of temperature similar to that of a spring day.

Quite independently of what it represents, the picture thus puts us into a delightful mood. But although it continues delightful as long as we look at it, we never seem to get into closer or more intimate relations with it. It defends us from the worry of the passing moment, it encloses us, but always as a something into whose innermost we cannot penetrate. Whereas, as we shall see when we compare Titian's masterpiece with it, a greater picture allows us, while encompassing us, to enter into it, and so to merge our existence in its nature. This difference is due to the fact that Catena's

in us adjustments which are necessarily temporal, is proved by the curious fact that it is possible in the case of a good picture to mark its rhythm with the voice or hand, all the line movements seeming to take their place in the rhythm; whereas with a bad picture such scansion leaves out, or is impeded by, some of the linear movement.

"St. Jerome" is without much realisation of the third dimension; its parts connect among themselves, but do not connect with us; and upon such connection between the beholder and the various parts of the picture depend, as we have seen, in treating of the third dimension, those feelings of vivid fellowship with the picture which help to make it important and absorbing to the beholder.

Moreover, in this Catena we can note the absence of another great quality which we shall find in the Titian, and which also differentiates a great picture from a merely good one—the quality which we usually call *life-likeness*, but which is really the quality of making the beholder feel more keenly alive. In this Catena everything seems to be motionless, at a standstill, because, as we explained in connection with the movement of architectural lines, we attribute movement to visual forms only when they are such that their perception entails complex adjustments of equilibrium in ourselves; interplay of balance which, instead of being recognised as part of our own being, is felt, except in experiments like ours, as existing objectively in the work of art. We shall be better able to understand these qualities of realisation and vitality when we find them actually present, as in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," to which we now proceed.

This very great picture has, of course, all the good qualities of the "St. Jerome," conspicuously those exciting us through its colour, widening our breathing, of making us feel light-hearted, of making us feel enclosed, and of making us feel in perfect time. But it has many other qualities besides. Firstly, the quality of greater *realisation*: the third dimension is wonderfully rendered, the ground lies flat, and will bear our weight right through the picture into the distance. The objects have bulk, the sarcophagus stands squarely on the ground, and we feel the further side of it as a reality. Similarly, the tree-tops have room all round them, and seem to wave freely in space. Secondly, the quality of greater *intimacy*, due, as we have seen, to a greater and more complex unity of the picture, whose parts connect, not merely sideways with one another, but backwards and forwards with the beholder, so that we enter into the picture with each of its details. There thus arises in us a heightened interest in this outer painted world, and towards its contents a warm feeling which is almost incipient affection. But, beyond all this, there is in the Titian picture that vital quality which corresponds to its compelling us to balance all the time we look at it, and thereby setting up a sense of *living over an unusually wide area*, of being alive, one might almost say, on both sides, instead of only in front—in other words, the quality of universal movement. Let us, after summing up these qualities, examine the picture in some of its details, for the better verification of these general statements.

The two women on either side of the sarcophagus are not detached

individuals, but combine with the little Cupid in the middle to form a whole of which they are the evident parts; while they combine also with the landscape, in which a larger whole is made up of similarly balanced parts. The figures seem to be still moving, the wind is still in their draperies; the rush of movement of the woman in the white dress begins at the outside point of her drapery, runs to the *right* along her knee, and is joined by the rush of movement to the right of her right sleeve. The wave of movement does not run up her body to her head, but sweeps sideways to the right, across her and across the tree against which she is seated, and finally swings itself across into the uplifted arm of the beautiful nude figure seated opposite at the other end of the sarcophagus. She seems to catch the movement in her extended hand, as one might catch a ball, and keeps it poised high for an instant before the return movement swings across the picture to the *left*. The eye is caught by the church steeple behind her; it leans a little over to the left, and with this the return movement begins. The drapery round her arm tosses upwards and her body stretches over to the left; this stretch to the left is taken up by the plant by her side, whose topmost branch swings over to the left. The movement to the left here meets the arm of the woman in the white dress; it goes up her arm at diminished speed, and gradually ends when it reaches her head and the tree and castle behind her. Then our eye is caught by the two rabbits at the back, and after this pause we are swung again across to the right. The movement is, therefore, in the line of the landscape, of the figures, and of the draperies. The drapery especially does not hang as real stuff would, but lifts up and moves of itself, like a bird on the wing, freely upwards and outwards as well as downwards. All the time that we look at the picture our balance is swung from left to right, and, after a pause, back from right to left. Our interest is not allowed to settle on to one of the figures and then on to the other; but the two unite into a whole which is, so to speak, organically produced by the equilibrium of the beholder. This wonderful pattern—reminding one of the complexities of certain symphonies—is carried on in the lesser details of the picture. The Cupid dabbling in the water and the carved figures on the sarcophagus below him make, by their movements, a second connection between the two women; and the movement of the bas relief is balanced by the swing to the left of the plant growing alongside the sarcophagus. Again, the two little rabbits behind the woman in the white dress are a check on her movement, and hold her in place in a wonderful way, and the church steeple on the other side of the picture leans in towards the uplifted arm of the woman with the red cloak, and balances it so that the poise of the lamp in her hand can go on for ever without giving us any feeling of effort.

This balanced movement is, perhaps, the greatest quality a picture

can have; for, in looking at it, we unconsciously *mime* the subtly subordinated complexity of movement, and we obtain, in consequence, a sense of increased vitality and of marvellous harmony of existence.

This comparison between Catena's "St. Jerome" and Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" will have shown the reader in what consist some of the immense differences between a merely good picture and a great masterpiece, a difference not merely in degree, but in kind, for it consists in the presence or absence of a quality of higher organism and vitality. This supreme quality, which has its analogous one in every department of art, constitutes the picture into such a whole that we, in beholding it, are not only made happy, but enclosed, forbidden to escape or lapse, and forced to move through every detail of a mood of happiness. Life outside seems obliterated, and the moment of consummate self-sufficing feeling to have come, and, as in the case of Faust, to have been fixed.

VII.

Before concluding these notes, we desire to remind the reader that we are fully prepared to find that our observations have been extremely rudimentary, imperfect, and partial. Moreover, that personal idiosyncrasies may have passed in our eyes as universally obtaining processes, and that our object in the present paper has been mainly not to establish facts, but to suggest a method.

More serious opposition, and far wider spread, will meet us in the shape of absolute disbelief in the existence of such half-hidden motor adjustments and the dependence thereon of a process so important, and hitherto so unexplained, as the Perception of Form. There is undoubtedly, at first sight, something startling in the notion that it is we, the beholders, who, so to speak, *make form exist* in ourselves by alteration in our respiratory and equilibratory processes, and by initiated movements of various parts of the body. But there is nothing at variance with the trend of philosophy since Kant, in thus adding *Form* to the daily increasing list of apparently objective existences which we must recognise as modes of function of our mind; still less at variance with the tendencies of the most recent psychology, in adding another of the functions of what we call *mind*, to the processes of what we rather arbitrarily distinguish from it as *body*. We must point out, also, that grotesque as may appear at first sight the notion of external form being in a way executed, or, to use a convenient word, *mimed*, by the beholder, we are daily postulating, though without perceiving it, some similar mimetic connection between perception and motion. We refer to the fact that we all of us reproduce through our gesture, not merely the gestures of other creatures, but the forms, the lines of directions, the pressures and upliftings of inanimate objects; that we can place the muscles of our face in the

same position as those of the person whom we choose to mimic; and that we can nearly all of us, from our infancy and utterly untaught, reproduce more or less correctly on paper, or with movable objects, the shapes and positions of surrounding objects. Nor is this capacity limited to visual phenomena: the power of imitating sounds, the whole process by which, without any knowledge of the parts employed, we learn to speak and to sing, all testify to some mechanism by which the perception of form, audible as well as visible, is intimately and automatically connected with movement, full fledged or incipient, hidden or obvious, in ourselves. The mention of audible phenomena brings with it a double confirmation of the facts we have put forward with regard to visible form. For it is patent to all of us that the perception of various rhythmical relations in music is accompanied by very perceptible stimulation of movement, often externalised in movements of the head, the feet, and what is called beating time; and it must be a matter of experience to many that the hearing of musical phrases, and still more, the repetition of them in memory, is accompanied by faint sensations in the chest and larynx, absolutely corresponding to the actual movements necessary for audible performance. Indeed, the fact that sequence of notes is so thoroughly remembered, while simultaneity of notes seems to escape actual vivid memory, seems to prove that while harmony is perceived only by the auditive apparatus, melody, which is essentially audible *form*,* depends for perception on motor adjustments which are reproducible in the absence of an external stimulus. All the various externalised mimetic proceedings are so familiar that we never even ask their reason; yet, when considered in themselves, they are several degrees more unlikely than the internal and hidden mimetic processes by which, according to the present authors, they can alone be adequately explained. Why such mimetic processes should exist is indeed a difficult question, but one which physiology may some day answer. But, answered or unanswered, the difficulty of explaining the connection between retinal and muscular sensations in the eye and muscular adjustments of the chest, back, nape of the neck, and so forth, this difficulty is not any greater than explaining the connection between impressions on the ear and muscular adjustments of the throat, mouth, and limbs; or, perhaps, of explaining any of the numerous interworkings of apparently dissimilar and distant organs.

A more difficult question appears to be raised, yet one which psychology may perhaps some day solve, when we ask how it is possible that a combination of ocular sensations and sensations of motor adjustment should be transmuted, in our normal experience, into ideas of qualities of form in external objects; how the subjective inside us can turn into the objective outside? Yet such a transformation is accepted

* Compare Gurney, "The Power of Sound."

without difficulty whenever we recognise the fact that alterations in the chemical and mechanical conditions of our eye are transmitted to consciousness in the utterly different state of qualities of colour, light, and rudimentary line and curve of external objects.

Indeed, it seems to the present writers that these mysteries at present besetting on all sides the most elementary facts of mental science, are not so much hindrances to the acceptance of the æsthetical hypothesis herein put forward, as indications that the further progress of psychology depends in great measure upon the employment of just such hypotheses. Psychology has problems more important and more mysterious than the problem of æsthetics—memory, emotion, volition, logical connection, intellectual construction. Before relegating any of these to the limbo of the unintelligible, will it not be necessary to seek for whatever accompaniment of bodily sensations we may discover for them in the dim places of our consciousness?

And, this being the case, the authors of the present notes desire to call the attention of psychologists to whatever facts and suggestions may be contained in this hypothesis of the æsthetic perception of visible form.

VERNON LEE.

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON.

TENNYSON.

"H A V I N G lived my life with him, I see him in every word which he has written, and it is difficult for me so far to detach myself from the home circle as to portray him for others." Thus writes the son of Tennyson in the biography which he has just published, and having myself lived in the intimacy of that home circle for so many years, I may not be an impartial judge of how far my cousin, Lord Tennyson, has succeeded in giving to the world a true portrait of his father. Moreover, in throwing upon that portrait the side-lights of my own close intimacy with Tennyson, as well as that of my parents, I think I may possibly only mar what I add in the telling. I have, therefore, thought it best to take the responsibility for this article entirely upon myself, and its pages will not be seen by any of the poet's relations until after publication.

To my uncle it was so utterly impossible to be other than himself, even for a moment, that his writings will for ever be his own living voice. Many will in the future echo the words of the author of *John Inglesant*, who, in a letter to me, after remarking that some passages in the "New Locksley Hall" (then just published) seemed to him as fine as anything in English literature, wrote as follows:

"When we who are old enough remember what the bright days were, the bright summer days of youth and happiness, that were rendered brighter and more happy, more cultured and refined, by Lord Tennyson's verse, which burst upon us with a revelation and a halo of delight; when we think of the long years, through the course of which this divine gift has consoled and elevated and purified our lives and homes; and when now, when the mists of earth are clearing as we near the confines of human life, we hear the familiar voice, the inimitable ring and resonance of poetic utterance, we can only bow our heads in gratitude that another is added to the scant list of the world's poets and Seers."

No poet, perhaps, has ever come so close to the type of the Seer-prophet of the Old Testament as Tennyson, for I think none was ever so penetrated through and through as he was with the sense of the divine source of the gift of poetry imparted to him. He told me that this sense was almost awful to him in its intensity, because it made him feel as a priest who can never leave the sanctuary, and whose every word must be consecrated to the service of Him who had touched his lips with the fire of heaven which was to enable him to speak in God's name to his age. And so, he went on to say, nothing he had ever written seemed to him to have reached the standard of perfection short of which he must never rest; all he could hope was that he had brought men a little nearer to God. And it is just because, all through his life as a poet, Tennyson felt that he had a divine purpose to further, that the inner springs of that life, now revealed more fully than ever before in his son's biography of him, are of such surpassing interest.

In the preface we are shown how, in the poem of "Merlin and the Gleam," Tennyson has set forth, as in a parable, the scope and meaning of the successive stages of his outward expression of the melodies that arose within him, rising from simple wood-notes of the nature around him, through the sorrows and the joys of humanity, up to the full chords of that perfect harmony of the human and divine which proclaimed that

"The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life;
His shadow darkens earth; his truer name
Is 'Onward'; no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard,
Until the great Hereafter."

On the death of his firstborn he was able to write to my mother that it was "well—God orders all." And even so, when his own time came, and he was told he was about to die, he was able again to say, with the confidence of one who still believed as he had done through all the years between, that God's ordering was ever for the best—"That is well." And thus he was enabled, out of his own greatest sorrows, to bring consolation to his fellow men. I know of a man who, feeling his utter loneliness in a distant colony quite intolerable after the death of his wife, was going in search of the weapon with which to put an end to his existence, when he came across a copy of "In Memoriam" which he had taken out with him, and opening its pages, at first half-mechanically, he became interested and read on and on till there stole into his soul a peace that never afterwards left it, and he resolved once more to face the battle of life—a battle he has not fought in vain.

Though it is certain that, to use Tennyson's own words,

"What in human thought is just and true,
Though fashioned in a thousand forms, will last,"

it is equally certain that, as he says further,

"Some high-thoughted moods and moulds of mind
Can never be remodelled or expressed
Again by any later century."

And this is why we can no more have a second Tennyson, than we can have a second Shakespeare, and why, moreover, it is of such interest to trace the genesis of the "high-thoughted moods" he expressed, from their very beginning in that Somersby home which often seems to lie before me in the joyousness of the days when Arthur Hallam was wont to be the welcome guest, and the Sellwood girls would often ride or drive over to spend the afternoon.

My grandfather Sellwood lived about seven miles from Somersby and there was constant intercourse between the two families. In Mr. Sellwood Tennyson found much that was congenial to his own nature, especially the determination to undergo any self-sacrifice rather than swerve one iota from the strictest truth and honour, and also the intense patriotism which, as it stirred my uncle to sing of his country's noble deeds, had made my grandfather long in his youth to emulate those deeds by serving in the campaigns then going on against Napoleon.

A rich living in the family failed to shake my grandfather, or his brothers, from their fixed conviction that the army, not the Church, was their vocation; but their love for their mother, who got it into her head that they would be slain if they went to the wars, made them give up the military career, even though the Duke of York when he was reviewing them as volunteers spoke of them as the finest officers he had ever come across. For a time they lived the expensive life of the country gentlemen of the period on the large family estates in Berkshire. But before long my grandfather came to feel that he had not, by giving up a congenial profession for his mother's sake, acquired the right to go on with a life of inaction. And so it came about that the career he entered upon in Lincolnshire led to his marriage with the sister of Sir John Franklin (the Arctic navigator), after a brief union with whom he found himself left with a baby Louisa, and her sisters Emily and Anne. The baby was the first to leave his roof, as a lovely girl yet in her teens, to become the wife of my uncle Charles—Tennyson's elder and much-loved brother, and with him she spent the greater part of her married life in one of the prettiest parts of his native county, whose varied features formed the theme of many of those sonnets of his that I have heard his brother Alfred speak of as "exquisite." During the long visits I yearly paid to this uncle and aunt, I saw how ungrudgingly the gifts

that would have made them shine in the most intellectual society were turned to the service of the poor villagers among whom their lot was cast. When they first went to Grasby, some of these peasants were sunk in such gross superstition that it was firmly believed of a Sunday school teacher of most benevolent aspect, that when she walked lame for a time it was in consequence of a piece having been bitten out of her leg by a dog when she had assumed the form of a hare. The neighbours were so certain she bewitched them that they waved branches of the rowan-tree at her whenever she appeared at her door, and finally they killed her by a course of petty persecutions. To free yourself from certain bewitchments they believed it was necessary to steal a sheep and cut it in twain, and laying each half on a bit of scarlet cloth, to pass between the divided carcase. Patiently did my uncle and aunt labour to teach their flock the folly of such superstition, and their labours were not in vain, since their parishioners loved them very dearly, and would tell how the vicar and his wife would get up in the dead of a stormy night, and go forth, lantern in hand, to the bedsides of the small-pox patients who had the disease in so virulent a form that all their own relations had fled in terror from them. A loving, gentle nature was that of this poet-pastor, who if men and things were contrary, would only exclaim, "I wish we were all in heaven," and find solace in writing one of those sonnets which imparted to so many the divine strength by which he was himself supported.

The next of the Sellwood daughters to marry was my mother, Anne, who became the wife of Charles Richard Weld, a young barrister, with whose literary pursuits Tennyson had much sympathy. They used to discuss together the marvels of science, and ancient mythologies; and *à propos* of the latter subject, Tennyson thus expressed himself to my father: "I do not believe that Woden and Thor are Mars and Jupiter, but in the old unlearned days, when men thought themselves most learned, and knew but little Latin and less Greek, they used to confuse and transubstantiate the classic and barbaric divinities at pleasure." Tennyson always took a great interest in Brittany, and, after my father's tour there, my uncle remarked: "That is very singular, your account of Notre Dame de la Haine—how many unconsciously, or half-consciously, worship in her temple still."

In his correspondence with my father, from which I give a few extracts, Tennyson says:

"If you write a book on Brittany, I am sure that it will be, as all yours are, pleasant, picturesque, and graceful. The subject is, to me at least, most captivating; but heaven help you if you intend to dive *deeply* into Celtic antiquities.

"I received the other day a most flattering letter from Ruskin touching poor little 'Maud.' I am glad that you, too, find something in her. It is

a poem written in an *entirely new form*, as far as I know. I think that, properly to appreciate it, you ought to hear the author read it; and this I say not in vanity, but that, to give full effect to the long sweeps of metre, you must have a reader who not only reads somewhat dramatically, but likewise has a full voice and ample lungs."

Tennyson constantly consulted my father about his publishing affairs, but I do not feel at liberty to quote from these letters, and will only remark that he shows throughout a great spirit of liberality and a true human sympathy with Moxon's widow.

On receipt of my father's book on Brittany, he writes:

"A thousand thanks for your kindness in sending me your 'Brittany.' Very refreshing to me after the almost daily verse-books that are sent. It must be *pessimi poetæ sæcli incommoda*, as Catullus happily calls them.

"I am for Free Trade in the bookselling question, as in other things, yet I can scarcely think that my opinion is of much value, for I have neither read these discussions in the papers on this matter, nor have I myself carefully examined it.

"Pity me; scores of letters to answer. I snatch a moment to say these few words to you. I can no more (as people say when they die on the stage). We are both happy in learning that dear little Agnes is recovering [from whooping-cough]. We shall be coming up to town in a day or two. Can you give me a bed? I must go either to Spedding or the Camerons or you, but I should prefer coming to you.

"Love to Anne and Missie.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"A. TENNYSON."

When my uncle stayed in our house in London I well remember the almost Spartan simplicity of the fare he insisted on our giving him. We knew he liked plain boiled salt beef, but were scarcely prepared for his begging to be allowed to have it (instead of the fresh roasts we had cooked for him) three days running, cold, for his dinner. No guest ever gave so little trouble or was so full of consideration for our servants; but this was because he was always full of thought for others; a little instance of which comes into my mind, the occasion being a visit my mother and I paid to Farringford when my aunt happened to be away for a few hours. Tennyson came into our room to see if it was all comfortable, and, disagreeing with the housemaid, who had thought the weather too warm to light the fire, said, "Oh, this doesn't look half a welcome," and, dropping on his knees, lighted it, and fanned it into a bright flame.

The last daughter to leave her father's side was Emily, long betrothed to Alfred Tennyson ere she became his wife; and it is in the letters to her during their engagement that we gain such deep insight into his own inmost soul. "What matters it," he writes, "how much man knows and does if he keep not a reverential looking upward?" Love, like all life's other deepest emotions, is to him a sacred thing,

and he rejoices in "the glory of being loved, for so have we 'laid great bases for eternity.'" The joys of human love lead him on to the contemplation of the divine love, and the thought comes to him, "Who knows whether revelation be not itself a veil to hide the glory of that Love which we could not look upon without marring our sight and our onward progress?" and he feels strongly that we must thus progress, for "all life is a school, a preparation, a purpose."

Many a hard lesson had Tennyson to learn in that school in the days of his youth, about which my mother used to tell me; yet now that an even harder lesson had to be learnt in the hope of marriage deferred year after year, he had learnt it so perfectly that he could write to my aunt: "We must bear or we must die. It is easier, perhaps, to die, but infinitely less noble. The immortality of man disdains and rejects the thought—the immortality of man, to which the cycles and the æons are as hours and as days."

"All things come to him who waits," says the old proverb, and it generally comes true to those whose waiting is a prayerful one, as Alfred Tennyson's was. For he was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and, as he told me shortly before his death, never had one earnest prayer of his failed to receive an answer. And so at last, to use his own words, the peace of God came into his life before the altar to which he led my aunt Emily as his bride. And this peace of God never left their hearth and home, for their wedded life was daily consecrated to their joint service of the Father in heaven and the brethren on earth. Holding in an intense degree the spirituality of religion, they attached great value to the partaking together of the Holy Communion, and my uncle would often dwell in his talks with me upon the special nearness of Christ to him in this sacrament, but the manner thereof, he said, was far too sacred to be expressed in words. His reverence for all the services of the Church was so great that I well remember how vexed he was with me one Sunday when, deluges of rain having prevented our going to church, I had mounted an extemporised reading-desk and was engaged (quite solemnly, as it seemed to my childish mind) in acting as clergyman to a congregation of children younger than myself.

The only other time he ever scolded me as a child was when I had filled my wheelbarrow full of the daffodils I had picked in Farringford home-park, and he met me and told me how wrong it was to waste in that way the good gifts of God, since while I should derive no more enjoyment from these hundreds of plucked blossoms than from half a dozen, if left to grow they would have lasted on as a joy for many to look upon for double the time. Every spring the glory of those "Lent lilies," that flooded the grass of the park with their golden sunshine, was a fresh delight to him, as were the masses of cowslips that succeeded them. He had the artist's eye for form, and

would lay an ivy spray by his side and carve a faithful copy of its graceful outlines, having inherited this power from his father, who with the simplest tools carved designs upon one of the chimney-pieces at Somersby that my mother (who was herself a good artist) considered quite first-rate.

Much as Tennyson noticed every individual tree and plant, bird-life had a still greater attraction for him, partly because it afforded closer analogies with our own. He was much touched by the fact that the caged linnet loses the red plumage from its head and breast at the first moult after its captivity, and never regains them, and he thought of devoting a whole poem to the deep yearning for liberty of which this was the sign and type. And one reason he climbed almost daily when at Freshwater to the summit of the Beacon Down, was because he loved to watch the wild, free flight of the seagulls circling around its lofty cliffs. The historical associations of the beacon, inherited by it through a long line of ancestors, of which it was the exact *facsimile*, was a great source of interest to Tennyson, who would tell of the tongues of warning flame that shot forth from its summit on the evening of the day when, according to the statement of the oldest inhabitants of Freshwater, a French descent on the island being momentarily expected, all who were able-bodied enough to climb the steep ranged themselves in a row the whole length of the down, and finding their numbers insufficient to form a line right along its summit, eked out the missing human beings with sheep-pens set up on end, which they thought would look at a distance like soldiers, and thus they fondly hoped the French would be scared away by this display of force. I have watched my uncle having his fun out of the beacon, in writing upon it racy answers to the declarations of love or quaint questions that he found at times chalked on its black shaft. I wish I had kept a copy of these answers, for they showed in Tennyson that vein of humour still in those later years of his life as integral a part of his nature as when, in the days of old, he had written to his betrothed: "I dare not tell how high I rate humour, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits. Dante is full of it, and almost all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. You will find it even in the Gospel of Christ."

I could have wished that the monument to Tennyson now crowning the down had been a black marble reproduction of the familiar outlines of that beacon, whose dark form, looming mysteriously through the mist, often seemed to us like some living being; for surely no memorial would have been so appropriate to one whose whole life was a striving to be the beacon that he felt God had destined him to become to the storm-tossed mariners on the sea of life. If I ever reach the heavenly haven beyond the grave it will be largely because my uncle's

beacon-light showed me the way. Nothing that others ever spoke to me, and nothing I ever read, even in the pages of the Bible, ever made the impression upon me that his words and manner did when he would say to me, in exactly the same natural way as a child would express his delight at his father making him his companion: "God is with us now on this down as we two are walking together just as truly as Christ was with the two Disciples on the way to Emmaus: we cannot see Him, but He, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the Apostles about the actual and real presence of God and His Christ with all who yearn for it." I said I thought such a near, actual presence would 'be awful to most people. "Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," he answered. "I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel that He is by my side now just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart." And I looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested upon his face, and I felt that the presence of the Most High had, indeed, overshadowed him.

AGNES GRACE WELD.

THE TRADE OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

THE Blue-book recently issued by Mr. Chamberlain deserves more attention than has been given to it by the public, for there are few subjects of higher importance than the commercial relations of our Colonies, their steady development, and the effect which they produce upon the industries of the Mother Country. This remarkable Blue-book is based on tables published annually in a Statistical Abstract by the Board of Trade.

In order to follow the march of colonial commerce in the last fifteen years we may divide the whole period into three quinquennial terms, the result of which, according to the Board of Trade returns, shows thus:

	Annual average, millions £.					
	1881-85.		1886-90.		1891-95.	
East Indies . . .	198	...	230	...	252	
Australia . . .	115	...	121	...	124	
African possessions .	20	...	23	...	34	
Canada . . .	45	...	43	...	49	
West Indies . . .	18	...	17	...	17	
Total . . .	396		434		476	

An increase of 20 per cent. in ten years is the more astounding when we bear in mind that prices had fallen 13 per cent. in the same interval. But when we come to examine the tables closely we find that the trade of the Colonies is hardly two-thirds of what it is made to appear, and that its increase in the last ten years is not so wonderful as the above figures imply. For some reason or other the Board of Trade converts Indian rupees at 24 pence, thus giving an exaggerated value to the trade of India. Moreover, in the case of Australia and

the West Indies, the returns before us include such local trade as passes by railway between Sydney and Melbourne, or by whale-boat between Trinidad and Demerara. If we exclude local trade, and convert the Indian rupee at its proper value for each year, we find the real commerce of the Colonies, imports and exports together, was as follows :

	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
East Indies . . .	150	163	157
Australia . . .	72	69	71
African possessions . .	20	23	33
Canada . . .	44	42	48
West Indies . . .	14	13	14
Total . . .	300	310	323

There has been an increase of nearly 8 per cent. in ten years, which may be regarded as satisfactory, notwithstanding the circumstance that the increase has been in dealings between the Colonies and foreign nations, viz. :—

	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
Trade with Great Britain . . .	178	178	181
Sister Colonies . . .	20	25	21
Foreign Countries . .	93	107	121
Total . . .	300	310	323

Although the total increase of colonial trade was less than 8 per cent., there was an increase of 30 per cent. in dealings between the Colonies and foreign nations, the value of merchandise exchanged within the British Empire having declined five millions since 1885. It is manifest that the Colonies are opening up new markets for their products in every quarter of the globe, and that this is indispensable for the expansion of their commerce. The fall in silver may account partly for the fact that, while the sum of colonial exports has risen 15 per cent., that of imports has been stationary, viz. :—

Period.	Annual average, millions £.		
	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1881-85 . . .	148	152	300
1886-90 . . .	156	154	310
1891-95 . . .	149	174	323

The balance of trade was pretty even down to 1890, but since that year the Colonies have exported one-sixth more than their imports, the excess being confined to India and Australia.

II. TRADE OF EAST INDIES.

This group of Colonies, including British India, Ceylon, Straits Settlement, and Mauritius, shows invariably an excess of exports, the following table comprising both merchandise and bullion :

Period.	Annual average, millions £.		
	Imports.	Exports.	Surplus Exports.
1881-85 . .	*67.9 ...	82.2 ...	14.3
1886-90 . .	77.6 ...	85.5 ...	7.9
1891-95 . .	70.8 ...	86.6 ...	15.8

But for the large importation of bullion the balance of trade would be still more uneven, the net import of precious metals averaging nine millions sterling per annum. If we take only merchandise the figures stands thus :

Period.	Annual average, millions £.		
	Imports.	Exports.	Surplus Exports.
1881-85 . .	54.9 ...	78.9 ...	24.0
1886-90 . .	63.4 ...	81.6 ...	18.2
1891-95 . .	58.5 ...	80.4 ...	21.9

There are, doubtless, many unthinking people among all classes in Great Britain who suppose that India grows richer year by year, from the constant influx of precious metals. Any other kind of imports, however, would be more serviceable, such as ploughs, steam-engines, machinery, &c. Most of the bullion imported since 1881 has been silver, which leaves a heavy loss. The surplus exports of merchandise in fifteen years amounted in the aggregate to 320 millions sterling, on account of which the East Indies received 135 millions in bullion. The latter sum would have sufficed to purchase 5,000,000 tons of steamboats, wherewith to carry on the whole ocean trade of India with the rest of the world, whereas at present only 3 per cent. of the carrying-trade of Indian ports is done on Indian bottom.

The trade of the East Indies, imports and exports of merchandise and bullion, was distributed as follows :

Trade with	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
U. Kingdom . .	77	80	71
British Colonies . .	19	18	15
Foreign Countries . .	54	65	71
Total . .	150	163	157

* The figures read thus : Imports, £67,900,000 ; Exports, £82,200,000.

There is a falling off in the trade with Great Britain and the British Colonies, while dealings with foreign nations have risen 32 per cent. in ten years.

III. TRADE OF AUSTRALIA.

Excluding local trade, that is, the transactions of the seven Colonies among themselves, the official returns before us show as follows :

Period.	Annual average, millions £.			Total.
	Imports.		Exports.	
1881-85	39.5	...	32.0	71.5
1886-90	37.6	...	31.8	69.4
1891-95	31.1	...	40.1	71.2

Formerly imports largely exceeded exports, but the crisis of 1891 completely reversed the state of things, and during the last five years we find that exports surpassed imports by nearly 30 per cent. It would seem as if Australia imported beyond her means in the preceding ten years, and that the swinging of the pendulum in the opposite direction since 1890 has tended to improve her economic position. As regards exports, wool shows a rise of 72 per cent. in weight but only 27 per cent. in value, and shipments of gold show little variation :

Period.	Wool, yearly average.		Gold.
	Million lbs.	Millions £.	
1881-85	380	17.4	4.8
1886-90	470	18.8	4.2
1891-95	655	22.1	4.8

The aggregate trade of Australia with foreign countries has risen 50 per cent. in ten years, while the trade with Great Britain, and still more with the British Colonies, has declined—viz. :

Trade with	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
Great Britain	56.8	54.7	54.8
British Colonies	6.2	3.9	3.5
Foreign Countries	8.5	10.8	12.9
Total	71.5	69.4	71.2

The above figures would seem to confirm the prevailing opinion that foreigners are cutting out Englishmen in the trade of our Colonies, in proof of which it is stated in Mr. Chamberlain's Blue-book that German padlocks have in some places supplanted British. Nevertheless, we see in the tables before us regarding Australia that imports

from foreign countries are declining, and that it is only in exports to such countries that an increase has taken place—viz. :

Period.	Annual average, millions £.			
	Imports.		Exports.	Total.
1881-85 . .	5.6	...	2.9	8.5
1886-90 . .	6.5	...	4.3	10.8
1891-95 . .	5.5	...	7.4	12.9

In the midst of universal tribulation over the degeneracy of British manufacturers and merchants, it is no less gratifying than surprising to find that, although foreign nations have increased their purchases of Australian wool and other products by 150 per cent., our Australian kinsmen import less foreign merchandise than they did ten years ago.

IV. TRADE OF AFRICAN POSSESSIONS.

This group, comprising Cape Colony, Natal, and the West African settlements, shows phenomenal progress, its trade having risen 60 per cent. in ten years—viz. :

Period.	Annual average, millions £.			
	Imports.		Exports.	Total.
1881-85 . .	10.1	...	9.6	19.7
1886-90 . .	11.6	...	10.9	22.5
1891-95 . .	16.4	...	16.5	32.9

Diamond fields, gold mines, railways, &c., have given South Africa an extraordinary impulse in late years, which has been specially felt in Cape Colony, the aggregate trade (imports and exports) showing as follows :

Period.	Annual average, millions £.					
	Cape Colony.		Natal.		West Africa.	Total.
1881-85 . .	14.5	...	2.4	...	2.8	19.7
1886-90 . .	16.0	...	4.2	...	2.3	22.5
1891-95 . .	25.2	...	3.9	...	3.8	32.9

In ten years trade has risen 74 per cent. in Cape Colony, 62 per cent. in Natal, 35 per cent. in West Africa, the bulk of intercourse being with the Mother Country :

Trade with	Annual average, millions £.			
	1881-85.		1886-90.	1891-95.
Great Britain . .	16.4	...	19.4	28.1
British Colonies . .	0.9	...	0.8	0.9
Foreign Countries . .	2.4	...	2.3	3.9
Total . .	19.7		22.5	32.9

Foreign competition is powerless against us in these colonies, notwithstanding subsidies to German steamboats, for we find that Great Britain has now 85 per cent. of the trade, against 83 per cent. ten years ago.

V. TRADE OF CANADA.

In former years Canada had an excess of imports, largely due to the introduction of railway materials for lines then in construction, but at present the balance of trade is even.

Period.	Annual average, millions £.		
	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1881-85 . .	23.5 ...	20.9 ...	44.4
1886-90 . .	22.6 ...	19.4 ...	42.0
1891-95 . .	24.2 ...	23.8 ...	48.0

It appears that, compared with ten years ago, imports have risen 3 per cent., exports 15 per cent., the increase of the latter being wholly due to the growing demand in England for Canadian products. The trade of the Dominion was distributed thus :

Trade with	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
Great Britain . .	20.2 ...	18.3 ...	21.6
British Colonies . .	1.2 ...	0.9 ...	1.0
Foreign Countries . .	23.0 ...	22.8 ...	25.4
Total . .	44.4	42.0	48.0

The strangest feature about the trade of Canada is its unreciprocal character, exports to Great Britain rising, while imports of British goods have fallen heavily in the last ten years, as shown in the following table :

	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
Exports to Gt. Britain . .	10.0 ...	9.1 ...	13.0
Imports from " . .	10.2 ...	9.2 ...	8.6

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in a recent speech at Montreal, said that the United States had, in a great measure, captured the trade of Canada. Such is, in effect, the preference entertained by Canadians for American over British goods, that imports from the United States have risen 13 per cent., while those from Great Britain have fallen 16 per cent. This is the more extraordinary because Canadian exports to the United States are declining, viz. :—

	Annual average, millions £.					
	1881-85.		1886-90.		1891-95.	
Exports to United States	8.5	...	8.2	...	8.1	
Imports from ,, .	9.9	...	9.9	...	11.2	

Canada exports 60 per cent. more of her products to Great Britain than to the United States, and prefers, nevertheless, to consume American merchandise. Of course, English manufacturers and merchants expect that under Sir Wilfrid Laurier's new system there will be a great increase of imports from Great Britain, but such expectation is doomed to disappointment. However little affection there may be between Canada and the United States, the geographical position is an omnipotent factor, and the currents of trade must go on increasing in strength and volume year after year.

VI. TRADE OF WEST INDIES.

The British West Indies present a strange revolution of trade—namely, imports increasing, exports diminishing—viz. :

Period.	Annual average, millions £.					
	Imports.		Exports.		Total.	
1881-85	6.7	...	7.4	...	14.1	
1886-90	6.2	...	6.6	...	12.8	
1891-95	6.9	...	6.9	...	13.8	

Down to 1890 there was a considerable surplus of exports, but at present the balance of trade is even. This is a better condition of things, since a country is enriched rather by what comes in than by what goes out. The distribution of trade was as follows :

Trade with	Annual average, millions £.					
	1881-85.		1886-90.		1891-95.	
Great Britain .	6.9	...	5.9	...	5.9	
British Colonies .	1.4	...	1.0	...	0.9	
Foreign Countries .	5.8	...	5.9	...	7.0	
Total .	14.1		12.8		13.8	

But for the fall in sugar the export trade of the West Indies would have shown signal progress. Shipments of sugar have but slightly diminished, while the value has fallen nearly 30 per cent., viz. :—

Period.	Annual average.					
	Tons.		Value £.		£ per ton.	
1881-85	290,000	...	4,730,000	...	16.3	
1891-95	265,000	...	3,430,000	...	13.0	

Notwithstanding this loss of £1,300,000 yearly in sugar, the value of West Indian exports shows in the above interval a decline of only £500,000—namely, from £7,400,000 to £6,900,000, the islanders doing their best to develop other products. Thus they have opened up profitable markets for tropical fruits in the seaport cities of the United States, the export of bananas from Jamaica having quadrupled in ten years. The West Indies (like Canada) show an inevitable tendency to increase their dealings with the United States, viz. :—

Trade with	Annual average, millions £.	
	1881-85.	1891-95.
United States . . .	3·4	5·1
All other Countries . .	10·7	8·7
Total . . .	14·1	13·8

Thus in ten years their trade with the United States has risen 50 per cent., while their transactions with the rest of the world have fallen 19 per cent. It is manifestly the interest, no less of the West Indies than of the United States, to develop their mutual trade relations, and all who wish well to this group of Colonies will rejoice that it is so.

VII. GENERAL REVIEW OF TRADE.*

First, as regards the import trade of all the Colonies collectively, we find that 60 per cent. consists of British merchandise, as compared with 64 per cent. ten years ago, viz. :—

Merchandise.	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
British . . .	96·0	98·3	89·9
Colonial . . .	11·8	10·8	9·7
Foreign . . .	39·9	46·5	49·8
Total . . .	147·7	155·6	149·4

* In this survey of colonial trade Egypt is not included; the figures for that country point in the same direction as those of the East Indies, for while the trade of Egypt has risen 6 per cent. in ten years, there has been a decline in dealings with Great Britain, viz.—

With	Egyptian trade, millions £.	
	1881-85.	1891-95.
Great Britain . . .	11·6	11·2
Other Countries . . .	9·5	11·2
Total . . .	21·1	22·4

Great Britain has now 50 per cent. of the trade, against 55 per cent. ten years ago.

In ten years the consumption of British merchandise has fallen off six millions, that of foreign goods increased ten millions, from which it would appear that in all cases where English goods have been displaced by foreign, the consumption has increased as from 3 to 5, a proof that the foreigner is able to suit the market better. The decline of British imports is conspicuous in India, Australia, and Canada, viz. :—

Brit. goods consumed in	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
East Indies . . .	44.1	47.7	41.0
Australia . . .	30.7	28.6	23.8
African possessions . . .	8.0	9.7	13.2
Canada . . .	10.2	9.2	8.6
West Indies . . .	3.0	3.1	3.3
Total . . .	96.0	98.3	89.9

Here it is well to observe that the quantity of British goods consumed in the Colonies has not fallen off, the above decline being due to the fall of 13 per cent. in price-level since 1885. If prices had remained unaltered the consumption of British goods in 1891-95 would have shown an average of 103 millions.

The increased consumption of foreign goods is most marked in India and Canada, viz. :—

For. goods consumed in	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
East Indies . . .	17.5	23.5	23.9
Canada . . .	12.7	13.0	15.2
Other Colonies . . .	9.7	10.0	10.7
Total . . .	39.9	46.5	49.8

Foreign competition may be said to affect us only in India and Canada, for it appears that in all the other British Colonies collectively the consumption of foreign merchandise has increased only one million sterling in ten years.

In the second place, we have to review the collective export trade of the Colonies, which shows at a glance that foreign nations now take 40 per cent. of the products of our Colonies, as compared with 35 per cent. ten years ago. Production has made such strides in our various settlements that the colonists have been forced to seek fresh marts in every part of the globe: the markets of Great Britain would be glutted with colonial products, but for the demand which has sprung up for them in Germany, France, the United States, and elsewhere. The tables before us show as follows:

To Ports	Yearly Exports, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
British . . .	81.5	80.1	91.3
Colonial . . .	16.9	13.8	11.7
Foreign . . .	53.7	60.3	70.9
Total . . .	152.1	154.2	173.9

In ten years colonial exports have risen twenty-two millions, and when allowance is made for the fall of prices it will be found that the volume of merchandise exported by the Colonies is now 33 per cent. greater than it was in 1881-85. In view of this fact it is not surprising that new currents of trade have been opened between the Colonies and foreign countries. This, however, has not prevented an increase of ten millions sterling in shipments from the Colonies to Great Britain, viz. :—

From	Annual Exports to Gt. Britain, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
East Indies . . .	33.1	32.4	29.8
Australia . . .	26.1	26.1	31.0
African possessions . . .	8.4	9.7	14.9
Canada . . .	10.0	9.1	13.0
West Indies . . .	3.9	2.8	2.6
Total . . .	81.5	80.1	91.3

The fact that Great Britain has increased her consumption of colonial merchandise by ten millions in ten years militates against the assertion that the commerce and industry of the United Kingdom are declining. At the same time the increase of colonial exports to foreign countries is most marked in India and Australia, as the following table shows :

From	Exports to Foreign countries, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
East Indies . . .	36.4	41.5	47.6
Australia . . .	2.9	4.3	7.4
Other Colonies . . .	14.4	14.5	15.9
Total . . .	53.7	60.3	70.9

Altogether colonial exports to foreign countries have risen 32 per cent. in ten years, which is the strongest proof that any attempt to establish a British Imperial Zollverein would seriously handicap the Colonies, and compel them sooner or later to cast aside whatever trammels such a system would impose.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the trade of our Colonies in the last fifteen years is the shrinkage of inter-colonial dealings, the aggregate of imports and exports being as follows :

	Annual average, millions £.		
	1881-85.	1886-90.	1891-95.
East Indies . .	19.0	18.0	15.1
Australia . .	6.2	3.9	3.5
All other Colonies	3.5	2.7	2.8
Total . .	28.7	24.6	21.4

Here there is a fall of 25 per cent. in ten years, showing that much of the trade formerly done between the Colonies has been diverted to foreign countries, colonists finding it more advantageous to avail themselves of new markets, and get foreign goods in exchange, than to carry on a reciprocal trade between themselves, such as contemplated in an Imperial Zollverein. In fact, each successive year intensifies the feeling, not only in Canada, but in all our settlements, that the utmost liberty of action must be conceded to the several Colonies in their commercial dealings with foreign nations; that is to say, the tendency is to promote the expansion of colonial trade outside the limits of the British Empire, a policy diametrically opposed to the scheme of a British Zollverein.

VIII. CONCLUSIONS.

The principal facts derived from a careful study of the tables before us are these:

1. That the trade of the Colonies, compared with ten years ago, has risen 8 per cent.
2. That their trade with Great Britain has increased 2 per cent., with foreign countries 30 per cent.
3. That their consumption of British merchandise has declined six millions sterling, while their imports of foreign goods have increased ten millions.
4. That the increase of colonial exports to foreign countries in some degree accounts for the greater consumption of foreign goods in the Colonies.
5. That inter-colonial trade has fallen 25 per cent., and has a tendency to decline precisely as trade with foreign countries increases.
6. That the increased consumption of foreign merchandise is most marked in the East Indies and Canada.
7. That colonial exports to Great Britain have risen 12 per cent., to foreign countries 32 per cent.
8. That, taking into account the fall of prices, the consumption of British merchandise in the Colonies appears to have

increased in volume 7 per cent., while the weight of colonial exports to Great Britain has grown 30 per cent.

9. That the weight of colonial exports to foreign countries has grown exactly 50 per cent.

10. That the trade of the British Empire is increasing much faster than that of Great Britain, and that the latter is not diminishing.

11. That it would be foolish to attempt to make the commercial interests of the Colonies subservient to those of the United Kingdom.

12. That inasmuch as the progress of the Colonies indirectly promotes the welfare of the Mother Country, the expansion of their trade with foreign countries is not a motive for regret.

There are many people in England and elsewhere who look at things through a keyhole: they cannot see that the prosperity of our neighbours is often a powerful factor in our own advancement. Such people may regret that the United States are not still a handful of struggling colonies under British Governors. They may deplore that foreigners are able to compete with us in the commercial development of our colonial possessions. Meantime the world marches on, and we have no reason to anticipate the decadence of the British Empire so long as the Colonies are allowed the utmost liberty in extending their trade to all parts of the globe.

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

THE INHABITANTS OF MILK.

AMONG the changes that have characterised her Majesty's long reign, nothing is more striking than the determined inroads of science into the practical affairs of everyday life; the most conservative pursuits, of which farming is probably the chief, are powerless to resist the influence of rapidly extending scientific knowledge. Blind as we are, and groping for the most part in the dark, an unexpected flash of scientific light from time to time illuminates some obscure spot in our daily path.

In dealings with milk and its several products certain time-honoured customs and traditions are found in practice all over the world, but they are the results of experience, not of knowledge. The microscope is only now beginning to reveal to us the potent effects of the various forests of bacteria which are found actively growing in milk, producing rapid and startling changes, and yet so minute in themselves as to require the highest microscopic powers to discern them; the longest are about the three-hundredth part of an inch and the smallest about the twenty-thousandth part of an inch; it is difficult at once to grasp the fact that such minute plants exist at all, and yet, not merely do they exist, but they play an important part in the life of each of us. About 700 different species have been named and studied, of which about 150 are dairy bacteria. The number tends to diminish, as some that have been taken to be different species are found to be the same species in a different stage. They vary greatly in shape; some are short rods, like a constable's staff; others are globular; others, again, are spiral, or are attached to spiral threads. Some of the rods are joined end to end, forming a chain, and some of the round bacteria adhere in clusters.

There are two ways in which they increase—either by simple

division, the part that divides off having at once its own independent life, or else by the formation of spores, which germinate like seeds. These latter are much more difficult to kill. Most species multiply with great rapidity under favourable conditions, producing sometimes a mature growth every twenty minutes, each member of which produces its own family at the end of another twenty minutes, and so on.

Some kinds of these fascinating little shrubs are endowed with powers of locomotion; others can only pulsate, or wave to and fro.

There are limits of heat and cold outside of which they die, and most of these limits have been ascertained. Some cannot live without oxygen, and others are killed by oxygen. Light is favourable to some and fatal to others; moisture is necessary for the growth of all. Dryness kills some, but there are others on whom it appears to have no effect.

Some act mechanically and directly on the materials in which they are found, while others produce some substance which acts chemically. The chief function of bacteria in the great scheme of nature appears to be the dividing up and disintegration of all organic matter, each kind of bacteria being adapted for some special work.

To study the habits of these plants they must be sorted. In the case of milk, this sorting is effected by mixing a drop with gelatine, and observing it under the microscope after some hours; it is then found that three principal operations have taken place—in one part of the gelatine plate excavations have been made, in another little hillocks have been thrown up, and in a third liquid lakes have been formed. The different colonies of bacteria which have executed these engineering feats are further marked by slight differences of colour, contour, and texture. One colony alone is selected, and with this a fresh plate of gelatine is infected, and so one single bacterial colony is separated. When it is found that one, and only one, kind has been so isolated, it is cultivated under favourable conditions, and its natural history is minutely observed and recorded.

Milk from a healthy cow is, in the first instance, absolutely free from bacteria. It becomes contaminated in the mere process of milking, and so admirably adapted is milk for bacterial growth that in a short time it is swarming with minute forms of life. Let us consider whence these are derived. Of first importance are the vessels in use. A momentary application of boiling water or steam is insufficient to destroy germ life; to be effectual, it is necessary to expose the vessels to the influence of high heat for several minutes at least, and steam is by far the best agent that can be used. Vessels are often used that are in an improper condition for handling milk; a rusty milk-can often spoils more milk than sufficient to buy a new can. Wooden pails ought not to be tolerated. Vessels should be

of pressed tin, the joints well flushed with solder, so as to be easily cleaned.

An interesting experiment was made with two cans in summer; one was thoroughly well cleaned in the ordinary way, the other was sterilised by steam for thirty minutes; in the first the milk went sour in twenty-three hours; in the second in twenty-eight and a half hours; and the first can was found, on examination, to contain twenty-six times as many bacteria as the second. The same experiment repeated in winter showed that the sterilised can kept the milk sweet for nine hours longer than did the other. Milk that has been deprived of most of its germs by Pasteurisation will remain sweet in cans thoroughly sterilised by steam for about twice as long as if put into cans cleaned in the ordinary way.

Where milk is sent to a factory it sometimes happens that the milk-cans are returned to the farm containing separated milk, whey, or butter-milk; it need hardly be said that this practice is utterly disastrous, as well to the factory as to the farmer.

The importance of rejecting the first drops from the udder, called "the fore-milk," is not always recognised; in a sample of the fore-milk that was examined it was found to contain eight times as many bacteria as the following milk. The actual loss occasioned by rejecting the fore-milk is slight, because the first pint of milk contains a very low percentage of butter-fat.

The coat of the cow offers exceptional facilities for the harbouring of dust and dirt; it is, therefore, extremely rich in various forms of bacterial life that stick to the flanks and under-parts of the animals when they lie down. What is true of the animal is likewise true concerning the person of the milker. Clothed in dust-laden garments that he has in daily use, he himself is covered with innumerable bacteria in a dried condition.

A large amount of this filth can be restrained or cleaned off. Bacteria can be dislodged from a dry surface with ease, while from a moistened surface, however rich in germs, there is little chance of their diffusion. Therefore, the flanks and under-part of the animal, after carding and cleaning, should be thoroughly moistened with water and then dry sponged, taking care there shall be no drip; so the myriads of germs that remain may be effectually kept out of the milk.

The hands of the milker should be thoroughly cleaned with soap and water just before milking. The habit of moistening the hands with a few drops of milk is wholly noxious. A pinch of vaseline will enable the milker to obtain a firmer grasp, and would confine any scales or dirt rubbed from the teat. On chapped or sore teats it would have a healing effect. The milker should wear a clean outer garment slipped on over the ordinary clothes.

The value of these precautions was shown by milking a cow in a

meadow without them; a gelatine plate, the size of the top of the milk-pail, was placed close to it under the cow for sixty seconds. When the cow was half-milked the precautions recommended were taken, and a second gelatine plate was placed under her for another sixty seconds; while close at hand a third plate was exposed in the meadow for the same time to receive the germs in the open air. From this were gathered the following instructive results: When the animal was milked without precautions 3250 germs a minute were deposited on the first plate; after the precautions had been adopted only 115 germs a minute were deposited on the second plate; the number on the third plate showed a deposit of sixty-five a minute, due to the surrounding air. This indicates that a large number of organisms from the dry coat of the animal can be kept out of milk by the adoption of simple precautions.

The number of germs present in air is liable to great variation; in uninhabited places there are generally less than 100 to the cubic yard, while in the streets of Paris there are, on an average, 400,000. On a low mountain near Berne, in Switzerland, were found not more than eight, while the air on the top of lofty mountains has been found to be absolutely free.

Where the milking is conducted under cover it is, of course, impracticable, even by watering the floor, to free the barn entirely from dust; but the common practice of feeding during the milking increases materially the germ life in the air if the fodder be of a dry character. Moistened food is not so objectionable. The germs which produce "stringy" milk are mostly found in cow-houses, and get into the milk at the time of milking. In cases of inflamed udder the milk is already "stringy" when first drawn.

The milk should not be allowed to remain in the barn until all the milking is finished; it should be removed from time to time and strained in a separate room; the process of straining should be performed under the cleanest possible conditions, as it exposes to the air so much surface.

A further experiment has been made to test the value of the precautions suggested, which were carried out by an ordinary workman in the summer:

- (1) The milk was received in steamed pails.
- (2) The udder of the animal was thoroughly cleaned.
- (3) The udder was moistened with water.
- (4) The barn air was fairly free from dust.
- (5) The first few streams of milk were rejected.

The milk from a cow treated in this way contained 330 bacteria, while that of the mixed herd, taken under the usual conditions, contained 15,000 for the same volume. The same experiment repeated in winter showed 7600 bacteria in milk from the mixed herd, as

against 210 in the carefully protected milk; and this latter remained sweet for twenty-four hours longer than the former.

The vast number of bacteria that may exist in a small space may be thus illustrated: a sample of pure water from an artesian well must not contain more than three bacteria in a cubic centimetre, which is about the twenty-eighth part of an ounce. Whereas the number in a cubic centimetre of London sewage is about 15,000; and even this number has been exceeded in ice-creams that have been examined.

The warmer temperatures, in the neighbourhood of 90° Fahr., favour the rapid growth of most forms of bacteria; it is, therefore, indispensably necessary that milk should be cooled as soon as possible after it comes from the cow. If a can of milk be allowed to cool naturally it will take several hours before it reaches the temperature of the air; during this time the contained organisms are continuing their rapid growth, and fresh forms arriving in the shape of dust awake from their lethargy under the influence of favourable surroundings.

These are the chief teachings of science as regards milking; in England they are little regarded; the words of Professor Fleischmann, an eminent German authority, may be accepted as true in this country: "All the results of scientific investigation which have found such great practical application in the treatment of disease, in disinfection, and in the preservation of various products, are almost entirely ignored in milking."

Various chemicals are recommended for cleaning and disinfecting barns, stables and dairies, but most are open to some objection. Thin common whitewash is always safe, and, if made from freshly-burned quicklime, possesses strong germicidal powers. The strong disinfecting power of direct sunlight should also be borne in mind; putrefactive liquids may be actually rendered sterile by simply submitting them to the action of sunlight.

It has been established that several diseases of animals may be communicated to mankind through the milk; one of the commonest of these is tuberculosis; it was found that about 5 per cent. of samples of London milk contained tubercular bacilli, and about 2½ per cent. of all cows butchered are so infected. The tubercle germ was discovered by Robert Koch in 1882; it is remarkable for the narrow temperature limits within which growth will take place, from 86° Fahr. to 104° Fahr. Although quickly killed by cold, it easily withstands drying; direct sunlight soon destroys it. Tuberculosis is more prevalent with dairy stock than with any other, and there are two ways whereby its danger to mankind may be met. First by dilution, because it is found that this germ is unable to grow in milk after it is drawn; so a small quantity of tuberculous milk mixed with other

milk becomes harmless. Secondly by heating; if tuberculous milk be kept for ten minutes at a temperature of 140° Fahr. the germ will be destroyed. A case is quoted where five out of fourteen young girls living together in a boarding-house became consumptive after the daily use of milk from a tuberculous cow.

Typhoid fever usually spreads through the water supply, but if the infected water be used to rinse milk-cans the fever spreads rapidly through the milk; besides this, the fever may be communicated directly to the milk by a patient, or by a milker who is nursing a typhoid patient. As far back as 1870 a local epidemic of typhus which broke out at Islington was traced to the use of a particular milk. Out of fifty typhus epidemics investigated in England twenty-eight were found to be due to infected milk. If the typhoid fever organism is once established in dairy utensils it is difficult to get rid of it; only previously boiled water should be used for rinsing, and the utmost cleanliness must be practised in the dairy.

Diphtheria is another contagious disease whose specific organism finds in milk favourable conditions of growth, and there is abundant evidence that contaminated milk transmits this contagion. Seven epidemics have been recently traced to this source in England. The knowledge of germs and of their potency does seem to be making some way: a labourer from a village where diphtheria had been raging lately observed to his vicar: "I do hear tell, sir, as how this 'ere diphtheria do come from a hinsec."

Cholera has again and again been traced to contaminated milk. The cholera bacillus is not, however, capable of living so long in milk as that of tuberculosis. In unboiled milk the lactic acid, formed by the numerous lactic bacteria present, exercises a speedily fatal effect on the cholera bacilli; in boiled milk, on the other hand, the conditions are more favourable, since the lactic ferments have been killed by the process of boiling.

Scarlet fever is generally believed to be communicable by infected milk, and it is said it may be even caused by an eruption on the udder. The relations of scarlet fever to contaminated milk are not as yet clearly determined, but fourteen epidemics have been traced to this source in England. Besides conveying disease, milk does occasionally contain certain germs which form poisonous products. These germs are known as "ptomaines." It is these products that have produced the serious, and even fatal, results that have sometimes followed the consumption of milk, cheese, and ice-creams. Their origin and habits are still obscure.

Milk may be preserved either by chemical or by physical agents. The two chemical agents most in use are salicylic acid and boracic acid. They materially increase the time that milk will remain sweet, but their use is strongly to be deprecated; in many countries they

are prohibited on account of the harmful effect their continued use is known to exert on living tissues. Other preserving agents, sold under various names, are equally objectionable; all, without exception, are more or less injurious to the human system.

Temperature variations are the most feasible of the physical agents, because, within certain limits, they do not injuriously affect the physical characteristics of milk. Both heat and cold have an inhibitory effect on the development of bacteria, as well as of other forms of living matter. While low temperatures do not destroy all germ life, they materially increase the keeping quality of milk: if the temperature be reduced to 35° Fahr., the growth of bacteria will be practically stopped. Frozen milk has been recently introduced into England from Norway and Sweden.

The oldest and best known method of preserving milk is by the use of heat. Cooked milk has long been known to have better keeping qualities than raw, and boiled milk is often recommended for invalids' and children's use. The two most practical methods of preparing milk, so as to free it as far as possible from bacterial life, are sterilisation and Pasteurisation. Neither process, as carried out in actual practice, will always render milk absolutely germ free, as the spores of some of the milk bacteria are so resistant that they do not succumb to any single treatment unless extremely severe. If milk be heated to 158° Fahr., it acquires a cooked taste that becomes more pronounced as the temperature is further raised.

Sterilisation means the use of heat at or above the boiling-point. A single application often fails to render milk perfectly sterile, but the spore-bearing organisms that remain are so impaired in their vitality that they are unable to develop for a considerable length of time. The fact that this milk has a more or less pronounced cooked taste militates against its general use. By some methods milk is sterilised at one operation of exceedingly high temperature; by other methods there are intermittent operations at lower temperatures, alternating with cold. A single application of heat for two hours, under pressure of 250° Fahr., will usually destroy all life, but milk so treated is materially changed, not merely in its biological but also in its physical condition. The soluble lime salts which it contains are converted into an insoluble condition. Intermittent sterilisation at the boiling-point gives the most successful results, yet the process can be carried out in a fairly successful way by the use of heat not exceeding 140° Fahr., when the taste of the milk will remain unaffected. This method is extensively used on the Continent.

Pasteurisation is the use of heat at a temperature ranging from 140° Fahr. to 175° Fahr., and is usually applied for only a limited time. The process derives its name from Pasteur, the famous French savant, who first used it extensively. It does not destroy all germ

life in milk; it affects only those organisms that are in a growing condition.

Pasteurisation largely increases the keeping quality of milk, owing to its annihilation of fermentative bacteria; it also destroys the seeds of contagious disease, rendering the milk pure and wholesome; it produces a physical change in the milk that makes it appear somewhat thinner and poorer, although this is not really the case; it has not, of course, the same high keeping qualities as sterilised milk, but unless heated above 158° Fahr. it does not acquire a cooked taste. The introduction of Pasteurised milk among the poorer population of New York is claimed to have greatly reduced infant mortality during the summer months.

Milk to be Pasteurised should be carefully selected. The best results are obtained from the freshest milk; by passing it through a separator, and again mixing the cream with the skimmed milk. The great majority of bacterial species are killed by exposure for ten minutes to a temperature of 140° Fahr. This suffices to kill all the disease-producing bacteria that are found in milk, with the exception of the tubercle bacillus, which requires a temperature of either 149° Fahr. for thirty minutes; or of 155° Fahr. for fifteen minutes; or of 167° Fahr. for ten minutes, for its effectual destruction. Milk heated to about 158° Fahr. acquires a cooked taste which is only temporary, and passes off if that temperature be not exceeded. Therefore in practice milk is Pasteurised at a temperature of 155° Fahr. maintained for twenty minutes. If the milk be now allowed to cool gradually, it will be in the most favourable condition for the development of such germs as it still contains, it must therefore be immediately and thoroughly chilled. If then stored in a temperature of 56° Fahr., it will remain sweet for two days; if in a refrigerator, for four days, or five, or even six. The most favourable temperatures for bacterial growth are from 113° Fahr. to 75° Fahr.; below this they thrive with more difficulty, and below 50° Fahr. they hardly increase at all.

In full milk, separated by the centrifugal method, there are three well-marked products: the skim-milk, the cream, and the slime that adheres to the separator-bowl. The slime contains large quantities of foreign matter and innumerable bacteria. Tubercle bacilli, if present in milk, are largely thrown out with the slime in the separating process; tuberculosis is very prevalent among swine in Denmark and North Germany, where, until recently, they were fed on uncooked separator-slime.

Cream is invariably richer in bacteria than skim-milk at the same age; it would, therefore, be expected that this product would be the seat of many changes of a fermentative character; such is, however, not usually the case, as cream is so much richer in butter-fat, which is not well adapted as a food element for bacteria. Although cream

is numerically much richer in bacteria than milk, yet the changes due to bacterial action are so much slower, that milk usually sours before cream. For this reason cream will sour sooner when it remains on the milk, than it will if it be separated as soon as possible.

If fresh sweet cream be allowed to stand for a day or two at ordinary temperatures, a marked change is to be noted in its condition. As it increases in age, there is a noticeable development of acid; and with this acid, a peculiar aromatic odour and flavour, of a mild pleasant type, is produced, that is very characteristic. Butter possessing this delicate flavour commands a higher price in the market, so that this condition is eagerly sought after by all first-class butter-makers. The source from which this delicate property is derived is not definitely known. This much is certain, that the production of the flavour depends upon the activity of the bacteria that are in the cream, and that, if these are excluded, the flavour is lacking. Most of the bacteria found in ripening cream do not seem to have any material effect on the butter. A limited number of the species have the property of producing decomposition products that are positively either desirable or undesirable. Fortunately the objectionable species are relatively rare, if the cream be handled with any special degree of care.

Several methods of ripening cream are used in various parts, either by the addition of cream that has already turned sour, or sour butter-milk or skim-milk; these start the souring of the fresh cream, and are called "starters." Within the last few years a much more scientific method of ripening cream has been introduced, and is now extensively used in German and Scandinavian dairies. It consists in the use of cultures of certain bacteria that produce the desired ripening. In 1890, Storch, the Danish scientist, in studying the effects of the different organisms present in cream, succeeded in obtaining a form that produced the proper ripening, and with it, a delicate pleasant aroma. His investigations opened up new fields for research which have been diligently prosecuted in Denmark, in Germany, and in America. In 1893, the American chemist, Dr. Conn, discovered, in a can of milk sent from Uruguay to the Chicago Exhibition, a germ of singular properties for producing well-flavoured butter; it was christened B. 41, and its cultures are now largely used in America; in several ways it differs materially from the starters used in Europe. This method is an advance over the use of natural starters, inasmuch as the bacteria that are added are *known* to be of a kind capable of producing a fine flavour. The value of different species of bacteria for flavour production has been determined. When first put on the market these culture starters were sold in a liquid form, in which state they did not retain their vitality for a sufficient length of time. At present most of the dealers send them out in a dry powder form.

The use of a pure culture starter presupposes previous treatment of the cream to deprive it of other bacterial life; in Denmark this is strongly insisted on. When this is not carried out, the full effect of the culture cannot be expected.

In studying the effects of pure cultures in cream-ripening two problems have presented themselves. Not only is it necessary that butter should have this delicate pleasant aroma, but it is quite as essential that it should have a good keeping quality. Now it is found that some species of bacteria produce the requisite aroma, while others give a good keeping quality. These essential characteristics are not easily found in the same species; where one is present, the other is usually lacking. Besides these, rapid growth at a comparatively low temperature is needed to ripen the cream quickly. As yet only a few organisms have been found to meet these requisites.

The market value of butter depends more on flavour and aroma than on any other condition. By using a bacterial culture as a starter, organisms are introduced into the cream that enhance these properties. Even the best butter-makers fail, now and then, to secure a product quite up to the standard; by the use of a bacterial starter this difficulty is largely overcome. Butter made from Pasteurised cream to which a pure starter has been added will keep much better than the ordinary product; at the same time those bacteria which have the property of producing an undesirable aroma are eliminated. Within the last few years the use of pure culture starters has been greatly extended, particularly in Denmark and in North Germany. The favour in which this system is held may be seen from the fact that in 1891 only 4 per cent. of the butter exhibited at the Danish butter exhibitions was made from Pasteurised cream with a culture starter. In 1895 the percentage had increased to 86 per cent., and universally the prizes are won by samples made on this system.

A knowledge of bacteriology is doubly interesting to all concerned in dairying, because while, on the one hand, bacteria promote undesirable changes in milk, on the other hand, the whole success of the butter and cheese industries depends on the use and control of the fermentative processes due to the action of bacteria; we are at present merely on the threshold of our knowledge of the subtle changes they produce. In milk, as far as we can, we devote ourselves to destroying, or at least limiting, the action of micro-organic life; in the manufacture of butter and cheese this action is absolutely necessary, and we devote ourselves to its culture and regulation. The uncertainty which attends the manufacture of dairy products can be abolished only by the study of bacteriology.

Scientific research has therefore established the fact that the changes which take place in milk and cream, on which depends the commercial success of the sale of milk itself, as well as of the sale of

the products of milk, are due to the growth of many kinds of bacteria. Science has also shown that this growth may be brought entirely under control; that the different growths may be either exterminated or cultivated, and disciplined; that different families have different characteristics; that some are evil and noxious, while others actively work for good; and science has triumphantly sorted the tribes and families, bottled them up, labelled them, and placed them on the markets of the world.

Henceforth, then, the first elements of bacteriology should be shadowed forth in the primary school; rural county councils must be expected to maintain a school of scientists to advance the knowledge of this branch of science which evidently, even were its effects confined to milk alone, lies at the root of successful dairying, and which is vital if dairy farming is to continue to be an English industry at all. Sir John Gorst tells us that in foreign competition the agricultural interest is already beaten, and that now the greater part of the food of the English people must of necessity be supplied by foreign competitors. With rapid strides neighbouring countries are perfecting arrangements which will soon enable them to place on the English markets at a cheaper price a better quality of every single product on which the English farmer and landowner now depend. Their weapons in this commercial war, where, so far, they are winning all along the line, are equally within our own reach; they are not in the main hostile tariffs, or bimetallism, or lavish bounties; they are but two in number—education and combination. These two we persistently refuse to employ. We seek safety in the ignorance of our rural population; we grudge every penny and every hour spent on rural education; in practice we try to keep the labourer down as near as we dare to the intellectual level of the beast of the field; the education that farmers give their own children is, so far as farming is concerned, not one whit better; no one who lives in the country can for a moment pretend that the agricultural education of the farmers' children is any better than that of the labourers; the whole subject is manifestly distasteful to them. Effectual combination among farmers for any purpose whatever has hitherto proved impracticable; the one person whom the farmer cordially detests and mistrusts is the farmer who lives next to him.

While a knowledge of the bacteriology of milk is essential to all engaged in its production, it is marvellous that there exists no English book to which the student can turn for detailed instruction. Our best works in the English tongue come from America. First must be placed Professor Russell's book on "Dairy Bacteriology," published at Madison, Wisconsin, from which much of the foregoing is derived. Equally valuable is Grotenfelt's "Principles of Modern Dairy Practice," translated by Professor Woll of Wisconsin, published by Wiley of

New York. A useful and practical book is "Milk and its Products," by Henry H. Wing, one of the Rural Science Series, published by Macmillan in America. There is also Dr. Aikman's book on "Milk," published by Black, which devotes two chapters to this subject. But a popular and trustworthy manual suitable for the village library has still to be written.

From what has been said, it is clear that a high standard of cleanliness is an important factor in successful dairying. This has been alleged for many years past; in a few instances it has been practised, but it has generally been dismissed as a "fad" suitable only for the "model dairy" of the rich, which it would be folly for the farmer to copy, who has to get his living from his dairy. The Scandinavian farmers, who are steadily underselling us in our own markets for dairy produce, find that a high standard of cleanliness does pay. The cattle enjoy better health; the dairy produce commands a higher price. They therefore band themselves together for co-operative dairying; they keep their cow-houses and piggeries as clean as drawing-rooms; their cows are groomed like racehorses. Every man or woman who enters a cow-house or dairy must be clothed from head to foot in clean white clothing; they must wash their hands before milking and observe generally the precautions that have been already mentioned. In every town or considerable village the agricultural chemist is found actively and continuously at work; water, milk, artificial manures, seeds, are constantly analysed and reported on. Doubtful causes of death of animals are minutely examined into. Produce of all kinds is scientifically watched and experimented on; nothing is left to chance or governed by rule of thumb; the reasons of all dairy operations are exhaustively inquired into and explained to the workpeople, who therefore work intelligently, and so fresh discoveries are being always made and new improvements are being introduced. The use of pure cultures of bacteria as "starters" is universal; three different cultures are sold in Stockholm.

Bottled milk is generally used among the wealthier classes in Copenhagen and in Stockholm; its advantages are being more and more appreciated; its use is rapidly extending, and there can be little doubt that before long bottled milk will be imported into this country. The milk is heated to a temperature of 158°, which does not affect its taste; it is filtered and rapidly cooled down, stored in sterilised bottles and sealed. Thus it will keep for several days, and is far cleaner and safer for use than milk in bulk. It can be retailed when and where it commands the best market, or for making butter or cheese. It is by assiduous attention to the smallest details; by painstaking labour to utilise to the uttermost the whole of the dairy produce; by constant watchfulness to adopt every possible improvement suggested either by practice or science; by combination to that extent and no

further, that will secure the most economical manufacture with the most complete supervision ; and by employing men and women whose intelligence has been cultivated by sound education,—it is by these means that the Scandinavian farmer, with a worse climate, poorer pastures, inferior cattle, and much smaller population, is steadily undermining the last resort of the English farmer, his dairy business, for whom there is at present no hope. There are no signs among our farmers of a disposition to adopt co-operation ; neither for themselves nor for their children do they welcome scientific agriculture ; on the contrary, it is a favourite subject for ridicule and contempt. They are not more ready than heretofore to promote and encourage the education of their labourers and workpeople.

Nor can it be said that the wealthier classes are as yet alive to these matters. There is no demand among them for a purer or cleaner milk, nor any appreciation of the risks incurred from our present haphazard milk supply. Districts where the Dairies and Milkshops Order is rigidly enforced command no better prices than those in which the ancient traditions of normal filth remain unbroken. "Over-education" or the increasing School Board rate is still the favourite bugbear of the rural squire and parson, while only here and there the labourers are beginning to discover that they will have to work out their own salvation at the ballot-box.

But as these observations lead one rather far away from bacteria, it may be as well now to conclude.

EDMUND VERNEY.

THE LIMITS OF NATURE.

"One morning . . . a great cloud came over me, a temptation beset me. . . . It was said 'All things come by Nature.' . . . And as I sat still under it and let it alone, a living hope and a true voice arose in me, which said, 'There is a living God who made all things.' Immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all; my heart was glad and I praised the living God."—GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL, i. 93.

PERHAPS not a few persons may perceive in this remarkable delineation of a deep spiritual experience, the picture of one wider, but no less deep, characterising not an individual merely but an age. Over the century now so soon coming to an end, in the flush of its hopes and discoveries, of its scientific triumphs, of its vast accessions of natural knowledge, and of its hard heaven of stereotyped beliefs—"A great cloud came and a temptation beset it. It was said: All things come by Nature"; and as in the case of George Fox so in this the inference was drawn: all things do not come from God. The result was a darkness that might be felt.

In one point, however, the parallel thus drawn does not hold. It cannot be said of the nineteenth century that it has "sat still" under its spiritual pain, and "let it alone." On the contrary, fretful protests, cries of terror and anguish have arisen on all sides. Perhaps if the strong patience by which the individual saint overcame had been exercised by the age, the "cloud and temptation" would long ago have "vanished away." "*Be still* and know that I am God" is a far-reaching precept, whose application to their own circumstances modern Christians often fail to see. Even as it is, however, there are signs that the cloud is lifting, not "immediately," indeed, but surely, and it may not be without profit if we notice from what direction our deliverance is approaching, what manner of experience it is that is setting our hearts free to praise "the living God."

It is not one that teaches us to go back from the words of our "temptation." We are not learning that all things do *not* come from Nature. On the contrary, the acknowledged realm of the natural is continually becoming more extended. The development of life and

mind have long been included within it, and though we are as yet so wholly ignorant of the manner of their advent, few, if any among us, doubt that it was "by Nature." Where we differ is in the significance we attach to this word *Nature*; and at the outset of our subject it will be well to clear up our minds in this respect. There can be little chance of even so much agreement as is implied in the agreement to differ if we do not know what we are differing about.

Some regard Nature as "the totality of that which is," an interpretation which does violence to etymology—that which is born must be born of something. The tendency of modern scientific thought is to oscillate between this extreme and another—viz., the identification of Nature with the order of human experience, than which there can be no surer road to narrowness and dogmatism. In common parlance Nature most generally connotes the external physical universe, organic and inorganic; and here we have perhaps the true explanation of that dread and horror with which men's hearts have been overwhelmed at the idea that "all things come by Nature." Nature, it was supposed, meant the "material"; and in *human* nature there has ever been an instinctive repugnance to identifying itself with what is understood by the material. Yet if Nature is material, and life and mind come by Nature, there is no avoiding this conclusion.

It is easier to become involved in this vicious circle than to escape from it. Yet the way is open, if we are able to rid ourselves of certain insidious and fallacious presuppositions, with one or more of which we nearly all unconsciously hamper ourselves in our thoughts about Nature.

The first is that, in saying all things come by Nature, we have explained anything regarding their advent. In reality, we have done no more than indicate in what direction explanation is to be sought—through Nature.

The second is that there is any truth in the special identification of Nature with the physical universe. Mind is no less natural than body.

The third is that what is *superhuman*—i.e., transcends either human experience or human understanding, or both—is therefore *supernatural*.

Without attempting at present any formal definition of Nature, we may, if we decide upon the rejection of these three presuppositions, agree to regard it as (1) non-ultimate, consequently *not* the totality of that which is; (2) as including the whole actual and possible order of human experience, yet not confined to it.

It will be immediately clear that (1) leaves room for the "living God," in what capacity we shall presently consider, and (2) includes within the "natural" all that we designate as spiritual experience—all experience, that is, which implies the exercise of faculties not

wholly to be classed as either physical, mental, or moral. From this point of view we should regard as natural any experience, however special and unique, which leads to the knowledge of God, even such as characterises the Christian revelation. Readers of Butler will remember the passage in the "Analogy" in which he says that "there is no absurdity in supposing that there may be many beings in the universe whose capacities and knowledge and views may be so extensive as that the whole Christian dispensation may to them appear natural—*i.e.*, analogous or conformable to God's dealings with other parts of His creation; as natural as the visible known course of things appears to us."* It may seem bold to contemplate the possibility that men, under actual earthly conditions, should perceive it to be so. Nevertheless, this is the direction in which the highest religious thought of the day is tending, and, indeed, there is far less novelty in it than many of us are inclined to suppose. What there is, lies in the fact that we are beginning to recognise its logical necessity, but the intuitive Christian reason accepted it long ago. Christ was looked upon, in the early days of the Church, as the apostolic and patristic writings abundantly testify, as the fulfilment and consummation of Creation, of Nature therefore. He could not be this unless He were Himself natural.† The beginning of the "great cloud," which has since overwhelmed so many hearts and minds, arose when, from one cause and another, Christ, and because Christ, God, was separated from Nature, and the latter was looked upon first as synonymous with the external universe, separate from its Divine Author, in the same sense as a building is separate from its architect, or a statue from its sculptor, and then, by an easy transition, as a self-existing entity and an originating cause. We could not be overwhelmed at the conclusion that all things come by Nature, if we saw in Nature the order which the "living God" everywhere informs instead of a bare abstraction, an impersonal and irresponsible agency, which we are nevertheless compelled to endow with a quasi-personality in order that we may express ourselves intelligibly about it. But to see that Nature is, in very truth and universally, this inspired order of the living God, including all without exception, save Him who brings it forth, is just that conclusion before which "the cloud and temptation" of the age will vanish away, though many as yet fail to perceive it.

Two causes contribute to our blindness; one is our presumption of knowledge respecting that of which we are indeed still so ignorant,

* "Analogy," Part I. ch. i.

† A leading modern theologian expresses the same truth thus: "Christ is the crown of Nature: He is thus profoundly natural, and to interpret the Christ we postulate only those spiritual realities which (as every Theist must admit) do in part find expression and in part lie hid behind the veil of Nature."—Canon Gore's "Bampton Lectures," p. 84.

the order of Nature ; the other is our identification (already referred to) of the material with the natural, and the spiritual with the supernatural. We have justified this unchristian division to ourselves by much misinterpretation of various passages in the New Testament, notably certain in St. Paul's epistles. The antithesis which he raises, however, is never between the *material* and the spiritual, but between the *carnal* and the spiritual. Thus in the celebrated fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, the spiritual body is not thus named because it is non-material, but because it is the perfect expression of a perfected spirit. He does not seem to contemplate the possibility of the material and the spiritual, the expression and that which is expressed, ever being divorced either in this stage of existence or another, but merely that both shall undergo immeasurable development. The whole context bears out the truth of this interpretation.

Perhaps part of our difficulty in this respect has arisen from our regarding "matter" as synonymous with the visible and the tangible. The true way of looking at it is not thus, however. Under our actual conditions, those alone of which physical science can take any cognisance, certain effects are produced upon us from which we infer the existence of something which we call matter; but the close study of these effects leads us altogether away from regarding the visible and tangible as their originating cause. All that modern physical science requires as the basis of the universe as we know it, what from this standpoint it fundamentally is, is motion in an invisible, intangible, imponderable medium. If, then, those conditions and effects which we designate as material, including our own bodies, are merely the result of motion in such a medium, no expression which we can imagine for the spiritual opens out, despite (or rather, perhaps, because) of its simplicity, wider possibilities of modification and development than this. The absolute control of motion, if the laws of motion in all their intricate applications were fully understood, and if the power of using them were attained, does not seem a dream of impossible absurdity. But if our bodies *are* motion, such absolute control would give us perfect bodies.

It is not, of course, intended to assert that physical science teaches that there actually is such a condition of things as that above indicated, but it certainly shows that such a condition is possible, for it would be merely an extension and amplification of present experience.

We do already see man working transformations and performing analyses by the aid of physics and chemistry which would have been quite incredible to former generations, and unquestionably relegated to the realm of the supernatural. Yet all that he discovers and all that he accomplishes he discovers and accomplishes solely by his increased understanding and control of motion. The sorting out of vibrations (spectrum analysis which has been the means of throwing

open whole new regions of scientific research is nothing but this), the re-combining of them into systems which bear, as a whole, no resemblance to any of their constituents, and yet in which none of those constituents is lost or even changed—this is the science of chemistry. The study of the various actions and reactions, internal and external, of those larger, but not more complicated, systems of motion which the physicist designates as “bodies,” this is the science of physics. We are never done with marvelling at the wonderful progress it has made, and yet even now how blundering are man’s efforts, how partial his successes! How little he understands of that which it concerns him most to know, the capabilities of that particular combination of motions which is his own body. He deals, as he supposes, with the visible and the tangible—in reality he is dealing with what eludes altogether the perception of the senses.

To realise this—and yet it is a commonplace of modern science—gives a shock to the old notions of the material, and paves the way, perhaps, for the recognition that adequately appreciated and adequately used it is, or may become, an altogether sufficient and appropriate expression for the spiritual. What is needed is that the latter should be complete master of its expression, so modifying, exalting, controlling it, as to meet every demand of spiritual beings; and man under actual conditions falls far short indeed of any such mastery. It is not for science to say whether he will or will not attain to it; but it lies well within the province of science to assert what Christians who have any intelligent apprehension of their own faith should be the last to deny, that if he does attain to it, that attainment will have come about by wholly natural means working towards a wholly natural end. Means and end will be natural from a scientific point of view, because an intelligible and orderly though transcendent development of actually existing conditions. They will be natural from a Christian point of view because to the Christian the natural and the spiritual are synonymous terms, the whole order of Nature being a spiritual order, and capable, in consequence, of illimitable development.

On such a view, we can set no bounds to Nature save in one direction. If we abandon the old division into “natural” and “supernatural,” because we perceive that there can be nothing above Nature, save Him who is also in Nature—the living God—then plainly Nature is limited by God alone. And if through other studies than those of the physical sciences, and other experience than that which lies within the physical region, there has dawned upon us some faint apprehension of the character of the Father of spirits, then we shall begin to see in what direction the limitation lies, for we shall understand that certain of the conditions in which we find ourselves are not in the true sense of the world *natural*, but *unnatural*.

Speaking broadly, we may say that what most impresses us as

unnatural is (1) Moral evil; (2) The relation of organic beings to one another; and (3) Man's relation to the inorganic universe.

(1) To assert that moral evil is unnatural is to place ourselves in opposition to an influential school of modern thought. One who was justly regarded as a leader among scientific men, and who has not long been taken from us, expressed the opinion of the majority when he said, that since the immoral as well as the moral sentiments have been evolved, there is, from the evolutionist's point of view, "as much natural sanction for the one as for the other."* The recognised use of language, which, rightly apprehended, contains so many signposts to warn us off the road to error, gives the lie to this assertion. The familiar terms "outraged nature," "against nature"; the common use of the word "unnatural" to denote flagrant offences against the sacredness of social relationships, as when we speak of an "unnatural" son, an "unnatural" father, or the "unnatural" strife of kindred; the frequent use of the same expression in referring to peculiarly horrible vices and their consequences; these with similar and equally widespread habits of language, show that we do not really regard Nature as accountable for all the terrible vagaries of vice, disease, and misery, brought about by human error and human selfwill. But these extreme instances are only the baneful maturity of propensities which we everywhere see in the germ. If the one is unnatural, as the very words we employ to describe it declare, so is the other.

But there are not wanting considerations pointing towards the same conclusion, which to many minds would appear of greater weight than arguments deduced from the usage of language. The fact, sternly and repeatedly impressed upon us by history and categorically endorsed by science, that a low moral tone is detrimental, and a high moral tone conducive, to the physical and mental progress of both nations and individuals, emphasises the same truth as that to which our ordinary speech bears witness. The effort to rise in the scale of life appears characteristic of man. Retrogression and failure invariably following upon particular courses of conduct, show that Nature bars advance in certain directions. The attempt to persevere in these directions, and yet to advance, is therefore unnatural and fore-doomed.

(2) With regard to the relation of organic beings to one another, the preying of life upon life, the unceasing internecine warfare presented to our eyes throughout a world where, as Charles Kingsley said, everything is perpetually eating everything else, offends equally our reason and our moral sense. There are considerations which alleviate, but none which altogether disperses, the dark horror of a universe where the law of sacrifice, in itself adapted to such magnificent possibilities, produces results apparently so cruel and so

* Huxley, "Evolution and Ethics," p. 31.

unjust. Not even the glorious hope, embracing within its scope "the whole creation," with which the Christian Revelation illuminates all sacrifice, completely avails for this. And surely it is better, at any rate for those who regard reason and the moral consciousness as no mere irrelevancies in the scheme of things, but as belonging to the deepest meaning of the universe, not to play fast and loose with them by perverting their healthy instincts. There is something in the state of the organic world, as we are alone able to see it, which strikes us as unnatural if we are to regard our noblest intuitions as most supremely natural because "likest God."

Not indeed that we by any means always regard death, or suffering, or sacrifice as unnatural, either in ourselves or in the lower animals. Quite the reverse. But there are circumstances, especially when the human stage is reached, under which we seem compelled to do so. The death of an aged person, tranquil and painless as this so commonly is, and following upon a period of failing powers and decaying faculties, does not seem otherwise than natural, especially to those who, even under the forbidding aspect which it actually presents, look on death as a fitting transition for spiritual beings from one state of existence to another. But the death of a child, of a youth cut off in his promise, or of a man in the prime of his strength and usefulness, affects us far differently. Even holding the faith that

"Transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere,"

we cannot disguise from ourselves that it has not bloomed to the profit of which it was capable *here*, nor withstand the conviction that, if all were according to Nature, untimely deaths and unfruitful lives would have no place in the cosmos. The same remark applies to the suffering entailed on the innocent by the guilty, and the sacrifice of high intellectual and moral qualities to what is lower than themselves. Regarding Nature as the divine order, regarding that unquenchable desire commencing as man emerges from the savage state, and growing more imperious with every upward step in his history, that reason and righteousness shall be found at the heart of things, as a natural instinct, we cannot but perceive that in such anomalies there is something opposed to Nature.

(3) In considering man's relation to the inorganic universe, it will at once strike us that the word "unnatural" never rises to our lips in describing any great physical convulsion. On the contrary, we habitually qualify such events as natural, and that more especially since science has enabled us to see that the most startling and unforeseen physical catastrophes take place no less according to law than the familiar and never interrupted sequences which first impressed upon the mind of man the fact that the universe is a

cosmos. When, however, we observe these catastrophes in their effect on human beings, we feel that there is a very false and jarring note. A tempest is natural, but, in the devastation that it causes of human lives and human hopes and happiness, the unnatural element makes its appearance, and is hardly mitigated, certainly not annihilated, by the reflection, however scientifically true, that such catastrophes, though they bear hardly on individuals, or even on isolated aggregations of men, are on the whole beneficial to living beings in general, man, of course, included. We may fully recognise this, and yet be as fully conscious that it does not even touch the problem why the method of the living God should wear so cruel a semblance. Man who can "look behind and before," who can strive and agonise, and to some extent *understand*, is not holding his true position when he is treated by the mighty but unconscious forces of the physical universe as their sport. We feel with Pascal that he is greater than they are, and that they should be in submission to him, not he to them. Thus both in the physical and the moral regions we trace the presence of an unnatural element in Nature, and from our present point of view the great world-problem may be stated to consist in the separation of the two.

It is a hard task, and one moreover whose difficulty is greatly—almost incalculably—increased by the fact that we mostly work at it without any intelligent consciousness of what we are doing. We insist upon regarding the most flagrant outrages upon Nature as natural, and are then disheartened and disappointed because Nature presents us with so many anomalies and such soul-sickening, reason-defying problems. Might we not hope for better results if we were to acknowledge that not all we find in Nature is in accordance with Nature, and to direct our energies towards ascertaining where the disturbing element comes in? We know that an old answer to this question placed the seat of disturbance in the action of selfwill, that travesty of freedom too often mistaken for its reality. We cannot here consider at length the merit of this answer; but there is ample food for reflection in the thought that man, by virtue of his self-conscious intelligent will, possesses to some extent creative power. He can—this we see every day—make actual what was before his intervention only possible. To an agent wielding this mysterious power of creation *wrongly*—*i.e.*, not in accord with the divine, and therefore natural, constitution of things—hopeless anomalies and contradictions must arise on every side. Their seat is in himself, yet they appear to exist independently of him. Such a delineation of man's experience seems to commend itself as mainly true to facts. Moreover, it affords some deeper insight into the meaning of the universal and unchangeable operation of natural law. It has become a matter of common knowledge that offences against Nature

are punished by Nature, not capriciously, but according to their kind, and we speak of such punishment as the "natural" consequence of the offence. We do so rightly, but what we too often forget is that the conditions giving rise to this necessity for punishment are *not* natural, in proof of which we have to change them as the sole means of combating the disorder to which they have given rise. Thus, in certain limited connections, we perceive that the root of the trouble lies in ourselves, but the principle may admit of wider application than we are able to give it, save by recognising, as we are increasingly learning to do, that Nature is ever ready to assist a return to natural conditions whatever may be the emergency which a departure from them has caused.

As a matter of fact, the departures are such that emergencies occur; and it is in the meeting of certain among them that the element which used to be called "miraculous" appears. We need not call it or think of it as such now. Where it really exists, and is not only supposed to do so because we were or are ignorant of some facts which would place it in line with ordinary events, it is neither more nor less than the response of Nature to some peculiar call upon its resources. In other words, it is the divine method justifying itself by its readiness and power to deal with all contingencies.

A miracle, however, is supposed to be a unique occurrence rendered necessary by unique conditions; and Nature, we are told, knows nothing of such occurrences or conditions. Constant repetition and recurrence, constant and orderly modification, sequences which can be traced, results which can be calculated and predicted, this, and this only we are assured, is what we find in Nature. It is doubtful whether, even if we strictly confine that term to the physical universe, we could show these assertions to be more than approximately true—true for practical purposes, for the conduct of daily life, for that classification and co-ordination of facts which we call science; but accurately and exactly true, true in such a sense that we may venture to base cosmic theories upon them,—No. What evidence we have points rather to the conclusion that nothing in which a cycle of changes has once set in ever returns precisely to its original state. In other words, it is very doubtful if in the whole history of the physical universe exactly the same conditions have ever twice been reproduced. But, if they have not, there is an element of uniqueness in even the most common physical events—in the rising and setting of the sun, in the alternation of the seasons, in every birth and in every death—which requires a unique adaptation to meet it.

Leaving the inorganic universe on one side, however, and passing over all organic existence below the human, we must, unless we place men and women outside Nature, acknowledge that unique occurrences

are both natural and frequent. Probably few human lives are exempt from them; for there can hardly be a man or a woman who has attained to mature age but can look back upon some one experience which to him or her individually stands and will always stand alone, which, in its significance, its far-reaching results, its influence whether for good or ill upon life, character, and work is unapproached and unapproachable. Nor should the undeniable fact that personality is an indispensable condition of such unique experiences in the least detract from their weight and significance as natural occurrences. Indeed, it cannot do so unless we are prepared to deny that personality is natural, and this is hardly a proposition which can be seriously put forward in the present day.

To admit, however, that there occur in personal existence unique experiences—*i.e.*, unique combinations of conditions requiring unique adaptations to meet them—carries us perhaps rather further than is at first apparent. One chief characteristic of personality is that while a peculiarly individual, it is also a common possession. It is incommunicable and yet it is shared; and that which in each one of us constitutes personality, we recognise as also constituting it in our fellow men. This being the case, it can hardly be otherwise than that the counterpart of individual experience should present itself in the race, that in the latter also a unique adaptation to meet unique conditions arising out of the needs, requirements and capabilities of personal beings should not be unknown. One thing is certain; assertions that such unique adaptations transcending ordinary experience have taken place, cannot be refused credence on the ground that they are unique. We might with equal justice deny the truth of any one of those supreme and revolutionising experiences to which individual human beings are subject, but which do not happen twice in the same lifetime.

It may be said, however, that occurrences to which the term "miracle" is applied, are not mere "subjective" experiences like those to which we have referred as taking place in individual lives, that they have always an "objective" aspect as well, and that this usually consists in some previously unknown modification of the laws of the physical universe. Two considerations suggest themselves in reply to this difficulty. The first is that if new, though imperceptible, adaptations to meet new combinations of conditions are (as we have reason to believe) constantly occurring in the physical universe, it would be most unreasonable to assert that because occasionally such new adaptations become perceptible to man, therefore they are incredible. The second is that if personal being, as has been assumed throughout this essay, be not an excrescence upon, but the fundamental expression of, the cosmos, then the latter must be moulded upon the requirements of personal being. In that case only

disordered relations between man and the physical universe so mask this truth from him, as to lead him to suppose that physical laws are unable within their province to respond to any call which personal being makes upon them.

Particular applications of these principles do not fall within the scope of the present article. It must suffice if the writer has succeeded in making clear what she has attempted to advance—viz., that the old misleading division of the cosmos into natural and supernatural, should give way to one more rational and more comprehensive, the *natural* and the *unnatural*. To Nature as it has been here defined, the universal order of the living God, there are no limits save those which His own Being imposes. The endeavour to set aside these limits by personal agents, wielding as they do a measure of creative power, results in the appearance to them of unnatural conditions, through which nevertheless the divine method works on victorious, sufficient in its infinite comprehensiveness for every demand which can be made upon it, and needing, even in its most supreme manifestations, no supplement to its own resource.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

EUROPE AND THE JEWS.

OF the four views of Zionism published in the October magazines, that of Dr. Herzl in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW is incomparably the most important and significant. It is a manifesto that cannot fail to make Europe think. Zionism, as described by Dr. Herzl, may be the dream of an unpractical theorist, and Zionists the troubadours of an ancient romance. Still, the keystone of the structure rests on bed-rock. The movement, if not the fulfilment of prophecy, is born of necessity, because Jewish misery is now well-nigh intolerable, and it is ever increasing as the hopes of Israel wane. Of this fact prosperous Western Europe is ignorant. For some years past a strange unrest has prevailed among the Hebrew population of Eastern Europe, akin to the autumnal instinct among migratory birds. This homing instinct among the Russian Jews existed as far back as 1891. I found it unmistakably in existence among the densely packed multitudes of South and Western Russia. Sorrows that coarsen and deteriorate the many, refine and ennoble the few, and among those latter, at all events, there was only required the touch of a master-mind to crystallise vague longings of anguished souls into firm conviction that the time is at hand when the ransomed of the Lord shall return.

Dr. Herzl declares that the Jewish question is still the same living force in the minds of men as it was of old. Surely it is more. It has entered the arena of international politics, never to quit until the suffering Jews are freed or secured by public rights in the possession of a home. Zionism has helped to bridge the period when the rulers of Europe can fold their hands and continue to deprecate the introduction of a burning topic which as far back as 1807 Napoleon found clamouring for solution. Neither Dr. Herzl nor Dr. Max Nordau

is a Napoleon. Both have risen from their desks because their people are in distress, and, without guidance, cannot help themselves. The unpractical turn of Dr. Herzl's mind is visible in every line of his manifesto. He speaks, with the optimism of the inexperienced, of turning Jewish beggars into mechanics and peasants. Still, he and his friends have given a new turn to the Jewish question, and have dragged into the light of day a fact which some of the richest Jews in the world and their friends among the governing classes of Europe prefer to let alone. Zionists have established the fact that the vast majority of the Jewish nation suffers, and suffers horribly. In spite of the sneers of the critics, it must surely be the wish of every English Christian, and of every Englishman with historic imagination, to see his country in the forefront of an international movement for the settlement of the Jewish question. Mr. Zangwill merely sees in Dr. Herzl "the dramatic self-consciousness of the literary artist." The *Jewish Chronicle* can discover in the Zionist movement no good thing, and speaks of Dr. Herzl as seeing "all Israel's wrongs redressed by the constitution of a little State in Palestine somewhat weaker than Greece and somewhat stronger than Monaco," and declares that he "perceives in the conversion to his views of the orthodox Rabbi of Basle a foretaste of the unanimity of Judaism." Dr. Adler ably defends the patriotic idea for English Jews, as though this were incompatible with the creation of a home secured by public rights for those Jews who either cannot or will not be assimilated in the country of their adoption. Admitting that Dr. Herzl's critics have successfully destroyed the project they imagine him to have proposed, the fact remains—the Eastern Jew suffers, and suffers horribly, in soul, mind, and body, and his suffering is even now preparing a Nemesis for the nations.

Under these circumstances, What is it that the English people can practically do? Let us look at the facts.

For nearly six years the Jewish question in England has apparently slept. In 1891-92 the Liberal Press of Europe, largely under Jewish influences, burned with indignation at the treatment of Russian Hebrews by M. Dournovo, the then Minister of the Interior, at the instigation of a greater mind. Enforcement of the May Laws, brought about by M. Pobedonostzeff, produced an explosion of humanitarian feeling all the world over. At a mass meeting in the Guildhall, London, an appeal to the Tsar to mitigate the laws against the Jews was unanimously agreed on. Noble sentiments were freely uttered by eminent men. As is not unusual in modern England, the beauty of the sentiments thus evoked was in inverse ratio to their practical effect. The Guildhall resolution was transmitted by the Lord Mayor to the Emperor Alexander III. His late Majesty, regarding his Hebrew subjects as the lineal descendants of the murderers of Christ, was not impressed with the intervention of English municipal emotion

in a domain which more nearly concerned the high policy of Imperial Russia than the unreformed Corporation of the City of London. Accordingly, the Guildhall resolution was returned without comment to the Foreign Office by the Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, from whence it was passed on to the Lord Mayor. Apparently the snub administered to English humanitarianism was not resented by the Guildhall philanthropists. At all events, public interest in the Jewish question was already on the wane when the Lord Mayor's resolution was flung in his face. Our leading men were thinking of something else, and the Jews of the Pale, on whose behalf some eminent Englishmen felt too strongly to act discreetly, were no better off than if the Guildhall meeting had never been held. Possibly, indeed, they were worse off. Still the Western Jews continued for a time to carry on a serious agitation on behalf of their brethren. They had published a journal in the English tongue entitled *Darkest Russia*. As this periodical was not admitted into Russia, and was probably not read by any one in authority there outside the Censor's office, its influence in ameliorating the lot of the starvelings herded in the pinfold of the Pale was uncertain. Leading articles from Jewish pens miss fire in Russia. At the same time, European opinion was undoubtedly worked up to a certain point by *Darkest Russia*, and to European opinion the Russian Government had already become more sensitive than it was then prepared to admit.

In 1891 the late Baron de Hirsch founded the Jewish Colonisation Association, which, before his death, was already endowed by him with some two millions sterling. As his agent it fell to my lot to visit Russia on several occasions for the purpose of arranging with the Government the terms and conditions on which the association should be allowed to carry on its operations. In the course of these visits an opportunity was gained for studying the Jewish question in all parts of the Empire wherever the Hebrew population was settled. No Englishman—although a mere paid agent, as I was—could pass through such experiences as were described by me in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* (May 1892), under the heading of "The Truth about the Russian Jew," without acquiring a profound and lasting interest in the Jewish question, and feeling a keen desire to do anything to help the Russian Jews. Knowing the truth of the charges made against the Russian Government in respect of their anti-Semitic policy, I have watched the recent attitude of the great Jewish financial houses of Western Europe with blank amazement. At the same time that Dives suddenly abandoned his campaign on behalf of Russian Lazarus, the action of the Ministry of the Interior towards the Jews of the Pale became pregnant with meaning. After the vigorous anti-Russian agitation of 1890-92 by the Western co-religionists of the Russian Jews, it might have been expected that

the great French and English bankers would have seized the opportunity of Russia's pecuniary necessity to impose upon the Tsar's Ministers such conditions as would secure for the Jews of the Pale immunity from hostile treatment at the hands of the Russian peasantry and subordinate officials. Nothing of the kind was done. When Russia sought to borrow £16,000,000 three years ago, the Hebrew capitalists held Russia in the hollow of their hands. There is no reason why their motives should be questioned. They may have been the noblest imaginable. I know too little of the facts to impugn them. Still the fact remains that when the loan was placed no conditions were publicly made that would have safeguarded the wretched creatures herded in the slum cities of the Pale. I am told in Russia that no private conditions were made. The Jewish Press was dumb. *Darkest Russia* ceased to appear. No Jewish voice of weight was raised—so far as I know—entreating the millionaires in the name of charity to desist from money-lending to Russia. If such a cry were raised the money-lenders closed their ears. Not only was the money lent, but the unsubscribed portions of the loan, if any, were guaranteed by the lenders. The loan was taken "firm." Russia remained firm. The Jews of the Pale continued to suffer, and their sufferings increased as they multiplied in numbers.

Why in the name of common sense the agitators of the Guildhall meeting, the conductors of *Darkest Russia* and wealthy Hebrew opponents of Russian anti-Semitism did not boycott Russian finance is past all understanding. The fact remains. Russia got her loan, and I presume the lenders received their profits. After the loan was made I watched the condition of the poor Russian Jews with eagerness. Word seemed to be passed round that their lot was ameliorated; that the beneficence of the Government was a reality; and that, had the £16,000,000 been made a fulcrum for pressure in the interests of the Pale populace, no more could have been done than was already done by a wise and humane Administration. Private information that continually reached me told a different story. So far from the condition of the Jews in the Pale being better, my correspondents assured me that in all essentials they were worse off than ever before because their numbers were greater. The peasantry attacked and pillaged them. The struggle for existence, caused by natural increase, was more severe. When riots occurred the troops were dilatory in suppressing them, and despair and misery reigned predominant among the unhappiest people in Europe. Culture is denied them. Employments open to the orthodox Russian are shut to the Jew. Emigration to townsmen is an illusory cure. Their evil lot is not due to the ills of a single generation, and cannot be cured by a single remedy.

It was under these circumstances that I resolved to re-visit Russia on my own account with the object of discovering at first hand the

present attitude of the Government towards the Jewish subjects of the young Tsar, and of trying to shed further light upon a question that seems insoluble, unless either the Jews are exterminated or the Russian nation is destroyed. In the course of my inquiries I met with fourteen recent instances of alleged ill-treatment of the Jews in Russia. In two cases, that of Schpola and that of Kantacouzene in the Government of Kherson, the evidence was examined and corroborated by separate and secret inquiries undertaken and carried out at the instance of one whose name commands universal respect, but which I have no authority to divulge. In order to obtain the necessary interviews with Russian Ministers, I sought from Lord Salisbury the assistance, which, through Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador to Russia, was generously given at a time when his Excellency had other calls upon his attention. Most men in his place would have considered the Franco-Russian *fêtes* ample excuse for not enabling me to trouble the Executive on so delicate and dangerous a topic as the Jewish question in Russia.

Great changes have taken place in Russia since my last visit. When in Petersburg, in August, I saw M. Félix Faure land at the Peterhof Pier, and heard next day, for the first time, the roar of Russian multitudes enthusiastically cheering a Republican President. The strains of Rouget de Lisle's revolutionary hymn filled the air. Sailors from the French corvette *Surcouf* drank deep, with all and sundry, to the success of an alliance which has already affected Russian thought and character more than any influence from outside since the Crimean War. The quick enthusiasm of the Russians is the one, perhaps the only, characteristic they share with their new friends. French civilisation and intellect powerfully affect all nations; and the contagion of the alliance has already worked upon the impressionable Russian people. Even the *moujik* is beginning to feel it. Whether it will last is not now the question. The point of interest to me was whether the French alliance favourably affected the interests of the Russian Jewish population for the same reason that the mercurial French are growingly anti-Semitic. I think it has done so. It was quickly evident that during the last five years—since the first Cronstadt visit of the French fleet—the Russians have become less indifferent to public opinion as expressed by Western nations. To unjust and untrue accusations against his country, I believe, there is no one more sincerely indifferent than a Russian Minister. Charges of barbarity, however, well founded, unanswerable, and moderately expressed, are no less repugnant to a Russian than to any other humane statesman. The condition of the Jews of the Pale, as shown by the evidence of my own eyes, and more recently by the documentary evidence I took with me to Russia, might seem at first sight to justify the charge of barbarity, and to warrant an appeal to the

gallant French nation to use influence with their allies on behalf of the poor Jews of the Pale, but for the fact that, in compliment to Russia, the French have abandoned one more Napoleonic tradition and have become anti-Semite.

It must not be supposed, however, that because the condition of the Jews in Russia is deplorable, the Russians have no case of their own to support an anti-Semitic policy and to justify its results. When in St. Petersburg I had long interviews both with M. Pobedonostzeff and with the Minister of the Interior, M. Goremykine, and I was more than ever impressed with the hopeless nature of the problem confronting the Tsar's Ministers. It is easy for irresponsible writers like myself to be sorry for the poor Jews, and still easier to condemn offhand Russian methods of dealing with the Jewish difficulty. Few critics of Russian statesmanship, however, have ever put themselves in the place of those they condemn. Let us look at the facts through Russian spectacles. Russia inherited the Jewish question when she absorbed her share of Poland. Whether that act was wise or foolish, it was not the act of this generation. The Polish Jews are so prolific a race that even the marvellous growth of population among the Orthodox, as revealed by the late census, is greatly exceeded by the rate at which the Jews of the Empire are increasing. Russian statesmen, moreover, administer for the Tsar an Empire the inhabitants of which are not developed in civilisation. Not to put too fine a point upon it, 80,000,000 Russians have no more education than the horses they attach to their wooden ploughs. These people, if ignorant, are faithful, industrious, and devoted to their Tsar and their country. The Jews, on the other hand—I am giving the Russian view—are not faithful. They detest Russian people, and feed on them as parasites exist upon a living host. The Jews, again, dislike manual labour; and, so long as they can act as middlemen, or exploit the vices of the peasantry by pandering to their baser passions, they will not voluntarily engage in manual labour. It is no answer to this charge to plead that confinement in Ghettos for nigh 2000 years has eliminated from Jewish blood the taste for open air and for hard work. Statesmen have to deal with what exists, not to speculate on what might have been if something had happened which, as a matter of fact, never did happen. The problem thus presented to Russian statesmen is not so simple as it looks to Western philanthropists. The incontestable intellectual superiority, temperance, and assiduity of the Russian Jew are such that if all careers were thrown open to him a decade would not elapse before he had Judaised the whole Russian administration. What Russian Ministry in its senses could permit their country to commit suicide by handing over its control and management to the small Jewish minority? Yet no less than this is involved in the antidotes of education and equality so

glibly prescribed by Western writers who criticise the Russian political system. It may be that Russia ought to grant equality and education to her Jews. It is certain that she will do nothing of the kind; and that it is not barbarity, but the instinct of self-preservation, that dictates a policy by which the Jews must be kept ignorant, pent up in the Pale, and treated as potential insurrectionaries. More than this, I am not at all clear that if the circumstances were the same—an ignorant and credulous population, and 6,000,000 of Jews to live on them—that Ministers of France or England would act very differently from M. Goremykine. Certainly the Russian nation supports the Russian Minister in pursuing the anti-Semitic line of policy; and the rich Western Jews tacitly sanctioned this policy when they guaranteed the last loan of £16,000,000 without insisting on conditions as to the treatment of their poorer brethren in Eastern Europe.

If it be impossible to accord equality or education to the Jews, their extermination is equally impracticable at the end of the nineteenth century. Moreover, whatever may be said by careless or interested observers, the Russians are as kindly a people as the English. Persecution of the Jews for its own sake strikes them as futile. Connivance in Jew-baiting is not only punishable, but is severely punished, as a good many of those who were concerned in the pillage of the Schpola Jews in April last have learned to their dismay. Since equality and extermination are alternatives equally impracticable, and colonisation does not even absorb the natural increase in the Jewish population, the problem to Russian eyes is hopelessly insoluble. Possibly the facts of the case are not so fully known in Russian administrative spheres as is generally believed; and perhaps an Anglo-Indian or Egyptian administrator might successfully deal with the Jewish question on different lines. Of this I am convinced: there is no desire or intention to treat the Jews more hardly than circumstances demand; but upon two things the Government are firm. They will not permit the Jews as a body to come into contact with the bulk of the Russian people, and they will not sign their own death warrants by permitting more Jews to cultivate their intellects than are required as dentists, architects, doctors, and a few other useful professions. Outside the four corners of those conditions the welfare of the Jewish population is the object of genuine concern. Here is an example. When I recently sought an interview with the Minister of the Interior, I took with me authenticated evidence of cruelty and pillage inflicted upon a certain Jewish community by peasants who had their pleasure of their wretched victims for thirty-six hours. Troops were delayed, and, until their arrival, serious disorder continued. When I put these facts before the Minister my sensations were such as a Russian might have felt who visited the English Home Secretary with the object of

proving the English Government in the wrong in their treatment of Ireland. If the Minister had abruptly closed the interview I could not have been surprised. He did nothing of the kind. He patiently explained that, while my statement of facts was correct, it was impossible to garrison every *bourgade* with troops. When soldiers were required for the restoration of order in the quarrels between the Jews and the peasantry, they have to be obtained from the great towns. Railway communication is not universal, and hence regrettable delay arose in the establishment of order. Furthermore, the Minister of the Interior—who, I may venture to say, is a stronger man than most of the politicians in or out of office in Europe whose names are better known to the average reader—as evidence of the sincerity of the Government in disclaiming any desire to hide the facts, undertook to provide me with full facilities for investigating the present condition of the Russian Jews, or to permit any competent and impartial man to look into the matter in my stead. For obvious reasons I will not state the nature of those facilities, but they are ample to provide against the veiled or open hostility of individual *tchinovniks*.

The plain English of the situation is this. Centuries of repression have wrought extensive changes in the moral characteristics of the Jews in Eastern Europe. Among them are individuals of high character; but sordid cares, habitual want, and hopelessness have blunted the better senses of the majority, as would be the case with any of us. We in England can see this for ourselves in the Magistrates' Courts of East London, where recent arrivals among the Russian Jews arrange their quarrels, and display the unlovable characteristics which, on the question of the Jews, range the Russian people by the side of their rulers. Spiritual assassination is the price the Jews have paid for their part in the greatest tragedy of all history, and the moral defects imparted to Russian Hebrews are too conspicuous for practical statesmanship to ignore. Accordingly, while the Russian Empire now comprises 8,644,100 English square miles, the Jews are compulsorily herded in fifteen provinces of the western border. No such compliment of fear was ever paid by one branch of the human race to another. A Jew may not farm or become a miller, a fisherman, or a gardener. The traditions of the day when Israel was an agricultural theocracy are dim. In Russia the leasing or purchase of land by Jews is forbidden. Since the numbers of the Muscovite Hebrews are largely increasing, notwithstanding the contrary opinion expressed by M. Soubotin, it is clear that a tragedy is brewing in the cities of the Pale. Already the distress in such places as Homel and Berdicheff is appalling. It is increasing. Sooner or later Europe will be startled by a catastrophe. The Jewish problem in Russia and Roumania is one that concerns every nation in Europe, and its solution cannot always be relegated to the future. There is reason to believe that

the Russian Government welcomes light thrown on the dark enigma from whatever quarter it may come, and would further any serious efforts to remove the Jews to other lands. Zionist proposals of a professional pessimist and of a theorist whose experience of practical colonisation does not invest his opinions with weight, cannot be at present included among the *practical* measures of relief. Combination among the great Jewish capitalists of Europe and America for the benefit of their co-religionists, without compulsion from outside, is in the last degree unlikely. They are too rich, too comfortable, and too busy to solve the knotty problem for themselves, and since they have let slip the golden opportunity offered by Russian financial necessities, it is not likely that they will voluntarily associate to grapple with the question in a far more difficult form, unless public opinion is too strong for them.

Only one thing remains. An international Conference on the Jewish question, convoked for the purpose of aiding both Russia and her Hebrew population, would focus European and American opinion, and both reveal the enormous difficulties of the situation and the impossibility of leaving it alone. The greatest man of this century, in the zenith of his fame, foresaw, with the prophetic insight of supreme genius, that the settlement of the Jewish question was only second in importance to the predominance of France. On the 9th of February 1807 Napoleon convened a Jewish Sanhedrin. It met under the presidency of Rabbi David Sintzheim of Strasbourg, with a Piedmontese Rabbi and an Italian ex-legislator as first and second assessors. Napoleon's downfall unfortunately dated from the convocation of his Sanhedrin, but he had not failed to note that the intellectual aristocracy of the human race waxed mighty and multiplied notwithstanding persecution, and that their influence in the countries in which they settled was out of all proportion to their numbers. For three quarters of a century the Jewish question slumbered, until Bismarck had settled German unity, and by his anti-Semitic policy raised this Jewish question once more to the front rank. The question of the Jews became the burning question of the day. Since 1880 it has been one that admits of no half-measures by individual nations. Were England to take the lead in issuing an invitation to the Great Powers to send representatives to a European Conference, the path would lie open to an understanding with Russia on the one matter which affects her interests and her reputation even more than the settlement of the Pacific question or the development of her Turkish policy. Such a Conference would pour a fierce light on the strength and resources of the Jewish community, and would inspire them with an adequate sense of their irresistible power if they chose to exert it. They would see the dawn of Jewish regeneration, of which Isaiah prophesied and Napoleon dreamed. The English

people, however, are ignorant of the condition of the poorer Jews of Eastern Europe. An impartial English Commissioner, competent to weigh and sift evidence, thoroughly versed in the conditions of Russian administration, and comprehending, if not wholly in sympathy with, the resolve of Russian statesmen to preserve Russia for the Russians, would be able to report during the coming winter a state of things in the cities of the Pale which would stir the pulse of Europe, and not least of those Englishmen who are of the Hebrew faith. I know of such a man. Unless the spectre of anti-Semitism raised by Bismarck be laid by international agreement, revolution in the near or distant future seem to be unavoidable. It is for England to take the lead.

ARNOLD WHITE.

BIMETALLISM AND THE BANK.

AN article in the October number of this magazine, not signed by any known individual, but with the feather-name of "Corn Hill" attached to it, seems to call for a reply.

In noticing it, I thought at first that the best way would be to attach a similar signature to what I wrote, but, having a prejudice common to all bimetallists in favour of testing the soundness of our opinion, by giving our real names to all we write, and inviting, alas! in vain, our opponents to do the same, I determined to affix my signature to the following pages.

I hope I may not be thought egotistical if I take some notice of the attacks which have been made on me personally, and endeavour to show that they are founded on incomplete or wholly inexact information, while I also reply to the arguments adduced on the vitally important public questions which "Corn Hill" has treated. These are :

(1) The relations of the Bank of England with the Clearing House banks.

(2) The cause of our commercial prosperity.

(3) The relations of the Bank with the Government.

But, before I venture on them, I would say a few words on the controversy which has been raging in the *Times* during the present and past months on the Bank meeting and previous correspondence. "Corn Hill" in the first few lines makes a quotation from the original *Times* "remonstrance," which charged the Bank with having fallen in with the suggestion "pushed forward by *certain Americans* that it should hold one-fifth of its reserve in silver."

This sentence implied that some new departure had been taken in the matter, whereas none such had ever been taken, or thought of, by

the Bank, and the doubt I expressed in my letter to the *Times*, published on September 13, was intended to elicit the fact of any new circumstance having arisen to justify the importance attached by the *Times* to the remonstrance which had been communicated to that journal.

The letter of the Governor of the Bank to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and all that preceded or followed therefrom, were founded on what occurred in 1831, when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister and Sir William Harcourt Home Secretary. I was Governor of the Bank in that year, and I had, in conjunction with Mr. Birch during his Governorship, just brought out a new edition of the first Lord Liverpool's letter to the King on coins. I was during that period assisted in my studies by the eminently efficient staff of the Bank, and was in correspondence with most of the leading economists in Europe and America. However erroneous my conclusions may be, it cannot be said that they have been arrived at lightly or without due examination.

I have written on the matter ever since, and, so far as I remember, never anonymously; and the best record of my opinions is to be found in my evidence before the Gold and Silver Commission.

The doubt I expressed in my letter to the *Times* referred to "any decision having been yet come to" by the Government, and had no reference to anything which had passed at the Bank.

I naturally knew what had passed there, seeing that, owing to the many years Lord Aldenham and I had been engaged upon the matter, it was not probable that decisions could be come to without our knowledge or without discussion with us.

The assertion in the *Times* that there had been any new departure was entirely unfounded, as might have been seen by the Governor's letter, which was strictly in accordance, both as to its concession and as to the conditions of that concession, with the promises made in the correspondence between the Bank, the Treasury, and the Foreign Office in 1881, duly recorded in the Blue-books of that year.

"Corn Hill" then proceeds to assert that the Bank of England should never have taken such a step without first consulting the banking community.

Now, it is not the practice, nor has it ever been so, for the Governors of the Bank of England to consult the banking community (whatever that may be) in their confidential communications with the Treasury. It may be necessary at times for the Governor alone to deal with the Treasury. It more often happens that the two Governors see the Chancellor upon matters connected with the Bank, and besides, there are the members of the Committee of the Treasury who may be called into council, and who, having passed the Chair, are supposed to be acquainted with the traditions arising out of the relations between the Bank and the Government.

There never has been a question of consulting the banking community on such matters. It does so happen that, more than twenty years ago, a claim was made, just as it is now, by one of the most eminent of that body, to interfere with the business of the Bank, strengthened by a threat to form a bankers' reserve in London independent of the Bank of England.

The proposal called itself "A suggestion for the formation of a cash reserve by the clearing bankers independent of the Bank of England." It was signed by the initial "B.," which I then believed, and now have no reason to doubt, stood for that of the most eminent of the private bankers, who has lately, to the grief of all his friends, departed.

It was called by the *Economist* "an ably constructed plan," but, unfortunately for its success, it came out in the same week as Mr. Palgrave's "Analysis of the Transactions of the Bank of England."

A perusal of this proposal, and the figures I found in the "Analysis," induced me to write a series of letters in the *Observer*, which were subsequently republished as a pamphlet with my name, and with a covering letter to the then Governor of the Bank, showing that my letters were not disapproved of by that functionary.

The complaint made of the Bank by "B." was that its reserve was not large enough; but it appeared by Mr. Palgrave's "Analysis" that these Clearing House bankers, who desire to be consulted on all occasions, were computed then to hold against aggregate deposits of £616,000,000 only £8,000,000 of reserves, or $1\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., while the Bank of England, with liabilities of £28,000,000, held £12,000,000 of reserve, or 42 per cent. These figures have all of them, as is well known, increased enormously since that date.

It is hardly necessary to add that, however interesting this "ably constructed plan" may have been to the writer and to the editor of the *Economist*, nothing more was heard of it. It was, in fact, finally condemned and disavowed, and so, I think, would any scheme be condemned and disavowed which involved the necessity, in a delicate and very complicated negotiation, of consulting what "Corn Hill" calls "the banking community," which may mean anything, but which in the present case means a few writers of money articles and, perhaps, two hundred men of business occupied in a lively competition for securing profits for themselves and their more immediate clients.

"Corn Hill" then goes on to lay down the course which he and the Clearing House bankers think ought to have been taken by the Governor when consulted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when engaged in "conversation" with him, and when he wrote his letter to him.

The Governor ought to have said "that under no circumstances whatever would the Bank of England put into the bullion store against

its notes any proportion of a metal which would be absolutely useless as an asset in that connection, seeing that it could not be tendered in payment of its notes when presented." If this means anything, it means that the Issue Department must sell its Government debt and its Consols, and keep its whole assets in gold, lest the circulation should fall to such a figure as to liquidate the whole of the paper which is being used for money all over the country. If it does not mean that, at all events it means that the paper assets in the Issue Department, such as Consols and Government debt, are of more solid value than the metal of which the money of more than half the coin-using world is composed. Can jaundice or yellow fever go further? "Corn Hill" evidently thinks that the safety of the realm, political and financial, lies in its being

"A precious stone set in a *golden sea*."

He considers that the ruin of all the cotton, spinning, and agricultural interest, an outbreak in India, or a civil or external war in America of no consequence at all, provided opportunities be given to a few money dealers still further to increase their already enormous fortunes.

"Corn Hill" thus describes his own idea of the Clearing House Banker's Elysium.

"The fact of the Bank of England note being a bullion certificate makes *us* the world's banker and the world's financial clearing house, and this brings *us* in an almost incalculable amount of profitable business."

Thus the same writers and practical men of business, who would look upon protection in the case of corn, timber, sugar or any other commodity little short of high treason, are not ashamed to plead in favour of protection for those who want it least, and who at any time may scatter their capital all over the world in a manner which would indeed be highly satisfactory to men with mills, farms, collieries, foundries, and other undertakings, requiring expensive and not easily transplanted works and other machinery.

He then turns to the old controversies on the Act of 1844 and says that, "it will at least be acknowledged by those most fully alive to the stiffness, want of elasticity and other disadvantages charged against the Act (1844) that this stipulation, which makes the bank note practically a bullion certificate has been the main factor in raising London to its present position as the present financial and monetary centre of the world."

What are the facts? To begin with the bank note is not a bullion certificate at all: and the present position of London as the financial and monetary centre of the world does not date from 1844. Nor from 1816, the date of the Gold Standard Act. Many date it from

Gresham's time. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, called England "the metropolis of commerce," at a time when the standard was a silver one.

The causes of England's position must be obvious to every one :

- (1) Her insular position.
- (2) Her immunity from invasion or serious revolution since 1687.
- (3) Her enormous capital.
- (4) I hope also, to some degree, the honesty and industry of her people ; qualities, however, not entirely monopolised by clearing bankers.

"Corn Hill" then quotes Mr. Bagehot as having said that "formerly, for many purposes, Paris was the European settling-house, but now it has ceased to be so," and that "London has now become the sole great settling-house of exchange transactions in Europe instead of being, as formerly, one of two."

When was this the case ? Does "Corn Hill" know ? I have looked up what is to be found about it, and I find that Huskisson thus wrote in 1826 of the Bimetallic State : "France, not only by the amount of her metallic currency, but by her proximity to this country, and her position on the continent, and by the great credit she possesses, is become very much the centre (the clearing house) of all the great pecuniary dealings to which commerce, exchanges, loans, and the movements of the money markets give rise between this country and the continent."

It is true this was written when the commercial world of England was emerging from a period of panic and disaster ; but it is equally true that it was after ten years of gold standard in England as compared with twenty-three years of double standard, with a fixed ratio, in France, diversified with two invasions and an enormous indemnity paid to foreign countries.

We are now brought back to the *Times* of September 11, and its grand Remonstrance, and here we are told that the *Times* must "be radiant," because "a deal" is now under discussion by the terms of which France and the United States are to reopen their mints to silver, and we are to water the basis of the Bank's note issue and make other concessions.

In all this and in the few remaining pages of the paper under notice there are two or three questions left out, which, supposing the banking community is to lay down the law and "Corn Hill" is to be its prophet, should be carefully studied and answered.

These are : How is it to be accounted for that for the seventy years of French bimetallism the ratio was never broken ? What is the solution which "Corn Hill" would recommend for the Indian difficulty, whereby 250,000,000 of our fellow subjects, who are accustomed to

hold their savings in silver ornaments, the value of which has been diminished by one half, very much by the closing of the India mints? And what would be thought of a Ministry charged with the highest political duties if they refused altogether even to argue about an international agreement when those who are best acquainted with American politics believe honestly that the atmosphere in that Republic is charged with electricity almost to danger point? We are not electioneering agents, either for McKinley or Bryan, but if we send back these "certain Americans," who are here authorised by their Government to treat, with the contempt of the *Times* Remonstrant, and the scarcely disguised hostility of the banking community, we must not be surprised if the storms, which appear probable enough, should burst where we least expect them, and for causes perhaps very unreasonable, but not the less real and terrible to contemplate.

"Corn Hill" then gives us another page depicting the awful consequences of "any such weakening of the basis of the Bank note."

He then states that "there is no need to discuss at length whether France by herself, or France and the United States together," could maintain the ratio.

What! not discuss at length the whole matter in debate? What then are we to discuss? However, he does not stick to his own proposal; he at once discusses it, and lays down the law about it. He says, without a shadow of proof, that the experiment failed in France, and that inexhaustible supplies of silver were caused by the Sherman Act, which the leading bimetallicists disapproved of as an incomplete measure.

I recommend "Corn Hill" to study the returns of the supplies of silver, and the extent to which they are only by-products of other metals, before he prophesies so emphatically on the amount of extra supply which a bimetallic agreement would engender.

He then returns to his attack on myself and the Bank administration, and goes the length of asserting it to be "a fact of which both the supporters and opponents of the Government should take earnest note, that secret negotiations, happily exposed in good time, which involved the possibility of a dangerous blow at English credit, were being conducted by Lord Salisbury's Cabinet,"—the conditions of these negotiations being precisely the same as they had been in the days of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, and approved by the unanimous vote of the House of Commons.

If the Government, as well as the Bank, are to be precluded from carrying on their business, as they understand it, without previous consultation with the body of Clearing House bankers, it is indeed high time for a new consideration of the constitution of all the financial and monetary affairs of the country.

"Corn Hill," in order to make good his case, gives a reason why

the Bank should have declined to assist in acting on the House of Commons vote by denying that the Bank is a State institution at all. "It is a common mistake," he says, "to suppose that the Bank is a State institution, and practically a Government department. This is not so."

He then goes back to the plan which was so speedily demolished in 1875—namely, "to form a joint metallic reserve of their own, and so make themselves independent of the Bank."

I have in a previous paragraph shown the absurdity of such a scheme, and I only recur to it with the view of referring once more to the comparison between the reserves of these Clearing House persons, as compared with those of the Bank of England.

The Bank of England, according to the late Mr. Hankey's book on it, is divided into three sections, two of which are decidedly Government departments, and the third can be managed for profit like any other Bank, the only difference being in the proportion of the reserve habitually kept by them.

The Bank was originally founded for purposes not differing from those for which it is now used. It was meant to relieve the traders of the country from the exorbitant charges of the bankers of that time, who were then called "goldsmiths or those who keep running cashes." On more than one occasion since the Bank was founded an attempt was made to injure it by members of the banking community. I have already alluded to one peaceful controversy in 1875. There are two or three less amiable struggles to be found in the Bank annals.

In 1707, at a period of national danger, the private bankers combined to make a run on it. They tried to swamp their great rival, and Sir Francis Child pretended to refuse to receive its notes.

After the panic of 1857 the Bank of England made some fresh regulations with regard to the advances made to bill brokers, owing to the large inroads made by these gentlemen during the panic on the Bank reserve. This was an unpopular step with "Corn Hill's" predecessors, Messrs. Overend Gurney, and so they accumulated a large deposit of £3,000,000, and then withdrew it at once. They had to return the money in a few days, with the dissatisfaction of feeling that they had in vain attempted to assail the solid basis of every one's credit, and that every one disliked them for doing so.

Finally, if the Bank of England is not a public institution, on what grounds do the public meddle with it at all? If it has not to do with the State, and if the State had not so great an interest in it, far greater than the body of Clearing House bankers, why should State officials communicate with it, or Acts of Parliament direct its proceedings?

"Corn Hill" thinks otherwise, and says that "its real strength is

now due to the fact that it keeps the balances of all the other banks," forgetful that from the enormous reserve habitually kept by the State bank, or partially State bank, the control it has over the reserve of other banks can give scarcely any profit at all.

"Corn Hill" concludes with a further attack on myself, which had been previously made and previously refuted. I will therefore only recur to that attack by repeating that, without asserting that the letter read by the Governor to the Bank Court had been read by me, when I wrote to the *Times* on September 11 I was fully aware of the particulars of the conversation between the Governor and the Minister, and of all that had passed, the doubt I expressed referring only to the fresh intelligence suggested by the *Times* Remonstrance.

H. R. GRENFELL.

THE MAYORALTY ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

IT seems strange to Europeans that the election of a mayor in a city, even although that city is New York, should be an event of the first political importance, exciting the keenest interest over the length and breadth of the country. With us in England or Scot'and it makes little or no difference to which political party the person chosen to be mayor or provost belongs, nor does the election, which is made by the Town Council, excite any but a local and transitory interest, for though an eminently capable mayor can do some good, an incapable or partisan mayor cannot do much harm. In the United States things are wholly different. There the mayor is elected by a popular vote over the whole city. His election is almost invariably a trial of party strength, over which strenuous party efforts are put forth, and the result of which may have a potent influence on the general fortunes of the party. He has, in nearly all cities, a position of great power and responsibility, and, in particular, a right of appointment to important and highly paid posts in the public service of the city, so that it may almost be said that the weal or woe of the city rests mainly in his hands during the two, three, or four years of his official term. This tendency to commit absolute power to one man rather than to a council, a characteristic feature of recent American democracy, is due to the distrust which councils and indeed all elective bodies inspire, and to the difficulty of fixing on any particular persons among them the responsibility for misfeasance or corruption. It is a growing tendency.

✓ In the present instance there are other circumstances to heighten the interest and significance of the struggle which is now in progress. The city of New York has just been almost doubled in size by the addition to it, and inclusion under one government, of Brooklyn and

several other smaller adjoining communities, making the new Greater New York a municipality of nearly three millions and a half of people. The mayor of this enlarged municipality will hold office for four years, will have the patronage of offices with an aggregate salary of \$500,000 (£100,000), and administering an annual revenue exceeding \$60,000,000 (£12,000,000). His patronage will be only second in its magnitude to that of the President of the United States. He will, in fact, appoint all the city officials except the Comptroller and the President of the Council (who are to be directly elected by the people), and his appointees will appoint the great multitude of subordinate officers. The magnitude of the city, the immense powers entrusted to the mayor, and the fact that this is the first election under the new system would alone be sufficient to make the occasion fix the attention of the whole country. But there is also another cause for the exceptional interest felt, a cause which requires to be carefully explained to English readers, because it is entirely outside the range of English experience.

For many years past, all city elections and State elections have in the United States been fought upon the lines of the two great national parties, although the issues which divide those parties have nothing whatever to do with the questions wherewith State and city legislative bodies have to deal. In New York, elections have been so fought with specially strenuous efforts, because the great weight which New York State enjoys in Presidential elections has made the success of the party in that State specially important to the party as a whole. Accordingly the "nominations" (*i.e.*, the selection of candidates to be run for the mayoralty and other city offices) have been constantly made by the regular organisations of the two great parties—that is to say, by that caucus machinery of "primaries" and "nominating conventions," which is currently known in America as "the Machine." The most powerful machine in New York City has been that of the famous Democratic party club called Tammany Hall, which has for forty years past been usually able to carry its candidates and dominate the Government of the city. Though there have often been minor Democratic organisations, it claims to be the "regular" party organisation, has practically been so, and is so to-day. Over against it has stood and stands the rival machine of the Republican party, with its parallel organisation of primaries and conventions for the nomination of candidates. For a very long time the Democrats have had a large majority in the city, roughly estimated at 60,000 votes, so the Republicans have seldom been able to carry any of their candidates, and on those rare occasions only by the aid of that body of independent voters (largely recruited from the better elements in the Democratic party), whereof I shall speak presently.

Of these two party organisations, both of them drilled and "run"

by professional politicians, the Democratic, controlled by Tammany, has by far the worst record, partly, some would say, because it has far more frequently held the offices. It has never of late years approached the splendid audacity of the Tweed Ring, which in 1869-71 pillaged the city treasury on a huge scale; but the name of Tammany stands, not in its own city merely, but to the public over the whole Union, for everything that is sordid and corrupt in city politics. It has, however, so strong a hold upon the lower and less educated voters, most of them immigrants from Europe, and many of them ignorant of, or, at least, unfamiliar with, the English language, that when a city election is fought on party lines, so that it can appeal to the party loyalty of the better element in the Democratic party as well as to that less worthy element which it directly controls, it is certain to triumph. Under these circumstances the "good citizens" of both parties, who were enjoying a corrupt and inefficient Government at a great cost to themselves as taxpayers, but to the profit of their Tammany rulers, began at last to ask why city elections should be fought on party lines at all, seeing that the principles of Republicans and Democrats respectively had nothing to do with the paving and cleaning of the streets, with the management of the police, or the administration of public charities. The Republican machine would have been glad of their aid to overthrow Tammany, and would, in order to secure it, have been willing to nominate fairly good men for the offices. But they felt, in the first place, that if they joined the Republicans, they would make success more difficult, because many respectable Democrats would refuse to support them; and, secondly, that to join hands with any party organisation would, after all, be a departure from the only sound principle—viz., that municipal affairs ought to be administered with no regard to the interests of either political party, but solely in the interests of the city itself. Thus at last—for I need not stop to describe the earlier stages of the movement, nor the wavering fortunes of the war maintained against Tammany—the opinion of the best men succeeded in getting inserted in the new Constitution of the State of New York, enacted by the people two years ago, a provision fixing the time for holding city elections in a year when neither State elections nor national elections were being held. The Constitutional Convention which drafted that Constitution enounced sound and wholesome doctrine when they said in their Address, "We seek to separate in the large cities municipal elections from State and national elections, to the end that the business affairs of our great municipal corporations may be managed upon their own merits, uncontrolled by national and State politics; and to the end also that the great issues of national and State politics may be determined upon their merits, free from the disturbing, and often demoralising, effects of local con-

tests." Encouraged by this success, the "good citizens" formed an organisation based on the principle that a city is "a business corporation," which ought to have nothing to do with political party, and obtained a membership for their so-called "Citizens' Union" of about 25,000 persons. Early in the present year the Citizens' Union prepared to nominate and run a candidate for the mayoralty. Their choice fell upon Mr. Seth Low, President of Columbia College, one of the five or six leading universities in the country. Fourteen years ago he had earned universal praise as an upright and energetic Mayor of Brooklyn, and during the last eight or nine years his reputation has been still further raised by his successful administration of Columbia College, to the enlargement of which he has devoted a large part of his private fortune. He has always been a Republican, but of an independent type, and not identified with the party organisation. A memorial, asking Mr. Low to stand as a non-partisan candidate, received in the course of the summer nearly 130,000 signatures, and when it was presented to him in September, with the concurrent request of the Citizens' Union, he consented to be nominated. Soon afterwards the Republicans, who had held back (as was supposed, to see whether Mr. Low would accept the nomination) held their Convention, and nominated Mr. Tracy, a lawyer of good standing and an ex-Cabinet Minister (Secretary of the Navy in President Harrison's administration). Many appeals had been made to them to nominate Mr. Low, and it was long hoped that they would do so, and thereby ensure the defeat of Tammany Hall. But the managers of the Republican machine, and particularly the gentleman who is understood to control it, and who adds to the office of Senator from the State of New York the more powerful, but less responsible, post of Republican Boss of the State, looked askance upon the Citizens' movement. It was only natural that they should do so, for to them it seemed to be aimed at that very principle of party organisation in the city which they existed to promote, and which is, in their view, essential to the strength and success of the party as a whole. They had during the preceding months frequently taken occasion to complain of the whole movement as an injury to the Republican party, an attempt to create a third Machine, a virtual encouragement to Tammany itself. One indiscreet Machine politician went so far as to say that it would be better that Tammany Hall should win than that the Citizens' Union should establish their pernicious plan of non-partisan nominations. Tammany Hall had delayed the holding of its Convention till the other two bodies had acted, waiting, it was supposed, to see what it had to fear from their co-operation or to hope from their dissidence. Now that it perceived its opponents divided, it took heart, and instead of putting forward some Democrat of acknowledged eminence, nominated one of the judges

of one of the city courts (Mr. Van Wyck) whose personal character (so far as one can gather) does not seem to be impeached, but who has neither the standing nor the talents to commend him to persons outside his brethren of Tammany Hall. This nomination has been generally attributed to the personal wishes of Mr. Richard Croker, who has for some time past filled the high place (once filled by William M. Tweed and afterwards by John Kelly) of Boss of the Hall. He has during the last year or two devoted much of his time to the English turf, where he is said to be an owner of race-horses, leaving details to Mr. Sheehan; but an occasion so great as this is naturally called him back to the helm. Whatever the cause of Judge Van Wyck's nomination it disappointed many Democrats, even among those who usually follow the Tammany banner—one found that the man in the street-car did not like it—and it was immediately followed by the revolt of a large section, who have nominated Mr. Henry George for the mayoralty. Mr. George is a man of great literary ability and as sincere as he is powerful in the advocacy of his views; and ever since he was run as candidate for Mayor of New York in 1886 he has, though he does not call himself a Socialist, commanded a large measure of support from the Socialist and "Labour element" in the population. What the Mayor can do to carry out a "single tax" programme or any similar measures is not very clear; for the existing statutes on the one hand, and the legislative powers of the City Legislature with its two Houses on the other, leave no large field for any socialistic experiments on the part of an executive officer. However, the Labour party and those who disapprove the existing order find the running of a candidate in sympathy with some of their aims a useful means of asserting their strength and propagating their views; and the Mayor's control of the police might, in certain conjunctures, prove to be a power of great significance.

Thus, on October 2, when I left New York there were already four candidates* in the field, all of them with a great force behind them, all of them well in the running for success. I shall not, of course, attempt to predict which will carry off the prize; it would be hard for any one to do that even on the spot, for the prospects of each candidate vary from day to day, and the situation may have quite changed before these lines can be read. But the English reader will naturally wish to know what are the principles, passions, or prejudices to which each candidate appeals, and what are likely to be the consequences of the triumph of one or other of the contending forces.

Tammany Hall, with its normal majority of at least 60,000 in New York proper, and about 15,000 in Brooklyn, would under ordinary

* A fifth aspirant was appearing in the person of the Mayor of one of the minor Municipalities which are to be absorbed into Greater New York; but his candidature did not seem to be taken seriously and even if persisted in will hardly affect the issue. Some one in New York observed that now nothing remained but for the laundrymen to run a Chinese candidate.

conditions be likely to win, for a majority of 80,000 out of a total vote of (say) 540,000 is not easy to overcome. On this occasion, however, Tammany is weakened by two causes. One is the personal popularity of Mr. Low. Many of the hundred thousand persons who signed the requisition addressed to him (outside the membership of the Citizens' Union) were people living in the quarters where Tammany finds its strength and usually disposed to support it. The other is the appearance of Mr. Henry George, nearly all of whose voting strength will probably be drawn from those who have heretofore given a Democratic vote. Through these defections "the Wigwam," as it is affectionately called, may possibly find the majority on which it counted swept away.

The Republican party in New York and Brooklyn includes, besides its band of professional politicians (with their "heelers,") who are chiefly responsible for the working of its machine, a considerable number of mercantile and professional men of good social position, and a still larger number of respectable people belonging to what would be called in England the lower middle-class. Were it to poll its full strength, and were the other three candidates to divide the rest of the city vote in equal proportions, it might win. But a large part of the two "better elements" in the party which I have mentioned are likely to rally to the Citizens' candidate, so that most shrewd observers seemed to think the Republicans had no great chance of success. They were strongly urged to coalesce with the Citizens' Union, and such a coalition would have made victory almost certain. But a coalition would have meant either that they should adopt Mr. Low, or that he should retire in favour of some new candidate to be chosen by them and the Citizens. They seemed determined against the former course, because it would mean a surrender of that principle of party candidatures for which they stand; while the Citizens' Union steadily refused to withdraw Mr. Low in favour of any new man, holding that such a course would be an abandonment of the principle which they had on their part proclaimed. There were some who thought, in the beginning of October, that a compromise of some kind was still possible; but that hope seems to have been now abandoned.

Of the sections likely to support Mr. George I have already spoken. Compared with the Tammany men and the "regular" Republicans, they are unorganised. But those who remembered the heavy vote Mr. George obtained in 1886 thought he might get a still heavier one now, and that his success was not impossible.

Still less organised were the forces likely to follow the Citizens' Union. That body expected to draw upon three sets of persons—Republicans of the better sort, Democrats of the better sort, and the usually heedless voters, who frequently neglect to vote at all, but who were expected, on this occasion of supreme importance, to rally to

the banner of cheap and efficient administration, cheap because pure, efficient because free from any obligation to regard party allegiance in the selection of officials, or the dispensing of contracts and other favours. Especial importance was attached to the attitude of the Germans, who, though in ordinary times divided between the two parties, were deemed likely to throw their weight on this occasion into the non-partisan scale. Some of their prominent leaders were coming out in Mr. Low's favour; and it seemed probable that at least a majority of the rank and file would follow. It was also hoped that the policy proclaimed by the Citizens' Union of turning to account, for the benefit of the city treasury, the right of running street cars—their traffic in New York is enormous—by granting short leases of this right instead of letting it go to private companies, who make out of it enormous profits, a share of which ought to go to the city, would prove attractive, and help to roll up a large vote.

✓ The situation was thus a very complicated one; a coalition of any two of the parties would have almost certainly ensured the success of the joint force, yet all were divided by differences of principle. By "principle" I do not, of course, mean moral principle, but the line of policy for which each organisation stands, and which it has to regard with a view to its own future. Neither the Republicans nor the Citizens' Union could coalesce with Tammany, but Tammany might try, and may be trying now, to bring back the supporters of Mr. George, since neither of them had committed themselves either to the gold or to the silver wing of the Democratic party. The Citizens' Union had had a difficult game to play in the earlier stages of the contest, and were blamed by some critics for not having exerted themselves to make it easy for the Republican machine to adopt Mr. Low. It is always hard to know how far those who stand for a principle—in this case a principle of high policy—are justified in making concessions which seem to trench on that principle; and here the question is so delicate that even an experienced observer on the spot might hesitate to pronounce a judgment. Still more difficult was the game of the Republican Boss. If he allowed his machine to adopt Mr. Low, he gave a triumph to the anti-partisan doctrine, which would encourage a like revolt in other cities, and strike at the root of the whole machine system. If he ran his own man he took the very step most likely not only to give Tammany the prize in this contest, but to strengthen it hereafter; and he took the risk of disgusting the better sections of his party. These latter evils seem, however, to have been deemed the lesser evils, and they were preferred. Even the head of the National Government was believed to have a disagreeable alternative placed before him, for it was thought that the White House could scarcely avoid some indication of its attitude. Mr. McKinley's personal sympathies would, no doubt, be with the

candidate who stood for good administration and the faithful execution of the Civil Service reform laws. His own recent action in extending the scope of the Civil Service Rules to include a greatly increased number of places, has proved his sincerity and his courage in this matter. It is, moreover, important to him and his party that Tammany should be beaten, for Tammany holding the patronage of New York City will be a potent influence in securing the often decisive vote of New York State in the next Presidential election. But the golden chain of patronage connects the President with the Senators of his own party, and makes it extremely difficult for him to show disapproval of the local action of the senator who represents so great a State as New York. "Why," the English reader may ask, "should the head of the National Administration be expected to indicate his sympathies at all in a purely local election?" Because in the United States the power, action, and spirit of party are wider and more pervasive than anywhere in Europe. That is the reason why the effect which the present contest may have upon the party system, constitutes the true interest and deep significance of the election. Momentous as is, to the citizens of New York, the selection of the man who is to rule their enlarged municipality for four years, the question of partisan or non-partisan nominations is of far greater ultimate consequence to the country, for it goes down to the "bed rock" of the political system of the Republic, of the political ideas and habits of the people. The government of cities is admitted to be the blackest spot in American politics. Reformers unite in attributing the faults of that government mainly to the practice of treating the city as a political rather than a business entity, and of rewarding party services by city offices. To reform party organisations all through and thereby raise the tone of politics would be a long and arduous task. It is therefore, believed that no greater forward step can be taken than to take municipal affairs "out of politics." The evils of the present system are monstrous and palpable; the arguments against it are comprehensible to every one. The existing practice has, however, struck its roots deep. It is not defended, as I have heard it defended in England, on the ground that you can get better men to enter municipal politics by appealing to them to come forward on behalf of their party, than could otherwise be secured. Such an argument would in New York or Chicago, where worse aldermen are chosen by voting than would be chosen by lot, be in too ludicrous a contrast with the facts. But it is argued that nomination by a party organisation gives a guarantee absent from the non-partisan scheme, since it makes the party responsible for candidates it has put forward, inducing the party to nominate capable men and to exert its influence to keep them straight. This is pretty and plausible as an *a priori* view, but it is utterly discredited by

experience.* To a European observer, the real reason why the immense majority of American voters have acquiesced in their party machinery, and its application to municipal affairs is to be found the power of habit and the traditional attachment to party, itself a form of the tendency everywhere common among men to do anything rather than take the trouble of thinking for themselves. Nevertheless a great many sensible and educated Americans conceive a party organisation to be so essential and indispensable to the working of their system of government that they are willing to pardon the sins of their own machine. They admit that the machine, although in theory based on the free and full representation of the members of the party, is in practice an exclusive body, controlled by an irresponsible Boss or Ring. They deplore the nominations which it usually makes. Yet because it is the "regular" organisation, technically entitled to speak and act for the party, and because they have not the time, or will not take the trouble, to reform it, they permit it to misrepresent their own personal wishes, and they continue to support its candidates by their votes. To-day Tammany might be overthrown and good government for the city secured if the Republicans would throw over their own Machine and give their votes to the candidate of the Citizens' Union. It is admitted that the Republican candidate is not likely to win. But it is possible that he may obtain votes enough to give the victory to Tammany.

It is this habit of blind deference to party organisation which needs to be broken, and it is easier to break it in the case of municipal elections than in any other, because the distinctive principles of Republicans and Democrats have nothing to do with clean streets or an honest police. Hence the importance of the present contest. To win against Tammany would cheer the hearts of all reformers, for the strength of Tammany has lain in its superb organisation, in its hold on the mass of foreign voters, in its alliance with the formidable power—just as formidable in New York as it is in London or in Lancashire—of the liquor interest. If a group of "kid-gloved theorists," as the Citizens' Union are called, can overthrow this redoubtable enemy, the civic and "good government" leagues in the other great cities also may take heart. To win without the help of the Republican Machine would deal a heavy blow at city Machines everywhere, for it would enable an example to be set in the greatest city of the Union of a municipal government relieved from all obligations to find places or contracts for its party friends, free to think of nothing but securing the best men for its

* It might also be argued that as the great mass of the voters have really no means of knowing who are the best men for city office, selection by a party is needed to help them. There is some force in this view, but the answer is again to be found in the fact that the party organisations seldom nominate the best men. And as regards the mayoralty, candidates for that office are pretty sure to be known men.

service and making the best bargains for its taxpayers, free to study the interests of the people and the people alone. Such an example—and the capacity of the Citizens' candidate to set it is not disputed—would do more for municipal reform than all that speeches, sermons and pamphlets have yet accomplished.

Like the campaign against Free Silver in 1896, this contest is a campaign of education. Even if Tammany should triumph, and give New York four years of sordid and corrupt administration, the results of the efforts which are now being made to rouse and enlighten the masses will not be wholly lost. To enlighten more than half a million of voters, many of whom cannot speak English, and to persuade them that their true interest lies in breaking away from the party organisations which have been using them for selfish purposes is no light task. But the best men in both political parties seem to feel more clearly than they have ever felt before that this work has got to be done, and are throwing themselves more heartily than ever before into doing it.

JAMES BRYCE.

WANTED—A POLICY.

IT was many weeks after the colloquy recorded in the October number of this REVIEW before Criticus and Laudator met again. At last, on a disconsolate November day, when the fog in the Park cut off the view from the Club windows, Laudator espied the Under-Secretary moodily discussing a chop, and boarded him at once.

He was in a cheerful mood, peculiarly irritating in the general gloom. After the common civilities, he broke out at once: "Well, I hope you are duly rebuked. You told me we had gone to pieces, and hadn't a leader that is worth talking about. But you see the country is with us all the same. You clever people sit and rail at everybody, but we win the bye-elections in spite of you."

"Oh yes," said the other wearily. "You official Liberals are bad enough, God knows, but the official Tories are worse."

"After I saw you," said the confident M.P., "I had a talk with one of our Whips, you know, and I put to him some of those things you said; and what do you think his answer was?"

"Can't imagine," said the official.

"He said he didn't worry about the leaders. Somebody always turned up when there was anything to be done. But he said that he couldn't find out for the life of him what we were going to fight about, if by any evil chance a general election happened. He said what we wanted was not a leader but a policy." And the optimist beamed upon his friend as if this was a new and cheerful discovery.

"Wise man, that Whip," said Criticus. "Didn't know any of the Whips had got so far as to find that out. But what is he going to do about it?"

"Oh well, he says, you know, that the National Liberal Federation is getting up a Registration Bill, and of course we will make a lot of play over Salisbury's mistakes."

"Yes," said Criticus, "that's it. Your great men want to be saved the trouble of making up their minds about any live policy at all, and to ride in on the fact that, however little good they may be, as I said, the other folk are worse."

"Oh, there you go," said the Member; "can't you let the Front Bench alone?"

"You challenged me about the leaders," said Criticus. "I said all I want to say about them. But the truth is that they are to be pitied, when one thinks of the ragged regiment they have to lead."

"What on earth do you mean?" said his friend, laying down his knife and fork in undisguised amazement.

"I was only putting your Whip's wisdom into other words," the Under-Secretary went on. "There is no policy; that is to say, nobody is keen about anything in particular. The workers are apathetic because they have got a good deal of what they wanted, and they have forgotten how easily they may lose it again. The Irish are too busy fighting one another to put any steam into even their money grievances. The temperance folk are gone stale. Even Mr. Labouchere has mighty little to say about the House of Lords. The Nonconformists find the Church too strong for them, not only in England but in Wales; and between their desire to abolish the voluntary schools and their fear that a worse fate may befall them if they attempt it, they don't know where they are. What single live issue is there that any of you care about?" he went on with a certain wrath. "No one cares a fig for land reform, which we used to agitate about when Henry George's doctrines first became popular years ago. No one cares a cent for the reform of taxation, in spite of the fact that the only successful thing the last Government did was in that direction. You are all flat—stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Laudator was taken aback by this outburst. But he did not exactly know how to reply. "Of course," he began, "it wouldn't do to have up the whole of the Newcastle Programme over again."

"I should think not," said his friend. "You had better find out what you do mean first, before you say a dozen things—such as payment of members—which you don't mean in the least."

"But I told you," said the M.P., "that is just what the National Liberal Federation is working up at this present moment—what it is that the country really wants in the way of electoral reform. What better could you want than that? They have had a conference, and then they have sent questions round to all the associations to get their opinions, and sent them things about the Second Ballot, you know, and all that; and now they are collecting it all, and there will be another conference, and they will adopt a scheme, and we shall get that settled at any rate."

"I know," said the other, wearily gazing at the fog. "I hear these things, and a pretty story it is. The English law about elections is a sight for gods and men. It pretends to be a household suffrage, and defrauds people of their citizenship by the ten thousand. It admits lodgers with a ridiculous property qualification; and because not even Jessel could tell what was the difference between a lodger and a householder, we have gone on ever since fixing up the register by a ridiculous rule of thumb, according to which a man votes if his landlord lives next door, and is disfranchised if his landlord lives in the back shop. And now when your associations and your delegates and all the party managers in conclave are settling a reform, they have not even the pluck to propose to make an end of this tomfoolery. No man was a Radical when I was young unless he went in for manhood suffrage. Nowadays there is hardly any one who even mentions it."

"Well," said Laudator, handling the argument in a gingerly fashion, as if it were something dangerous, "you see, there are difficulties. I had a talk with Hudson about it the other day. You see, I sit for a county division, and there the lodger vote is all Tory. Now, my brother-in-law, he sits for North-East Ham, and there the lodgers, if they could only get on the list, would vote Radical, all except those that go for the Independent Labour Party. So, you see, I don't want to extend the lodger franchise. It's as much as my seat is worth, upon my honour. But Tom would give his eyes to have them all made householders. So, of course," he said inconclusively, "it's very difficult, you know."

"Yes," said the Critic, "I know. I know that so long as each of you is only thimblerrigging and jerrymandering and playing for position, nothing will happen in the way of serious developments of policy. And until something happens, you will not get back to power—or rather I *hope* you will not get back, for if you did come in some day on the stupidities and misdeeds of the Tories without having any real policy of your own, the latter state of our party would be worse than the first. Therefore," he concluded, "I agree with your Whip. We don't want leaders yet awhile. Let us get a policy first. But you won't get a policy out of caucuses unless you put ideas into them, and ideas do not get there till there are men of energy and belief to hatch them. They will become your leaders by-and-by. You can put up with the deadheads till then."

"Now really, you know," said Laudator, with a proper dignity, "though I know you don't mean all these nasty things you say, you really shouldn't say them." And, as Criticus looked unrepentantly at the fog, he went on, in a kind of merry banter: "What do you want us to do yourself? You are a man of ideas. You keep on railing at us for having no policy. Imagine yourself installed at 42 Parliament Street—what would you propose?"

"My dear man," said Criticus, "you do not seem to see that that is just what I complain of. You all think you can get somebody to do the policy for you, at so much a yard, or so much a year. If I was at Parliament Street, I should advertise for some one who had an idea and believed in it." He stopped for a moment, as if he would refuse to go any further. But he began again. "I think," said he, "if you want my own views, that your party—for I don't call it mine until I know what it is going to be at—is in need of being born again. It used to be the party of individual liberty—of resistance to privilege—of peace and retrenchment and free trade—of extended franchises and democratic machinery, and all that sort of thing. Now all that is old stock, clean gone out of fashion and unsaleable; or, if you prefer another metaphor, these are the dead works of the old law. Even oppressed nationalities, which used to be a great source of Liberal inspiration, are now extremely dangerous, for they always split the party. I believe the mass of the party is sound about that, and I believe it helped you in those elections; but it is dangerous and divisive all the same, and the leaders require a wonderful deal of flogging to make them keep up any decent pace about it. I say, then, since all these old cries are ceasing to represent live issues, we must all try to understand what new problems have taken their place. You talk about electoral machinery. That is one of the old questions which has never got itself decently settled. It would be a good thing to settle it, but I doubt if any one except the election workers cares much. Extension of the suffrage generally helps the Tories anyhow. But if you have any one with pluck and honesty enough to propose manhood suffrage—or womanhood suffrage, if you like to be consistent—and the payment of all election expenses, and payment of members, and, as the inevitable result of these, the Second Ballot also—if you know anybody who means business about all this, give him my blessing. But he will find no great force of enthusiasm behind him, even then, for if the people were really interested they would long ago have forced your slow coaches to move."

"But," said Laudator, "you keep on saying that that is not what you want. If you say we are to be born again, you must tell us how."

"No," he said, "I am no prophet. I am only a civil servant, which is a very different thing. But I will tell you how you will not arrive at regeneration. You will not do it by blowing hot and cold at once, either about the Eastern peoples or about Ireland. You must have a foreign policy of some sort. If you mean non-intervention, as some of you do, let us know it. For my part, I think this weak-kneed policy about Armenia and Greece and Crete is only an echo of the Little England policy about the colonies. No sane Liberal now talks of letting the colonies drift; and so, I hope, the time will soon come when no sane Liberal will talk of obeying the Concert of Europe,

and letting the Eastern nationalities be outraged. And as I think that, so, for the like reason, I think that this curious sneaking disloyalty to Home Rule——”

“Oh, I say!” said the Member.

“Yes, I mean exactly what I say: you will have to purge yourselves of this sneaking disloyalty to the cause which the Old Man took up not only because it was inevitable, but because it meant peace and freedom and self-government. Which of the Front Bench, except John Morley, cares a straw about it? What could be clearer than that the bulk of the Nonconformists are only waiting for an excuse to throw the Irish over? That may do very well when you have no chance of coming back to power. But before you talk of settling a constructive policy, you will have to decide whether you are for the Irish or against them about Home Rule, and since there is not the ghost of a chance that you could make a majority without them, I have no doubt on which side of the fence even the most reluctant of you will come down.”

Laudator looked vexed and murmured something about loyalty to principles; but Criticus went on:

“What is true of Ireland is true of all the rest. The first thing you have to do is to know your own mind. As I told you before, you are in just the same dilemma about temperance. You cannot win without the temperance vote. You are sick of the blunders and difficulties of your last attempt at Local Option. You all hope to shirk it somehow, if you can; and no one knows what your policy is or will be. The result is that ‘the trade,’ now reinforced by all the holders of brewery shares, is just as eager to keep you out as if you had declared for a strong line; and the temperance people—any of them that are not mere dummies, or sworn Liberals anyhow—will trust you no farther than they can see you.”

“But, my dear fellow,” said Laudator, “what do you want us to do?”

“Lord knows,” said Criticus. “That is not my business. If you made me Prime Minister, I think I should begin with an elective-licensing authority, and make it clear that the licence is not a vested interest as against the public. But I don’t presume to advise your great men. I only say, let them have a policy of some sort, or let them tell us that temperance must wait. Mr. Facing-both-ways is a very bad candidate in a British constituency, and so he ought to be.”

Laudator again said something to the fog. His friend, fanning his own indignation, swung over to the Labour question.

“Now,” said he, “what are you people going to do about labour? Here is one of the strongest trades unions in the world all but smashed by a ring of capitalists, and none of you turns a hair.”

“I sent them a guinea,” interjected the poor M.P.

“How many of the Front Bench did even that?” said Criticus. “But it is not your stray guineas these men want. It is some sort of policy which

will stand between us and revolution. The men may escape this attack, but the masters will renew it, and if nothing is done to stop them they will win by sheer weight of metal. And after they have won, and when they refuse to take on another union man, and tie their people up, like Livesey and the Dock Committee, in a sort of rat-trap benefit society, what do you think is to happen next? If that is not the high road to social democracy and a general outcry for the extremest Labour legislation, then I do not know the British workman. And even if you do not democratise your machine any more, the workmen have votes enough at present to carry any blessed thing they like, and if their blood is up they will give you the Paris of 1848 over again in a very short space of time. I see nothing to save you from this except a little honest goodwill and statesmanship in devising legal means to save the situation. My friend Reeves says he did it in New Zealand by an Arbitration Bill. You have none of you the pluck to propose that. But propose something—anything. Show some sign that you are alive. At present you are a row of mummies solemnly propped up against a wall, and you do nothing with the situation but stick there and grin at it."

"That's all very well," said the M.P., smiling ruefully, "but there's just where the trouble comes. As I was saying to our Whip, we are very lucky to have got out of that Compensation Bill debate without going all to pieces. I tell you what it is—our leading men in the North won't stand much more Labour policy."

"Well, then," said Criticus, "you will have to shed your leading men in the North—unless you like to stay in Opposition for a generation or so. Parties can always take their choice. But they generally choose in the end to have a policy, and shed the people who won't swallow it. All I say is, if you want to come back to power, the sooner you set about discovering that Labour policy the better."

Laudator groaned. "Anything more?" he asked.

"Lots," said the Critic, who was warming to his work. "If I hadn't to get back to the office, I could tell you several more home truths. But my chief is away and I must do his work. Only, before I go, I wish you to observe that you have only touched the fringe of this question of your uselessness as a party, even now. Think of all the things that are waiting. We used to be excited about the land question, as I said just now. Which of you ever gives a thought to it? It's obviously at the root of at least half our social evils. It is nearly as absurd a system as the wit of lawyers could devise, especially in the form in which we see it here in London. Yet you have nothing to say about it. Jesse Collings rose to fame on 'three acres and a cow': it was a poor thing, but such as it was, it is forgotten. Now Joe has a card up his sleeve about making the artisan a Tory by helping him to a freehold house. But your people are all

dumb dogs, they haven't even a cry. Of course, there is the taxation of land values, but none of your chiefs trouble their heads about that. It is saved up for County Council elections, and never goes any further.

"The other taxation things, like the Free Breakfast Table, are all dead and forgotten. Old Age Pensions, of course, has been mopped up by Joe, and you are very glad to be rid of it. He can't make anything of it, and you don't want to try. What in the name of wonder do you suppose your people *do* want to do? If you brayed your whole Front Bench in a mortar—or any of your other benches, for the matter of that—would you get a single ounce of constructive policy out of them? You are all dumb dogs—that's what you are. You have the leaders you require. So long as you have no ideas and don't want to bring anything to pass, what you require is not leadership but figure-heads. Perhaps, by the time any policy is visible on the horizon—even if it be no bigger than a man's hand—the leader will turn up. But at the present rate of going that will be well on into next century."

Criticus got up and went to pay his bill. Laudator, feeling badly bruised and grievously bewildered, sat on, looking at the fog, which was thicker than ever. "He's too bad," he said to himself. "Really he says most unjustifiable things. Aren't we the party of the people, and progress, and all that sort of thing? And then there is these bye-elections. We would not win elections if we were such duffers as he pretends to think. . . . But,"—there had been a long pause, and he added in a sort of inward grumble as he rose to go—"but what the deuce is it we *do* want to do?"

A NEW RADICAL.

"THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF GOD." *

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S large book on "The Evolution of the Idea of God" deals with "profound questions," as he says. One may, therefore, be allowed to regret the mode of treatment which he has adopted. He approaches his theme by the method of anthropology, examining the religious ideas of the most backward races, and tracing the upward evolution of belief. Now absolute exactitude of statement and reference are imperatively needed in such work, but Mr. Allen, for reasons which he gives, abstains from precise references.

He has "borrowed from Dr. E. B. Tylor much valuable matter ;" but has he verified Dr. Tylor's references, with their contexts? There is no more careful writer than my learned friend Dr. Tylor. Yet, within the past week I have found, in two cases, that it was necessary to verify even *his* references, because, when consulted, they cast a new and unexpected light on the matter in hand. In one instance (where Dr. Tylor gave an erroneous reference), the facts, as stated by the authority, made very strongly for my view as against his. I should not have gathered that from his condensed version. In the second example, Dr. Tylor does not seem to have traced his fact from a modern editorial note on an old book, to its source in a newspaper of 1663. Had he done so, he could not have made the comment which he does make on the topic in question. But, while even Dr. Tylor may err, and has erred, he, like a scientific reasoner, gives us the means of correcting him. Mr. Allen, of set purpose, give us no such opportunities. He occasionally refers to Mr. Herbert Spencer's collections of evidence *en bloc*. Dr. Tylor was once moved to publish an examination of a few of Mr. Spencer's "facts" and theories; the result tended rather to amuse than to establish confidence. Thus it

* "The Evolution of the Idea of God." By Grant Allen. 1897.

is plain by examples, and, indeed, it is universally admitted, that to offer "facts," without exact citations of evidence, is not a scientific proceeding. The public, indeed, is believed to detest all notes and references, but, except in a mere work of popular propaganda, they are necessary.

Mr. Allen, of course, knows as well as any man the reasons why exactitude of statement and reference is necessary. But he pleads (pp. 434, 435) that he is only trying "to lay before the general public a rough sketch of a psychological rebuilding, and to suggest at the same time to scholars and anthropologists some inkling of the lines along which evidence in favour of my proposed reconstruction is likeliest to be found." If this book is welcomed, Mr. Allen hopes to follow it up by others, "and original authorities will be copiously quoted, with the fullest references." Dealing here, he says, "with few save well-known facts, . . . I have not thought it necessary to encumber my pages with frequent and pedantic foot-notes;" pedantic, I presume, because superfluous. But, in verity, notes are not superfluous, as I, for one, do not know some of Mr. Allen's facts, while he does not know, or ignores, or rejects, as not evidential, some of *my* facts. "The scholar will know well enough where to look for the proofs he needs." Indeed, I don't know where to look for the proofs of some of Mr. Allen's statements. Notes are needed very much indeed.

In criticising Mr. Allen, I shall not venture on the ground of his dealings with Christianity. It will be enough for me to follow him in his "proof that in its origin the concept of a God is nothing more than that of a dead man, regarded as a still surviving ghost or spirit, with increased or supernatural powers and qualities" (p. 19).

In his second chapter he treats of religion and mythology. In his opinion, religion is merely ritual and worship. But there can be no worship without belief, if it be merely the belief that a dead man can, and possibly will, bite you. This is too obvious to need enforcing. Mr. Allen also regards "the ethical element" as "not at all essential to religion in its wider aspect." Perhaps it is not "essential," but it is usually concomitant. The lowest savage race fairly well known to me is the Australian. The gods of that people already "make for righteousness."* If it is alleged that missionaries introduce these ideas, we reply that they are inculcated at the *Boras*, or tribal religious mysteries, which do not show much missionary influence.†

Mr. Allen now remarks that both the philological and the anthropological schools of mythology "fail to perceive that what they are accounting for is not the origin of religion at all." Mr. Max Müller

* Brough Smyth, "Aborigines of Victoria," i. 428. Taplin, "Native Races of South Australia," pp. 36, 56. Ridley and Günther *op. cit.* Brough Smyth, ii. 285.

† "Journal Anthropol. Inst." May 1895, pp. 423, 424.

is very able to reply for himself. But I, whom Mr. Allen honours by naming, do not exactly "fail to perceive that I am not accounting for the origin of religion," because I expressly declare that I do not believe the origin to be scientifically discoverable at all.* We cannot, I say, make the discovery *ni par l'observation, ni par l'expérience*; we are reduced to conjectures more or less plausible. We have the guesses of Lucretius, Hume, Comte, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Tylor. One or other of these may have guessed right, but historical demonstration is impossible. Therefore, as a mythologist, I leave the origin of religion alone; the origin, that is, of religious *belief*. Mr. Allen, to be sure, says, "In all early religions the practice is at a maximum, the creed at a minimum" (p. 40). To myself, savages appear, on the other hand, to waste very valuable powers of belief on a large number of unworthy objects.

In Mr. Allen's third chapter, "The Life of the Dead," we touch what seems the weak point of his system. It is far too systematic! In the religions of low savages known to me we find all, or nearly all, the elements of religions coexisting. We have high gods often, but, like Cronos in Greece, remote in the background. They made things, or many things; but they are *dei otiosi*, though frequently supposed to keep an eye on human conduct, and even to reward or punish it after death. They receive prayer and adoration. We have also departmental gods, of forests or rivers, and so forth; with wandering or local demons, worshipped ancestors, fetishes, totems, deified living men, *tout le tremblement*. They all coexist among very low savages. As to which was first developed we have no historical information. If the high gods, say Baiame in Australia, came *last* (Baiame=the Maker), they should, as latest evolved, be the most fashionable and powerful gods. But the reverse is sometimes the case, as Major Ellis shows, for Africa, in his "Religion of the Tshi-speaking People." There is plenty of similar evidence. I express no theory; I only note that in the lowest peoples known to me most elements of religion coexist. I may make guesses as to whether gods, ghosts, or fetishes came first, but I have no historical evidence.

Mr. Allen believes that corpse-worship came first; then ghosts, then gods. "There are savage races who have nothing worth calling gods, but have still a religion or cult of their dead relatives" (p. 42). Here we need facts and exact references. There are certainly savage races in a very different condition. Mr. Allen, then, being very systematic, discerns three strata of belief, which shade into each other:

- (1) "The dead are thought of as yet bodily living."
- (2) "Death is regarded as only temporary . . . men look forward to the resurrection of the body."

* "Mythes, Cultes et Religion," p. 307.

Dr. Tylor says, "How far the preservation of remains of the body may be connected with an idea of bodily resurrection . . . is a problem for which the evidence available does not seem sufficient." It seems sufficient to Mr. Allen.*

(3) "The soul is regarded as a distinct entity from the body" (p. 43).

Now to these three strata of belief, correspond, in Mr. Allen's opinion, three methods of dealing with that earliest object of worship, the dead body :

(1) "Preservation of the corpse, which eventuates in mummification" (p. 49).

(2) "Burial or its equivalent" (p. 53).

(3) "It is only when bronze and other metals are introduced that races advance to the third stage, the stage of cremation"† (p. 55).

Now, as a mere matter of detail, this last assertion is contrary to alleged facts. The natives of Tasmania, when discovered, are believed by many to have been in the palæolithic stage of culture.‡ They certainly did not use any metals. Yet (among other ways of disposing of them) they *cremated* their dead. Péron found a kind of monument under which was a vast mass of cremated Tasmanians. His description is extremely curious and touching.§

Tasmania by itself would destroy Mr. Allen's system of cremation as a mode of disposing of the dead so late that it was unknown to peoples ignorant of the metals. The Tasmanians kept corpses in trees, buried, and burned them; they were in all three of Mr. Allen's strata at once. So are the Australians: they bury, burn, place in trees, in streams, on piles, on platforms, and in caves; and mothers will carry a dead infant, "in the hope of being able to bury it near the place where it was born."||

"Four different methods of disposing of the dead obtain in the neighbourhood of Encounter Bay." We have burying the body, preserving it up a tree, and burning, for "those who die shortly after birth."¶ Thus, undeniably, tribes on the same uniform low level of culture practise every way of bestowing their dead. It is obviously

* "Primitive Culture," ii. 19. Compare ii. 5, and Brough Smyth, i. 113, which seems to make another explanation highly probable.

† An exception is made for the Aztecs.

‡ See examples in the Pitt River Museum.

§ Péron, "Voyage," 1800-1804. Vol. i. p. 265. Also *ap.* Brough Smyth, ii. 387-389.

|| A crowd of examples in Brough Smyth, i. 98-122.

¶ Mr. Hamilton, Protector of Aborigines, in "Journal of Anthropol. Institute," Nov. 1894, p. 180.

impossible, where all methods coexist among the same low savages, to say which is the earliest method, or to discover the sequence of their succession. Mr. Allen's "three stages" vanish under the touch of facts. He gave no evidence for his crucial statement that cremation only came in with the use of metals. Nor does he give any evidence for his remark that "the Australians used to cut off the thumb of a slain enemy that he might be unable to draw the bow" (p. 58).

*The Australians do not use the bow! **

With the disappearance of the three consecutive stages of preserving dead bodies, burying, and burning, vanish, of course, the three corresponding stages of belief in (1) the continued life of the corpse, (2) in resurrection, and (3) in the soul. These beliefs do, indeed, exist, but the idea of them as three consecutive strata in development becomes a mere conjecture. In the first stage, "the actual corpse, as it seems to me, appears in dreams." As the actual corpse has often been flayed, stripped of its flesh, decapitated, and perhaps, as far as possible, eaten, its appearance, in a dream, must be far from amiable. But we have, of course, no evidence as to what kind of corpses are seen in dreams by savages. It is all sheer guesswork (pp. 52-53). I have, for my part, declined to make shots at the origin of religion; I agree with Professor Lieblein: "It is not my opinion that it is possible in any people hitherto historically known, to show the first origin of the idea of God." † The suggestions of Mr. Allen, with his Australian bows, and non-cremating palæolithic or neolithic peoples, do not increase my desire to be venturesome.

When once the reader is convinced (as I hope the facts have convinced him) that Mr. Allen's three stages are "a devout imagination," the solemnity of his arguments from his shattered premises affords a rather cruel entertainment. Orthodoxy has left the Voltairean method to heretics; here it would find a delightful and boundless field. Mr. Allen argues that the savage has vague ideas of death (which is true), and may often doubt whether a friend's life has quite gone, or is only taking a jaunt. If this implies a belief in the spirit, Mr. Allen thinks that a comparatively late idea. Originally the body itself, the corpse, was first loved, then dreaded (nobody knows why) as an entity which might take to living again. "As a rule he" (the savage) "keeps and tends the bodies of his friends as long as any chance remains of their ultimate recovery, and often . . . much longer." Does he? The Australian buries his friend (if he is in the burying mood) as soon as the breath is out of the body. "When the last breath has been breathed," the body is corded up (probably to keep it down). "Three or less minutes suffice for these preparations,

* Bows may have been brought by Papuans to North Australia, but the weapon is not in the list of those used by natives.

† "Egyptian Religion." By J. Lieblein. Leipzig, 1884. Pp. 11, 13.

and the corpse is then ready for . . . the tomb."* We do not learn that they wait longer before cremating the body, when they practise cremation.† Other dead blacks are toasted, flayed, carried about, and finally left on a platform.‡

All three "stages" coexist among Australian savages on one level of culture. Yet "each of the three stages of thought . . . has its appropriate way of disposing of its dead" (p. 49). Are the preserving, burying, and burning blacks of Australia, then, in three different "stages of thought"? If so, it should be proved by evidence before we go a step further. As to the Crees carrying hair of dead relations for three years, I am carrying about Prince Charles's hair (in old sleeve-studs), but nothing follows as to my religious convictions.

While the "actual corpse" is fed, worshipped, and appears in dreams, in the first stage, that of body-preserving, "fear of the dead" declares itself in the second stage, that of burial. The third stage is that of cremation. "During the early historical period, all the most advanced and cultivated nations burned their dead" (of course, the Egyptians and Peruvians did not, but never mind), "and, in consequence, accepted the more ideal and refined notion of immortality."

Now Mr. Allen had a noble chance of testing his theory. He should have strictly inquired: Do the corpse-preserving Australians feed, worship, and *love* their dead? Do the burying Australians *fear* their dead? Do the burning Australians, and they alone, "in consequence accept the more ideal and refined notion of immortality?"

Mr. Allen does not seem to have made these inquiries. As to the burying Australians fearing their dead, they certainly tie the corpses tightly up, perhaps to prevent them from wandering. But, so do the body-preserving Australians.§ If tying up the corpse proves fear, then blacks in the first stage, who should love the dead, fear it as much as blacks in the second stage, who are said to be afraid of corpses. That the Australians who burn their dead differ from their neighbours in accepting the refined theory of immortality, Mr. Allen does not try to prove, and I know no evidence for the fact.

Mr. Allen says: "I think, until some more positive evidence is adduced on the other side, we may rest content with our general conclusion, that burial is the oldest, most universal, and most savage way of disposing of the remains of the dead . . . after the general recognition of death as a positive condition." Well, I have adduced positive evidence that all modes are going on at once, and went on at once, among the lowest known savages. It is Mr. Allen's business to prove that, among these savages, three different stages of belief exist,

* Brough Smyth, i. 100.

† *Op. cit.* i. 109. Delatite, Ovens, Broken, and King Rivers blacks.

‡ Meyer, "Blacks of Encounter Bay," *op. cit.* i. 113.

§ *Ibid.*, *op.* Brough Smyth, i. 113.

harmonising with their three modes of getting rid of corpses. Till he proves this, we can go no further.

Burial is, originally, a means of protecting men "against the vagrant tendencies of the actual dead" (p. 58). Mr. Allen thinks that people first feared "the actual corpse." He must mean *after* they ceased to feed, fondle, and worship it. But why, having once begun, did men cease to feed and worship it, and, on the other hand, fear it and keep it down under a stone or tumulus? When, or why, did ghosts, or corpses, begin "to make themselves extremely disagreeable to their relatives"? I fail to see that Mr. Allen gives any reason for this change of behaviour in corpses, or this new want of hospitality to the dead. We really must ask *why*, after fondling and feeding corpses, men entered on a new stage of fear of, and cruelty to, corpses? Can it be that when the flayed corpse, or headless corpse, or skeleton, took to appearing to the living in dreams or hallucinations, he was really more than early man could stand? I make Mr. Allen a present of this idea, which seems to fill up an important lacuna in his system. Not that, in my opinion, the appearance of "corpses three months old," even if unflayed, could be exhilarating or endearing hallucinations. "Gin a body meet a body" of that sort "need a body cry?" Probably he would have a fair excuse for crying.

It is also a serious objection that we have no historical evidence as to the stage when men evolved the belief in spirits. Mr. Allen puts it comparatively late, perhaps because he believes that the earliest practice is to worship the corpse, *sans phrase*. But I have shown that the evidence does not justify his opinion. We cannot distinguish these shades of belief. In a Bornean case of body-preservation (p. 51) it is not the dead man, but his *Nitu* (ghost?) that is fed. If the corpse is buried under heavy weights, it may be lest the *spirit* should come back to it and make it "walk." We have no chance of obtaining certain knowledge.

As to the development of the idea of ghost, soul, or spirit, Mr. Allen accepts, without criticism, the theory "already fully worked out by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Dr. Tylor" (p. 47). I do *not* accept it without criticism. Dr. Tylor knowingly left, at his base and all along his line of communications, a set of fortresses, masked as it were, which I am not inclined to abandon. I mean he passed several sets of supranormal phenomena (which might give rise to the belief in spirits), professedly without asking whether they were real phenomena or not. I incline to believe that they are real, are unexplained, and may be among the origins of belief in spirits, though I do not by any means say that they afford a valid basis for that belief. With M. Richet (Professor of Physiology in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris), "I should say that, among a few persons, there exists a *faculty*

of knowledge which differs absolutely from our ordinary faculties. Then there is neither space, nor time, nor material object interposed."* M. Richet thus sums up the experiments of six years. My conversion was more rapid; but it prevents me from accepting the Tylorian hypothesis that the idea of spirits (whether it be true or false) is based wholly on events not supranormal. This position of mine may be "to the Greeks foolishness," but I am compelled to hold it by facts, and, of course, I cannot swallow, without criticism, Mr. Spencer's or Dr. Tylor's theories of the origin of man's belief in the soul. Mr. Allen remarks, "The idea of immortality . . . arose from . . . the practice of burning." By immortality I take him to mean here life (eternal or not) after death. But that idea occurs among savages who do not burn; and, among low savages who burn (like the Australians), we must ask, do they regard the soul as immortal or only as persistent?†

To be done with this topic: Mr. Allen's theory of the origin of the belief in immortality rests on the hypothesis that cremation belongs to a later stage of culture than corpse-preserving or burying. I have demonstrated that all modes of disposing of corpses coexist, and have coexisted, in the lowest stage of culture known to us in practice. Therefore we have only guesswork to guide us, when we say that one mode was, everywhere, prior to another mode. And that demolishes Mr. Allen's theory of the three corresponding stages of practice and belief.

Mr. Allen now sketches, partly after Mr. Spencer, the development of ghosts into gods.

"In the earliest stage of all—the stage where the actual bodies of the dead are preserved, gods, as such, are for the most part unknown," corpses are worshipped (p. 68). Examples are, Tahiti, Central America, New Guinea, Egypt, and Peru. Now, are gods for "the most part unknown" in Tahiti, Central America, New Guinea, Egypt, and Peru? About Egypt and Peru we are certain that gods were very well known. Kingship, Mr. Allen goes on, as society advances, reacts on religion; the king's ancestral ghosts form a hierarchy "among whom the oldest, and therefore the least known, are usually the greatest" (p. 73).

Mr. Allen now goes into a discussion of priests, temples, sacred trees, stones, and stakes. But I wish to keep to the evolution of gods from ghosts of real persons. Taking a fairly low race, I shall prove that spirits which, as distinguished from ghosts, are said by the people never to have been in human shape, are chiefly worshipped, at a more primitive grade of culture; while ghosts of the dead are chiefly

* "Proceedings S.P.R." xii. 166.

† Mr. Allen says that "the neolithic remains of the Mentone caves are of a grade of culture earlier and simpler than any known to us elsewhere" (p. 55). Was, then, a piece of iron *not* found with the tall skeleton?

worshipped at a higher grade of culture. Now this is the reverse of what suits Mr. Allen's system. The people of the higher grade should have the purer faith. My instance is that of the New Hebrides and Banks Island, as contrasted with the Solomon Islands and Fiji. The former worship spirits that never were human, rather than ghosts of men. The latter worship ghosts of men rather than spirits never human. Thus ghost-worship "accompanies a more considerable advance in the arts of life than the pure spirit-worship." * All this is the reverse of what we should expect on Mr. Allen's hypothesis.

To this fact Mr. Allen might perhaps reply in his own words (p. 437): "Where spirits exist in abundance and pervade all nature, I still fail to understand why they may not be referred to the one known source and spring of all ghostly beings." We can only say that the Banks Islanders do not so refer Qat, to whom they pray as we do to God. And the point is that they have reached this higher conception of the never human Qat, a spirit, though they are on a lower level of culture than the Solomon Islanders, who chiefly worship ghosts of the dead. Mr. Allen says: "If any one can show me a race of spirit-believers who do not worship their own ancestral spirits . . . I will gladly hear him." Now Dr. Codrington writes: "In the western isles the offerings are made to ghosts and consumed by fire as well as eaten; in the eastern islands" (Banks and New Hebrides) "they are made to spirits, and there is no sacrificial fire or meal" (*op. cit.* p. 129). The Banks Islanders, however, when in danger, pray to dead friends as well as to non-human spirits. The fact is that stages of advance in culture do not correspond with stages of advance in religion to the extent which Mr. Allen imagines. We have seen that the three progressive stages of custom about the dead all coexist in the same very low stage of culture. The body-preserving and burying blacks ought to have no notion of the life of the separate ghost after death. Much less ought they to have the notion of gods who never were mortal men. But this notion they do, in fact, possess. Thus, among Australians of the Darling we find Baiame, *Carbon Massa*, "The Great Master." We have also Nurrundere, Pondjel, Pirrmeheal, a gigantic man who lives behind the clouds, is kind, is rarely named, but always with respect.† These gods seem too high for the social stage of their peoples. They are usually, in part at least, creators, and are engaged in the eternal dualistic conflict with their malevolent opposites. Yet all this occurs among low savages, who practise all three ways of disposing of their dead. In Australia as in Africa great gods, but infrequently worshipped, and, *ex hypothesi*, latest in evolution, lie behind the fetishes and human

* Codrington, "Melanesia," p. 122.

† Dawkins, "Aborigines of Australia," p. 47. One may cite two such accounts of the "Bora," or tribal mysteries, as have reached us.

ghosts, who are much more fashionable objects of cult. This cannot conceivably be the result in Australia of kingship and the deification of royal ancestors. The Australians have scarcely the germs of the institution of rank. Thus I fail to see how Mr. Allen's system accounts either for the never human worshipful spirits (as Qat) of Banks Island, or for the vague great gods of Australians and other low races, such as Andamanese and Bushmen. I can anticipate one way for Mr. Allen out of this quandary. As savages have been existing for dateless centuries, Mr. Allen may say, "Your blacks are degraded from a higher level of culture, from a social condition of kingship, in which they evolved these higher gods of theirs." This is the old orthodox position. But not one native piece of pottery or even (to my knowledge) one stone arrowhead of ancient date has been discovered in Australian soil. These blacks show no traces of higher culture in the past.

It will scarcely be denied that in the great gods of Australia, Masters and Makers, we have analogues to the advanced gods of civilised peoples. But we are not told how they were evolved out of corpses or ghosts, in a stage of culture where, in Mr. Allen's hypothesis, they have no business to find themselves. Indeed, he says, "among very primitive tribes we find, as a rule, only very domestic and very recent objects of worship" (p. 74). If so, let him explain our exceptions. Pirrmeheal and his peers, if not much worshipped, are certainly objects of religious belief. And they are worshipped, to this extent at least, that the Bora, the savage Eleusinia, are held in their honour, while they keep up ethically the cause of good against evil.

All this is a scanty sample of facts in detail. All this is swamped, or rather is overlooked, in what Cambridge men used to call "a hasty G," in Mr. Allen's large and imposing generalisation. But these are "profound questions," not to be solved by generalisations based on neglect, or ignorance, or disbelief, of contradictory facts. Even if these facts be called exceptional, it is exceptions that we must study, if we would advance knowledge.

Omitting, as I said I would do, sacred stones, stakes, trees, and temples, I come to chapter viii., "The Gods of Egypt." In this field Mr. Allen and I are alike mere amateurs, ignorant of the language. I have, however, read a good deal of German, French, English, and Dutch erudition about the subject, as, no doubt, has Mr. Allen. He says: "Nowhere else in the world (but in Egypt) can we trace so well such a continuous development from the very simplest beginnings to the very highest phases of mysticism and philosophic theology" (p. 155). Again, "In Egypt alone, of all civilised countries, does our record go back to the remote period when the religious conception was still at the common savage level, and follow it continuously . . . (p. 156).

By a conception still "at the common savage level," Mr. Allen alludes to the Egyptian worship of the dead and care of the preserved corpse. "Early Egyptian religion bases itself entirely upon two main foundations, ancestor-worship and totemism" (p. 157). About the origin of totemism, we know nothing, so I do not pursue that line of development.

I do, however, observe that Mr. Allen derives the Egyptian obelisk from the "shapeless head-stone" of the grave. This is very curious. The Egyptians must once have abandoned the first stage of corpse-preservation and mummies, in favour of the second stage, burial under head-stones. This became so general that, out of head-stones obelisks were evolved. Egypt then returned, we do not know when or why, to stage number one, and to mummies. The earliest obelisks known to Dr. Birch are of the fourth and fifth dynasties; they were placed, *not* over graves, but "before the doors of sepulchres." Mr. Allen does not seem to dilate on proofs of the second stage (burial in earth) among the Egyptians. This, however, is necessary to his argument.

To return to what he does say, I am wholly unconvinced that Egyptian religion has no origins beyond totemism and ancestor-worship, or that "in the tombs themselves we can trace a gradual development of the religious sentiment from corpse-worship to god-worship." I have already declined to admit that worship is the only test of a God. He may, and often does, exist in belief, as a Maker and Master, and an opponent of evil, though His worshippers are *parci et infrequentes*. Now, in the oldest tombs, we find, as gods, Osiris, Horus, Thoth, Seb, Nut, Hathor, Anubis, and others.* Already, under the second dynasty, the kings added to their own name that of Ra, "sons of Ra," the sun; while Seb is the earth, Nut is the heaven, and Thoth the moon. Thus our earliest lists of Egyptian gods contain several *not* "at the lowest savage level" of corpse- or ghost-worship. Therefore, Mr. Allen's assertion seems to me incorrect. Indeed, he admits that there are Egyptian gods, "not immediately or certainly resolvable into deified ancestors," but he is not sure that we cannot "trace them, in the last resort, to deified ancestors of various ruling families or dominant cities" (p. 163).

I can imagine several ways in which a more or less ingenious person could prove, to his own private satisfaction, that "the blessed sun himself" was "a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta," and deified ancestress of the Egyptian royal family. But such exercises of fancy would not persuade me that heaven, earth, the sun, and so forth, were ever anybody's deified ancestors.

No, when we first meet Egyptian religion, we find the cult of the dead, and we also (as in Australia) find belief in great gods. - One of

* Lieblein, *op. cit.* p. 7.

them (as in Australia) was engaged with his opposite in the universal dualistic conflict of good and evil.

Mr. Allen makes much of Osiris as an actual ancestral mummy and spirit, once a real man. To Mannhardt and Lieblein, he represents the sun. I have, myself, no theory of his original form or significance. He is figured as a mummy, holding the emblems of power, and he possessed, among other functions of a contradictory kind, the throne of the dead.

Conceivably he may once have walked the earth, and, on his decease, may have been "The Dead Chief of Abydos" (p. 164). But, even then, his worshippers may have *also* believed in other gods, Nut, Seb, and so on, who never were human beings, just as the "low down" Banks Islanders worship spirits which never were human beings. We know nothing about the matter; but we do know that races without any chiefs at all already believe in, and honour gods whom nothing proves to have ever been men, corpses, or ghosts.

I shall not dispute about the fact of Osiris owning too many graves for one dead chief. So does Tsui Goab in Africa. But please observe Mr. Allen's logic! He draws a parallel between local Osirises and local saints, Our Lady of Loretto and Our Lady of Lourdes. But the point is that Osiris was believed to be *buried* at a number of places. Now nobody says that Our Lady is buried at Lourdes, and at Loretto, or even that these shrines contain relics of her (p. 169). The cases are not parallel cases. In brief, Osiris may, or may not, have once been a human being, a corpse, a ghost, a god. But, as soon as we meet Osiris, we also meet other gods, who can have been none of these things. We cannot say historically which sort of god is the earlier in Egypt.

I wish to keep out of totems, but here is another example of Mr. Allen's logic: "May I add that the worship of totems . . . very probably arose from the custom of carving the totem-animal on the grave-stick or grave-board? The custom is still universal among the Indian tribes of North-Western America" (p. 174).

I would like evidence for this universality. Of course no reference is given. In fact, the totem on a Red Indian grave-post is represented reversed, upside down, just as the leopards are reversed on the shields of English kings, opposite the accounts of their deaths, in mediæval chronicles. The reversed Crane on a grave-post means, "A man of the Cranes lies here." De Brosses asks, "Do we worship saints because we paint them on our banners, or do we paint them on our banners because we worship them?" In the same way, Indians carve or paint their totems reversed on their grave-posts, because they revere their totems; they don't revere them because they paint them on their grave-posts. This is certain, or it is certain, at least, that carving on grave-posts is not the origin of totemism. For, all over

the savage world we find people worshipping totems who do *not* carve totems on grave-posts. But the system of the sacred corpse, sacred tomb, sacred tombstone leads Mr. Allen into conjectures demonstrably weak. However, he does not go so far as Mr. Herbert Spencer. "I do not feel inclined wholly to agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer that every individual god" (say Aphrodite) "was necessarily once a particular dead man" (p. 174).

In parting with Mr. Allen (for I do not follow him into the gods of Israel, and into Christianity), I remark a kind of anticipatory reply to one of my arguments. I have insisted that gods of considerable refinement, Makers and Masters, occur among even the lowest savages, as do Nut and Seb, and Ra in Egypt. These beings, says Mr. Allen, "are gods to talk about, not gods to adore—mythological conceptions rather than religious beings" (p. 176).

"They get there all the same." And how do they get there? In his second chapter Mr. Allen is a little severe on Mr. Max Müller and myself for neglecting "the very essentials of religion," and only approaching it "from the point of view of myth"; for being concerned with "gods to talk about, not gods to adore," "mythological conceptions rather than religious beings." This a little disconcerts me, as the main religious argument of my book turns on the difference between man's religious mind when he adores a god, and his mythopoeic mind when he tells yarns about a god. You can hardly find lower savages than the Bushmen; yet they adore and worship Qing. "He made all things and we pray to him, 'Are we not thy children? See'st thou not that we hunger?'" *Vocem Christianam naturaliter exclamant*, as Tertullian says. But while father and friend in religion and worship, Qing is a non-natural sorcerer in myth. Now whence came the conception of Qing? These gods, All-fathers, among low savages who have no royal family to deify, cannot be got rid of by Mr. Allen. They are gods not merely to "talk about," but "to adore." They are "religious" as well as "mythological" conceptions. They are not worshipped merely in private; they are adored in certain high and rare acts of tribal religion. They may often be superseded by lower objects of worship, as Ouranos is superseded in Greek cult; but Zeus also is the sky, and never was a mortal man. Mr. Allen's system does not at all account, as far as I can see, for the highest gods of the lowest savages, some of whom by his hypothesis ought not to have soared above fondling or eating the dead bodies of their aunts and uncles. These deities really cannot be got rid of by calling them "gods to talk about." Their very position of neglect, where it occurs, is a problem; for being, *ex hypothesi*, the latest as they are the purest conceptions yet evolved, they nevertheless sometimes appear not to be fashionable, but almost forsaken, except on some grand occasions. It is as if we were got among Hebrews who

adore beasts, ghosts, corpses, and fetishes, but shyly let out that they do know a god, Jehovah, the maker of the world, now a deity rather *en retraite*. Without the prophets, Greece might have found the Hebrews in this deplorable situation, which is not unmatched among savages. Yet we find the analogues of the higher gods of low savages rather than the analogues of ancestral spirits among the deities of polytheism, Zeus and Apollo.

All my facts and my objections, as based on them, may have occurred to Mr. Allen and been rejected by him for some reasons of which I am unaware. If he has not rejected the evidence I produce but has overlooked it, he may modify his theory of "corpse-worship as the protoplasm of religion" (p. 438), for he "does not hold dogmatically to the whole or any part of" his "elaborate doctrine." I, too, will gladly admit that there is a progress from corpse-preserving and corpse-worshipping, to corpse-burying and corpse-fearing, and thence to corpse-burning and a refined idea of immortality, when Mr. Allen, or any one else, disproves the facts which I have selected from the first books on my shelves. As I helped Mr. Allen to what he seemed to need, a theory of why man turned from corpse-loving to corpse-dreading, I add a slight item of evidence for my improvised suggestion. "Ghosts of men whose heads have been taken" (as in the corpse-loving stage) "are seen without their heads." * Now I only know one person who ever saw a ghost with no head; he is the most acute and accurate observer of my acquaintance. He tells me that his hair stood up in horror and raised the cap on his head. This, then, this grim appearance of the headless corpse, may have led from corpse-loving to the fear (and burial) of corpses. I do not know how this circumstance strikes Mr. Allen, but to me it appears to fill up an empty place in his elaborate doctrine. I have tried to make serviceable comments on only a part of his large book, and I hope he may allow *fas est et ab hoste doceri*. The hostility is only theological.†

A. LANG.

* Codrington, "Melanesia," p. 255.

† After writing this critique, I consulted an article of mine on part of Mr. Allen's theory ("Was Jehovah a Fetish Stone?" CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March 1890). I find that I there argued against Mr. Allen's hypothesis that worshipped stones were originally head-stones of graves, because I saw no evidence that stone-worshipping races buried, as a rule, under head-stones. The Hebrews buried mainly in caves and rock-sepulchres, yet had revered standing stones of different kinds. This argument still appears fair to myself, but I do not observe that Mr. Allen now produces much evidence for head-stones among stone-worshipping races. That some instances might be offered is very probable, but a considerable collection of such facts seems necessary to the argument.

THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

THE death of the Duchess of Teck produced one of those curious exhibitions of feeling which from time to time come over the people of England. We are curiously shy and chary of showing anything which looks like sentiment or emotion, and yet we are the most emotional people in the world, swayed from one moment to the other by any gust of popular feeling, and are as demonstrative in our sorrows as in our joys. We are very apt to elevate individuals as well as sentiments into positions quite apart from their *real* claim to distinction, and if they have obtained any hold on our imagination we are prepared to prostrate ourselves at their shrine; and there are many instances when, carried away by a burst of popular indignation or admiration, the country has well-nigh lost its head. We are, at the same time, a discriminating nation, and we have a high standard of life for those who, by birth or any other accident, are placed on a pinnacle of general observation; and we are always eager to bear tribute to virtues and qualities which find a responsive chord in our hearts. The virtues which make a useful life, a happy home, are those which bind us all together, and we look for them in the households of the most exalted in the land, where the example we prize has ever been set. With all our criticism we realise the difficulties and temptations which beset the path of those who have neither the necessity nor the obligation to work, and our admiration is genuine and unbounded when we see the lives of such people spent in one unending round of labour for the good of the community. Perhaps no one ever gave her time and thoughts more ungrudgingly to the task she took in hand than the Duchess of Teck, and it always seemed a pleasure to her to be asked to undertake work, even though it entailed a great sacrifice. We are always anxious not to make

comparisons when we find a class all doing the same work in the same way to the same end. But it is the misfortune of some, or shall we say, the fortune of others, to be endowed with a personality which, in itself, gives them an advantage with which neither title, money, nor position can come into competition. This was especially the case with the Duchess of Teck: her royal appearance, her genial manner, her kindly recognition, her deep-toned voice, her sweet smile, and her intensely sympathetic nature made every one with whom she came into contact her devoted servant; and that popularity was not confined to those who came into intimate relations with her, but was shared by many in the poorer and lower walks of life, who had never received more attentions than the kindly recognition and smile which were her unfailling characteristic.

The life of our Royal Family has very little privacy; indeed, they live absolutely in public, and the fierce light which beats on them discovers what faults and shortcomings there may be with a rapidity and a ruthless criticism which is extended to perhaps no other position. They lead their lives among us, entering into the joys and sorrows of the nation; and perhaps of no member of the Royal Family may that be more truly said than of the Duchess of Teck; and it was not only among her relations and her equals, but among those who served her, or came across her in any capacity, that she was beloved. In any position in life she would have been a remarkable person, because her courage and determination were striking, and she had a capacity for grasping facts and details, and a glorious disregard of the difficulties to be encountered in surmounting difficulties, which inspired those around her with a confidence which, but for the conviction, would have been wanting. Nothing ensures success like a belief in the cause a person undertakes; and the Duchess rarely interested herself in any work with which she was not personally acquainted, or of which she had not mastered the details, and having once satisfied herself that the cause was a worthy one, she took it up heart and soul.

There is one noticeable fact in this aspect of the charitable life and work of every member of our Royal Family, that their patronage and approval may always be considered by the public as the hall-mark of the worth and respectability of any work in which they interest themselves. The endless calls on their support are carefully considered by them and their advisers, and nothing is ever undertaken by any of them without the most careful scrutiny as to the aims, financial position and prospect of success of any undertaking in which they engage. As a rule, no charitable work in its initiation can secure royal patronage unless its scope is of such magnitude and importance as to leave no doubt of its success. Most enterprises have to run the gauntlet of a struggling infancy and childhood, and only when thoroughly well established can

royal patronage be accorded them. The necessity of such safeguards must be recognised by all ; and often was the Duchess of Teck appealed to, and often did she sorrowfully refuse, to help a charity which she knew was needed, and would be of great benefit to the community, because she realised the great responsibility which her name carried, and felt the dangers which an indiscriminate patronage would give. A great deal of her time was spent, however, in helping such schemes privately, in order that she might, when they were well established, give them her name and support ; and what gave her greater pleasure than anything else was to watch the growing strength of charities with which she had been associated, privately and publicly, almost from their birth, and which she knew had largely grown to usefulness by the fact that she was interested and believed in their aims.

To the casual observer the task of discrimination to which the Princess adhered entailed much inquiry and correspondence ; and one cannot measure the labour such occupations bring by the number of public appearances made by the Princes and Princesses of our Royal House. No doubt the people in attendance on the Royal Family undertake a certain amount of the formal and routine correspondence ; but there are thousands of letters during the year which they must write themselves, and there are people to be seen, arrangements to be made, plans to be discussed, and a day of twenty-four hours stretched to carry out the work of many more ; and side by side with this there are the domestic ties and duties which are never overlooked, and which, in the case of the Duchess of Teck, were her first and foremost thought. The life of Royalty in these days is no sinecure ; no people are more the servants of the country than they, and the reproach can never be made that they have ever neglected an opportunity or a petition for help or assistance. We are proud of our monarchy ; we revere the Queen, and we are bound to her children by no ordinary feelings of affection and respect. But we put a high ideal before them and an exacting standard of character and work, and we do not pay them too highly for all that we ask of them, and that they do willingly. We often affirm that, if a certain amount of work is expected from them, they have the means at their command to do that work with as little fatigue as possible ; and that is in a great measure true. They can arrange their own plans for their own time, they need never worry about catching trains or suffer from the hundred little worries inseparable from the lives of less exalted personages. But we must also remember that they have to pay more for everything than we ; they have to spend more money in every way both in charity and other objects that they can rarely refuse ; and that with all these claims they cannot relax the dignity and appearance they are bound to make as the representatives of the richest country

in the world. Considering all these things, they must themselves be forced to do a good deal of work and to a great extent find the sinews of war by their own personal supervision and actual labour. In no one's life was this more truly the case than in the Duchess of Teck's, for it was no secret that she was never a rich woman; indeed, for her position and what was expected of her, she was really poor, and a vast amount of work and correspondence was done by herself, partly because she knew how much more a letter from her would gratify the recipient and help the object she had in view, and also because, without extra secretariat, she could never have overtaken the vast amount of writing which her everyday life entailed. It only needed a visit to White Lodge during the short time before the annual distribution of the work of the Duchess's Needlework Guild to realise what a hard-worked woman she was; and the writer of this paper can speak not only from personal knowledge of the readiness and kindness with which appeals for help from the Guild long after the appointed time for application had elapsed were at once responded to, and how generously and thoughtfully, year after year, the localities were remembered. A clergyman in a very poor parish in North London was appointed, some five years ago, at the beginning of one of our very cold winters, to a living where there were no well-to-do people or outside support. He found the greatest distress and destitution and a grievous want of clothing among the men, who were in a discontented and rebellious state of mind from the great want they were undergoing, and also from the influence of a large number of French socialists living in the district. After trying many people he applied in despair to the Duchess, telling her his story, and imploring help. He was a stranger in London, and quite unknown to her, but by return of post a letter came from the Duchess herself, asking him to go and see her at once, which he did, and he came back, not only not empty handed, but comforted by her large-hearted sympathy and ready response to his appeal, which was kept alive by subsequent substantial yearly assistance. Two days after the death of the Duchess the Duke had occasion to go to a meeting of people in that parish, and found nothing more genuine and sincere than the tears of regret and sorrow for the good friend who was gone, and who had come to them in their hour of dire need. This is only one incident, and one perhaps hardly worth recording, but it came quite accidentally to our knowledge; and there are many hundreds of a like kind which will never be heard of by the great public outside the little world in which we all live. But it was on a par with the kindly womanly sympathy of her nature, which could not bear, if there was suffering, not to mitigate it, and which in every way tried to make the sorrows of others her own. Hospital nurses will tell of one of her visits to dying patients, and of her endeavours to

assuage the grief of bereaved ones, and of her love and gentleness to the little children whom she often found orphaned by the bed of a dead father or mother.

We, who have always considered the Duchess of Teck as an essentially English princess, forget that she was born and brought up in Germany, and passed most of her youth at the schloss of Rumpenheim in Cassel. She was born at the Royal Palace in Hanover, and did not really settle in England until after the death of her father, the late Duke of Cambridge, in 1850, when she was seventeen years old. After that event she and her mother resided at Kew, and, though the Queen gave them rooms in St. James's Palace, now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Teck always considered Kew her real home, and loved it with a very lasting affection. The Duchess was in England at the time of the Queen's coronation, but was not in the Abbey, though she saw the procession from Cambridge House. We all know her picture in that of the marriage of the Queen and Prince Consort some four years later, and can contrast it with one in which she appears at the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1864. The life of the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, as she was always affectionately known in the country, was a very quiet one, and, though they took part in all State ceremonials and were well known and much occupied in public functions, their career was a much more uneventful one than that of the family to which they belonged. They were both much interested in charitable work, but they also enjoyed a society which was a very brilliant one in its way, and which counted among its members Macaulay, Motley, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Edwin Landseer, Lord John Russell, Bishop Wilberforce, Lord Lansdowne, and the Princess's two lifelong friends, Lady Marian Alford and Lady Burdett Coutts. Princess Mary was a woman of intellectual tastes, and she had, in common with her family, a marvellous memory. These qualities, combined with a keen sense of humour, made her a most appreciative and charming companion, while her beauty and charm of manner would have made her in any society a most attractive woman.

Those who knew her in the days of her childhood and early girlhood speak of her brightness and vivacity, and we may say, without being disrespectful, that she was a regular tomboy and romp: many are the stories told of the practical jokes and mischievous pranks played at the old schloss by the high-spirited pretty girl who was always up to some mischief or fun. She was the youngest of the family, the pretty girl, and consequently the pet, not only of her parents, but of every one who came into contact with her. The Princess was a very good musician; she had a very delightful voice, and sang with great expression and sympathetically, and up to a very few years

ago would sing ballads in a very touching and pathetic manner. She had a good deal of artistic feeling and knowledge, which was much developed by her marriage, for her husband had naturally a very keen artistic appreciation, and their pretty home at the White Lodge was the best illustration of the Duke of Teck's knowledge and love of *bric-à-brac*.

It was for a long time a matter of great surprise that Princess Mary remained so many years unmarried. She always disliked and refused any foreign suitor, and it is hardly a breach of discretion to say that at one time it was thought she might make her home in one of the great territorial houses of England. But tradition had not yet become sufficiently powerful to lead the country to remember that in the early days of English history the daughters of the sovereign mated with the great nobles; and whatever may have been the wishes of the Princess, the hope never bore fruit. The Emperor Napoleon, who admired her enormously, was said to have expressed a wish to become a suitor, and Louis Philippe, the matchmaker *par excellence* of the nineteenth century, was supposed to have planned an alliance between his nephew and the English princess. But all these schemes fell through, and the Princess remained fancy free till she was thirty-three years of age, when she married the Duke of Teck, the son of the Duke of Wurtemberg and the beautiful Countess Hohenstein. It is no vulgar flattery to say that no more handsome couple ever plighted troth to one another, for the Duke was well known as one of the handsomest men of his day, and if Princess Mary had lost some of the freshness of youth, she had developed into a most beautiful and stately woman. The quiet wedding in Kew Church, which has always been associated with every tender reminiscence in her life, was attended by the Queen, who, in her early widowhood, came and stood beside the bride, as a token of the love and affection which have always bound all the members of the Royal Family together; and the popularity of the marriage was enhanced by the knowledge that the Princess, in carrying out her determination not to marry a foreigner, had found a husband to whom she was devotedly attached, and with whom she was to spend her life in her beloved England.

The early married years of the Duchess were somewhat uneventful, for the life of retirement she and her husband led was only broken by a few public appearances at times, and by visits to her friends, and the birth of four children occupied her in the legitimate fashion of an English wife and mother. She always lived near her mother, the Duchess of Cambridge, and Kensington Palace was for many years her home. We need not go into the circumstances which led to her leaving London, and the last years which were passed at the White Lodge were, perhaps, the happiest and most eventful of her short but useful life. White Lodge has its interesting memories which will

always be enhanced by those associated with the Duchess. Caroline of Anspach was living there when "the broad-faced, jolly-looking and very corpulent cavalier" galloped down on the afternoon of June 14, and pushing aside the affrighted attendants and ladies, who said the master of the house could not be disturbed in his afternoon sleep, opened the door of the bedroom, waking up the little gentleman who lay on the bed, and announced to him that George I. was dead, and that he was King of England. It was at the White Lodge that Scott places the meeting between the Queen and Jeanie Deans, and the Duchess often used to tell that it was in her boudoir that Nelson first told Lord Sidmouth of his plan for destroying the power of the French.

The family life of the Duchess of Teck was one of which one can only speak with great reserve and delicacy, but it was happy in every sense of the word. She never was rich enough to entertain on any great scale, but she saw her friends there, and the little pleasant dinners she gave on a Sunday will never be forgotten by any one who had the good fortune to be her guest. The repose of the White Lodge, with its quaint old-fashioned garden, looking out over the lovely glades and rides of Richmond Park, was a delightful change to many tired and overworked people whom she loved to collect around her, and she had the faculty of getting those together who knew and were sympathetic with one another, and who were also remarkable and interesting. Perhaps the quite small dinner in the warm summer evening out in the garden, with only ten or twelve people, and those mostly children or relations, and only three or four outsiders, were the most delightful, and there are many who will look back on such an evening, with the pleasant talk in the balcony until it was time to say good-bye and drive back to the heat and dust of London, with a remembrance of great pleasure, mingled with feelings of deep regret that such days will never return. It was then that it was pleasantest to see her—the happy mother, fond and proud of her children, devoted to her husband, and caring for and living her life with all the keen enjoyment of a strong, powerful nature. And to others she will be remembered for her love and devotion to the grandchildren who came to her under such happy augury; she was proud of her sons because they were high-minded and brave men, and she adored her daughter because she was her stay and comfort, and because between them there had always existed the deepest affection and the truest friendship. Of all those who mourn for her and miss her, no one will feel that loss more keenly than the Duchess of York. The love and counsel of a good mother are always the most precious right of a daughter, and in exalted positions is more needed than the outside world can guess;

and in the death of the Duchess of Teck the Duchess of York has lost her best friend.

The realisation of what must have been the hope of the Duchess of Teck's life, that her child might find a husband worthy of her, was granted when her engagement to the Duke of Clarence was announced, and she must have felt more than satisfied at the acclamation with which it was received in the country. The dignity with which the terrible blow was borne when the tragic death of the Duke took place will never be forgotten, and when the scarce whispered hope that Princess May might still be our future Queen became a certainty, and the Duke of York chose his bride in the English princess, whom the country had in anticipation chosen for him, because she was her mother's daughter, it brought sunshine again into the mother's life. No one who saw the wedding procession on that lovely July day will ever forget the ringing cheers which greeted the Queen and the Duchess of Teck as they drove to the Chapel Royal, or cease to remember that the country was delighted with the marriage, because the bride was the daughter of a princess who was universally beloved and respected.

It is not always easy to analyse the reasons or describe the qualities which give influence and popularity, but, whatever they may be, the Duchess possessed them in no ordinary degree. There were certain attributes possessed by her which all the world acknowledged, and there were others which were perhaps only known to those who came intimately into the sphere of her life. She had the greatest gift vouchsafed to any one, and that was that for nearly all her life she had a good sound constitution and great physical strength, and these gave her the elasticity of spirits which made her so charming a companion, and enabled her to undertake work which would have been impossible for a delicate woman to carry out. She was not perfect—no one would say she was—but she had qualities which, as we have before pointed out, would have made her a remarkable personage in any rank in life. She had a quick, impulsive nature and temper, which always accompany a character like hers, and she felt and spoke strongly when her feelings were roused; but she had great power, self-control, and patience, and she never forgot that she was a princess, with all the responsibilities and obligations which that position entailed. Her command of her temper, often under great provocation, was admirable, and she was devoid of all the small feelings of jealousy which so often mar and ruin a woman's career. She was, in truth, a busy woman; her life was too full to permit the small worries which so often cause unhappiness to disturb her.

She was not methodical, or very punctual, or accustomed to an orderly partition of her time, but she had a memory which

never deserted her, and was always able to remember where she placed things; and she never allowed, in spite of her many and varied engagements, any appointment she made to overlap or clash. When we know, as we now do, that for some years past her constitution had been severely tried by the strain made upon it, and that her doctors anxiously begged her to be more careful, we can make ample allowance for any shortcomings on her part. She would not give up her work, and was much worried by the temporary restrictions which her illness in the summer made necessary. She felt, as she often said, that she was "there to do a little good, and she would do it as long as she could." Her wonderful memory added immensely to her popularity, for it enabled her at any distance of time to recognise a face she had once seen, and to recall the circumstance of the meeting, and no incident, however small, connected with it was forgotten by her. Some characters appeal to us in a special way, and there were qualities of sympathy, charm, and goodness in the Duchess's character which every one appreciated. She was near enough to the Crown to enjoy all the dignity and advantage of the position, yet free of all the responsibilities attached to it, with tastes, means, and occupations which combined to make life easy and tranquil; she chose a life full of work and effort for the people she belonged to and among whom she lived, and no woman had a deeper sense of duty implanted in her heart. The affection all felt for her was laid on deeper foundations than any merely superficial gifts could awake, and her popularity was the reward of a life and character which appealed to our best and deepest feelings.

It would ill become us to draw aside the veil of sorrow which surrounds the desolate home—desolate perhaps in a deeper sense than any of us understand, because her death means the break up of an ideal family life which depended on her, and her alone. The widowed husband, the bereaved children, know the depth of that sorrow and all that it means, and we would fain wish that the country, for which she worked and lived, could also understand it in its saddest aspect. For her one cannot mourn except in so far as we shall all miss her. If she had to live her life over again, one can hardly think she would have wished it otherwise. No woman had fulfilled her mission more fully than she. Born to great position, title, ability, and beauty, wielding great influence, happily married, with children grown up and forming pleasant homes of their own around her, she lived long enough to endear herself to her country by her unselfishness, kindness of heart, sympathy and devotion. She never made an enemy, she had a kind word for every one, and she never said an ill-natured thing. What faults she had were those which grow out of a large and sympathetic nature like hers, and she has left behind her thousands who, though they never knew her, mourn the

loss as of a dear friend. Could any one desire a better fate? She died in full enjoyment of strength, with unimpaired powers, living her life till its last moments, surrounded by those she loved, leaving nothing but sunny memories behind her of a life spent in working for others. There can be no sorrow in such a farewell, and those who knew her and loved her best may rest assured that long after this generation, which knew her, has passed away her memory will live in the annals of her country as, perhaps, the best embodiment of what was the ideal of a good and virtuous life.

MARY JEUNE.

THE FARM AND THE CITY.

I WAS standing on a gentle slope rising slowly out of the unpromising levels of the Essex marsh and the mud of the foreshore. Beside me stood up against the clouds the shapeless ruins of an old castle; behind me were the orchards of a four years' growth, their harvest over, their work for the season done; at my feet the ebb tide had left the expanse of mud bare and wet, glittering here and there with strange gleams of light; behind the mud lay Canvey Island, its flat meadows seeming lower even than the mud of the low tide; beyond Canvey rolled the broad river on which the ships go up and down all the day and all the year round; beyond the river one could see the mouth of the Medway and the low cliffs of the Kentish shore. The ebb was quite finished; the autumn sky was grey, but brightened by the frequent appearance of a cloudy and shaded sun, as of a lamp with a gauze upon it: this coming and going of the sun caused that glittering of the mud and drew those silver lines across the levels. All these surroundings—the strange prospect of a stretch of bare mud that was not unlovely, the gleams of light, the splendid river, father of wealth and fosterer of industry, the blue hills in the distance—suited the place, and the mood called up by the place, and the meaning of the place. For here, around me, were the ruins of an abandoned past; here was a new life springing up; here were hapless, dreary, sorrowful stretches of barren mud, yet touched with light; here, though the sky was overcast, the colours of earth and air and water were tinged with a gentle melancholy; though the very light of day was sad, yet the sunlight intervened, and the clouds, if you looked up, were slowly, slowly falling away to the west, leaving in the east the promise of a golden rose of dawn.

For this place was none other than the Farm Colony, the Farm of

THE FARM AND THE CITY.

Hadleigh, part of the great scheme of General Booth, of which the world has heard so much, of which the world as yet understands so little.

For manifest reasons—especially the interest which attaches to any popular movement—it has been my pleasure for many years to watch the Society, or Order, called the Salvation Army. It has recently become a necessary part of my work to study all their documents and to investigate personally the practical results of their Great Endeavour. It will be conceded at the outset that such an investigation—for which I claim no originality—should be at least useful in clearing up doubtful points in one's own mind. It will be also conceded that the man who conceived, created, and organised this vast society must be regarded as a remarkable man; remarkable if the charges brought against him are true—they have been repeated over and over again; remarkable in that case for an unblushing audacity, for a brazen front worthy of Titus Oates, for an audacity in hypocrisy beyond parallel; remarkable, if the charges are false, for his tenacity, his perseverance, his silence under attack; still more remarkable, if it should prove that his efforts are inspired by a genuine desire to raise the fallen and to relieve the unhappy; most remarkable, if it should prove that the machinery invented by him is the most practical and the most promising, and already the most fruitful of results, that has ever been imagined or designed.

I think that it is a plain duty to bear witness to things seen and examined and proved. I think that when one has become firmly impressed with the present importance, the stable character, and the vast possibilities of such a scheme as is now at work in our midst, it becomes his bounden duty to testify as to what he believes, and to show cause for his belief. I know very well that writers better qualified than myself to pronounce judgment on the working of philanthropic schemes have already spoken plainly and strongly on the subject. I have before me, for instance, three papers, written by Mr. Arnold White, Mr. Francis Peek, and Dean Farrar; no testimony, no advocacy could be stronger than theirs. I have little to advance in addition, little to urge. I have few new facts to produce, certainly no new enemies to defeat, because the hostility is always the same. Why, then, speak at all? Because the hostility is always the same; because, although the charges have been refuted over and over again, they are continually repeated; because the defence of five years ago is already partly forgotten, and the truth must be repeated.

One does not desire, in an experiment of this magnitude, a chorus of universal approval. It is well that there should be jealousy and suspicion; opposition makes men careful; misrepresentation makes the outside world doubt and inquire; hostility is as useful in things social as in things political. Discussion, even of a hostile kind, is

better than silence. With such an enterprise, such an endeavour, as this, it is as with a book. The author of a book does not desire a hostile review; better, however, the most vigorous "slating" than the contempt of silence. General Booth has been talked about. Friends and enemies alike continue to talk about him. Meantime the great social experiment—the greatest ever attempted—has been actually attempted; has been actually carried into practice; and has proved, actually, successful. What it all means, what has been done since the Committee of Inquiry reported in 1892, concerns the whole community. I desire to put the present facts before the world in the brief space—but brevity in this case is better than length—usually accorded to an article.

I must ask the reader at the outset to put aside the religious part of General Booth's work altogether. From his point of view it cannot be so separated. From our point of view it must. We have to consider here the social and economic side, the results and the promise, so far, of an experiment ambitious, costly, and audacious. Ambitious, because it attacks the terrible problem of human wreckage; costly, because it covers the whole field of the outcast camp; audacious, because its success depends on the unselfish devotion of the instruments which carry it out.

The general features of the scheme are well known. "Our true mission," said one of the officers of the Army, "is with the very poor—the lowest of all." Everything must be considered from that point of view. The homeless, the workless, the drunkard, the prison bird, the hardened criminal, the prostitute, the poor little child-mother, the street Arab, the man who has got no trade, the friendless, the stranger; these are the people for whom the scheme is designed. Always bear in mind that cardinal fact.

If you look at any of the papers and pamphlets which are issued from Queen Victoria Street you will learn from the figures how vast is the work, how widespread. Figures are difficult things to handle: they may mean anything. I propose to speak of the various branches of work without much mention of figures. It will be sufficient to know that, for good or for evil, every single branch of work so far undertaken is crowded with the people for whom it is intended. I begin with the "Farm Colony"—the Farm of Hadleigh.

The estate consists of about 3000 acres, of which a third part is under cultivation; the rest is used for pasture, for orchards, for poultry, and for brick-fields; there are four kilns in active work; there is a light railway running down to their own wharf and their own barges; the farm is completely furnished with stables, sheds, stores, bakery, dormitories, residences. There is a hall for meetings and religious services; there is a reading-room with a library; there is

a hospital; there is a refectory. The different branches are under skilled overseers, and the workers are men who have been sent down from the "City Colony." That is to say, they are men taken from the streets and the gutter; such men, exactly and without exception, as were mentioned above as constituting the *clientèle* of the scheme. There are 260 of them.

When they first come down they are mostly in weak health; they know nothing about the work of agriculture; they cannot probably handle a spade; their work—this must be borne in mind—for some months means a dead loss to the farm. Presently, under the stimulus of good food, regular hours, and fine air, they put on strength; they learn how to work; under the influence of example, of friendliness, and of kindness they become good workers. You will not find on any farm a body of labourers who work with better will than these fellows on the Essex "colony." Remember what they were—the wrecks of London, the wastrels of the great city, the helpless, hopeless wretches whom prison cannot reform, whom the Church does not touch. Now talk to them; look at them: their self-respect has come back; they are men once more; what the turnkey and the policeman cannot do the farm has done; they are "converted" in a sense which the General does not mean; they are converted from disorder to order, from waste to work, from crime to honesty—a conversion notable indeed. These men remain on the farm for three years; at the end of that time they have learned habits of work; they have passed through the craving for drink; they can be trusted. What becomes of them? Some remain on the farm as trained workmen, helpful in training others; some are taken on by farmers who are friendly to the cause; some are sent abroad, and readily find places in the colonies. You may read letters by the dozen from men who are firmly established in the better life. Failures, of course, there are; they consider that about 16 per cent. "jack it up," and go back to the slough and mire. Out of a hundred new hands about 55 per cent. are permanently restored.

Everybody asks whether the farm pays its expenses. What do we mean by paying its expenses? The figures show a deficit of about £4000 a year; the facts, as you will see directly, show a clear gain of £20,000 a year. But the figures themselves, in a year or two, will show a profit. However, you shall have the facts.

Every man who does no work lives on the labours of other men. A wastrel of the London streets devours and consumes and uses up, one way and another, at least £40 worth of food, drink, clothes, light, fire, and shelter. He ought to produce by his own work at least £60 worth of something or other. So that every such idle and worthless creature is a dead loss to the community of £100 a year. If 260 of

these creatures are converted from ways of waste to ways of carefulness there is a saving to the country of £26,000 a year in clear money.

But there is at present a deficit of £4000; this must be deducted. The farm, therefore, saves the country only £22,000 a year. Not quite so good, but still something. If the deficit were £10,000 a year, the country would still save £16,000 a year by the farm. But let it be clearly understood that the deficit is yearly growing less, and will speedily vanish.

This view of the case is, I hope, intelligible and simple. The farm succeeds in saving £22,000 a year to the community. This is a broad fact.

Most of my readers will agree with me, however, that this is not the best or the truest estimate of the gain to the community by the rescue of a hundred men—less the failures—who were quite fallen, degraded, and apparently hopeless. The gain to the country of every single case can never be estimated, can never be measured by any standard; it is the gain of one more useful life; it is the gain of an example; it is the gain of children and grandchildren—one knows not how far and wide the gain may reach—brought up in honesty, with the example of honesty and temperance; it is the gain of one more man on the side of order; it is the gain of infinite possibilities in the direction of good rather than of evil. These gains can never be set down in figures or estimated by dollars.

But some are failures. That must always be the case. Then our gain is less: yes, we must make allowance for the failures, who appear, so far, to be about 45 per cent. of the whole; as the numbers increase and more experience is acquired, the proportion of failures, it is hoped, will diminish.

The treatment of the men from the beginning is based on a kindly sympathy: there is an assumption that friendship and kindness will meet with a response; the men are trusted; there is no condescension; *there is no reproach*; they find out for themselves the true nature of the past; when at last it stands before them, an accusing companion who will not leave them, the day of reform is not far off. As one result of this treatment there has never been any disturbance; the Hadleigh policeman looks over the fence upon another village where he is not wanted; they settle a dispute, if any arises, by themselves, and without brawls and without fighting.

There is no giving of alms or doles. The men are paid for their work; they receive tokens with which they buy in the dining-room what they choose or can afford for their meals. They can have an excellent breakfast for 3*d.*, a good dinner for 4*d.*, a good tea or supper for 3*d.* more. What they do not spend goes down to their account and is kept for them; when they leave the farm they take

the balance with them: some of them have saved up considerable sums. They have a room of their own in which they can smoke and talk, or read, in the evening; they are not pressed to embrace the religion of the Army; there are concerts and lectures for them; a few of them are married and have their wives with them; the rest sleep in dormitories, five-and-twenty in a room, an orderly in every room; the beds are narrow iron beds; the lights are out at half-past nine.

They make their own bread; they grow their own corn, their own fruit, their own vegetables; in order to get cheap tea they propose to buy their own tea-plantation in Ceylon, and, I daresay, are intending to have other plantations as well.

This farm, thus peopled, thus recruited, thus managed, is the creation of General Booth; it is a part, a very important part, but by no means the whole of his great scheme. You have seen that, by means of this farm, he has actually added an annual sum of over £20,000 to the wealth of the country by saving so much from loss and waste. For that alone, without counting the reformation of so many wastrels, I maintain that further and wider recognition on our part is due to the man and to his scheme. The farm was an experiment; it is now an achievement. And as soon as one such farm can be shown to succeed there may be dozens. It is, however, very much to be desired that the supplement to the "Farm Colony"—the "Over-sea Colony"—the plantation of the colonists on lands in Australia or Canada, should be undertaken as quickly as possible. This, in fact, was one of the recommendations of the Committee of 1892. It is an essential part of the scheme.

The farm colonists are drafted from the "City Colony," which contains a great number of institutions. First and most important are the factories or Elevators, where the worthless and destitute are received and employed at their own trade or taught a trade. They are, for the most part, men who have been ruined by drink. The reader should visit one of the Elevators: he will see old men and young men; he will see faces marked and stamped and scarred by the life they have left behind them; he will see other faces still bright with the promise of spring; he will see sad and weary faces; but never faces ashamed: there is a new light, a new hope, in all these faces. They work with a will, cheerily, not as those who grudge the labour hired out to a hard taskmaster.

One need not catalogue their industries: in the Elevator of Hanbury Street, for instance, they are engaged chiefly in carpentry, joinery, upholstery, and furniture; they make wheels, they paint and repair carriages. It is thus a great shop, directed by members of the Army, whose workmen are rescued wastrels, and drunkards, and anything else you please. These men sleep in a Home where they lead

the common life : they have a mess-room, a smoking-room, dormitories, and a common hall. Like the men on the farm, they do not receive alms, but are paid for their work by tokens which represent money. They thus fare better and live more comfortably in proportion to the improvement in their work. I desire to avoid figures, but it may be useful to observe that of the whole number received into the Elevators one-third are placed in situations or restored to their friends, one-third ask only for temporary employment, which they receive, and one-third are failures, and either depart of their own accord or are discharged.

Below the Elevators, if there is anything above or below in this view of work, is the "Prison-Gate Home." Every morning prisoners are released and pass out of the gates of misery back to freedom. The world of freedom will probably refuse to receive them ; then they drift back to the gaol, which will become practically their home for the remainder of the earthly pilgrimage. What a pilgrimage ! Every morning the representatives of the Army stand outside the gates and receive the prisoners. These representatives are generally old prisoners themselves, whose offices and invitations are likely to be received with more confidence than those of others. One of them, for instance, is a well-known character named "Old Dad Sloss," *alias* the "ex-Duke of Portland," from his long experience of that and other prisons.

This worthy has spent forty years in prison. He has been in the Army for nine years, and naturally, from his large experience of prison life and his notorious exploits during the short intervals of freedom, he commands respect and confidence among criminals. Mostly the prisoners try first their own friends. When they realise the fact that friends will have nothing to do with them, and that no one will employ a man just out of prison, they are disposed to try the Prison-Gate Home. This Home is managed on exactly the same lines as the rest of the work. It is assumed tacitly that, just as a boy at school receives a caning by which he expiates his offence and goes back to the other boys with a clear character, so the man who has "done time" has atoned for his offence. He begins again. In the Home he will meet with no reproaches ; he will be met half-way in every step towards honesty ; without feeling it or suspecting it he will be subject to an unceasing superintendence. He will receive no doles, he will earn his food and lodging. How far the place is successful may be judged from the fact that out of 500 received in the Home in one year only 12 per cent. were discharged as failures ; and of these most will come back again after another period of prison to try the Prison-Gate Home once more.

It is necessary to find work for these discharged prisoners. One very odd kind of work has been found for them. Not far from their Home in Argyle Square there is a disused ecclesiastical edifice ; by its gateway and its windows, it seems to have been an Anglican chapel

of ease, probably unconsecrated, and built about the year 1830, when church architecture was a fearful and a wonderful thing. In this dismantled place there are huge crates filled with waste paper; the men are at work sorting the paper; it is sorted, it is fastened up in bales, and carried off to the Army's wharf at Millwall, where it is shipped for the paper mills which take it. A man by sorting 5 cwt. of paper a day earns enough to pay for his keep. The men, when I saw them, were getting through their 5 cwt. with apparent zeal: there were some good faces among them; there were also faces which looked as if they wanted all the brotherly love there is in the whole world to get rid of those ugly lines and those lowering looks. But never any disturbance, never any row; the men are quite quiet. One point has a touch of the pathetic. We should not expect the dietary of such a Home to be too generous. When the men come out, after the short commons to which they have been accustomed, they cannot even get through the single plate of food which is set before them.

It is satisfactory to quote the following words from the Home Office Departmental Committee on Prisons:

"The Salvation Army has organised Discharged Prisoners' Homes for men and women, and although it is too soon to express a decided opinion upon their working, yet it is quite certain that through their agencies a considerable number of apparently hopeless cases have been satisfactorily dealt with."

The Report of the Committee further recommends that "facilities should be given to accredited representatives of fit societies to see the prisoners before discharge." Has this recommendation been carried out? I believe not. Yet in all the countries except our own where the Salvation Army has been received the officers are allowed to visit the prisons and to hold meetings within the prison, and even to enrol prisoners as members of their society—so-called soldiers of the Army.

There are, again, the police courts, as well as the prisons. I would advise any one who wishes to understand something of the lower life, which is the life of the majority, to spend a morning or two in a police court. He will be rewarded; he will come away a sadder and a wiser man. He will see the poor wretch who has once been in a decent position and has fallen through sheer lack of will—in other words, for want of backbone; he will see the drunkard brought up for the hundredth time; he will see the juvenile offender, the child whose head hardly reaches the handrail of the dock, whose life is going to be blasted through and through—yes, even if he lives for a hundred years—because he sinned ignorantly as a child; he will see the hardened criminal on his way to a lifelong sentence; the brute who tortures and starves his children; the deserted girl, the vagrant,

and the sturdy rogue—the whole tribe of those who were formerly flogged through the streets of the village by the headborough. Among them he will see the officer of the Salvation Army, who presently marches off, having rescued, as his day's work, the child criminal and the child mother, and the man without a backbone and the drunkard. The magistrate finds that it is better to hand them over to the Army than to send them to a prison, which is powerless to reform, yet can and does inflict lifelong disgrace upon those who enter it but for a week. This is practical recognition.

Another scene. Every day boys run away from their homes and join the ranks of the lads who live upon the streets. This is no new thing: Defoe has depicted the life of the street Arab in his own time. It is a dangerous life: they sell things; they run messages; they cry papers; they consort together, and sleep in low doss-houses, where they meet with all kinds of villainy, and are taught to regard the successful accomplishment of a robbery as heroism of the highest type. Gambling is, of course, a common form of vice with them. It always has been so: remember Hogarth's bootblacks gambling under the street lamp. For these boys a Home has been provided. Like the Elevators, this Home offers no alms; the boys are attracted by warmth, light, washing—they are much fonder of cleanliness than the adults—companionship, singing, and cheap food. They pay for everything, and are independent. Some of them have gone back to their friends; for others it is far better that they should not go back to their friends. To take these lads off the streets, to look after them, and bring them into some kind of order, ought to commend itself as a laudable, and even a necessary, work; but the General has, so far, only been enabled to open one such Home, which accommodates no more than eighty boys. Others of a similar character are urgently wanted.

Turn next to the work attempted for women. They want protection, employment, rescue. In London alone they have seven Rescue Homes, a receiving-house, and a Maternity Hospital; they have shelters for the homeless; they have industrial places for those who want employment.

Much of all this description, it may be objected, is mere profession. What do they achieve? Where are their results? One can only turn to the figures. The women who have been received by the Rescue Homes are numbered by thousands. Out of this vast number of cases 85 per cent. have turned out well; these, the successful cases, are either in employment, or they have returned to their friends, or they are married; of the remainder, after three years, 6 per cent. are known to have relapsed; 9 per cent. are suspected. Now, one does not pretend that there are no other agencies at work in the same direction and with the same objects; but it is not too much to maintain that those who desire the rescue of these poor creatures—not le

wretched because they do not generally know the full extent of their own wretchedness—cannot possibly desire the failure of Booth's endeavour.

Another branch of work has grown out of the rescue work; it is the recovery of persons who are lost. An incredible number of persons are every year lost in London. What does this mean? If it is a poor girl, it generally means only one thing. If it is a man, it may mean anything—flight when discovery is imminent; voluntary effacement for some cause or other. Then the friends of the fugitive or the man in hiding or the girl who is ashamed, write to the "Help and Inquiry Department." A common case is that of the man's disappearance before the baby, for which he is liable, is born. The Salvation Army hunt him down and bring him before the police court with a peculiar satisfaction. There were 216 happy fathers thus captured and dealt with last year; there were over 3000 letters received last year about lost persons.

There is, again, the work attempted among the slums. The word has been so much abused that one shrinks from using it, but there seems no other. Now, the slums of London are rapidly changing in character. The row of ruinous cottages forming a narrow court leading out of a narrow street—examples of which we can still see in Westminster, Whitechapel, Southwark, Hoxton, and many other places—is disappearing. With them will vanish many of the worst features of the slum. They are vanishing because the site is becoming too valuable to be wasted on cottages. The model lodging-house succeeds; the huge square block of buildings with everything that the heart of philanthropy can desire—the cubic air space, the sanitary arrangements, the plastered walls, the separate flats, the washhouses, the cisterns, the broad open staircases. Surely, surely now we have reached the perfect lodging. Alas! we reckoned without the lodgers; we forgot that rules and regulations, nay, appliances at hand, will not make people clean and decent. The following is the testimony of Miss Octavia Hill: *

"Regulations are of *no* avail; no public inspection can possibly for more than an hour or two secure order; no resident superintendent has at once conscience, nerve, and devotion, single-handed, to stem the violence, the dirt, the noise, the quarrels; no body of public opinion on the part of the tenants themselves asserts itself: one by one, disheartened, the tidier ones depart; the rampant remain and prevail, and often, with a very fair show to the outsider, the block becomes a sort of pandemonium. No one who is not in and out day by day, or, better still, night after night; no one who does not watch the swift degradation of children belonging to tidy families; no one who does not know the terrorism exercised by the rough over the timid and industrious poor; no one who does not know the abuse of every appliance provided by the benevolent or speculative, but non-resident, landlord can tell what life in blocks is where the population is low class. Sinks and drains are stopped; yards provided for exercise must be closed because

* "Life and Labour of the People," vol. ii.

of misbehaviour; *boys bathe in drinking-water cisterns*; washhouses on staircases — or staircases themselves — become the nightly haunt of the vicious, the Sunday gambling-places of boys; the yell of the drunkard echoes through the hollow passages; the stairs are blocked by dirty children; and the life of any decent, hard-working family becomes intolerable."

To meet these evils certain persons belonging to the Army live in the courts or in the lodging-houses among the people; they go about among them; they nurse them in sickness; they clean up for them; they shame them into decency. There are ladies of the Anglican Church — of Nonconformity — who do the same thing in the foulest parts of London; but there is room for hundreds more; there are not so many of these devoted women that we can afford to lose a single one. The Salvation women among the slums have got a wonderful field before them: they get to know the families; in case of a man wanting work, they can often find it for him; they look after the children, and they supplement the school.

I have gone through most of the work attempted and achieved by the Army. There remain the Shelters. These have been much abused, and are continually attacked. The great reason for attacks seems to me jealousy of the great organisation that is spreading over the whole country, dwarfing and swallowing up the efforts of the various Churches to reach the very poor.

What do the Shelters offer? For those who can pay a penny, a seat, a supper of bread, and a lavatory with plenty of water; a half-penny provides a bowl of soup; another penny gives a bunk; three-pence gives a bed in a cubicle; and so on. The people come at any hour they please; at eight there is singing of hymns, with an address; the men may join if they please. At nine they go to bed; every bunk is spread with a mattress covered with American cloth; the bedclothes consist of American cloth; the place is kept at a temperature of 60°; there is never any disturbance or trouble; in the morning they get up and go away.

To illustrate the nature of the attacks made upon the Shelters, I have only to refer to a letter in the *Times* of October 9, in which the writer compares the Shelters with the casual wards. In the latter places there are baths used; the men's clothes are roughly cleansed. We might add that in these truly terrible places — the casual wards — the inmate is immured in a cell by himself, and set to break stones — so many stones before he gets away; in the Shelters he is treated as a friend who happens to be down on his luck. The writer conceals the fact that some vermin cannot be got rid of by soap: to make a man change his clothes is to transfer these vermin most certainly to the next man who wears that change of clothing. He conceals the fact that when a man is taken from the Shelter to the Elevator his clothes

are all passed through the "crematorium," or oven. In the Shelters the men can wash as much as they please; if there is danger of communicating vermin to each other, surely there is far greater danger in the common lodging-house, their only alternative. He suggests that the Army provides "bad food." I have seen their bread and their puddings and their meat: the charge is ridiculous; it is shameful to insinuate such a charge. Further, he insinuates that the Shelters are run for profit. *They are run so as just to pay their expenses.* It is the most creditable part of the work that everything is run with a view of paying its expenses if possible. As regards the cleanliness of the Homes and Shelters of the Army, my own experience is that scrubbing is continually going on, every day and all days. Lastly, this writer, whose name I suppress out of respect for the address which he gives, confuses the Shelters or night refuges with the Elevators or factories, in order to try a little epigram. All this kind of talk is stuff: people so low down must accept the contagion of vermin as part of the situation; whether they crowd together in a dark arch, or in a two-penny doss, or in a Shelter, the fleas belong to the situation. When one thinks of the warmth and comfort, the cheap food, the sympathy, the cheerfulness of the Shelter, it does seem to me too foolish to quarrel with their promoters because they cannot afford to give these hundreds of men a change of clothes (which, besides, would be foolish for the reason stated above), or to try by a single ablution to destroy the vermin which belong to dirt and misery.

This, then, is some of the work attempted by the remarkable man who has created the Salvation Army and all that belongs to it. The attempt has been made on a gigantic scale; the cases treated run into many thousands; the work is carried on all over the world. In some of our colonies part of the work is subsidised thus: at the Cape, the Prison Gate Brigade receive a grant of £250 a year; the Victorian Government grants the same body £750 a year; Canada, Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, India, all give assistance either by grants of money or by exemption from rent and taxes. Our own Government does not help the work at all. I sincerely hope that it never will. If the work is to be carried on with the same efficiency, the same personal enthusiasm, the same passion, as at present, it must not become a State-aided, subsidised work, fettered by regulations, tied and bound with red tape. At present it owes its success entirely to the single-minded enthusiasm of the workers; they are governed by principles only, and are left free, and must be left free, to work as they find best. You may look in vain for petty interferences in the work; they do not exist: there is no red tape. When boards sit and committees multiply rules the life of a cause goes out of it. Let the work remain as it is without any help or subsidy from the Government.

I have spoken of the continual attacks made upon the scheme in

all its branches. It is remarkable, on the other hand, to note the long list of men—not enthusiasts, but level-headed men, statesmen, lawyers, and others—who have acknowledged the work of the Army in the strongest terms. For instance, there are words of recognition from Lord Brassey, Sir William Harcourt, Sir John Rigby, Sir Walter Foster, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir John Gorst, Dean Farrar, W. S. Caine, Samuel Morley, Arnold White, and a crowd of others. The present Bishop of Manchester, for instance, says :

“Very few men could hope to carry out this scheme successfully, but I think you may, for the following reasons: 1. You have proved that you can teach the waifs and strays to work. 2. You can surround them with the authority, the sympathy, and help of men of their own class, of firm Christian principle. 3. You make a radical change of their character an essential condition of your scheme, and have again proved that in many cases religious means, which I confess I could not use myself, are effective to that end. 4. You have the assistance of a large and enthusiastic staff of officers stationed in various parts of the world, and working for Christ's sake, with little more than bare subsistence provided from your funds.

“Having this belief, I feel myself called upon to help you.”

In the face of these facts, these testimonies, it is wearisome to read the utterances with which the smaller men try to keep up the prejudice against the Army.

The world at large, I expect, does not understand the organisation, the wise far-seeing organisation, of this great society any more than it understands the work which it is doing.

Perhaps the General had the Franciscan Order in his mind when he started. That Order, as everybody knows, demanded a threefold vow: of chastity, of poverty, of obedience. The Order established by General Booth demands precisely the same three vows.

I. Of Chastity. To this virtue the members of the society are especially called by their religious profession; not of celibacy. A great many are married. It rests with themselves to consider if they can carry on their work as well married as single.

II. Of Poverty. The officers all live upon their pay. There are over 12,000 of them. What do they receive?

The General takes nothing, not a farthing.

One officer draws £200 a year and a house.

Another draws £150 a year and a house.

A third draws the same. This officer exchanged a position in the Indian Civil Service worth £1200 a year and the usual prospects for this other highly paid appointment.

The crowd of colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants receive from 15s. to 30s. a week.

In fact they are all as poor as church rats. “Not one of us,” said one of them to me, “has a banker's account.” Their work is

laborious ; it is never ending, it is anxious, and it is rewarded by the magnificent salary of, say—five-and-twenty shillings, with no prospect of a rise ! What is this but the vow of poverty ?

III. Of Obedience. Above all things it is necessary to enforce obedience and discipline. This is effected not by a vow, but by an organisation based upon a military system. There has been a great deal of pleasant derision—easy, too, which caused an extensive diffusion of the pleasantry—on the titles of Colonel and Captain and so on. Now, consider a little. How was the founder to create the spirit of obedience and discipline ? There seemed no other way than to copy the ranks and degrees of an army. In an army there is not only the obedience of every man to the General : there is the obedience of every man to his superior officer ; there is the authority of every officer over his subordinate officer. Discipline and obedience become the concern of every single man in the Army. Moreover, the titles are such as are understood by everybody. Down to the lowest we all understand the meaning of captain and sergeant.

The Franciscans in England at first drew to themselves all hearts ; their church in London became the shrine, the chosen house, of dead queens and princes, and noble lords and stately ladies. The merchants vied with each other in building and decorating a church worthy of the friars. So long as they remained poor, so long as they obeyed the Rule, so long as they led the life of their profession, their work prospered, their name and fame increased. Soon, however, corruption began : the friars fell off from their pristine zeal, then their work lost its reality ; the love of the people died away : long before the Dissolution the citizens of London had ceased to remember them in their wills ; when the gates were closed upon the venerable foundation beside the Shambles there were but fifteen friars left in all that great House which had once numbered so many.

Their story should be a lesson to the Salvation Army, who are the modern Franciscans. Theirs is a mission to go down, down, down among the depths where there is ever a lower depth still ; theirs is the task to raise the worst and the most hopeless. At present, I am firmly convinced, they are moved one and all by the most sincere pity, the most real and pure passion of pity, for the outcasts of the world. They are ruled by an organisation which seeks to produce its results by personal service, self-denial, enthusiasm, and sympathy. They are controlled and regulated by a system and an order which I cannot find in any other institution in the world. To me it has been for many years an ever-increasing delight to watch this society growing, developing, inventing, and creating, in every direction of humanitarian effort.

But they must remain poor. They must always remain poor. That is essential. They must never let the world suspect that the old passion of devotion is decaying. The last words of the dying

Catherine Booth were a command. "Self-denial," she said, "will prove your love to Christ." Therefore they must remain poor.

And they must remain obedient. In order to ensure this obedience and to make it an actual, vital, inseparable part of the work, there is nothing possible but the machinery of an army.

The "Army," then, consists of the General, the officers, and the rank and file: of the officers there are over 12,000; of the latter nobody knows how many there are, for every day brings its new additions and its desertions: the latter fact is sometimes charged against the society as if it were not a thing inevitable. The whole of the central funds are banked and invested in the name of the General. In this, as in the three conditions of chastity, poverty, and obedience, the General follows, perhaps unconsciously, the method pursued by the Jesuits, by all the Roman Catholic Bishops, and by the heads of all the mediæval Orders.

It used to be pretended that the sole possession of the money meant the enrichment of the General first and his family next. It never meant anything of the kind. Although the money lies in his name the General cannot touch a farthing. None of the money can be taken out except by consent of a committee of finance. We have seen already what magnificent salaries are provided for the leading officials.

This organisation is spreading over the whole world; everywhere it is holding its meetings for the religious side and creating Refuges and Homes for its social side. Over and above the 12,000 officers, there are 42,000 voluntary workers. It is not too much to say that by far the greater part of these people are filled through and through with the true spirit of the missionary. So long as this spirit remains, so long will the work go on and prosper. In course of time decay and corruption will doubtless set in; but not so long as those three essentials are preserved; not so long as the life is hard and thankless; not so long as the Army is attacked by such letters as the one I have mentioned above.

The note of personal service instead of paid service is not struck by General Booth alone; one feels it in the air; there is an immense number of young men and maidens, quite outside the Army, who are now giving personal unpaid service for the help of the very poor. These people work in the parish, or they work for a "settlement." They do not, however, work in one great body intelligently controlled and directed; they are not under the orders of superior officers, and they do not, as Booth's Legion do, give to the work their whole strength, their whole soul, their whole mind, their whole time. Even though there are here and there associations and societies covering much the same ground, they are small associations, they only cover part of the ground, and their work is not part of one great connected scheme.

What is, then, the reason why the social, as well as the religious, Army is viewed with jealousy and suspicion by the Church of England? First, there is the difference of treatment. The Church still retains something of her old scholarly manner; it still continues to think that the methods which appeal to people of some refinement can appeal to persons of no refinement; there still lingers in the Church something of the old Puritanic opinion that the whole duty of the clergy is to preach, and of the people to attend for the sermon. General Booth is not fettered by these traditions; he is free to adopt methods which the people understand, language which they understand, appeals which they understand, and he does not trouble them with doctrine. I have never heard, however, that he teaches his people to entertain any kind of hostility towards the Anglican or any other Church.

There is another and a stronger reason; it is exactly the same reason why the secular clergy four hundred years ago hated the regulars. For the latter trampled on the parish; they heard the confessions which should have been made to the parish priest; they sang masses which should have been sung in the church; they collected money which should have been given to the parish; they became the spiritual directors of the people; they ignored the vicar. Just in the same way the Salvation Army establishes a place in every town; draws into the ranks the young people most emotional, most easily influenced by religious feeling, most "likely" for parish purposes. They pay no heed to the parish, they ignore the vicar; and the greatest work ever attempted for the relief of the poor, the rescue of criminals, the reformation, elevation, and civilisation of the outcast class, has been organised and is going on, is advancing by leaps and bounds, is covering the whole world, without the help or the advice or the leadership of bishop, priest, or minister. This, I believe, is the chief reason why the social work of the Salvation Army is looked upon by the Church as a body with jealousy and suspicion and dislike. Will the Church ever be able to take over the Salvation Army? Never. It is not possible. The only way, the best way, is for the Church to recognise far more freely than has hitherto been the case, the importance and the reality of the social work undertaken by the most remarkable man that the history of social endeavour has yet presented to the world.

WALTER BESANT.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN METHODISM.

IN the September number of this REVIEW there appeared an article by the Rev. R. C. Nightingale, entitled "The Methodist Saints and Martyrs." It eulogised, no whit more highly than they deserved, a race of men who are not as utterly neglected and forgotten as the writer seems to suppose,* but who have undoubtedly, like so many more of the great uncanonised saints of the Christian Church, failed to receive adequate recognition for their dauntless personal character and their splendid service to the community. At the close of this article, however, some severe reflections were made upon modern Methodists, as unworthy descendants of glorious sires. These heroes of the eighteenth century—John Nelson, Christopher Hopper, Thomas Olivers, Thomas Walsh, and the rest of Wesley's associates and earliest followers—have, we are told, "left no successors." The "early spirit has evaporated." Mr. Nightingale, who describes himself as "Churchman to the finger-tips," can find it in his heart to commend those whom his ancestors (presumably) persecuted, but he has only contemptuous epithets for the Wesleyan and other Methodists of to-day. One could fancy that something short of the spirit of historic impartiality—not to speak of good taste—prompted the writer of this interesting article in his unworthy references to "dapper divines" and the Methodist "going beyond the Scotchman in his efforts to make the best of the main chance." He is willing to "build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets," but he cannot resist the

* Though only two editions of "Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers" in six volumes have been published, numerous publications in cheaper form have told their story far and wide.

temptation of throwing his share of stones at their living descendants. Of this it would, perhaps, be unreasonable to complain. It is something that a staunch Churchman can discern the heroism and real dignity of despised Methodists a hundred and fifty years ago; it would be too much to expect that he should be able to see the signs of similar devotion under the entirely altered conditions of modern life. It is natural that the past should "win

"A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we moved therein."

The prophet and the hero are best seen from a distance; only the magnanimous can perceive them at their doors.

There the matter might well have been allowed to rest. A large and widely ramifying Church, numbering in this country between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of adherents, and in its various branches at home and abroad nearly 25,000,000, need not be anxious concerning a passing judgment, penned largely in ignorance, by the Rector of Beechamwell. But some of the questions raised by the article are not so easily disposed of. It happens also that similar attacks have recently been made in other quarters. A leading article in the *Standard* newspaper, not long ago, announced to its easily persuaded readers that "the work of Methodism is done." The great end for which the Methodist movement was started—the purification of the Church of England—we were told, has been achieved, and Methodism is "only a survival which must, sooner or later, give way before the progress of religious thought." It is "worn out, together with its final cause"; its days "as a separate organisation are numbered." Speakers at the Nottingham Church Congress delivered themselves, more or less, after the same fashion, and some of the allegations of the article in this REVIEW are not only plausible in themselves, but they contain sufficient measure of truth to mislead the unwary. Much has happened since Dorney and Maskew were brutally beaten, at Guiseley, by a mob headed by the curate of the parish, and Mitchell was dragged through a horse-pond and nearly done to death at Wrangle. Times have changed, and men and manners with them. It may be a question whether greater changes have taken place in Mr. Nightingale's own Church or in the Methodist communities, which that Church in the last century could not find room enough to hold or large-hearted religion enough to assimilate and utilise. The changes that have taken place in both cases are decidedly for the better; though some may be disposed to find at least as much of the spirit of uncharitableness in what Carlyle loved to call the "high-sniffing" of the modern ecclesiastic as in the howls and horseplay of an angry mob.

But details of this kind are not worth discussing. A larger question arises when it is asserted, or suggested, that the Evangelical movement of the last century has proved a failure in the hands of its present representatives, that the clear stream which brought fresh purifying power with it a hundred and fifty years ago has lost itself in dreary sands of would-be respectability, or in the marsh and ooze of smug, self-complacent pietism. Grant, as we easily may, that there has been some decay of early enthusiasm, some loss of that indescribable freshness which belongs to the dawn of a great religious movement, and of the warmth which inspires the affections of youth. This is no new or rare phenomenon. Every religious movement has had to reckon with this danger, from the Church of the Apostles to the Franciscan Order of Friars, from Lutheranism to the Salvation Army. The prophet did not stand alone who had to complain concerning Israel, "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, how thou wentest after me in the wilderness," bearing the hardships and privations which belong to a land "not sown." As in Jerusalem, so in Ephesus. The stern indictment against it runs, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Grant that, as Archbishop Leighton said, the Church grows in height during persecution, though it may grow in breadth when prosperity comes; that there are virtues which flourish under the sharp pressure of tribulation, which too readily disappear in time of ease; that a certain degeneracy of tissue sets in in all bodies corporate when the strenuousness of severe exertion is relaxed and hardships are exchanged for well-earned but dangerous rest and comfort. Surely it is as superficial to ascribe certain changes of outward appearance and deportment to degeneration pure and simple as it would be to measure the improvement of a Church merely by its advance from a meeting-house in a back slum to a Gothic building in a main thoroughfare. Spiritual forces are not to be thus lightly gauged and estimated. It needs another kind of touch from "the world's coarse thumb and finger," another kind of measuring-rod from any employed by the writers we have referred to, to determine the issues of the Evangelical revival of the last century as represented by the lineal descendants of those engaged in it. When Richard Watson wrote his famous reply to Southey, he had to vindicate Wesley and his early followers from the charges of "enthusiasm" and "spiritual extravagance" then scornfully made by men who could not understand the meaning of religious earnestness. Methodists of to-day are reproached for the lack of the same qualities. Some critics are hard to please. John the Baptist was rejected by his generation because "he hath a devil," and the Son of Man because He was "gluttonous and a wine-bibber." Wisdom is "justified by all her children," but for the most part by these alone.

But is it true that, in any fair sense of the words, the great religious movement in which the "Methodist Saints and Martyrs" played such a noble part has "failed," that in the nineteenth century these "have no successors," that the only object of Wesley's efforts was to purify the Church of England, and that this object is accomplished now that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have proved to their own satisfaction—though not to that of the Pope—that that Church can boast an Apostolic succession of duly ordained "sacrificing priests"? There are many flaws and imperfections in modern Methodists, as none know better than themselves. But is the "separate organisation" disappearing? Do the facts indicate that its days are numbered? Having a name to live, is it in reality dying of false dignity, or is it already dead, stifled by formulæ and buried under a weight of "dull flatness and even mediocrity," of sordid aims and worldly ambitions? Or is it rather true—as the doctrine of the conservation of energy in the physical world would lead us to imagine—that the same mighty spiritual force is at work in new modes under altered conditions, its operations so changed that the superficial cannot perceive the equivalence, but the energy itself abiding, as heat may be changed into electricity, or free electricity be harnessed now to light a city, now to serve as a motor for thousands of its cars and engines? Change may mean growth, and changelessness is another name for stagnation.

What is the phenomenon known as Methodism to-day? We all know whence it sprang; but what is its present character? what vitality does it possess? and whither is it tending? Mr. Whittuck, whose thoughtful volume on "The Church of England and Recent Religious Thought" created deserved attention a few years ago, says: "English Nonconformity, however familiar as a fact, has been very little investigated and is very imperfectly understood." The statement is literally correct, and the real explanation of the random remarks often made by journalists and publicists on the subject is Dr. Johnson's "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." There have been studies almost innumerable of the Oxford Movement, and men have watched how Tractarianism passed into Ritualism, Ritualism into Anglo-Catholicism. Is it true, as is now asserted, that the spirit which inspired the sanctity and prompted the martyrdom or confessorship of Methodists a century and a half ago has been metamorphosed into a kind of sleek worldliness, "to God and to God's foes displeasing," unlovely in the eyes of the Church and the world alike? The question is a serious one, and deserves a serious answer.

It is intrinsically unlikely, judging from the history of the past. The members of the post-Apostolic Church differed in many important respects from those who lived at the great flood-tide of the world's history; the Church of the Apologists and Martyrs differed widely indeed from the courtly religionists of the new Rome under Constan-

time and his successors. But a study of these periods shows clearly a strong, deep under-current of devotion, strong enough to change the course of history, of which we read nothing in the pages of chroniclers who describe in detail the controversies of Nicæa or draw pictures of scenes in the basilicas of Constantinople. Similarly, the close student of the religious history of the last hundred years will not find much difficulty in tracing the course of a mighty current of religious feeling produced by the Evangelical Revival under the Wesleys, the nature and tendencies of which are worth investigation. This is generally admitted so far as the *indirect* influences of Methodism on the community are concerned. There is testimony in plenty that it aided in purifying and stimulating all the Churches of this country, and that it did much to raise the moral standards of society in general. Lecky pronounced Methodism to have been more important in its influence on the community than the victories on land and sea gained in the reign of George II. Mr. Lealie Stephen finds it important in the history of thought, Mr. Augustine Birrell in the history of literature, while both Churchman and Dissenter, Canon Overton and Dr. Stoughton, are agreed in the high estimate they form of its valuable influence upon ecclesiastical and social life. Mr. Gladstone, herein following Mr. William Palmer, holds that the Oxford Movement owed its religious depth and fervour to Evangelicalism, which must have been translated indeed if kinship is to be discerned between Wesley and Pusey, between John Nelson and William George Ward.

But the chief question raised is not concerning these indirect or reflex influences of Methodism upon society or religious life generally. It is the continued existence, the religious vitality, the moral and spiritual value of the "separate organisation" which is challenged; of Wesleyan Methodism as the direct lineal descendant of Wesley's organisation, and also of a number of sister Methodist Churches similar in their constitution, scope, and aims. What of this "Wesleyan Methodist Church"? For a Church it claims to be, performing the functions and accomplishing the objects for which the Lord Jesus Christ set up His Kingdom on earth. Wesley and his followers were thrust out and kept out of the Anglican pale by bishops, by clergy, by the action of magistrates, and by the impossibility of carrying on within the Church of England the evangelistic work to which they believed God had called them. The next generations of Methodists kept the name of "a society" only, and manifested as long as they could a certain pathetic allegiance to the Church which had discarded them; but they were bound at last to acknowledge in word, what had long been the fact, that Providence had led them, by ways not of their own choosing, to form a self-sufficing Christian community, no longer attached even by a nominal bond to a Church

which to-day boasts that it is not Protestant, and desires not to be styled Evangelical. What constitutes a "Church" we need not now discuss. Anglican clergymen are as unwilling to concede the name to the "sects" as the Pope is to grant it to the heretical and schismatical Anglican. But if the word be understood to mean "a congregation of faithful men," characterised by the preaching of the Word, the administration of the sacraments, the maintenance of Christian fellowship, the power of the Holy Spirit, the ingathering of men and women won from the service of self and sin, the multiplication of Christians of the type of the New Testament—a community preserving the main features of Apostolic teaching, and marked by the note of sanctity of life—then modern Methodism claims the name of a Christian Church, and through divine grace can show the marks which enable her to make that claim good.

Is the Methodist Church *alive*? This is the only ultimate test. St. Paul had to fall back on it when his apostolic authority was questioned. Christian life had been generated and multiplied under his ministry. "The seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord." Very touching—especially when read in the light of subsequent events—was Newman's plea, urged in his letter to the Bishop of Oxford in 1841,* in defence of the Church of England:

"The Church is emphatically a living body, and there can be no greater proof of a particular Communion being part of the Church than the appearance in it of a continued and abiding energy, nor a more melancholy proof of its being a corpse than torpidity. We say an energy continued and abiding, for accident will cause the activity of a moment, and an external principle give the semblance of self-motion. . . . And still, notwithstanding, life is a note of the Church; she alone revives, even if she declines; heretical and schismatical bodies cannot keep life: they gradually become cold, stiff, and insensible. . . .

"Look across the Atlantic to the daughter Churches of England in the States: 'Shall one that is barren bear a child in her old age?' Yet 'the barren hath borne seven.'"

In no spirit of self-glorification, but as a necessary self-vindication, Methodists point to the almost unprecedented vitality of an organisation which at the end of a century and a half is, ecclesiastically, as of yesterday. She is a mother, a living mother, whom an army of loyal, stalwart sons love and honour beyond the power of words to express. They owe to her more than life itself, and they know that there is only One who can make any Christian community thus to be a "joyful mother of children." Lord Halifax, in a speech delivered soon after the publication of the Papal Encyclical, *Apostolicæ Curæ*, repelled with indignant warmth the idea that Anglican orders could be invalid and all the sacraments of his Church a hollow mockery. To admit this, he said, with righteous scorn, would be "to impute treachery to my

* Quoted in Dean Church, "The Oxford Movement," p. 278.

God." "I would rather die," he added "than imply by any act of mine that all I have known of my Lord's love and goodness was a snare and a sham."

These words do any religious man honour. Hundreds of thousands of Methodists re-echo them. In their case, a host of loyal Christians take up the cry, larger in numbers than has ever been added to the Christian Church in the same space of time since the Apostolic era. The statement is made in no boastful spirit, and it would never have been made at all but for the preposterous assertion that Methodism as a separate organisation is waning, that "its days are numbered." Wesleyan Methodists to-day number about three-quarters of a million of Church-members, and between two and three millions of adherents. Methodists of other bodies in this country may be reckoned at nearly two millions. But these figures do not include the Methodist Church of Canada, with her 2000 ministers, 275,000 members, and more than a million of adherents. Nor—most numerous of all—the Episcopal and other Methodist Churches of the United States, with 50,000 ministers, seven millions of church-members, and, at a moderate estimate, between twenty and twenty-five millions of adherents. There are, as Mr. Howard Evans showed in this REVIEW not many months ago, over 1,000,000 Sunday scholars in Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-schools in this country alone, out of about 3,000,000 in Nonconformist schools generally, the Church of England numbering only 2,300,000. The only reason for quoting these figures is that recognised by Dean Church in relation to the Romanist controversy in the time of Cardinal Wiseman. He pleads that the theory of the Anglican Church is not a "paper theory," that it could be so proved in 1835, and he adds, that "the longer experience of the last fifty years has shown that the Church of England, whatever its faults, is certainly not a Church only on paper." * The challenge thrown down by eminent Anglicans is a fair one. The Methodist Church is "not a Church only on paper." Life is a note of the Church, "heretical and schismatical bodies cannot keep life." "Look across the Atlantic to the daughter Churches" of Methodism—"the barren hath borne seven."

Some minds are more readily convinced by more material considerations; they think more of dollars than souls, or they believe in the conversion of the soul when it shows itself in financial self-sacrifice. In Wesleyan Methodism alone—rebuked in this REVIEW for greed and money-grubbing—a Church not composed of wealthy or influential or highly-placed persons, but for the most part of the lower middle-class, "about £10,000,000 of money have been raised during the last forty years for the erection and improvement of churches, chapels, schools, &c.; and as the total debt upon the whole of the property is

* "The Oxford Movement," pp. 213, 21

considerably less now than it was forty years ago, this amount represents money contributed for the various objects, *not* money borrowed." * The total debt on all Wesleyan Methodist trust property is covered by one year's income. "On a moderate estimate the total sum raised for Wesleyan Methodist purposes year by year is £1,500,000; some are disposed to put it at £1,750,000." For many years past more than one hundred chapels a year have been erected, about half of which are in substitution for older buildings, and half represent entirely new enterprises. "Roughly speaking, about half these buildings are in towns and half in villages." The figures returned at the census of 1891—to which the last six years have made considerable additions—showed 8123 chapels and rented places, providing 2,075,644 sittings. The Church which is accused of no longer caring for the conversion of the world raises, in addition to all its numerous other funds, £130,000 per annum for foreign missions, and its missionaries are to be found in every quarter of the globe.

No self-respecting community could put forth figures of this kind in any spirit of boastfulness. Viewed in the highest light, a Christian Church should rather regard all such estimates as indications of how much more might have been done, had she been worthy of her opportunities and faithful to her duty. None know better than Wesleyan Methodists that they have nothing to congratulate themselves upon, though they have much to be thankful for. But there are some representations—quite unconscious misrepresentations—which make it necessary for an honest man or Church to "become a fool in glorying," and to meet fictions by facts. The "separate organisation" is not on the wane, either in numbers, or work, or influence; it is not deficient in evangelistic zeal at home or abroad, though it might, like other Churches, show with advantage more zeal and more of the spirit of primitive Methodism and of primitive Christianity.

It is true that lay-preachers are no longer stoned and beaten and imprisoned, though many of them still suffer persecution of a petty sort which makes itself felt in the diminution of business and the loss of help and influence, and they are constantly told that even to set foot inside a "Dissenting" chapel is a sin. But of Wesleyan Methodists in this country alone there are 17,000 preachers of the Gospel who labour without fee or reward; probably from 8000 to 10,000 every Sunday are engaged in towns, villages, hamlets, missions and cottage services. All honour to those noble men who a century and a half ago lighted the torch! But honour is surely also due to those who bravely, tenaciously, at great personal cost, keep it alight from year to year, and from generation to generation. The power to endure is not less valuable than the readiness to dare. And it is not

* These figures have been obtained for the purposes of this article and may be regarded as of unimpeachable authority.

a penetrating vision which perceives the greatness of the one kind of service only to disparage the importance of the other. What the self-denying labours of the 2000 or more Wesleyan ministers of this country really are is best known by those who know them best. They are not more deserving, but we make bold to say they are in no respect less so, than the thousands of patient, earnest, self-sacrificing clergy of the Church of England to-day. Every true Methodist honours the clergy, who are no mere "snowy-banded, dilettante, delicate-handed priests," but large-hearted, devoted ministers of Christ, and the "reunion," of which we hear so much and see so little, will have come perceptibly nearer when the clergy can recognise the same qualities in their Nonconformist brethren, and cease to vilify by contemptuous epithets a class of whom they know little and for whose reputation they appear to care still less.

Figures, it may be said, prove little or nothing. The quotation of statistics, the multiplication of "members," "adherents," and "sittings" does not stir the imagination or impress the mind. Is there anything distinctive about modern Methodism, anything worth conserving, or is the whole swallowed up in a dead sea of "vulgarity and commonplace"? The charge of vulgarity may be admitted, if it means the carrying of Christian truth to the "dim, common populations" and seeking to make the religion which Lecky has called the romance of the poor to be the strength and stay of the middle and lower middle classes. The lives of the tradesman, the artisan, the clerk, the mill-hands of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the farmers and farm-labourers of Lincolnshire, the colliers of the Midlands and the North, and the miners of Cornwall, have been cheered and brightened by the light of a religion which has been brought home to their "business and bosoms" by Methodists as by no other religious community.

For these and for all Methodism has a distinctive message to-day. Holding the great verities of Christianity in common with Anglicans and evangelical Nonconformists generally, the Methodist pulpit, if it is faithful to its best traditions, gives point and emphasis to certain truths which this generation needs as much as any. The Anglo-Catholic especially reprobates what he considers to be the partial, provincial, ill-proportioned, character of sectarian teaching. But it is precisely because his spurious "Catholicism" is spreading so widely that the message of Methodism becomes so necessary. The need of a radical change of character, known as "conversion," in opposition to the idea of regeneration by baptism; the privilege of conscious assurance of the divine presence and favour in contradistinction to a religion largely depending on outward observances; the importance of maintaining religious fellowship among Christians, embodied in the class-meeting, as contrasted with the condition described by Bishop Westcott when he says, "What vital recognition of fellowship is there

among the communicants of a parish?"* the high standard of Christian service held up and urged as attainable in entire holiness of heart and life: these doctrines form at the same time the reproach and the glory of Methodism. This is not the place for explaining or defending the doctrines in question. They have often been attacked, still more frequently misunderstood. But that they are important in their place, and that they still need to be urged, though not in a one-sided or extravagant way, has been admitted by eminent members of other Churches who have small sympathy with many Methodist institutions.

In common with the Dominican Order of Friars, Methodists have specially cultivated *preaching*. Too much may be made of the sermon in public worship, or too little, and tastes will always vary as to what constitutes excellence of sermonic style. But, defining preaching power for the moment as the ability readily to address, to interest, to convince and persuade men on the high themes of religion, it is obvious that such a power is of the first importance in any Christian community, and this *charisma* has certainly been granted to modern as to early Methodists. These have not been all of one type, they have differed as much as Liddon, Farrar, and Church—three representative Anglicans of our own day. The chaste diction of Richard Watson—whom Mr. Nightingale compares, inaptly enough, to Jeremy Taylor—differed widely from the style of Clarke and Benson, who yet were mighty preachers in their day. These differed as much from Robert Newton as he did from latter-day orators like Morley Punshon or Bishop Matthew Simpson, the friend and confidant of President Lincoln. We name no living man, but in the more direct and less ornate style of to-day there are many worthy to rank with men "eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures" who have passed away. And the test of pulpit-power in a Church lies less in exceptional instances than in the maintenance of a high average. It would not be difficult to bring forward impartial testimony to prove that the average Wesleyan minister of to-day is capable of fairly holding his own in the pulpit by the side of any of his brethren within or outside the Established Church.

One crucial test of vitality in any Church is the power to modify its methods in proportion to the changing needs of the population. Tried by this test, the Wesleyan Methodist Church can show a remarkable history during the last twenty years. New "mission" organisations have been established in large towns, some of these directed by ministers well known to fame, such as the Revs. Hugh Price Hughes, Mark Guy Pearse, and Peter Thompson, and others worked with equal success by devoted men less widely celebrated. In the West of London and in the East, in Clerkenwell and Southwark,

* "Christian Aspects of Life," p. 44.

in Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham, in Leeds and Hull, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, under widely differing conditions, these missions of "the forward movement" have been blessed by God to do a work that no human eloquence or attractive preaching by itself could accomplish. Some £15,000 a year is being spent upon special enterprises in villages or smaller towns. The so-called "Extension" Fund was raised to build a thousand new chapels: this work has been done, but the extension work is still going on. Social enterprises are not forgotten. The Children's Homes, under Dr. T. B. Stephenson, represent an expenditure of some £20,000 a year; Mr. Scott Lidgett's work as Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement rivals that of the Toynbee, Mansfield, and University Settlements elsewhere in London; the Wesley Guild for Young People, just started, will shortly number its hundreds of thousands. If vitality is proved by elasticity, variety of effort, versatile power of adaptation to new needs and environments, Wesleyan Methodism is neither dead nor dying.

Some of those who belong to *the* privileged Church of this country find it in good taste to reproach Methodists that they produce so few eminent men, and that their culture is often of an equivocal kind. It is but a generation since the great national Universities were opened to conscientious Nonconformists, and even now the teaching profession—as regards its prizes and upper ranks, at least—is largely closed against the despised "Dissenter." Yet the recent history of Kingswood School—established by Wesley himself—is one of which any school might be proud. The Leys School, which has but lately attained its majority, has already taken an honourable place among public schools, whether public school spirit be considered, or public school successes at the University, or distinction in the playing-fields, "where Waterloo was won." The Honours Lists of Oxford, Cambridge, London, and other Universities show that the best traditions of the movement which began at Lincoln College, Oxford, are not forgotten to-day. It is invidious to mention names. But scholars know that the standard Grammar of the New Testament is the edition of Winer prepared by Dr. Moulton, Head-master of the Leys School, and that the future standard New Testament Concordance will be that compiled under the careful scholarship of Dr. Moulton and Professor Geden. In the department of Exegesis, the names of Dr. Beet and Professor Findlay are honourably known as taking rank with the best modern interpreters. Ecclesiastical statesmen, like Dr. Bunting and Dr. Rigg, would have made their mark in any Church. Gifted pens, like that of William Arthur, profound theological minds, like that of Dr. W. B. Pope, have not been wanting. The President for the current year, Rev. W. L. Watkinson, furnishes a striking refutation of the taunt that Wesleyan ministers are turned out like machine-made goods, all of one pattern.

Still, be it granted that for one hundred years in Methodism there has been no second Wesley, whilst, as Pfeiderer says, "all new world-moving ideas proceed from great personalities." It is surely obvious that in the history of any community, after the period of origination comes the time for working out and translating into the detail of actual life the high conception of the world-moving ideal. The test of a great schoolmaster is not his success with a few clever boys, but his power to maintain a high average. Arnold said that before the patient plodder of mediocre ability he would stand "cap in hand." A Church which maintains a good average of work amongst ordinary men and women is surely as pleasing to the Master as the man with two talents who made them other two. As to the sinking of personal considerations for the sake of the whole community, it is not generally thought a drawback in the soldier that he is content to sink his personality for the sake of the regiment, or the interests of the regiment for the sake of the army. It is no reproach, surely, that there is something approaching to equality of income amongst Methodist ministers; and no ground for boasting on the part of one of the wealthiest Churches in the world that, while bishops and beneficed clergy have abundance, so many curates are half-starving in genteel poverty. There are no sinecures in Methodism, no opportunities for learned leisure, and amongst men so deeply engaged in active labours it is a wonder that any find time, resources, or inclination for the composition of works which bring distinction. Itinerancy brings its disadvantages, no doubt, but also some compensating advantages, and surely, though very slowly, the three-years' system of itinerancy is being modified. As for the ministers who, as is alleged, leave the Methodist Church to improve their stipend, those "men of exceptional talent" who "all but invariably join other communities where the wise and only effectual way of retaining able men prevails—that is, of suiting the reward to the worth of the man receiving it"—they may find their place in ministering to people who have changed their Church for the sake of improving their social status. Their loss—they are not so many or so important as the critic imagines—can be borne by a Church which has never existed for the purpose of rewarding with most money those who have served it best.

Most important of all in Church life is what is formally known as the "note of sanctity"—the question how far a given community succeeds in the great end for which all Christian communities have been established, the rooting and developing of a high standard of personal character and consecrated service. The taunt has been levelled by Roman Catholics against the Church of England that it has "failed to produce saints." Recent histories of the Tractarian movement have shown how many left the English for the Roman Church, because of what was thought to be the higher standard of

unworldliness maintained in the latter. This arose from a superficial knowledge of Roman Catholicism and a superficial conception of the meaning of saintliness. In all Churches there is more or less complaint of the relaxation of discipline, which makes it impossible to square Church practice with Church theory; but in all Churches "saints" of some type or other are not wanting, if that much-abused word be used in its proper meaning. Various types of sanctity are to be traced in various generations and various countries, and Anglicanism can count amongst her followers servants of Christ as holy and devoted as any of whom the Church of Rome can boast, though her sober and unenthusiastic ideal of service may be less striking to the imagination than the more demonstrative asceticism of the Latin races. Fra Angelico paints all his saints with a certain radiant rapture in their faces; those of Perugino are pensive and sad; but the beauty of holy souls looks out from all the canvases alike. Methodism, too, has produced her saints in the past, and produces them still, though all may not admire the type of religious earnestness which characterises them. For, even in these most sacred regions of all, taste and temperament count for much. The religiosity of many devoted Roman Catholics is sickly to the self-restrained and sober Anglican. The austerity of the early Tractarian—exemplified in its less attractive forms in some parts of Pusey's life and clothed with grace and charm in that of Dean Church—repels the Evangelical, as savouring of superstition. Puritanism has seldom been understood by those who have not some drops of Puritan blood in their veins; and to not a few excellent but easy-going citizens of the world all these types of religious character are alike unattractive.

But so much as this may surely be said without offence concerning the spirit of modern Methodism: that it seeks to produce, and to a large extent has succeeded in maintaining, a joyful, hopeful, earnest, large-hearted, brotherly, and helpful Christianity. There are worldly Methodists—no doubt, too many—and worldly Churchmen also, in what relative proportions it would not be seemly to inquire. It is undeniable that Methodists have lost much of their early simplicity, but they may have gained in an understanding how to apply religious principles in actual life. If they have lost some of the courage which breaks with all conventions of society, they may have gained in the spirit which breathes in the Master's words, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." They would be the better, beyond question, for more reverence, more unworldliness, more of that awe of the unseen and that gracious severity of character which can bear the extreme sacrifice of self, but refuses to impose it on others save by way of example. They have much to learn from their own forefathers and from the true saints of all ages and of all Churches. But amongst

the many notes blended in the chorus which an outwardly divided but inwardly consentient Christendom chants to the praise of a common Lord and Saviour, the jubilant one of men and women rejoicing in the forgiveness of sins, the conscious favour of God and the earnest and happy striving after completeness of loving service to God and man, can hardly be out of place. And if sometimes the tones jar on the fastidious ear of neighbours who have learned a more decorous mode of worship, perhaps the Master who reminded His disciples that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God had perfected praise, will not disdain to listen, but say, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

It is said that the days of Methodism as a separate organisation are numbered. We have shown that figures do not point in that direction. The spirit of modern Methodism is not of that languid, moribund kind which prepares the way for dissolution and absorption. Though not "the most denominational of denominations," it has a firmly articulated structure, which has enabled it to stand firm where less highly organised Churches have yielded to the disintegrating influences of modern life. If anything, it is too highly organised, but the pulses of its life beat strongly and steadily, and, so long as this is the case, its somewhat elaborate structure is a help, not a hindrance. The existence of so many branches of this ramifying Church has been alleged as a reproach, and the Methodism of fifty years ago was unquestionably fissiparous. Happily the tendency is now the other way. Canon Hammond, at the Church Congress, said that he had "heard" that the union of Methodists in Canada and Australia had not worked well. It is surely desirable that responsible members of a congress should hear rightly before they speak publicly. As matter of fact, there has been no union in Australia, though arrangements are being very amicably made in that direction; whilst the reunion accomplished in Canada some years ago has been successful beyond all hopes. Other movements for reunion are the more promising because they are being undertaken in sober and leisurely fashion. A few years ago there seemed a danger lest "raw haste, half-sister to delay," should mar what ought to be done well or not attempted at all.

Canon Hammond is kind enough to spend his time in trying—to use his courteous phrase—"to get it into the Dissenting mind" that all Nonconformists in this country "must return to us," that "nothing short of apostasy can justify secession." The worthy canon must have been fresh from reading the Pope's Encyclical on Anglican Orders, so accurately has he caught its tone and temper. Anglicans do not hold that Rome has apostatised, yet they held themselves justified in what Rome calls secession. Methodists have never seceded from the Church of England, they were "thrust out." But having been thrust out,

they find quite enough in the present condition of the Church of England to convince them that they can better accomplish the work entrusted to them by remaining outside an Established Church which has no true self-government and a "Catholic" Church in which the Evangelical element grows feebler every day. Methodists are quite prepared to admit that under some circumstances Episcopacy may belong to the *bene esse* of the Christian Church, and the organisation of the M. E. Churches in America is an illustration of the fact. But they resent the assumption, and are bound in conscience to deny, that it belongs to the *esse* of the Church, that outside the pale of a particular form of Church government there is no grace, and therefore no salvation. And it would be well, if it were possible, to get it into the "conforming" mind that the use of the word Dissenter implies a begging of the question. In Scotland the Episcopalian is a Dissenter; in the United States of America, where happily the word cannot be used, the Episcopalian Church forms a numerically subordinate community. The time is past when the assumptions of Episcopalians on the subject of Church government could pass unchallenged. The *Christian Ecclesia* of Dr. Hort—a staunch Churchman, if ever there was one—shows how much and how little the historic Episcopate really amounts to, if the New Testament is to be our guide in matters of Church organisation.

But enough of this kind of controversy, which to Methodists as such is essentially distasteful. As Methodists, they are non-political and non-controversial, though strong politicians and keen controversialists are doubtless found amongst them. But modern Methodists hold that John Wesley's work, committed to him by God, of helping to "spread Scriptural holiness through the land" is not yet done, and that it is their duty, under the changing conditions of modern life, to carry it on. They have not been in the habit of bringing railing accusations against any, least of all their fellow-Christians. Not in theory only, but in practice, they have been "the friends of all, the enemies of none." They have helped to feed and strengthen other Churches, and have not complained if the Church of Christ as a whole has been advantaged by their loss. They have been ready to bear the polite contumely which is the modern counterpart of the brickbats and rotten eggs showered on the Methodist "saints and martyrs." But they have found it necessary from time to time to protest against calumny, uttered probably in ignorance rather than in malice. They have found it necessary to fight for their own existence—sometimes in courts of law, when threatened with loss of property; sometimes before the bar of public opinion, when their very right to the name of a Christian community has been challenged. And thus far they have not only held their own, but their numbers have been multiplied beyond precedent and expectation. They make no exclusive claims,

and no more believe that all the world should become Methodist than Congregationalist or Episcopalian. But, with quiet conviction of a divine calling, they seek to do a certain work in the world, and intend to do it in the way which they believe Providence has, almost in spite of themselves, marked out for them. They know in how many respects it is far from being well done, but they hold that they would be the poorer, and the Church of Christ would be the poorer, were their separate organisation merged in any State Church or dissolved in any number of independent Churches. Modestly but firmly they claim to be a part of Christ's Church militant here on earth. And they believe that when the day shall declare it, not only, as Hooker says, shall "three words uttered with charity receive a more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit," but that success in the work of reclaiming sinners from the error of their ways will be the test by which the Master will judge the service of all the communities which have been called by His name and claimed to represent His Church in the world.

W. T. DAVISON.

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS?

✓ **F**OR some years photographers have been assuring us that photography is a fine art, and that they themselves are artists. This year they are more positive about it than ever. It seems to me, therefore, high time to investigate their claim. It would be easier and more amusing, I admit, to pass it over with contempt, or cover it with confusion and ridicule. Indeed, hitherto their exhibitions which, year by year, have given them the chance to state their case, have been either almost ignored, or else lightly dismissed by the art critic. It has been left for the photographers themselves to criticise their shows, and their criticism is based upon no other standard than their own wishes. They say that photography is a fine art, and they discuss it from that point of view. And yet, if photography is a fine art, then it comes distinctly within the province of the art critic, and photographs must be judged from the same standpoint as pictures, photographers from the same standpoint as painters. The skilled and capable art critics in this country to-day are very few in number; they are to be counted on less than the fingers of one hand. Only one among them this year has, so far as I know, paid any attention to the photographers and their exhibitions, and he has disposed of them with a patronising levity which might seem unfair, had not the photographers gone out of the way in their pronouncements to court it. But art critics are as liable to err as any other prophets, and it may be that they hesitate to commit themselves. If photography is proved to be a fine art, then they may have to swallow the words they have already spoken; if it is proved not to be a fine art, they would care still less to have already announced from the housetops, or in the columns of their journal, that it is. Mistakes of the sort have been made before, when wholesale swallowing of opinion was not found a

pleasant dose, though one that had to be taken. It might be thought presumptuous on my part even to touch upon a matter hitherto so carefully avoided, especially as I make no pretensions to a knowledge of photography, had not photographers removed the difficulty by saying that they are artists. Altogether, it seems to me that it would be just as well if some attention were paid to the subject before it is disposed of and put in its place by the French and the Germans, and we are told that we must accept and abide by their critical conclusions. The weight of art criticism is now swinging from the Continent to England, at the moment when Continental nations have suddenly begun to look to England for a standard in the decorative arts; therefore there is no reason why England should wait for the Continent to settle the question. Since, then, serious criticism by art critics has hitherto been denied the photographers, let us for once try to consider their assertions.

When artist photographers have been compared in a flippant strain to artist tailors and artist barbers and music hall artists, they have frequently shown a degree of temper which a man, morally conscious of right, would think superfluous. They have insisted the more angrily that they are artists; they have talked the louder about artistic photography and its place among the fine arts. Fortunately, as I write, there is a chance to study them, not merely by their words, but by their works, for two photographic exhibitions are open in London. The visitor to these two exhibitions will quickly discover that their aims are very different, though the difference in actual results obtained is not so marked. The members of the Royal Photographic Society evidently have for their object the recording of the year's progress in photography. It is true that what they call the art section has been judged by artists, while the technical section has been judged by photographers. It might be pointed out that if photography is an art and its practitioners artists, they should be quite as capable as humble Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts to decide upon the merit of their own work; artists, as a rule, do not submit their productions to the maker of frames and the manufacturer of colours. At the Photographic Salon, on the other hand, we are informed that, "released from mechanical trammels, photography is capable of dealing with the subtleties of pictorial effect; that it may aim at a high expression of decorative value;" that its practitioners are not precluded from the power of exercising their fancy and imagination; and that photographers themselves should be capable of fixing a standard of merit of their own pictorial work, without appealing for assistance to experts in other arts. Thus, it seems that photographers, before they have established their position, have begun to disagree among themselves as to what it is. The members of the Royal Society frankly appeal to artists for artistic judgment; the members

of the Photographic Salon declare there is no necessity to call in experts, though that they really do desire criticism other than their own is evident, as they continue to send tickets to the Press. I think, on the whole, the Royal Photographic Society, while it does not pretend to be essentially an artistic body, is more consistent to traditions heretofore accepted as artistic than the Photographic Salon, despite its Franco-British name. If upon technical matters an architect does not consult a painter, nor the illustrator refer to the sculptor, yet all artists have always worked harmoniously together for a common end—the advancement of their profession. But this is a side issue. The one important question is whether the photographers, by the prints shown, justify their claim to the rank of artists. I only note, in passing, that artists have not insisted upon their right to be called artists on every appropriate and inappropriate occasion. The fact that they are artists has been recognised since the earliest ages, and any form of expression they may evolve is gladly accepted, if it is artistic; the greater the artist, the more diffident he feels about his position in the world of art.

At first, photographers argued that they were artists because their photographs had a pictorial value. Now—perhaps it is because they have made too rapid strides for the critics to keep up with, that so little criticism has been granted them—they go still further, and say that their photographs have also a decorative value. At the present time a large section of the craftsmen who alone have heretofore been known as artists maintain that pictures—that is, easel pictures, in which category, I suppose, photographs are to be included—cannot strictly speaking be considered decorative; that a decoration must be a conventionalised, a simplified rendering of a subject, in no sense realistic. Other artists deny this as emphatically, though the painters of easel pictures and the painters of decorative pictures have usually been in accord in their appreciation of the greatest works in either class: if there be any such classes, which I am disposed to doubt. The photographers, however, sweep aside all such subtle distinctions, settle in a minute questions that have perplexed artists for centuries, and declare boldly that in their pictures the pictorial and decorative qualities are combined. Again, they argue, in support of their claims, that they have largely influenced the artist in the choice of subjects; that they are the true realists; that they have solved problems of momentary action. Therefore, having produced pictures themselves, having exerted so wide an influence upon art, they ask for, or suggest, that they should be accorded, space on the walls of the Royal Academy and other galleries where artists exhibit, and thus receive the official recognition which is their due.*

* This recognition, it may interest artists to know, is to be granted them in the Spring (1898) Exhibition of the Walker Art Gallery, at Liverpool.

It is interesting, and instructive too, before examining their work and their influence more carefully, to compare the methods by which they achieve perfection with the technical and mental training thought essential for the worker who alone, until now, has been called artist. It may be that the artist was always, in a fashion, looked down upon by his fellows, save those who understood him, as a weakling who should be encouraged, or at any rate tolerated, in a curious pastime rather beneath the dignity of the average full-grown man; though, at times, when he was invited to discharge the duties of some of the more usual and common avocations of life, such as diplomacy and statecraft, he distinguished himself supremely. But, as a rule, he lived so much in his own world that he scarcely knew what was happening about him, and the world knew still less of him. He was so absorbed in his own affairs that little else interested or appealed to him. He usually entered his profession at a very early age. He began as an apprentice. He learned to wash his master's brushes, to clean and set his master's palette. He mixed the clay or he fired the furnace. When he had learned to do these things—the elements of his trade, at which he was kept for some years—he was allowed to draw, and for more years he studied: he copied in line nature or art. Then he was permitted to work, exactly in the manner of his master, on the least important part of his master's paintings. And after ten or fifteen years of this sort of practice or preparation, when he had learned to judge pictures critically, because he knew how they were made, when he was able to make them because critically and scientifically and technically he understood his craft, he left his master and started for himself. In nine cases out of ten, after years of struggling, he discovered that he was quite incapable of doing as good work as that produced in the workshop which he had left. If he had something to say for himself, he said it in a slightly different way from his master; and if he said it better, or even as well, he took equal rank with him in the course of years, sometimes sooner, sometimes later. If he were possessed of what we call genius—that is, the capacity for tremendously hard work—he might become known after a shorter apprenticeship. But the chances were, and still are, that throughout his life he would remain unrecognised, that no one would ever hear of him until his death. He probably believed that he was doing his work as he should do it, and it was never his business to be avowedly revolutionary—except in the sense that the Van Eycks, or whoever introduced the use of oils in painting, were revolutionary, or Dürer when he perfected wood-cutting, or Bewick when he developed wood-engraving, or Senefelder when he discovered lithography; nor was it the artist's mission to live down the opposition of the unintelligent multitude. When old age came upon him, he craved for more years that he might work and solve those new problems

that were continually presenting themselves to him as he grew in knowledge and handicraft; and, dying, he might murmur the names of some of the great ones in the world's history, and say, "I, too, am an artist!" In a word, to be worthy of the name of artist, it has always been held necessary to give to art one's whole life, one's whole thought, and, above all, one's entire technical and mechanical skill, only to be acquired by unending study and practice. The average student may develop his powers after years of unceasing toil; there are others who, with the same toil, may express themselves imperfectly, and yet have something to say; but the great artist is he who, technically and intellectually, is perfectly equipped, and he has come about half a dozen times in the history of the world. All, however, go through a certain manual training, which is their stock-in-trade, a training unknown in any other profession; they must study a multitude of subjects, see a multitude of things, and have the power to convert what they see into graphic or plastic form. They must have some knowledge of "the abstruse mysteries of chemistry, optics, and mathematics," despised by the art photographer. They must have mastered the science of anatomy, and it is well for them to be conversant with the history of painting, and decoration, and architecture and much besides. Unfortunately, nowadays hundreds of thousands probably millions of people, who ought to be busy about something else, are studying and practising art, because art happens to be popular and is endowed by the parish, and some artists manage to achieve a very enviable degree of social and financial success. But because the term has been already abused, that is no reason why it should be abused still further—why a mechanical contrivance should be called artistic, and those who make use of it artists. It would be pleasant, no doubt, for photographers to obtain the same social and financial recognition as artists; it would be pleasant, too, if the Italian with his hurdy-gurdy could win for himself the reputation and fortune of Paderewski.

And now, what is the training of the photographer who is noisiest in his assertion that he is an artist? Does he devote his whole life, or a year, or a month to the study of art? Does he give up his whole life to the study and the practice even of photography? Is photography his profession, his occupation, his sole concern and interest? Is he first the apprentice, then the master, in the shop, the useless room with no window, or studio, as he prefers to call it? I look down the list of exhibitors at the Photographic Salon, where the gospel of art is most strenuously preached; I see among them the names of parsons, of Government clerks, of solicitors, of beef-extract maker, of a banker, and some titles—in fact, the amateur rampant. It is the time left over from his serious work in life that this photographer gives to his "art." Photograph

is his amusement, his relaxation. He labours in his pulpit or at his desk all the week, and then, when the half-holiday comes, he seizes his little black box, skips nimbly to the top of a 'bus, hurries from his Hampstead heights to the Embankment, plants his machine in a convenient corner, and, with the pressing of a button or the loosing of a cap, creates for you a nocturne which shall rank with the life-work of the master. Or, at odd moments, in his wilds of Clapham, he will evolve the scheme of a poster that shall humble Chéret into the dust. Or, getting a model to pose stark naked for him, he will present you an idyl out of the same little box that should put—and it does—Botticelli to shame. He sees what he likes, for he has been taught what to like by reading books upon painting, which he does not understand, and which teach nothing for him; he prepares his camera; he focusses it, or knocks it out of focus; he puts in his glass plate or his film. And who does the work? who makes the picture? Why, he does not as much as know whether there is a picture on it until he brings the plate or film home and develops it. What does the painter do? He either sits down in front of his subject—a landscape, let us suppose—makes a careful study of it with his unaided hands, which he is able to do because he has had a certain training, and has the power to do it—a power in which the photographer is totally deficient; or he looks at it, and his observation and his memory are so keen that he can absorb the whole character of the scene before him, and then, later, reproduce it out of his box—his brain—without, perhaps, doing a scrap of work on the spot. Let the photographer find his subject in the same fashion, and study it in his way, and having, to his own great delight, selected and arranged and composed it, as he says—for he uses only the artist's technical terms—forget to take the cap off his lens. What happens then? But he does not forget; he pushes the button, and a picture is the result. Until lately he was the mute inglorious Milton; now he has discovered a machine to make his masterpiece for him. No wonder he laughs at the poor artist who must humbly toil to create beauty, which a camera manufactures for him at once. What a farce it is to think of Titian and Velasquez and Rembrandt actually studying and working, puzzling their brains over subtleties of drawing and modelling, of light and atmosphere and colour, when the modern master has but to step into a shop, buy a camera, play a few tricks with gum chromate—I believe it is called—to turn you out a finished masterpiece which is far more like the real thing, he says, than any mere hand-made picture ever could be. Is it not natural that he should boast of his "avowedly revolutionary" aims? Is he not doing for art what Watt and Stephenson have done for labour? There are to be machine-made pictures, as there are machine-made shirts and carpets. In time he hopes to be "released from mechanical

trammels," to which the artist has ever been subjected. He is not "bound down by any rule of accuracy of definition," which the artist has given his life to make or to break. He dispenses with "capability of producing a documentary fact," when the greatest artists would give their lives to render, only approximately, one of the smallest. He, however, is in no need of fact; he can, he says, exercise his "fancy and imagination," which, apparently, he thinks everybody possesses naturally; the artist, for his part, spends his life curbing his fancy and imagination—if he has any. For pictorial work by photography, "an indissoluble connection with the abstruse mysteries of chemistry, optics, and mathematics is . . . very slight indeed;" for the artist, if I understand what is meant, it is indispensable. He discards the world's universally accepted traditions; it is the artist's proudest boast to have conserved them. He creates new principles for himself; the artist has jealously preserved those handed down from the earliest ages.

In a word, the photographer is the bold independent who has broken loose from tradition and asserted his individuality, not by the cultivation of his hand and his brain and his eye, that these three unruly members may work together to produce the harmony the artist almost despairs of; no, but by sticking his head into a black box, and at the crucial moment letting a machine do everything for him. It is the chemistry he despises, the optics he is superior to, the science he scoffs at which do the whole thing. I have heard of one artist who, like the photographer, hands over his task to an agent—the Emperor of Germany. He too, with no trouble to himself, through his faithful Knackfuss, may produce masterpieces; and they are more amazing than photographs because, in this case, the agent is human, not mechanical. When the photographer touches his great works with his hands they cease to be photographs. The most skilful painter is a bungler who takes months to put a figure on his canvas; a photographer's machine will put it on the same canvas while you wait. And the art? Why, with his machinery and his chemicals, he can put upon canvas, upon paper, upon metal, pictures which look to himself and his friends surprisingly like the real thing. The man who sells margarine for butter, and oil and water for milk, does much the same, and renders himself liable to legal prosecution by doing it. The art of the photographer, as we explained, is to make his photographs as much like something as they are not as he can. The old-fashioned idea was to give a straightforward photograph, as direct and clear and true as possible, a photograph that was of some use as a record. The revolutionary photograph is one that bears upon the surface a vague resemblance to a wet photograph of a charcoal, a wax, or a wash drawing, to an aquatint or a water-colour. I never heard of a great painter who endeavoured to pull off his paintings as charcoals. The photographer plays at

his print, until it is neither the photograph it ought to be, nor the drawing he would like it to be. But his one ambition is to have you forget that his photograph is a photograph. Thus, you read in a sympathetic criticism that a certain print is "a graceful design for a fan in red chalk," when it is nothing but some sort of a faked-up print in red, which looks as much like chalk as that useful commodity does like cheese. All the old critical jargon, long since discarded by even the oldest of the old critics, is brought into service in photographic discussions and notices to strengthen the deception, and the newest of new technical terms into the bargain, to the infinite confusion of the humble inquirer. From one writer, encouraged by the *Times* to the extent of a column and a quarter, I learn that a photographer may employ a method of printing which "allows of an amount of modification, from absolute obliteration to varying degrees of half-tone and shadow"; but I wonder if anybody will tell me what a half-tone is, except, of course, as the term is employed by the mechanical engraver; the critic does not condescend to explain, but adds that the system is one "of which only the most skilful—and they must be true artists also—can avail themselves successfully." They must also, it appears, be possessed of "striking originality and unrivalled artistic feeling," though that they should know anything of drawing and painting does not seem necessary. But they must be "*chic*" to a degree! It is not astonishing to find that the print which inspired this delightfully inappropriate medley of applause should deal with a subject that is confessed to be "*franchement canaille*." Again, I read that a certain photograph of "Molly" "is a piece of decoration for which the beautiful and harmonious frame is somewhat responsible:" were it not also described as an "impression" I would suggest that the frame might have been sent alone. Even the poor tortured term "impression," you see, must be dragged in. It is really in this perpetual and pretentious aping of the artist that photographers have made their blunder. An artist, for example an etcher, is continuously dealing with complex scientific problems, but he does not describe himself as a chemist. The illustrator is hopelessly involved with the printer and the engraver, but he does not insist upon joining their trade unions. But it is the irrepressible itch of the amateur or outsider to pass himself off as something he is not that characterises the present-day photographer. If he is an artist, why does he try to imitate another form of art which has no relation to or connection with his own? When photographers produce some form of art—or artlessness either—which has as much individuality of expression and character as oil-painting or etching, then it will be another matter. But it is safe to say they never will. There is a certain something, a certain virtue, a certain quality—personal, human, emotional, as you may choose to describe—in work done by the unaided union of brain and eye and hand which

makes all the difference between art and the machine-manufactured shadow. If the photographer could produce from nature, with his own unaided hands, a duplicate of any one of his photographs, would he use his camera? But I do not believe there is in London a single photographer who could. It is just possible that if some of these clerks, parsons, and stockbrokers were to give up their black boxes and their trades and their business in the City to the study of art, one or two of them might, after many years, become passable artists. But they have yet to begin their apprenticeship.

However, even if photographs are not pictures in the artist's sense of the word, the photographer, ignorant of the most elementary rudiments of drawing, says, "I have taught the artist so much." What has he taught? That the sky is beautiful? Claude knew that centuries ago. That a portrait may be a faithful likeness? He has still to surpass Holbein. Did Muybridge discover the action of the horse, or did the Greeks? Who has told us the most about the growth of flowers and the flight of birds, a bank clerk or the Japanese draughtsman? The photographer has made the artist more accurate, he says. I wonder how much more accurate Van Eyck would have been had he had a kodak. If the photographer, who does not know such elementary historical facts as these, is to teach the artist, who learnt them in his school-days, if he is to rank with the artist, then the world is a great deal nearer realising Mr. Bellamy's depressing forecast of the future than any one had any idea of. If the actual work of the artist counts for nothing, then we might as well hear Wagner on a hurdy-gurdy as in Baireuth; the squeaking of a phonograph is quite as "artistic" and original as the voice of the *prima donna*.

But has photography accomplished anything? Yes, it has cheapened art greatly. It has lowered the standard with a public that instinctively prefers the sham and the machine-made and the microscopic; it has reduced the artist to a demoralising struggle with the amateur simply to get his bread and butter. In the beginning of the century England was celebrated for its beautifully illustrated books, in which the greatest artists, engravers, and printers collaborated to produce a perfect whole. To-day, the place of these books has been taken by the *Strand Magazine* and the *Sketch*, thanks to the services of photography. In the making of books, however, the tendency has always been toward the survival of the cheapest, and the cheapest—usually the newest—has always interested artists for a while, though for other reasons than its cheapness. Steel engraving succumbed before wood engraving and lithography, and they, in turn, have succumbed to the cheapness of the process man. In many ways, until lately, process was a great advance upon any other form of reproduction. Now, process-block makers are mostly photographers, who are killing each

other in the race for cheapness. I do not want any one to think I would imply that photography is not useful to the artist. On the contrary, it is, and especially in illustration, since it preserves the illustrator's original design for him. It enables the architect to get, at small expense and without the trouble of going to see and draw them, bits of detail in foreign lands, though this is a questionable advantage. The world's greatest architects managed very well without it. One critic has said that if photographers would turn their attention to the recording of historic events like the Jubilee, or of vanishing buildings, they could do an immense service to art. In one way this is true; in another it is not. Surely this critic would be the last to suggest that the cinematographic "pictures"—the whole twenty-two thousand of them, shown at the Empire, I think—are equal to one picture of a procession by Carpaccio, painted centuries before we had any photographs. No doubt twenty-two thousand artists would be required to secure as many views of the Jubilee procession as were obtained by the cinematograph, and their employment might have been too much of a good thing. But if, say, half a dozen accomplished artists had been commissioned, and allowed to do what they wanted, might we not have had a record of some artistic importance? As to the photographing of old buildings, which would the architect rather have, an etching by Piranesi or a photograph by one of the most revolutionary of the "Salon" photographers?

I cannot agree with this same critic that a photograph will give a better idea of an ancient building than a drawing by a trained architectural draughtsman. The senseless lens of the camera will never record the vital, characteristic qualities of great architecture. For two reasons: first, because it is mechanically impossible in the majority of cases for the lens to take in the subject that is wanted; and secondly, even if it does, there is always, in the best of photographs, a hopeless confusion of detail and light and shade. While there is still another reason, out of which photographers may make as much or as little as they wish: an architectural draughtsman uses his brain and his hands to give the best possible rendering of a building, and to do this he is frequently compelled to compose his effects and to alter his point of view. Of course the photographer may say that he can make composite photographs. But a composite photograph of architecture would be a quaint, weird, uncanny object—I mean, if the photographer were to change his point of view as the draughtsman does. The pictures by Canaletto are a thousand times more realistic than any photograph ever made of Venice. And though I have heard it objected that a painter like Rico, for example, produces nothing but coloured photographs, you have but to put a coloured photograph alongside of one of Rico's pictures to appreciate the difference. I am, however, altogether in sympathy with D. S. M., the critic to whom I

refer, when he says—and, indeed, I have said the same thing myself—that I would as soon have a good photograph as many of the pictures one is compelled to look at. And yet, after all, I am not sure that this is not a mere figure of speech; when it comes to the point, I would not. I look at the average Israels, or Luke Fildes, or Geoffroi, and I know that while a photographer can adopt their methods of composition, and build up hovels in swell studios, and arrange the light and group the figures most effectively in it, he can go no further. These painters can, with time and with patience and great struggles, produce something that is truer to the facts before them than the machine, though these facts may not be so elaborately recorded. Take the machine away from the photographer, and what can he do? Nothing. The other man can copy what he sees, and no camera can with any intelligence, while the photographer working the machine does nothing. Really the painter, no matter whether the result is artistic or not, should have more credit than a machine for doing the same thing. I may not like the result; it may be shockingly bad as art; but it is infinitely more praiseworthy than the photograph. Again, it has been suggested that the amateur photographer devote himself to preserving for us copies of furniture, embroidery, tapestry, and jewellery. Now, anybody who knows anything about the difficulties of drawing or photographing just these objects, knows how hopelessly impossible it is for the camera to reproduce many of them. Whoever prefers the best photograph to a drawing of virtually the same subjects by any great artist, from the time of Mantegna and Dürer to Jacquemart, must have had his eyesight impaired by the study of photographs.

✓ Photography is also of use to the illustrator by enabling him to get more material from which to work up his drawings with less trouble. But this also is a doubtful advantage. For if he depends on his camera instead of using his sketch-book, that is the end of him. He is saved at times drudgery to which Carpaccio, Guardi, Hogarth were subjected—and they were all the better draughtsmen for it. A good photograph of an event will prove more suggestive to the clever illustrator than a bad drawing, but in nine cases out of ten the illustrator would have preferred to be on the spot with a lead pencil instead of a camera. For instance, an event like the Jubilee procession, which occurs but once in the history of the world, and which, as it happened, occurred on a beautifully clear day, can be recorded by photography more completely than in any other way; unless, as I have said, the same number of artists as there were photographers had been set to work. But the photographs made were no more works of art than the phonograph recital of a great poet's poem is an original creation. Both are curious reproductions. And useful as photography is to the illustrator on the weekly or daily

Press, it is safe to say it is absolutely useless unless he can draw equally well without it. It may verify momentary action for him, and at times prove him to be right or wrong; but, although artists had not the same means of verification, the same facts were known to them hundreds of years before photography was invented. I have made photographs, and used them, and found them helpful, and so, I fancy, has every other illustrator. But there are few who would not rather, when it is possible, study a subject from nature than from a photograph, using the photograph only to help out their sketches, much as the novelist makes use of historical documents to obtain his facts, or, better still, doing without it altogether. With the illustrator, unfortunately, it is frequently a question of time. I once made any number of photographs of bull fights, because I could not stay in Spain any longer. But, somehow, I do not know that I have beaten Goya, who devoted many years of his life to the subject before photography was invented. And I prefer the etchings of Rembrandt and Whistler to any photographic facts about London or Amsterdam. As I understand it, an artist who is an artist, when he uses photographs, does so simply to save time. Art was invented before photography, and, if photography were to be prohibited to-morrow, art would continue. Only, I believe that better work would be done by the artist. For there is no doubt that many artists and draughtsmen do now depend upon photographs, more or less. Instead of taking a sketch-book, or else along with it, they take a camera. If they take a camera alone, they simply shirk their work and ruin their style. And if their attention is divided between the camera and the sketch-book, the chances are they bring back with them nothing. A few artists can render in their sketches even the most momentary effects, the most transitory actions, the ability to do this having been acquired by a lifetime of observation. Anybody can make a snapshot of the same subject—as photographers themselves say, anybody can make a good photograph. But the man who can put down his notes of what he has seen is an artist; the man who cannot is a photographer. Instead of teaching us how to see things, photography is simply keeping some artists from observing them at all. Instead of the bulk of students trying to produce architectural studies which shall rival those of Turner, they make the merest notes and plans, and depend upon photographs which, eventually, prove of but too little assistance to them. If this were the rule, as fortunately it is not, in one hundred years, as likely as not, sketching would become a lost art, until the great artist was born who would revive it.

Less questionable is the service rendered to science and medicine by photography. It has also added to the pleasure of many people by the suggestive reproductions of old and modern pictures which it can supply, though here it has been productive of evil as well as good, for

it has reduced the study of painting for historian and critic to a study of photographs, and we have the much-vaunted new criticism of the disciples of Morelli as the result.

Finally, unless a man can draw with his own unaided hand he is not an artist, he never has been considered one, and he never will be. To fake up photographic prints so that they shall look like drawings or paintings is a sham which one would think any person who pretended to call himself an artist would be ashamed to descend to. It is a harmless amusement to make photographs, but to publish them as works of art is more serious, because it helps to lower the standard, already too low, for the great ignorant, artless public. This is the one grievance artists have against the photographers: they cheapen and degrade everything, even their own often excellent work, when they insist that they themselves are artists, and that their snapshots printed on stained papers, faked and fiddled, are works of art. They might to their profit remember that the best work in photo-engraving, the one photographic contrivance that comes in direct connection with art, is done by men who were first artists, and then afterwards turned to photography. If some day artists devote themselves seriously to making snapshot "pictures," the photographic amateur will have a bad time of it. Even photographers admit that the artist who has been trained knows best what to do with the camera. It stands to reason that the man who talks loudly about tones and values without the ability to render them with his own hands, will run a poor chance against the man who spends his life studying and trying to record these most evanescent and elusive phenomena of nature. However, just as margarine has never superseded butter, or chalk and water milk, or been put in equal rank with it, so photography, even at its best and in the hands of artists, will never destroy art, will never be considered one of the fine arts.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN CENSUS.

FOR the first time in the history of the Hyperborean Empire, a general, and if I may use the expression, scientific, census has been taken of the various tongues and tribes, religions and sects, cultured races and nomadic hordes who acknowledge the sway of the Tsar. It was a Herculean labour, without precedent in history and without a formula in statistics.

In China, the peculiar tastes of whose people would seem calculated to lead them to undertake a painstaking work of this peculiar kind, the most recent statistics are over half a century old, and we have no reason to believe that the methods employed in collecting them were of a nature to inspire confidence. The Indian Government furnishes most interesting and trustworthy data concerning the population of India, which is more than twice as large as that of Russia; but the counting has never been done by means of census papers. The United States Government also has achieved excellent results in this respect, but the population dealt with falls far short of that of Russia in numbers, amounting in 1890 to 63,000,000.

Before the summer of the present year the number of Russian subjects was guessed at with the help of data which were partial and untrustworthy; henceforth it is known with a degree of accuracy and a wealth of instructive details which leave little to be desired. Since the new era inaugurated by Peter the Great, the Government received periodical returns of the number of the male population who were liable to personal taxation, their varying birth and death rate, and ratio of increase. The object of these statistics was exclusively fiscal, the area partial, the manner of collecting them clumsy, and the totals represented only the number of males of a numerous but particular class. Thus the questions asked and answered had reference only

degree formidable: rooted prejudices had to be overcome, inarticulate suspicions removed—the half-civilised nomads have an insuperable dislike to answer questions of the *Tshinovniks*—the confidence of the people gained, languages mastered, routes studied, badges prepared for the officials, millions upon millions of census papers printed and distributed over the length and breadth of the Empire, &c. &c. As the undertaking was the first of its kind, there was no previous experience to point a lesson, and the conditions in Russia differ so completely from those of other countries, that the systems adopted elsewhere were found utterly useless in the dominions of the Tsar. For the population is heterogeneous to a degree unknown even in Austro-Hungary, which is an ethnological amalgam of a typical kind; the religions and sects are more numerous than the existing categories; and every stage of civilisation is represented, from that of the nomads who prepare and cook their meat by using it as a saddle during a day's ride, to the *blase* Franco-Russian readers of the *Figaro* on the banks of the Neva and the Moskva. The language and dialects in which the census papers had to be printed, and a practical knowledge of which was absolutely necessary to the registrars of the districts, are numerous enough to appal a Mezzofanti. Thus there is the dialect of Aderbeijan which few people, including trained philologists, know much about; the Turkoman tongue, which, though without a literature, is an actuality; the Kirgheez, Georgian, Armenian, Lettish, Lithuanian, Esthonian, Votiaque, Tsheremiss, Tshoovash, the Tatar dialects of Kazan and the Crimea, the Uzbek, Sart, Booriat, the Arabic of Daghestan, Turkish, Polish, and German. Ignorance of the niceties of these tongues might produce very undesirable practical results. In one case the word peasants was translated into Kirgheez by a word which means literally "black man." The word "black man," however, was in that dialect synonymous with soldier, and the tribesmen not only refused to answer the questions put to them, but they fled terror-stricken on the approach of the census officials, convinced that they were about to be pressed into the Russian army. The offending papers had to be withdrawn, and a harmless paraphrase substituted for the obnoxious term "black man."

Another serious difficulty lay in the enormous distances and the out-of-the-way regions in which some communities live and work. There are villages, for instance, in the Caucasus, which are accessible only in the height of summer, whilst others in Northern Siberia cannot possibly be reached except in the depth of winter. And the state of the roads even in some of the most cultured portions of the Empire would warrant an assurance company in demanding a very exceptional premium from any client who should venture to traverse them. In many vast districts there are none at all. In the Government of Moscow there are extensive stretches of country larger than Yorkshire

in which not a single carriage road is to be found, just as there are towns and cities of the North the inhabitants of which have never seen a paved street.

Yet over a hundred million leaflets containing the questions to be answered in the tongues and dialects just enumerated had to be distributed in good time in every nook and corner of the Empire. These papers weighed, we are told, 1060 tons, and were printed simultaneously in eight different cities, whence they were forwarded to the provincial Governors, who had them distributed to the sections under their charge within a period of six months. The time taken seems long; but when we consider the means of transport, the wonder is that it was accomplished so rapidly. It is hardly necessary to point out that, besides the railways, steamers were employed and in some cases especially chartered, *tarantasses*, *dolgooshas*, and other peculiar and excruciating species of vehicles were hired, donkeys, mules, and camels and portable tents were requisitioned—the latter means of transport for those who had to cross the endless deserts of Central Asia.

In September 1896 the Central Committee began its labours, and one of the first questions which arose had reference to the unit of population to be registered, some suggesting the individual, others the household. For many reasons, some general and others special to Russia, it was finally decided that the census papers should be issued to households. This system offers the advantage of presenting in a single leaflet all the essential data concerning the composition of each family, the number of its members, &c., and it obviates the danger incidental to the other system, of papers getting mixed or lost. The household was not defined by the Central Committee, but left to the local authorities to determine, seeing that the types of household vary much according to places and races. Three different forms of census papers were, however, printed: one known as A for genuine peasant households, B for all other groups of non-urban households, and C for those of cities. The object of this division was to enable the Committee later on to effect more easily the classification of the various groups of households: those of peasants in rural communes, those of isolated landowners, and those of burghers domiciled in cities and towns. The papers destined for such bodies as schools, hospitals, regiments, &c., were filled in by the respective directors and chiefs. In fortresses and on railways the census was taken by the respective administrative bodies, with the utmost care and with very interesting results.

Each census agent, having seen that all the papers containing the results of the counting of a whole village were properly filled in, put them in a large envelope specially made for the purpose, on the backs of which were legibly written the totals of the entire population

actually counted, the number of persons who were legally domiciled in the place, of those who although actually residing there were not members of the peasant class, and finally the total of those who although genuine peasants were not inscribed as forming part of the permanent population of the village. The envelopes on which these results of all the cantons were written thus contained the data for the totals of a district, all those of the districts gave the numbers of a province, and so on.

The questions asked by the census papers are those with which European nations are familiar. But besides these, others were put which would be meaningless outside of Russia. Thus every one had to state in what place he or she is legally inscribed, a question which seems useless except for purely administrative purposes. In reality, however, it possesses a much wider significance, for the answers enable us, by comparing the results of previous partial returns with those of the present census, to arrive at interesting and trustworthy conclusions. In Western Europe the one great question to which a census offers a reply is, What was the number of the population present in a given place on a certain day? In Russia, however, something more is needed. For large masses of the people are in continuous movement, generally from the north and west eastwards and southwards, whither they migrate in search of arable land, spending months in various stages of the journey. In order, therefore, to avoid considerable errors in reckoning up the totals, the papers should give the numbers not only of the population actually present in each town, village, and hamlet, but also of that portion which is permanently domiciled although temporarily absent. This is why in the A group of papers were inscribed all the members of the family, the absent as well as the present, stating whether the absence of the former was temporary or chronic. In the papers of the B and C type the absent population was entered only when the absence was of short duration. This procedure seems open to the objection that a series of double entries of the same persons must necessarily result, inasmuch as they appear in one place as present and in another as absent. This difficulty, however, was obviated in the following manner: when the results were being added up, only the population actually present was counted, and all persons marked absent in the tenth paragraph of the papers were struck out, being counted only in the village or town in which they happened to be when the papers were filled in.

In order that the work might be finished as nearly as possible at the same time, the cantonal sections were split up into divisions, which had to be more or less equal. In country places the division was not usually allowed to exceed 400 households, or, say, 2000 souls; in cities 150 flats, or about 750 souls. The registrars, who were answerable for the census in these districts, were chosen from all classes of society,

the only condition being that they must be persons of some education, and calculated to inspire the population with confidence—a very important consideration in Russia. Thus, there were priests, officers, school-teachers, students, merchants, landowners, and in some cases peasants. The remuneration fixed for the work, which was sometimes attended with danger and in almost every case with very disagreeable experiences, was 12 roubles, or about £1 4s. 6d., in rural districts, and 7 roubles in towns. Labour is still cheap in Russia, but even there this modest sum was found insufficient to tempt the competent persons, who in out-of-the-way districts were few and far between. When this had become painfully evident, it was too late to set the clumsy machinery in motion through which alone it might have been possible to obtain a higher rate of remuneration. As the registrars were, in many places, not to be had, it seemed likely that the census would prove a lamentable failure. Then the Tsar appeared as a *deus ex machinâ*, and instituted a special medal for all those who should agree to undertake the work gratis. Like most Continental peoples, Russians have a hankering after “ribbons to stick in their coats,” and the moment the medal was promised for gratuitous services there was no lack of willing workmen. Thousands of volunteers presented themselves, and the authorities selected the most competent.

In the large cities the census papers were filled in by the people to whom they were delivered, and not, as in many country places, by the officials who received the data orally and wrote them down themselves. The rural census officers had to visit each household, find out the exact number of persons who composed it, and enter each name on a separate paper. Considering the arduous task which fell to the lot of these collectors, who were obliged to go from place to place in the depth of a Polar winter, traversing enormous distances, the work of filling in the papers had to be begun from twenty to thirty days before the date fixed for the census, which was January 28.* Nine full days before that date all papers containing the replies to the questions had to be collected and delivered to the chief of the canton for verification.

On January 28 (February 9) the collectors had to set out once more to visit the households in their beat, in order to record the changes that had taken place since the returns had been made. Thus they struck out the names of the persons who had died in the meantime; they noted those who had quitted the village; inserted and inscribed the infants who were born and the newcomers who had arrived since then. All this extra work had to be accomplished within two days in cities and towns, and within four days in country places. On January 28, therefore, at break of day an army of 150,000 individuals left their homes to count the number of people inhabiting an empire which occupies one-sixth of the globe.

* Old style.

These additions and corrections made, each collector had four or five days allowed him for adding up the totals and presenting all the papers to his immediate chief. The chief examined and verified them with the help of the collectors, and, whenever he deemed them incorrect or defective, he sent the papers to the responsible officials, with orders to have them corrected. Moreover, each cantonal chief had to take a copy of every census paper in the district under his charge. This measure was adopted in order to provide for any accident that might destroy the documents on their way to their destination. And, in fact, many such accidents justified the measure. Some papers were consumed in a fire, others lost in a river, &c. &c.

The first Russian census, of the ingenuity of which the above sketchy account gives but a very inadequate idea, may be considered to have proved a brilliant success. The results may be summed up very briefly as follows: The population of the Russian Empire and the Grand Duchy of Finland numbers 129,211,114 souls, of whom

94,188,750	inhabit the 50 Governments of European Russia
9,442,590	" 10 " Poland
9,723,553	" 11 " the Caucasus
5,731,732	" 9 " Siberia
3,415,174	" 5 " the Steppe regions
4,175,101	" Provinces of Transcaspia and of Turkestan
6,413	" Khiva and Boukhara
2,527,801	" Finland
<hr/>	
129,211,114	

Compared with the figures of former years, as given by the partial official returns and in the tables of the statistician Köppen, we find that the population has increased

Since the year 1851 by 96·2 per cent.

"	1858	"	73·2	"
"	1885	"	18·1	"

There is a difference between the totals arrived at by the census takers and those based upon administrative reforms which reached the Government on January 1 this year, but it is relatively small. The number given, approximately, by the various branches of the Administration is less than the population inscribed by the Census Committees by 2,100,100. In some central Governments the population was found to be less numerous than the administrative returns led one to suppose, whereas, in the South-Eastern Provinces, it was considerably more numerous. This divergency, however, is satisfactorily explained by the migration of large masses of the people south-eastwards in quest of land.

The average density of the population is 8·8 persons to the

square *verst*,* but it naturally varies a good deal in the different districts and Provinces. Thus

In the 10 Governments of Poland	it amounts to 84·6 to the sq. <i>verst</i> .
„ 50 „ European Russia	„ 22·2 „
„ „ the Caucasus	„ 23·6 „
In Siberia	„ 0·5 „
In the Steppe region	„ 1·6 „

Even in the different Governments of European Russia the density varies considerably. Thus

In 4 Provinces it is from	0 to 5 to the square <i>verst</i> .
„ 2 „ „	6 „ 10 „
„ 5 „ „	11 „ 20 „
„ 7 „ „	21 „ 30 „
„ 12 „ „	31 „ 40 „
„ 16 „ „	41 „ 60 „

and in 6 Provinces it exceeds 60 to the square *verst*. The greatest density is in the Government of Volhynia, where it amounts to 82·4, and the least in the Government of Archangel = 0·5.

The distribution of the sexes in European Russia is fairly equal, on the whole. There are, of course, considerable differences in the various Provinces. In European Russia there are 102 females to 100 males; and in the Polish Provinces only 98·6 females to 100 males. In Siberia the ratio is still smaller—93·7 females to 100 males; in the Steppe region, 89·4 females to 100 males; in the Caucasus, 89·5 females to 100 males; in Turkestan, 83·6 females to 100 males.

In the Government of St. Petersburg there are only 87·4 females to 100 males, whereas in that of Yaroslav there are 133 females. This disproportion arises in the former case from the presence of numerous troops in the capital, and is due in the latter to the circumstance that the males absent themselves for years at a time, working in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other labour centres.

There are 19 cities in Russia, with a population of more than 100,000 souls each, and 35 which have from 50,000 to 100,000. In 15 cities the number of females exceeds that of the males, whereas in all the others it is smaller, and in certain cities of Eastern Siberia, the Caucasus, and Turkestan the difference in favour of the males is very marked indeed. Thus in Khabarovsk there are only 27·9 females to 100 males; in New Marghelan, 30·7; and in Kars, 44·3. Personally, I may say that I know some little towns in the Caucasus in which a marriageable young lady scarcely ever sojourns for longer than four or five weeks before she finds a partner for life.

The stupendous work done by the Central Statistical Committee is worthy of great praise. It is impossible as yet to appreciate it at its just value, seeing that its results have not as yet been utilised, have not served as the basis for interesting comparisons or as premises for

* A Russian *verst* is 1166·66 yards.

far-reaching conclusions. Not even all the details are yet to hand. The totals of the population of the Government of Yakootsk, for instance, had not been received when I was in the Statistical Bureau in St. Petersburg last September. But quite enough is known to convey a true and startling idea of what the Russian Empire actually is, and what it is capable of becoming under normally sanitary conditions. The natural increase of the population is kept down to a relatively low figure by an abnormally large death-rate, which is mainly due to avoidable causes. Infectious diseases and insufficiency of medical help are among the most obvious. A few years ago I remember being struck with the extraordinary data furnished by the Russian Medical Department on this subject. It was there stated, for instance, that in the Caucasus there was but one hospital for 309,000 persons, and one bed for 12,000. In no country in the world are infectious diseases so frequently mortal as in Russia. Children especially suffer, and diphtheria, measles, scarlatina, smallpox, &c., literally decimate villages and country towns. It has been stated by the statistician Ekk, with the help of official figures, that about 1,900,000 persons, chiefly children, die every year who might, with a little care, be preserved to the Empire. The difference which this loss makes to the population in fifty years is enormous. M. Ekk calculated that Russia loses, in consequence of insanitary conditions, per 1000 deaths, nine persons more than Germany, twelve more than France, fifteen more than England, eighteen more than Sweden and Denmark, and nineteen more than Norway.

But the losses of a community like Russia are not merely commensurate with the number of deaths from whatever causes. A very important item in the total is furnished by the number of cripples and adults whom accident or disease has unfitted for work. And in this respect, too, Russia not only heads the melancholy list, but leaves all other countries far behind. In the fifty Governments of European Russia, for example, there are twenty-one blind persons for every 10,000 of the population—that is to say, five times more than in Holland, four times more than in Austria or the United States, and three times more than in Denmark, Saxony, or Switzerland.

Doubtless all this will be gradually changed for the better—is, in fact, now being slowly improved. But even as things now are, the population of the Empire, at the present rate of increase, will in twenty years—which is a very short period in the history of peoples—reach the total of 175,000,000. These figures, and others which it would be premature to give at present, will perhaps convey an idea of what Russian politicians mean when they affirm that their country can well afford to await further developments, seeing that it has time on its side.

E. J. DILLON.

THE FUR-SEALS: THE AMERICAN CASE.

IN a recent article on the Behring Sea Controversy, Mr. H. W. Wilson* vigorously abuses our American kinsmen for their protests against the continued destruction of the North Pacific herds of fur-seals. The article treats the subject from a point of view which is now quite out of date, and is an example of the misrepresentations of the American case which have done so much to embitter a difficult controversy. The position taken up by the United States in reference to the seals of the Behring Sea admits of easy misrepresentation. The claim to a vested interest in wild animals at sea beyond the three-mile territorial limit may be treated as the introduction into international law of a principle of the "vorland" analogous to the well-known doctrine of the "hinterland." If possession of a coast-line gives a nation the right to the wild animals of the adjacent seas, foreigners might be excluded from the Newfoundland cod-fisheries and the Dutch trawlers from the Doggerbank. Again, the United States' claim appears one-sided and selfish, as it would allow Americans to continue killing seals on shore, while it would deny British subjects the right to kill them anywhere. And it is easy to protest that the sole object of the United States Government is, by raising new issues, to reverse the decisions of the Paris Award.

Fortunately, however, the accurate investigations of Professor D. Starr Jordan, Professor D'Arcy Thompson, and their assistants during the past two summers, have raised the question to a stage in which the habits of the fur-seals are more relevant than those of American politicians.

As the question is now simply a problem of statistical biology, a British naturalist may be excused for asking whether the United

* *Fortnightly Review*, November.

States has an arguable case, or whether its demands rest on such empty impudence as Mr. Wilson would have us believe.

To understand the present aspect of the question, a knowledge of the habits of *Otaria ursina*, the North Pacific fur-seal, is essential. A brief sketch of its life history and peculiar domestic arrangements may be given with the less hesitation as they are of exceptional biological interest. The fur-seal, in the first place, is not a true seal at all. The true hairy, furless, earless seals belong to the order *Pinnipedia*. As Professor Mivart * suggested in 1885, the fur-seals are so different from the true seals that they ought to be referred to a separate order; the order *Pinnipedia* has been accordingly established for them by Jordan and Lucas. While the ordinary seals are the descendants of an animal allied to the otter, the fur-seals are related to the bears, and may be regarded as descended from some bear-like animal that adopted a marine life.

The principal herd of fur-seals or eared-seals—known also as sea-bears or sea-cats—now live in the North Pacific. They were well known to the fur traders of the last century, who chased them as they migrated southward in the autumn along the Pacific coasts of Asia and America, and as they returned northward in the spring. The hunters knew that the females were pregnant during the latter season, and as they were never found with young pups at sea, it was concluded that they must resort to some Arctic shores to breed. Repeated efforts were made to discover the summer haunts of the seals; but it was not until 1786 that Gerassim Pribylov found the main herd, breeding on the islands which now bear his name.

The fur-seals live for most of the year entirely at sea, feeding upon fish, squids, and crustacea. But as the young cannot swim for the first month or six weeks of their life, they must be born on shore. Hence, in the early summer, driven by an irresistible instinct, "the matkas seek the shore to drop their pups aland." In describing the domestic system of the fur-seals, it is advisable to adopt the terminology used on the seal islands. The mixture of metaphor in this trade-slang has been often remarked; but the terms are so expressive and widely known that they are very convenient. Some of them, moreover, have been introduced into literature in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Rhyme of the Three Sealers." The seals on shore live on boulder-strewn beaches known as "rookeries." The herd is divided into families, the head of which is an adult bull known as a "sea-catch," an American corruption of an Aleutian corruption of the Russian word "silach," meaning an athlete or strong man. Each sea-catch is master of a "harem" of females, known as "matkas" from the Russian word for cow or mother. The young are called either "pups" or "kotichie," the latter name being derived from the Russian for

* Proc. Zool. Soc., 1885, pp. 497, 498.

kitten. Owing to the great size of the harems of the "sea-catchie," many of the males have no chance of mating, and they live apart from the rest of the herd as bachelors or "holluschickie."

As soon as the ice melts away from the shore of the Pribylor Islands in May, or possibly the end of April, the old males begin to arrive and take up their stations in the rookeries along the shore. Each male takes possession of a small tract of beach, whereon to station his harem. Seals occupying positions nearest the water have the best chance of forming large harems; so desperate struggles take place between the males for the occupation of the best sites. In the fights the seals tear one another's skins with their teeth, so that by "what time the scarred sea-catchie lead their sleek seraglio," their skins are commercially worthless.

The females begin to arrive in the middle of June and continue coming until the end of July or the beginning of August. As soon as the females "haul" out of the sea, the old males begin a fierce competition for their possession. The bulls endeavour to attract them by cries and blandishments; and failing in this they seize them by the scruff of the neck with their teeth and carry them to their stations like kittens. Sometimes two bulls seize hold of the same cow, and then follows a tug of war, until the skin gives way, when one sea-catchie secures an addition to his harem and the other a strip of fur.

After the male has collected his harem, all his time is occupied in keeping it together and guarding it from other males, and they neither feed nor drink during the whole of the breeding season. The females give birth to pups within a few hours or days after their arrival; and afterwards they are at once ready to begin the development of another embryo. The period of gestation is about 355 days, but in spite of this the fur-seals can produce young every year, owing to the peculiar structure of the reproductive organs. It may be remembered that the only mammals in which the females have paired generative organs are a few of the lowest members of the class. But in the fur-seals, though there is only one uterus, this organ is bilobed, and thus acts as if there were a pair. For the young are developed alternately in the opposite lobes. Owing to the inordinate lust of the males, it is probably an exceptional occurrence for any female to return to sea unimpregnated. So that practically every female two years old or upward is always pregnant.

The pups when born are very helpless. They are unable to swim for a month or more, and are dependent on their mother's milk until the end of October or the beginning of November. Owing to the jealousy so strongly developed in the species, no mother will suckle any pup but her own. Hence, if a cow be killed between June and October, her pup inevitably starves to death.

In fact, the greatest preventable loss of seal life at the present time is the starvation of pups by the killing of their mothers.

Pups, of course, die of other causes. In the early part of the season many thousands are trampled to death by the parents. In 1896 no less than 11,045 pups died on the Pribylov Islands between June and August, and their deaths in the main were due to trampling. But as the pups grow stronger and their parents return to sea the death-rate from this cause diminishes.

In the eastern half of the Behring Sea there is now a close time for seals, which ceases at the end of July. A healthy pup deprived of its mother's milk dies of starvation in about fourteen days, a fact proved by experiment by Elliot in 1872, and by Professors Jordan and Thompson last year. The pathological conditions caused by starvation were ascertained by the same test. In the early part of the season most of the dead pups examined were proved by *post mortem* examination to have been killed by trampling. But a fortnight after the end of the close time for seals in the eastern Behring Sea, the bodies of great numbers of starved pups were found on the rookeries, and a steady mortality from this cause continued until the end of last season's investigations. During last year's census the dead pups were counted twice, at the middle of August and the end of September. The census showed that 10,309 pups had died in the island of St. Paul during the nine-and-a-half weeks between the birth of the first pups and the first count; and that 12,233 died during the six weeks between the two counts, while 1527 pups were also found still alive but clearly dying from starvation.

So far we have been able to avoid disputed ground; the facts previously stated are admitted by both sides. But we now enter the domain of controversy. Is the whole or the greater part of this autumnal pup mortality due to pelagic sealing, or is it due to natural irremediable causes? Professor D. S. Jordan claims that practically the whole of it is due to the killing of the mothers at sea. Professor D'Arcy Thompson, on the other hand, in his able statement of the British position, claims that the autumnal mortality must be due to the action of the same causes as occasioned the earlier summer mortality.

Professor Jordan's claim may be exaggerated, but it is doubtful whether the exaggeration is serious. It is admitted that every matka killed between the end of July and the beginning of November entails the starvation of a pup; hence a considerable pup mortality by starvation is *a priori* a necessary consequence of the pelagic sealing under existing regulations. It is further admitted that the two principal causes of the summer pup mortality, viz., the crowded state of the rookeries and the fights between the sea-catchie, are removed before the middle of August. But the only certain test is dissection of the dead

pups; and, possibly, an insufficient number of these were examined to enable a final opinion to be expressed. Last year 122 pups were subjected to *post mortem* examination: of these, 103 had died during the earlier, and seventeen during the autumnal mortality; of the former 30 per cent. were due to starvation, and of the latter 88 per cent.

It is conceivable that the conditions last year were exceptional but the only statistics available at present favour the view that the killing of female seals at sea is the direct cause of the death of many pups on shore. Professor D'Arcy Thompson,* in his report to the Foreign Office, tells us that "While I believe that there are sufficient discrepancies to indicate the presence of other factors in the case, yet it would, in my opinion, be useless to deny that the figures tend to corroborate the presumption that pelagic sealing is responsible for a large part of this autumnal mortality."

In fact, the killing of matkas is the most wasteful method of getting seal-skins. Their skins are smaller and less valuable than those of the males. After the end of the close time they are not in good condition, and each of these second-rate skins is procured at the price of three lives—a mother, a pup, and a foetus.

The killing of the non-breeding males, on the other hand, is ideally economical. The holluschickie are full grown, and their fur is in prime condition. The skins are larger than those of the female and have not been torn in the fights that spoil the fur of the "scarce sea-catchie." The holluschickie, moreover, are not mating; and provided sufficient are left to fill up the casualties in the ranks of the breeding males, the death of a holluschick has no more effect on the seal birth-rate than that of a barren cow or an ox has on the future of a herd of cattle. Indeed, the removal of the surplus males improves the herd, by lessening the severity of the fight for the females and thus reducing the number of young trampled to death.

It follows, therefore, that the seal herds may be exploited to best advantage by adopting a system similar to that used in cattle-breeding. The females should be protected, and the take restricted to the surplus non-breeding males. Let us inquire how far the two rival methods of "seal fishery" conform to this principle.

How utterly Mr. Wilson fails to understand the American view of the case is shown by his complaint that "the press of the United States is filled with bitter attacks upon the wicked inhumanity of England in permitting the pelagic slaughter of the seal, but nothing is said of the presumably equally wicked inhumanity of the slaughter on land at the Pribylov Islands." Let us examine the method "of the presumably equally wicked inhumanity of the slaughter on land." In the first place, no females whatever are killed by man on the islands. The killing of females was absolutely prohibited by the

* Parl. Pap. (c. 8426) United States, No. 3, 1897, p. 25.

Russian Government in 1847, and after the cession of the islands to the United States the same restriction was imposed on the lessees. The methods by which the seals are killed on the islands prevent any unnecessary suffering or waste. They resemble pheasant shooting more than "fishing." At intervals through the summer herds of holluschickie are driven from the "hauling grounds" where they live to the killing grounds. There they are sorted out: those with damaged skins are allowed to return to sea to serve as sea-catchie in future years; the others are despatched by a blow on the head with a club. Owing to the careful selection possible there is no waste of life whatever. Only surplus non-breeding males with perfect skins are taken; none are lost, and the fur is not injured.

Seal killing at sea cannot be so economical. Many of the seals escape with fatal wounds, especially in the western half of the Behring Sea, where the use of firearms is permitted. In the eastern area the seals are captured by harpoons, so that the skin is cut and damaged. The sex of the seal or any previous damage to its fur cannot be detected until the animal is dead. Moreover, as the female seals are less active, and are sometimes hampered by the presence of a pup, they are more easily killed than the males; hence it is only natural that the majority of seals killed at sea should be females.

The exact proportion of the two sexes killed at sea is matter of dispute. But it is admitted by both sides that while no females are killed on land, the majority—the Americans say a great majority—of those killed at sea are females. Complete figures are at present uncertain; but a comparison of the price fetched by the skins of the pelagic sealers with that given for the Pribylov Island skins, shows the inferior value of the former. In 1896 the Canadian catch realised in London an average of 32s. 2d., while the Pribylov Island skins sold in the same market before February fetched 68s. 1d. This great difference affords some idea as to the preponderance of female skins in the pelagic crop.

A comparison, therefore, of land and pelagic sealing shows that the former is economically satisfactory, and that the latter is extravagant and wasteful. Hence, if the present drain on the herd is excessive, protection must be given by some reform of pelagic sealing.

Assertions relating to the destruction of the herds have no doubt been recklessly exaggerated, while there have been many misunderstandings owing to looseness of phraseology. But the evidence seems conclusive that the herds have diminished in numbers. It is difficult to compare the records of naturalists who visited the islands about twenty years ago with existing conditions without feeling that the numbers have decreased. The Americans say that the decline is serious. Last year, for example, the lessees of the Pribylov Islands had no difficulty in making up their quota of 30,000 skins; but this year

they had to be content with 20,000. A reduction this especially significant in reference to the influence of pelagic as it is the generation born in 1894 that was available for kill in 1894 the pelagic catch reached its maximum of 135,000. the decrease in the number of killable seals this year appears the excessive pelagic activity of 1894.

The question of decrease in the herd may be approached another point of view. If the present drain on the herd is even then a reduction in its numbers must result. Last year pups were born to the Pribylov herd. In the same year 30,000 chicks were killed on the islands; 22,774 pups died there left starving by the beginning of October; 43,635 were killed. Hence these three drains on the herd alone account for over 96,000. Many more pups no doubt die on the islands during October are drowned in the surf or fall a prey to killer-whales and. Allowing for these and other such casualties, the number left reinforcement of the herd must be very small, if indeed there margin left. As the British Commissioner himself emphatically us, "It is my duty to state to your lordship that there is still a need for care and for prudent measures of conservation in the of all. A birth-rate which we estimate at 143,000 per annum great in comparison with the drain upon the stock. From one or another a loss of over 20,000 is experienced among the pups they emigrate to sea; and though the dangers they there encounter unknown to us, we may take it for certain that the risks they great and the loss they endure considerable. When to the pups loss in infancy and the unmeasured loss in youth and age we toll taken on the islands and the toll taken in the sea, it is not to believe that the margin of safety is a narrow one, if it already in some measure overstepped. We may hope for a preservation of the present numbers; we cannot count upon an increase. And it is my earnest hope that a recognition of mutual interest a regard for the common advantage may suggest measures of protection which shall keep the pursuit and slaughter of the animal within and definite bounds."

Hence the biological evidence at present available shows that the United States has at least reasonable grounds for the following contentions:

1. That the Pribylov Islands seal herd is diminishing in size.
2. That the majority of the seals killed at sea are females.
3. That all females two or more years old are pregnant when killed.
4. That the death of any female seal three or more years old between June and November means the death of her pup by starvation.
5. That the deaths of the pups on the islands between August and November are largely due to pelagic sealing.

6. That therefore the regulations instituted by the Paris Award for the protection of the seals are inadequate.

If these conclusions be correct, then the condition of the sealing herds can only be improved either by extending the close time until the pups are weaned, or by prohibiting the killing of the female seals until the herds have again increased to such a size that wasteful methods may be risked. There is accordingly nothing unreasonable in the request of the United States that the existing regulations should be revised by the beginning of 1898 instead of in August of that year, when the sealing fleet would be already at sea.

It may be objected that these concessions would give the United States a great deal for nothing. But the commercial value of the industry is really insignificant. In 1896 the combined catch of the Canadian fleet and British North American Indians realised less than £90,000, and the expenses are estimated to have been considerably more. Lord Salisbury has already referred to the industry as on the verge of bankruptcy, and the only people who make much profit out of it at present are the London fur-dressers and fur-dealers. Practically all the seal-skins come to London for treatment and sale, and thus England is directly interested in the permanence of the industry.

A final reason why England should not adopt an obstructive attitude is that the United States can settle the whole question without any consultation with either Canada or England. A seal can easily be so branded that its skin is worth practically nothing in the fur market. During the present year a large number of pups and matkas have been branded during their stay on the Pribylov Islands. If the lessees of the islands choose to brand all the female pups and yearlings, they can complete the ruin of the pelagic sealing industry, at trivial cost to themselves, by a process to which no legal objection can be raised.

Hence, considering that the industry is commercially of no great importance, that the pelagic sealing involves the killing of pregnant females and the starving of their pups, and that the United States can settle the question over the heads of England and Canada, it seems a pity that the argument should be embittered by abuse of the United States. The question has been so simplified that the officials on both sides no doubt see the advisability of a friendly settlement. And it is to be hoped that the British press will give that fair open-minded consideration to the American claims that has marked the irreproachable attitude of the British Foreign Office.

A BRITISH NATURALIST.

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

WE have again and again been surprised to find that men, who ought to know better, consider "Liberal Catholicism" to be a thing of the past. It is, no doubt, true that the present Pope utters no curses on that "religious liberalism" which was so often anathematised by Pius IX. But that does not show that his anathemas were so effectual that "Liberal Catholicism" is dead and done for; it only shows how great a change has taken place at Rome itself.

That a corresponding change should show itself amongst the educated Catholic laity is what might surely have been expected. Pius IX. was, indeed, almost worshipped by a certain number of fanatics (of whom the late Louis Veuillot and Dr. Ward were divergent types), who justified Montalembert's denunciation of the "Idol of the Vatican." Nevertheless, very many thinking Catholics were far indeed from sharing that sentiment, and regarded his Pontificate with aversion. Thus the first Pontiff declared officially infallible—who probably made more mistaken predictions than any Pope of the two preceding centuries—prepared the way for a strong revulsion of feeling in favour of any reasonable and moderate successor; how much more, then, for such a Pope as has in fact succeeded him!

For Leo XIII. has inspired respect and sympathy even amongst men who are strongly opposed to Catholicism. It was surely, therefore, to be expected that he should be looked up to with reverence and warm regard by Catholics generally, and that to those who suffered so severely under Pius IX., the many merits of his successor should have been doubly welcome.

If for no other reason, then, we need not wonder that England possesses no longer such a periodical as *The Rambler*, or as its learned successor *The Home and Foreign Review*, to represent "his Holiness's

faithful Opposition." Many things which writers in those journals contended for (with regard to science and Holy Scripture) have become matters of course, now universally accepted. Other more recent opposition has also died away, while an extraordinary movement of approximation has arisen amongst us.

The opposition of the so-called "Old Catholics" (however a Pan-Anglican Synod may try to stimulate its activity) has become so powerless as to be beneath contempt. On the other hand, the dominant party in the Church of England (in spite of the efforts of prelates truly Protestant) continually gains in influence, while it is daily approximating more and more, in its ritual, its teaching, and its spirit, to that which used to be spoken of as "the great Apostasy."

Thus it has come about that throughout the whole world there has arisen a more benevolent feeling towards the Papacy, as we now see it in the person of the present gentle, cultured, and conciliatory Pontiff, the promoter of historical research, the friend of the French Republic, the relatively liberal Leo XIII. A great calm seems to have spread over and stilled the waves of that sea whereon rides the bark of Peter.

Nevertheless, some men who are deemed exceptionally clear-sighted, or who occupy positions at headquarters giving them peculiar facilities for observation, agree in declaring there are "breakers ahead," and that indications of storm and tempest are to be descried on the horizon.

Our object, in this article, is to endeavour to call attention to some of these sources of danger, and to estimate their possible effects, to indicate the error of those who declare that to be peace which is no peace, and especially to point out how serious a mistake it is to imagine "Liberal Catholicism" to have ceased to exist, and the most capable Catholics to be entirely contented with the teachings and injunctions of authority, and without any desire either for greater freedom of action or for any considerable modifications as to what they are called upon to believe. So far is this from being the case, that the "Liberal Catholicism" of former days has only ceased to exist because it has been transformed into a much more formidable and important movement. Its principles remain the same, but its practical tendencies have become far more radical owing to the advance of science in all its branches during the last five-and-twenty years. There may be some persons so little clear-sighted as to think that the failure of the "Old Catholic" movement is a sign that all Catholics are contented with things as they are. They seem to imagine that "Liberal Catholics" were likely to sympathise with, if not to actually support, that movement. But that they have not done so could surprise no one who has any just conception of what "Liberal Catholicism" means and what its fundamental views with respect to the Church really are.

"Liberal Catholics" are not ignorant of what the essential constitution of the Church has come to be. They fully appreciate that process of centralisation which has gone on, more or less continuously, since the second century, developing a spiritual kingdom—a monarchy like none other that the world has seen. "Liberal Catholics" are well aware that the Church's enormous power for good would be fatally impaired by injury to its organisation, and regard any attempt to reverse the process of development as an act intrinsically absurd and unscientific. Their desire, therefore, is to strengthen, not to destroy, authority. They desire especially to strengthen it by diverting it from proceedings detrimental to its own welfare. Nothing is more distressing to them than to see authority degrade itself, now through the disastrous influence of this or that eminent personality, and now through that of some powerful religious order. They mourn over the results of such influences in the South of Europe, and over that general estrangement from Christianity which is so widespread amongst educated men in the so-called Catholic countries. They are profoundly convinced that the Catholic Church is the one great influence for promoting the spiritual welfare of humanity. They believe that there exists no power comparable to it for the promotion of virtue and of all that is highest, noblest, purest, and most self-denying and generous amongst mankind. They are convinced that it is the most complete—the only complete—organisation for bringing about amongst all classes, all nations, and all races, obedience to and fulfilment of Christ's two great commandments wherein lay all the law and the prophets—namely, love of God and of our neighbour.

Such Catholics also believe that the Church supplies, as no other yet existing organisation can supply, to rational creatures, means of access and address to their Creator through a worship such as the world has never before known—traditional, majestic, soul-satisfying, and, above all, profoundly spiritual, wherein the Divine and human meet and "*cor ad cor loquitur*."

By its sacraments every stage of human life is elevated and sanctified, the wounded conscience renovated and strengthened, the broken and contrite heart comforted and consoled, the various afflictions of life mitigated, and its joys, as well as its sorrows, refined and consecrated.

They also regard Catholicism as specially distinguished by its spirit of charity and willing self-sacrifice for others' good, virtues to which its principles afford an unfailing support—a support not depending on a mere sentiment or fashion of the day, but one which forms part of its fundamental and essential nature. And not only do they look upon Catholicity as the special home of, and the most effective aid to, what is good, but also as an influence making for beauty and the culture of art. Its influence with respect to philosophy they also regard

as of priceless value, nor do they think lightly of its service to literature. Profoundly influenced by such convictions, the adherents to "Liberal Catholicism" must evidently desire to maintain unimpaired that wonderful organisation of which Rome is the head.

Now the Church, during the nineteen centuries of its existence, has had to undergo the influence not only of very diverse surrounding conditions materially, but also of very different intellectual environments, which have profoundly modified it. Its success has often been due to its power of appropriate response and self-modification in the presence of novel circumstances, while its very existence has now and again depended upon the possibility of favourable relations between its teaching and discipline, and the current beliefs, sentiments, and social conditions in different ages and countries. But for the remarkable social and religious evolution which took place in paganism during the first and second centuries of our era, the Church could never have converted the Roman Empire; but the way having been thereby prepared for it, that conversion became inevitable, and if we wonder at it at all, we may wonder it did not take place somewhat earlier! It was also simply inevitable that in the first century many views about the Old Testament current amongst the Jews—not exempt from Hellenic influence—should obtain a wide currency amongst Christians, as also a belief in the speedy occurrence of the "Second Advent"—a belief, seemingly, of absolute necessity for maintaining the courage, zeal, and piety of the early Christians.

Beliefs which to us seem amazing in their barbaric simplicity had their necessary place in the Church of the ninth century, as had what we now regard as absurdly contracted views about space in the thirteenth age, and about past time much more recently.

As we each of us must be, in a more or less limited sense, a man of his own epoch, so the Church of each successive period has been the Church of its own time, reflecting the intellectual and moral limitations of the then existing world.

No reasonable person can suppose that any men of the Apostolic age used the language of later times in their teaching about the nature of Christ, or even understood the doctrine of the Trinity as expressed in the Athanasian Creed. Neither could they have spoken, or even thought, about Transubstantiation, any more than it is credible that devotion to Our Lady had a place in the religion of St. Paul. Do these facts constitute valid arguments against such things? By no means. They only show that the Church, like everything which possesses healthy life, has undergone, and will have to undergo, a continuous process of development. Such being the case, it would be calamitous indeed if she should ever continue to be imbued with, and to give forth, the spirit of an age which is for ever dead and gone, when the world has entered upon a new period,

the mind of which has become alien from such earlier sentiments and beliefs. To keep itself in touch with what is best and highest in each succeeding lustrum is, in the opinion of "Liberal Catholics," an *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae*. And there can be no question that the intellectual progress of mankind involves a wider and surer grasp of truth. Every man of common-sense must know that it is to the advance of scientific knowledge we owe all that has improved the material conditions of life; that has brought better food and clothing within the reach of multitudes; that averts sickness, heals the diseased, and produces unconsciousness of pain. How can it be expected that men will ever endure with patience, on the part of ecclesiastics, an attitude of opposition to that science to which all, even those ecclesiastics themselves, are so deeply indebted? Will men accept statements, as to the conditions necessary for welfare in the next world, on the part of persons who show themselves so lamentably ignorant as to the conditions of welfare in the world which now is?

"Liberal Catholics" declare themselves to be devoted to the discovery, the promulgation, and the establishment of truth in every field of knowledge, historical, critical, and scientific, especially in what bears upon religion. Sincere Theists, they are profoundly convinced not only that the God of truth can never be served by a lie, but that the cause of religion can never be promoted by clever dodges, by studiously ambiguous utterances, by hushing up unpleasant truths, or (when such can no longer be hidden) by misrepresenting or minimising their significance—trying to disguise the consequences which logically follow from them by a series of subtle devices. "Liberal Catholics" endeavour to show themselves faithful followers of the first "Liberal Catholic"—namely, St. Paul—and as he strenuously opposed himself to the circumcision of the flesh, so they would oppose themselves to the circumcision of the intellect.

Yet they are not fanatics: they recognise the danger there is of actually increasing error by an indiscriminate promulgation of statements which express truth to them, but which may be sadly misunderstood by minds entirely unprepared for their reception. They are not so foolish as to be blind to the fact that a body so vast and complex in structure as the Catholic Church must move slowly. It neither surprises nor shocks them that new astronomical, geological, or physiological truths should not be accepted with alacrity, or that discoveries as to the Old and New Testaments, and startling facts with respect to the Church's organisation in the first two centuries, should not be welcomed with enthusiasm and loudly proclaimed. The need of a certain amount of reticence and of scrupulous care as to the mode of promulgating novel truths which affect religion, "Liberal Catholicism" well understands.

But what it does *not* understand, what it vehemently protests against and deems fatal to the Church's well-being, is not reticence, but declarations hostile to and condemnatory of ascertained scientific truth. It bitterly regrets the loss by the Church of opportunities, again and again allowed to slip by, of welcoming such truths and so making them her own, instead of driving them into a hostile camp. "Liberal Catholicism" blames and regrets, not scrupulous care, but unscrupulous carelessness in dissociating the Church from scientific progress and identifying it with stupid, ignorant obscurantism. This regret has just now been plainly, if somewhat timidly, displayed at the Congress at Fribourg. May it bear good fruit!

Much, indeed, remains to be done—a very Augean stable of theological filth and rubbish to clear away! For although the most *arriéré* ecclesiastic would not regard it as blameworthy to believe that the earth annually revolves round the sun, there are many who would make difficulties in allowing a few hundreds of thousands of years as possible for the duration of man's past existence. No one in authority would, probably, now venture to affirm, in so many words, that Catholics must regard as historical facts such matters as the legend of the Serpent and the Tree, that of the formation of Eve, Noah's Ark, the destruction of Sodom, the transformation of Lot's wife, the talking ass, or Jonah and his whale; nevertheless (not only from what is popularly taught, but from what has been put forth in the name of the Supreme Pontiff), it would seem as if Reuss, Welhausen, and Keunen had never written at all, instead of having transformed our whole conception of the Hexateuch!

Of course, it is impossible for any well-read men or women to believe that the Levitical Code was promulgated by Moses, to affirm the Book of Daniel to have been written before the occurrence of the events correctly prophesied therein, or to regard the Messianic prophecies as having been intended, by those who wrote them, to have any reference to Christ—although, of course, they have been providential in so far as a mistaken belief about them aided very greatly the acceptance, propagation, and stability of Christianity in earlier ages.

But "Liberal Catholics" are not so unreasonable as to expect authority to retract any of its past decrees; the dexterity of theologians will always be amply sufficient to find convincing reasons why any obnoxious decision should, on account of some technical defect, be devoid of binding force, or else that the real signification of such decision is quite contrary to what has been antecedently supposed and accepted or what appears to be its true meaning. There are probably very few *ex cathedra* decrees which could not be evaded by one or other of these processes.

The practical withdrawal and disavowal of obnoxious dicta and effete dogmata being thus well provided for, "Liberal Catholics" need

demand no formal disavowals. But what they do most strongly deprecate are needless declarations freshly made in the full light of modern science, physical, physiological, historical or critical, yet futilely hostile thereto. They also no less strongly object to fresh ambiguous declarations which seem plainly in direct contradiction to the modern spirit, but yet have been so formed as to be just capable of a tortuous adjustment therewith.

Pius IX. in his well-known Syllabus afforded a memorable instance of what is thus objected to. The good Bishop of Orleans, Dupanloup, indeed, explained it away, and showed how its words need not necessarily be understood in a sense hostile to modern political and religious liberty. Nevertheless it was so worded as to make plain men believe that their reasonable liberties had been condemned, and many tender consciences were greatly troubled thereby.

But a year or two ago the present Pope, in his letter concerning the Bible, afforded a most amazing example of misleading ambiguity. For this, however, he was not personally to blame, his will having been overborne by the influence of poor Cardinal Mazzella and the Jesuits of the *Civiltà Cattolica*.

It is true that the letter contains a certain recognition of modern science; but it is nevertheless broadly declared therein that the Bible contains no error!

Simple souls are thus given to understand that they are bound, if they are Catholics, to regard as true, Biblical statements which are altogether erroneous in any and every ordinary sense of that word—in fact, are absolutely false. We mean such statements as those to which we before referred about the Creation, the Garden of Eden, Noah, Jonah, &c. They were thereby no less given to understand that every statement in the Gospels is also to be relied on, in spite of the contradictory genealogies and conflicting accounts of the days of the week wherein the Last Supper and Crucifixion took place!

This unfortunate letter is so shocking because it imposes only on the weak and ignorant. Even at Rome they must know that a really vigorous attempt to force educated Catholics to affirm that there are no statements in the Old and New Testaments which are historically untrue, would cause an exodus indeed!

But English Catholics have been played with of late, in the matter of a new Index, in a singularly inept and absurd manner, owing to the fact that the players at Rome are so densely ignorant concerning the state of things in England.

The old Index was never supposed to be binding on English Catholics, and, indeed, its provisions were such that it was practically almost a dead letter on the Continent also. It was intended that the Vatican Council should reform it, but for such matters there was no time. It has now, quite recently, been withdrawn, and a less

unreasonable law substituted for it. At the same time, however, the new Index was formally declared to be applicable to all countries. Much to the annoyance of the English Catholic bishops, its text was published in English in *The Tablet* and *Weekly Register*. Great was the distress which arose in a multitude of worthy, but timid and scrupulous, minds from this publication, and great was the trouble brought upon the bishops by shoals of letters begging for guidance and advice. Very quickly the bishops began to instruct their clergy to be quite silent about the Index whenever possible, and when too much pressed about it, to give the most indulgent replies to those who would not go unanswered. This, however, was not enough. Pressure was brought to bear upon Rome, which was forced at last to learn something of the condition of affairs in England, and finally supreme authority has had to draw in its horns and suffer it to be spread about in England that the new reformed Index does not apply here, and that in this happy country every condemned publication can be read, and any work on morals or religion published and circulated, without ecclesiastics having power to prevent it.

But a yet more monstrous act has been perpetrated since the affair of the Index. Every one who has taken any interest in Scripture knows that, for many years past, the text in the Epistle of St. John about "the three witnesses" (the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in heaven) has been regarded as a quite spurious addition. But an application was lately made to Rome to know whether the authenticity of this well-known text might safely be denied, or at least called in question.* The reply was, it might not be so denied or called in question. Thus authority, in this last act, has shown its utter contempt for historical and critical truth, and that it desires its spiritual subjects should be left to believe that an absolutely unauthentic passage is an inspired statement written "by the finger of God." It is surely almost incredible that such a prohibition should have been made, when there is not a single competent scholar in Europe or America who does not know that the text in question forms no part of the Epistle, but has been subsequently inserted.

Proceedings such as the three we have narrated and animadverted on, necessarily tend to enormously diminish esteem for authority, and so proportionally weaken it; they are therefore, in truth, necessarily suicidal acts. Seeing the vast increase in numbers and influence of the English-speaking races, such actions are singularly in opposition to the wonted policy of Rome; for what the Roman Curia cares about supremely is the maintenance of an organisation such as may give it the greatest power of governance, not dogma so much for dogma's sake, as for securing and facilitating its supreme power in ruling.

We who deem the influence of Catholicity so important for the

* *Utrum tuto negari aut saltem in dubio revocari possit?*

been the course of divine action in human history from the earliest ages known to us.

Out of the idolatry of Egypt and of Syria arose the Hebrew tribal Deity, Jehovah, whom the Jews gradually developed into the one only God of the whole world. Unworthy, indeed, such a Semitic deity was and must be for so great a promotion in the eyes of all who are not Semites. But, through Hellenic influence, this jealous and vindictive Syrian God became tamed and clothed in a Greek peplos, and subsequently modified by the ethical spirit of Stoic Rome, till he became the *Pater de caelis Deus* of the Western Church, and the Deity constantly invoked by the Greeks, as "O God, Thou lover of mankind!"

Since it is thus through development that the hieratic and dogmatic growth of the Catholic Church has been slowly built up; since in every department of the Cosmos we can now recognise the all-effectiveness, the omnipotence of that process, it is time for ecclesiastical authorities to recognise the utter impotence of any efforts of theirs to check the irresistible advance of science, including the domain of ethics. It is impossible for them to overcome science, as impossible as for them, or for Isaiah, to make the sun's shadow on the dial retrograde or halt. This one well-known profoundly humiliating example should have taught them once for all. Declarations like those of the Papal letter about Scripture are, in the eyes of Liberal Catholicism, simply deplorable. For though that skill of theologians (to which we have before referred) can furnish dexterous and subtle explanations, such explanations must become more and more unsatisfactory to a rapidly increasing number of minds who will inevitably be lost to the Church.

We have spoken of the sacerdotal and sacramental developments of the early Church: That such an evolution was not only possible, but highly probable, is made clear by what we have before our eyes in England now. In the first centuries of Christianity there was no sentiment of disapproval concerning such developments as had already arisen, no revolt against "corruptions" which had taken place. On such a soil ecclesiastical developments could, and must, have grown quickly. Reverence for those who seemed visibly influenced by the Holy Spirit—the prophets and teachers—and also for the elders, and gradually, more and more, for the chief elders, or bishops, of each community, could not fail to produce such an evolution. We may be sure, indeed, that it was inevitable, since we now see how a similar development grows, by a sort of irresistible fatality, under the most adverse circumstances.

Englishmen from the time of Elizabeth have been strong Protestants, save for the gradually dying out Catholic part of the nation. The Puritan spirit, that of 1688, of Queen Anne, and the Georges, has been persistently and intensely Protestant.

It was a work of great difficulty to gradually do away with the penal laws, so intense was the popular hatred of Popery, priests, and priestly ways. Unlike the early Church, the Anglican community, from its birth till lately, has been in an attitude of revolt against what it has ever regarded as the corruptions of the past eight hundred years. Could there be, we might well ask, a state of things more unfavourable for a re-growth of what had grown before and had been ruthlessly torn up? And yet we nevertheless now see on all sides a perfectly amazing growth of sacerdotalism and sacramentalism! We see, indeed, far more than that. We see a development of "superstitious" practices which half a century ago would have been deemed utterly impossible. We have had (as reported) a clergyman, at St. Alban's, Holborn, blessing an image of the Virgin and *incensing it*!

It is strange that the Anglican Church should thus throw away its opportunity of developing on the lines of Dean Stanley, and being avowedly only an *Ecclesia discens*—a net to hold every kind of English fish save Catholics and Jews—in the vain attempt to become (an attempt the ludicrous vanity of which the recent Lambeth Conference has demonstrated) an *Ecclesia docens*, as the Catholic Church has always emphatically proclaimed itself to be. But that Church itself has also been, and now is, an *Ecclesia discens* as well; it is this latter characteristic which Liberal Catholicism desires to promote more and more.

The advance of physical science necessarily carries with it changes in religious belief, as astronomy and geology unquestionably show. But changes in moral science and consequent modifications in human sentiments produce changes of far greater moment. The saying, "Such as men are, such are their gods," is the expression of a most important truth. For since it is impossible for us altogether to transcend experience, our conceptions of God are necessarily and inevitably anthropomorphic.

But our knowledge of this truth carries with it a corresponding obligation. It is our plain duty to construct our conception of God from the highest and noblest human ideals we can obtain—of course at the same time avowing its infinite inadequacy. How strangely different are our conceptions of what befits a possessor of great power from those of the subjects of the Roman Emperors, or even of our Henry VIII! How did the conception of God amongst the Hebrews become modified between the days of Samuel and of Malachi! How different, again, are our modern conceptions and sentiments with respect to the Supreme Being from those of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, or even St. Alphonsus Liguori! The *Cur Deus homo* of St. Anselm shocks our ethical perceptions, while other doctrines, still generally taught, are widely disbelieved.

It is, then, above all things necessary that ecclesiastical authority should help in the elevation of popular ethical ideals, instead of trying

to retain them at a lower stage of moral development. And this the Catholic Church has in many cases already done. The declaration "*extra ecclesiam nulla salus*" has been practically abrogated by the doctrine which teaches that it suffices for salvation if we belong merely to the soul but not the body of the Church. The monstrous command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," after having occasioned horrors from which one gladly turns away one's mind, has in our days been modified into a quiet intimation from the Pope-King to the late Mr. Home that he must leave Rome.

How different are the views now entertained about the nature of the Pagan gods, the Pagan religions themselves, and the future fate of those who in good faith adhered to them, from that entertained far and wide in the early Church! What a contrast between the beliefs and sentiments of orthodox, practical Catholics in the ninth and in the nineteenth centuries!

As to practical and personal conduct, there is a notable change even in the ascetic practices of modern religious Orders from those of the Carthusians and Cistercians—to say nothing of the Fathers of the Desert and Pillar Saints. With such a modification of the religious life may be mentioned analogous modifications in the rules respecting fasting and abstinence for the laity and in the views concerning the sexual relations of married persons as to which it will suffice to compare the teaching of St. Augustine with that of St. Alphonsus.

These changes have been and are largely due to advance in physiological knowledge, which has revealed facts undreamed of even in the eighteenth century.

By such watchful accommodations of old doctrines to newly-discovered truths, authority in the Catholic Church has admirably adapted itself to changed conditions, and it is the special aim of "Liberal Catholicism" to promote so excellent a spirit as that by which such accommodations have been produced.

The increasingly rapid advance of knowledge warns us that such accommodations will be even more needed in the future than they have been in the past. Probably the difference between the conceptions of the world presented to us in the Bible, and the cosmical concepts of our own day, is as nothing to that which will exist between our present concepts and those which will be accepted two thousand years hence. The scientific teaching now current about the Old and New Testaments, the history of dogma and of the beginnings of the Church, must doubtless disturb the minds of many excellent Catholics now, as future discoveries in the field of physiology, resulting in practical changes in conduct (now undreamed of) will disturb the minds of excellent persons who shall come after us, and who may be attached to antiquated views and blind to new ethical perceptions. We are, and wish to be, in sympathy with the Church of centuries

long bygone ; but surely we should also wish and strive to pave the way for the triumph of the Church in ages yet to come. Moreover what we know of evolution in the past may suffice to assure us that such new developments will promote the physical and mental health of Christians of future ages.

We must here conclude after having thus briefly called attention to past changes and the necessity of great accommodations, on the part of authority, at the present time, and yet more in the future. We urge the necessity of this because we are devoted to the cause of the Catholic Church, for which we foresee sad trials and losses, if the spirit which has produced those lamentable Roman utterances to which we have called attention should continue to manifest itself.

We urge this as humble followers of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in the name of Him who was the first great teacher of "accommodation," and who, as the great opponent of pharisaic narrowness, emphatically deserves the honourable title of the first "Liberal Catholic" of the Universal Church of Christ.

ROMANUS.

CHINA AND THE PAMIRS.

IT is as nearly as possible exactly two thousand years ago since China made her first authentic discoveries in the west of Asia. There were two main roads, and to this day Sungaria and Kashgaria are known as the "North and South Roads" of the Celestial Mountains, which divide the two.

But there were two ways or subdivisions of the South Road from Lob Nor to Kashgar, the one running north of the Gobi Steppe and of the Yarkand or Tarim River; the other south of the Gobi Steppe and to the north of the Karakoram and Kunlun watersheds, past Khoten and Yarkand. This last is the one Shaw, Younghusband, and Lord Dunmore followed, from the point where they struck it at Sanju, halfway between the two cities.

In the second century before Christ, both Kashgar and Yarkand were known by other names; but there has never been any lack of continuity in their existence, nor is there the faintest doubt of their identity, though the sites have often been shifted a mile or two; indeed, when Kashgaria was reorganised after the crushing of Yakub Beg in 1874, the ancient names were readopted for official use.

The Chinese records of what took place between B.C. 150 and A.D. 50, published in the first century after Christ, give very minute details concerning the petty States which lay between Khoten and the Pamir. It is unnecessary for us here to do more than allude to a few of the key situations, of the position of which there is no manner of doubt. One, named Buli, is described as being 160 (English) miles west of Yarkand, and 165 south of Kashgar. A century or two later, this country, the capital of which was close to the modern Tashkurgan, or "Stone Tower," was annexed by Khoten; and several centuries later, again, it and the neighbouring petty States formed a dominion

strongly imbued with Hindu influence, and styled Khavanda. The Geography of the present Manchu dynasty positively states that the ancient Buli was near the present Tashkurgan, and that the (now doubtful) town of Kharchu was part of the State to which Buli belonged after Khoten's annexations: these swept in also the modern Kugiar and Yularik. The very existence of Kharchu is now open to doubt, and it must not be confused with the Kartshun of our gazetteers and of the Russian maps, which lies between Kargalik and Husherab. In other words, then, the region in question was simply the valley of the Upper Yarkand River and its tributaries, including the Sarik-kol or "Yellow Valley" region.

Crossing the ranges westwards, the first Chinese travellers came to a State called then by a name sounding like Atsha, and which subsequent Chinese histories all identify with part of Badakshan; they then crossed a few petty foreign States, skirted the "Overhanging" or "Snowy" Range (Hindu Koosh), and reached the country of Kipin, or Kophen, which is always considered to have practically been the modern Kabul. With this last-named country China had political disputes, but she soon abandoned all connection with so distant a spot. South-west of it there was said to be a State called A-ik-san-li, where coins like those used also at Kipin circulated, having a man's face on one side and a rider on the other; north of A-ik-san-li were the Puk-t'ao. It is difficult in all this not to identify the remnants of Græco-Parthian civilisation; one of the Alexandrias founded by Alexander, perhaps Kandahar; and the Puktus or Affghans, who were never called "Affghans" until at least eight centuries later.

The Chinese histories published in the third century also mention (with a slight etymological modification) the Puktah, and explain that, a century after the Scythian conquest of Ta-hia (Tokharestan), one of the five Scythian chiefs, the one whose capital was Kwei-shang or Kushan on the Oxus, conquered both Kipin and the Puktah, and also his four fellow-Scythian chiefs. All this refers, of course, to the creation of the great Yüechi Empire, of which Kanishka or Kanerkes was the most illustrious king. It is abundantly clear, therefore, that the Chinese knew their way across the Pamirs 2000 years ago, and that as far west as Badakshan it was the same route as that followed 1400 years later in the reverse direction by Marco Polo.

We next come to the travels of the celebrated Chinese pilgrim Fa Hien (400-415), whose movements can be traced with certainty *vid* Khoten as far as Kugiar, or at any rate some spot between it and Tashkurgan: whatever spot it was, it took him twenty-five days to get there from Khoten, and the people of those parts were, and had six centuries earlier been, recorded to resemble more the Tibetan than the Turkestan type. From this point he travelled south four days; then twenty-five days more in a direction not defined; and

after that west thirty days ; after which, again, he travelled south-west fifteen days, and crossed the Indus, from its left bank to its right. It is unfortunate that none of the places he enumerates between Kugiar and the Indus are elsewhere mentioned by similar names. During the first fifty-nine days, however, he was in one and the same range of mountains, and during the last fifteen days he skirted the foot of the same range until he reached the Indus. His translators endeavour to make out, on various slender grounds, that from Tashkurgan he went to Aktash, from Aktash to Skardo in Baltistan, from Skardo to the Dard country, crossing the Indus thence into the region of Swat. But all these places lack a Chinese pedigree, and there seems no reason for supposing that he did not simply take the "ordinary route, followed alike by local merchants and venturesome explorers to this day, which runs past Kugiar, Shahidula, the Karakoram Pass, Srinagar, westwards over the Indus to Dir, or some other central place in the Panjkora region ; whence it is quite clear he worked his way south, and then east round by the Kabul valley, crossing the Indus again at Bunnoo, south of Peshawur. Previous travellers had not visited Cashmir, India, or Kafiristan, and had always gone by the Pamirs to the Kabul region ; Fa Hien tells us plainly that he went where the two most distinguished of them had never been—*i.e.*, as I take it, past Kilian over the Karakoram, and through Cashmir, which country indeed he seems to specially mention under the name Kiat-ts'a or Kasya. As to Aktash and Iskardo, no continuous roads of any description join these two places, which have nothing whatever in common. Colonel Yule makes a mistake in placing Aktash on the head waters of the Yarkand River instead of on the head waters of the Oxus.

Next in date comes Hsüan-tsang, a pilgrim two centuries and a half later in date than Fa Hien. Or, rather, during the seventh century there came quite a number of Chinese pilgrims, of whom Hsüan-tsang is deservedly the most celebrated by reason of his having left us the best record. His route is perfectly plain. From Samarkand he passed through Kesch or Karschi, and Balkh or Baktra, to Bamian, all which places he mentions by easily identifiable names. Then he crossed the Hindu Koosh eastwards to the State of Kapisa, which, from the topographical indications given, cannot be anything but Kafiristan. Not that the word "kafir," or "infidel," could have been applied so early, for the Arab general Catiba did not defeat the Turks at Bokhara until half a century later ; but it is not unlikely that, when the Mahometan conquerors advanced south-east, they applied the word "kafir" as a good alliterative sound, with appropriate meaning, to designate the old State of Kapisa. This is the more likely in that, even in Hsüan-tsang's time, these people were called "unbelievers"—in Buddhism, which was then, subject to the joint claims of Brahminism, the universal religious faith in those parts.

After travelling eastwards 200 English miles, and crossing the F Koosh, the pilgrim entered "North India" (then including the I valley), and arrived at Lampo (Ptolemy's Lambatae—*i.e.*, Lamgh Laghman), "north of the frontiers of which the people are generally called Mie-li-ch'e (Mlêch-tch'as, or non-Buddhists)." Thence, like Hien, he went to Gandhara, Peshawur, Cashmir, Bolor—all mentioned by Chinese parodies of those names; travelled through South India, and, returning *via* Taxila, crossed the Indus, and made his way through Lampo to Kapisa. He was a fortnight crossing the F Koosh, and took five days more in descending from the edge of plateau to An-ta-la-po (Andrab), whence he journeyed 233 English miles to the Vakshu (Oxus). Working his way east, he alluded to Shikini (*i.e.*, Shignan, where the Shigni dialect is spoken), lying to the north; travels along the bleak valley of the Po-mi-lo (Pamir), with Lake (Victoria) in the middle of it, whence a river (the Pamir) west into the Oxus. "Beyond the mountains south of this valley is the kingdom of Pololo (Bolor); east from the valley, across mountains, it is 500 *li* (165 miles) to Khavanda." No description could possibly be more definite than this.

A century later than Hsüan-tsang, a famous Korean general, Chinese employ "left Kashgar, climbed and crossed the Onion range and traversed the Po-mi-lo valley, camping at the De-le-man str which is in the Five Shikni State." This was in his expedition against the State of Bolor. In Shignan there is a river to this day called the Shakh-Dere; but, whatever that fact may be worth, in case the movements of the Korean general are, so far, clear. At that time the Burut, or Bolor, dominions were divided into the Greater and the Lesser Bolor, and the former seems to have included the modern Baltistan, for the Chinese speak of "a great city called Kapulo on a hill to the west of the king's residence," which was at Gepta Niapta, on the Shoyi River; it is difficult not to see in these names the still existing town of Khapulor and the Shayak River, whilst Gepta may or may not be the site of modern Iskardo. At the present day the Kara-Kirghiz tribes to the west of Kashgar and Yarkand are invariably called by the Chinese by the name of Burut, and this name can be distinctly traced back to the most ancient times. In the fourth century the people were called Polu. When the pilgrim Hsüan-tsang crossed the Pamir on his way back to China he called them Pololo. A Korean general a century later called them by a name which ranged anywhere between Pulu and Burut, and historians contemporaneous with him style them Pulu. Dr. Leitner tells me the Dutch use Pololê as a general name for the Baltis at the present day. Manchu Geography gives such precise indications with reference to the positions of Bokhara, Kokand, the Onion range, and Cashgar that we have no difficulty whatever in assigning to these B

people the extensive region which Colonel Yule in his map ("Marco Polo," Second Edit., vol. i. p. 188) somewhat vaguely marks as Bolor. Though, as we shall presently see, the Chinese now speak of Bolor, the country, quite separately from Burut, the Kara-Kirghiz people of it, yet it is hardly possible but what the two names must be of the same origin, or at least allied, in etymology. As the Tibetans in the eighth century wished to borrow a road through this country in order to attack the Chinese cities in Kashgaria, it seems certain that then, as now, the Kara-Kirghiz were encamped in such a way that both the Karakoram and the Kalik-Tashkurgan Passes, and of course also the Terek Pass farther north, were in their power. Moreover, during the last century the Kalmucks tried to get at Tibet by way of Rodok and Ladak.

The Chinese hold upon the Western Turks, who were in possession of the old Ephthalite dominions (Tokhara, Badakshan, Bokhara, &c.) up to the time of the Arab conquests, was purely nominal, and there are no new facts recorded until the time of Genghis Khan and his generals, who seem to have used the old Shignan route from China to the west, at least when they did not prefer, as they usually did, the more northerly road by Issik Kul; and, in the direction of India, to have confined themselves to the Kabul valley and Dir highways; in short, to the roads traversed by Fa Hien and Hsüan-tsang. The Chinese dynasty which succeeded the Mongols in the fourteenth century sent envoys to most of the Turkestan States, and these envoys also followed the old Pamir-Badakshan routes, telling us nothing whatever about Kafiristan. In fact, the Chinese seem to have gone round the Dards in every direction, but seldom or never through them.

As to the present Manchu dynasty, perhaps it will be more interesting to give an account of their relations with the Himalaya-Bolor and Hindu-Koosh regions in chronological order. The first Manchu experiences were gained 150 years ago, when it was found necessary to break the power of that branch of the Eleuths known as the Dzungars or "Easterns." In 1745 the Khan of Ladak sent to Sanju (north of Karakoram) to complain that Dzungar influence prevented the usual Yarkand caravans from coming to his dominions. After the Manchu conquest of Dzungaria, the Sarabahash tribe of Kara-Kirghiz undertook to "keep a guard upon Hendustan and Badakshan." In 1759 the Kara-Kirghiz were called upon to make an effort to capture the two Khoja brothers (then in rebellion against China) at Chilli-Gumbaz in or near Sarik-kol: "They may go to Bolor near Badakshan, or to the Kokand cities. P'amilo (Pamir) near Sarik-kol has Bolor and Badakshan to the west, and the Andijans to the north." The brothers were caught up at Alichur, and followed to "Yeshi Kul Nor" (Yashil Kul), whence they escaped to Badakshan. Sultan Shah of Badakshan put them both to death at a place

Nothing more takes place until 1785, when a squabble is reported between the Beg of Kunchi and the Beg of Sikanan. Probably Hunza and Shignan are meant, and if that is so, the old connection between Bolor and Balti is accounted for. The former complains to China that the latter is too strong for him, and asks leave to encamp at Sarik-kol. The Emperor sanctioned his doing so for one winter, but warned him to beware of the Buruts (Kara-Kirghiz): the double name of the Kunchi Beg in its Chinese dress appears as Shah Mansur, Shah Hergoz, and the name of the Kirghiz *bai* of Sarik-kol as Chomak. By these names specialists may perhaps be able to identify the places.

Meanwhile Erdeni, ruler of Kokand, had been succeeded in 1770 by his grandson Narbad; in 1788 the Kara-Kirghiz under Kokand made plundering raids upon Karategin; but at China's request the Beg Narbad made restoration, and in 1790 the Kirghiz *bai* of the Chungbaghiz, Baghiz, Chilik, and Kipchak tribes were rewarded by China for their services; but Narbad would not surrender Samsak, though in 1797 he prevented Samsak from attacking Kashgar.

So things went on until the great rebellion of Jehangir, son of Samsak, who at the head of the Chungbaghiz tribe of Kara-Kirghiz attacked the Chinese post of Artush, north of and quite near to Kashgar, in 1820. He also tried to obtain Kokand's assistance, but failed. China at this moment first heard through overland channels of the English rule in India. One Kwo-nai-rh (? Connell) sent a messenger to Yarkand with a letter asking permission to trade with Kashgar and Bokhara. The *akimbeg* of Yarkand was ordered to send a refusal in his own name; also to inquire of the Cashmir traders what the position of England in India really was; Connell, it seems, had stated "that England had possessed Wëndustan for sixty years; Cashmir and Yinti (Punjaub) are also under her influence."

In 1825 Jehangir was gathering forces in Karategin, where he found the Kara-tayit Kirghiz (now Russian) ready to help him. During 1826 both Kashgar and Yarkand fell into his hands; his forces consisted chiefly of Andijans and Turan Mussulmans [Túrân was a thousand years ago one of the names for this region]. The movements of both sides during the year's campaign are recorded with minuteness. Suffice it to say both Kashgar and Yarkand were recovered in 1827, and the Beg of Shignan was ordered to co-operate in securing Jehangir's person. The Kan-chu-t'i (Kanjut) chief Singh Tsinbar sent a congratulatory letter with a tribute of several ounces of gold. The Beg of Wakhan sent a jewelled sword. The Kara-Kirghiz *bai* Satik, of Karategin, reported that Jehangir had effected his escape to Darwaz.

In 1828 Jehangir was unwise enough to come out of his hiding-place and threaten Artush once more. Some "Black-cap Mussulmans" (Kara-Kalpaks) in Chinese employ, under the command of

Isaac, *akimbeg* of Kashgar, headed him off, and captured him in the Kara Teke Hills, north-west of Kashgar, where a commemorative stone was subsequently placed. The news reached Peking in twenty days. Jehangir was sent to Peking and "hacked into inches"; his heart was torn out, and given to the sons of the high Manchu officer who had fallen with Kashgar and Yarkand, for them to lay upon the fathers' graves.

As the Andijan traders had been at the bottom of Samsak's and Jehangir's intrigues, their trading privileges were curtailed, and only strict barter was allowed, and at one place—Minyul, a few miles west of Kashgar—it was also ordered that the *akimbeg* and *ashkanbeg* of Sarik-kol must in future be natives of those places, as the road to Shignan and Badakshan was in their hands. A strong guard was to be kept in future at Liangar, on the road to Badakshan, and at Kugiar, which is stated to lead to Cashmir, and to be *the only other one of the seven Yarkand military posts on the road to any foreign State*. This statement shows clearly that practically but two routes exist.

The stoppage of the ordinary Kokand trade and movement of money created much dissatisfaction, and culminated in 1830 in an Andijan attack upon Minyul, the Chungbaghiz and Kipchak Kara-Kirghiz joining in the revolt. The result on this occasion was a rather ignominious surrender on the part of China; the Emperor saw his mistake and trade free of duty was ultimately granted. The young Beg of Kokand, Maimai Aili (? Mahmud Ali), was reported to be a mere tool in the hands of one of his *mingbashi* named Ahahuli (? Aga Khuli). For some years after this the pretensions of Kokand gave considerable trouble; attacks were made upon Sarik-kol, and the right of Kokand even to tax the Cashmir and Badakshan trade was claimed; but Russia was now threatening her, and by 1837 both Tagarma and Sarik-kol (by which last Tashkurgan is clearly meant, according to the most recent Chinese maps) were recovered by China, so that Kokand for a time assumed a humbler tone. It appears that at this period China tolerated a sort of extra-territorial jurisdiction in trade matters under a species of consulate or superintendency of trade called *khutaida*, established by the Andijan traders in the chief towns.

In 1845 there were further troubles with the Kara-Kirghiz, and in 1846 Sumankuli, a *mingbashi* of Kokand, again claimed the right to tax the trade of Badakshan, Cashmir, and Tibet with the Chinese cities. In the desultory fighting which followed, both Abdu Jeim, Beg of Shignan, and also the (unnamed) ruler of Badakshan, took the part of China. In 1847 Jehangir's nephew assumed the status of Khoja. As had also been the case during the Jehangir war, the Turguts of Harashar now rendered effective service on the Chinese side. These Turguts had once migrated to the Volga, but had left Russia in



disgust a century previous to these events. Kashgar, Yangishar, and Yarkand were for a time in the power of or besieged by the rebels, but in 1848 Musuman, a *mingbashi* of Kokand, sent an envoy to Kashgar to excuse himself, and trade, under the supervision of the *khutaida*, was re-established. In 1849 the Kara-Kirghiz murdered the Kokand officer deputed to collect taxes on the outlying trade routes above mentioned.

From 1852 to 1855 there were troubles with Hu-ta-ya-rh (Khudoyar), the last of the Kokand begs, who even invaded Chinese territory in 1856. In 1859 the Kokand envoy, who had been at Peking, was murdered for insolence at Yarkand. In 1860 Kokand apologised for his behaviour. The Russians invaded Kokand in 1866 and finally annexed it in 1876. The Chinese call Yakub Beg (the Atalik Ghazi) an Andijani.

Having thus given general reasons for believing that the Chinese pilgrims and the Chinese armies, from ancient times till now, have simply confined themselves to the two main roads travelled over in recent years by our own explorers, let us see what the specific evidence of the Chinese maps is. Luckily for those who take a lively interest in this subject, Lord Dunmore has placed it in their power to consult original evidence at first hand. He gives at the end of his book an excellent facsimile of a very recent Chinese map, printed in Chinese, which, with the help of the following indications, any one may understand for himself.

Beginning at the valley of the Karakash River to the east, the Chinese map places Harahura (Karakoram) in a doubtful position—i.e., either outside or inside Chinese limits; but carries the road through Su-kai-ti (Suget), Sai-t'u-la (Shahidula), and K'ê-li-yan (Kilian), to Kargalik and Yarkand. If I am not mistaken, Lord Dunmore wished to go by Kilian, but could not get animals or food. The second road lies between the Yularik River and the Tiznaf River: both branches of the Yarkand River: it goes from Kargalik to K'u-k'u-ya-rh (Kugiar), A-k'ê-mu-ch'i (Ak-meshed), Ku-tai (Kude), Ying-ai-ta-pan (Yangi-davan), to A-kou-li (Argil), and thence west round to the Ming-t'ie-k'ê (Minteke) Pass; but whilst Younghusban went by the Ili Su Pass and Kur-gan-i-Udjadbai, the Chinese road goes farther south, by way of U-pu-lung (Oprang), in the Rasker district.

The third Chinese road is that followed by Lord Dunmore, from Yarkand through Husherab, Yambulak, and over the Chichiklik Pass to Tagarma, Tashkurgan and Udjadbai; the Chinese names for all but the two last are phonetised very plainly, but Tashkurgan is always called Se-lie-k'u-rh (Sarik-kol); and the only place marked on the way thence to Minteke is called Ta-tun-pa-shi, by which is evidently meant the Taghdumbash region; which, again, is practically in the

same situation as, and includes, Udjadbai. The Chinese place all of the Kunjut country outside their own territory, and say it is two stages from Taghdumbash to the Kunjut frontier, whence six more stages to the Kunjut capital. Aktash, from which they were ejected by the Russians in 1895, is called "the newly-established A-k'ê-t'a-shi," and their map also appropriates the Aksu River, part of the Murghab, Yashil Kul, Zôr Kul (Lake Victoria), Bash-gombaz, and all the Great and Little Pamirs up to the Shignan frontier. Chitral is evidently still considered to be part of Badakshan, and not of Bolor, as the Chinese post of Kien K'ê-lê-k'ê (by which, from its position, they must mean Kalik) Pass is marked close to the Badakshan frontier. There is no place having a name more like this than Kalik on any English or Russian map; but as Mi-sz-k'ê (Miskar) is also placed on the Kunjut frontier, it seems likely that the Chinese map goes somewhat astray here, and that some spot near the Baroghil Pass must really be meant, and not the Kalik Pass, which leads to Kunjut rather than into Chitral. The Chinese also mark a road leading from Aktash to I-sz-li-k'ê (Istik), and thence, in two branches, the one across the Kara Su to Bash-gumbaz, the other to the south of the Kara Su to Djarti-gumbaz, to "Suman," [?] the two roads rejoining at that post before the Shignan frontier is reached.

The Chinese mark a road running north from Tagarma, along a second Kara Su, to Little Karakul, Rangkul, and Great Karakul, all of which they include in their own territory; the Russians have now appropriated the two last, and Lord Dunmore went over part of this road on his way from Bash-gumbaz to Kashgar. The only other road to Russia marked in the Chinese map is the ancient Kokand route, west from Kashgar through Minyul, Andjungan, Ulukchat, Egin, and Irkeshtam (the last Chinese post) to Karakuli Taban, the frontier, by which the Russian Karvankul Pass, a little south of the Terek Pass, is evidently meant; the other names in their Chinese dress are almost exactly as written above.

So we see that, even according to their deliberate showing, the Chinese cannot charge us with having taken from them any of their own territory, even though Kunjut may have sent a nominal tribute to Yarkand. On the other hand, though the Russians have taken from them territory along the whole line from (but excepting) Karvankul, yet the Chinese map admits that Aktash was "newly established," and Chinese history shows that even Tagarma and Tashkurgan were never held except precariously, and often vicariously, as extreme outposts; not to mention the parts farther west, such as the Beik and Ak-bherdi Passes.

Thus we have a continuous story from the Han dynasty, through Fa Hien, Hüan-tsang, Marco Polo, the Ming dynasty, down to the China, Russia, and British India of to-day.

From the short sketch which I have given, and which, short though it is, appears to me to comprise (guesswork excluded) all that the Chinese definitely record upon the subject of the Pamir-Himalaya routes, it will be seen, as, indeed, might well be expected, that things remain now very much what they were two thousand years ago. Fa Hien followed, in the reverse direction, the route, first of Mr. Shaw and latterly of Lord Dunmore in modern times—*i.e.*, from Leh, across the Karakoram, to the Indus. Lord Dunmore appears to have been desirous, when leaving Karakoram, to proceed to the Pamir by a more direct and westerly route, instead of travelling, as he did, by way of Shahidula and Sanju, round by Yarkand, Tagarma and Tashkurgan; but Lieutenant Younghusband in his various journeys seems to have covered both of these westerly routes—*i.e.*, the road westwards from Shahidula, then northwards to Kugiar; and also the continuation of the same road westwards to the fortress of Ujadbai, which fortress Lord Dunmore had also to fetch, in his circuitous route *via* Tashkurgan. None of these explorers appear to have gone near Iskardo; and if Fa Hien did not follow the manifestly common road which they all three took, from Srinagar, through Leh, to Karakoram, he must almost necessarily have travelled by the Kalik or Baroghil Pass, Gilgit, and Astor to Srinagar, and thence to the Indus and Dir; if he had travelled by the remaining alternative road from the Baroghil to Chitral and Dir, he could not have crossed the Indus towards the west, which he distinctly states he did. Shaw describes the Baltis as Mussulman Tibetans, which accords with what the Chinese histories say of the Tashkurgan-Kugiar inhabitants 2000 years ago. A century ago the Chinese called them Kara-tüpet, or "Black Tibetans." Shaw also mentions the Kara-Kalpak, or "black hat tribe of Turks," and the "Doolâns (Túrâns), semi-nomads of predatory habits," both of which peoples were mixed up with the Chinese campaigns above described.

Hüan-tsang's route presents no difficulty except in unessential details, upon which we have not touched. After regaining the Oxus he simply followed the road subsequently taken by Marco Polo, who had travelled through Balkh, Dogana (Tokhara), Taican (Talecan), Badakshan, Vochan (Wakhan), and thence proceeded over either the Ak-bherdi or Chichiklik Pass to Kashgar. But, according to Lord Dunmore, the Ak-bherdi is little used. The only remaining route would be over the Terek Pass, and all these routes have been traversed by the three Europeans mentioned.

Of course, as there are villages marked in all these "roadless" regions, there must be roads of some sort, just as there is a road up Mont Blanc or up Fuji-yama; but that does not touch the main fact that travellers and armies go where they can find inns and food, and do not willingly proceed to bleak, barren regions, where none but goat-herds are to be met with.

The map which accompanies this paper is a tracing of an as yet unpublished Russian map kindly given to me by General Bolsheff, of the Russian Cartographical Department; that is to say, the parts north of lat. 36° and west of long. $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ east (Russian longitude) are a tracing and a translation of so much as I require to illustrate what I say. Of course, the comments are my own; only the boundary lines, river courses, and names of places are taken from the Russian. The parts south of lat. 36° and east of long. $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ are filled in to the best of my ability from other Russian and English maps, which last Russian maps use the London meridian.

The routes of Lord Dunmore are marked in broken line. Younghusband and Shaw also travelled over parts. Those of Younghusband's routes travelled by himself alone are marked in continuous line.

E. H. PARKER.

NOTE.—This paper touches several moot points raised by Mr. Curzon in his recent work upon the Pamirs, which I did not see until some months after I had written the above. His "going onwards towards North India" is "going westwards," &c., in the Chinese original (page 64); and the "two khojas"—Buranitun and Khodjidjan—were not themselves Kalmucks (page 45). It is also a question whether the Russians were not right about Bozai Gumbaz and the murdered Kokandian tax-gatherer (page 40), although, it is true, Kokand never had a right to that territory.

E. H. P.

I. UMBRELLAS.

In this squalid series the first place—in class and pay—belongs to the umbrella trade, which is divided into covering—*i. e.*, stitching together the covers—and finishing, which is fixing the covers on the frames. The former business is done more often than not in the factory; the latter—perhaps because the space required for working on a spread frame is too great for factory work—almost always at home. Considerable skill is required, and the women are of a superior class. The earnings may be taken at from 2s. 6d. or 3s. a day to 5s. a week, while deductions for material run to 9d. a week. Parcels are heavy, and tram fare therefore must be allowed for. Export umbrellas, not much made in London, are worse paid for. In some departments the trade is seasonal.

II. FUR-PULLING.

At the other end of the scale come the fur-pullers—a deplorable tribe. No woman takes to this who is fit for anything else, and those who are driven to it by necessity are anxious to conceal the fact as far as possible from the prying eyes of the world. These women live in the utmost poverty and filth, in the back kitchens and attics of tenement dwellings in noisome courts and alleys. They work, eat, and sleep in an atmosphere thick with impalpable hairs and tainted with the sickly smell of the skins, everything around them coated with fur, and they themselves, in their sacklike dresses, ragged and open, looking scarcely more human than the animals whose skins they pluck, owing to the thick deposit of fur which covers them from head to foot and forces its way into their eyes, noses, and lungs. Their task is to remove with a plucking-knife the long hairs from rabbit skins, leaving only the soft silky down close to the skins. They earn about 1s. 1d. per day, and 4d. a week must be deducted for knives, &c. There is little difference in their condition or circumstances: all have sunk to the lowest depth of squalor and misery. They suffer from chronic asthma, and, of course, the rate of infant mortality is high. There would seem to be no remedy but to destroy the industry—at least as a home trade; the rooms might, at any rate, be registered and inspected as workshops.

III. TAILORING.

Mr. Sherwell has told us so much about the tailoresses of Soho, that it is hardly necessary to say more. The vice of this business is irregularity—slack work in winter. There are skilled hands doing the best work and living in comfort. But the conditions of the slop work are very different. The work lies all over the dirty room. The

children stitch all day, and the wages, including the children's work, are about 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. a day, with deductions for thread and firing. Highest wages, 3s. 6d., lowest 9d.

IV. SHIRT-MAKING.

This trade much resembles tailoring; the work is lighter, but the "dress" in the cotton cloth is very disagreeable and unwholesome. Pay is very low—7d. and 1s. a day, less 1d. for cotton. The better-paid work, on fine silk and wool materials, requires better home conditions to avoid soiling it.

V. CARDBOARD BOXES.

This trade varies very much in the nature of the work and rates of payment. Some boxes are made with glue or paste, others with needle and string. In the former case the cardboard has to be strengthened with paper at the corners, and sometimes wired; the lid is joined to the box, the box labelled, and the boxes tied up. "String work" has to be firmly sewn together with thread before being cornered and covered. The workers find their own glue, paste, thread, and string, which come to 1d. or 1½d. in the shilling. The best wages run to 3s. a day, the worst down to 6d. Children are very largely employed.

VI. BRUSH DRAWING.

This industry consists in drawing the fibre or bristles through the holes bored in the brush and fixing them by a wire, which ties them in the centre, and is then fastened at the back. Each row, when drawn, has to be trimmed with a pair of large shears, fastened to the table by a vice. The shears, vice, and finger-shields are supplied by the worker, all other materials by the shop. Shears cost some 18s., and need constant sharpening. If the woman has none, or has been obliged to pawn them, she has to have the trimming done at the shop, at a serious cost of time and money. The work is paid for according to the number of wires to be drawn, fibre brushes fetching 3½d. to 1s. a dozen, bristle brushes (not including tooth and nail brushes) from 1s. to 3s. 6d. It is difficult for the average worker to earn more than 6s. a week at fibre brushes; the average for bristles is perhaps 7s. to 8s. Tooth-brush drawers can hardly make more than 6s.

The work is clean and not unhealthy, but there is great risk of wounding the fingers with the wire. Foreign bristles have a "dressing" which brings a cough, especially to the children. It is, on the whole, very poor work, executed for small shops, and open

to all the worst evils of home industry ; an unskilled trade, in which supply exceeds demand.

VII. MATCHBOXES.

These workers seem to come next in wretchedness above the fur-pullers. They receive from five to eleven farthings per gross for making the boxes, subject to about 7 per cent. deduction for cost of materials, besides the expense of a fire to dry the boxes. Children help largely at this work. Severe poverty and much misery lie behind the figures in this return ; the saddest cases being those of two old widows, living alone, of whom one, now slow at work, sets her day's earnings at 6*d.*, while the other says she is often nearly starving. The average daily wage may perhaps be put as high as 1*s.* 4*d.*, which includes the children. There is little variation in the rates of payment, and time is lost in waiting for work.

VIII. TIES.

This is a very variously paid and irregular business. Prices range from 6*d.* to 2*d.* a dozen, and wages from 3*s.* a day to 2*s.* a week, the great difference probably being due partly to shortness of work. It is a factory as well as a home industry ; and even as a factory trade is not thought a good one. The workers seem to live far from the shops and lose time in fetching and carrying.

IX. RACKET TENNIS-BALL COVERING.

This is a Woolwich trade ; rates of pay are uniform. In racket-balls work is regular ; in tennis-balls wages are good, but the season very short—two or three months. "It is not a trade you can live by." Earnings (say), rackets 1*s.*, tennis 2*s.*, a day.

X. BEAD AND BRAID WORK.

The work and the wages both vary very widely. Changes of fashion as well as of season affect the business. There are periods of many years in which bead trimmings are hardly used at all ; but just now there is a large demand. Complaints are made of time lost in fetching and waiting. It is not the worst paid work, but one worker says that it is only by neglecting everything that she can make 7*s.* a week. Earnings vary from about 3*s.*, or even 3*s.* 6*d.*, to 1*s.* or 6*d.* a day. Thread has to be found.

XI. BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

Here, again, very wide differences appear both as to supply of

work, rates of payment, and condition of the workers. Earnings run from 2*s.* 9*d.* a day, in one or two cases when work can be got, to 2½*d.* when it is very short: perhaps an average wage may be put at 1*s.* 9*d.*, or something less. The women are mostly described as very respectable. The work is getting worse. One or two hours a day are lost in fetching.

XII. STEEL COVERING.

Here the pay and the workers are very poor. Earnings from 1*s.* 10*d.* to about 1*s.* a day. Work fairly regular.

XIII. DOLL-MAKING.

That is, stuffing and making-up dolls. The pay is better than in some trades, and earnings range from 2*s.* 8*d.* to 1*s.* a day; but German competition is pulling it down.

XIV. SACK-MAKING.

This is rough and heavy work. The sacks are stiff, and are stitched with a triangular needle and strong twine soaked in tar. The needle has to be passed through a lump of grease at each stitch. A metal shield is used on the palm of the hand. But the work is not badly paid, and 2*s.* a day can be earned on an average.

XV. ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

The best flowers, no doubt, are made in France, where the trade is an art, each specimen differing from the others. This London work is in cheap and common flowers. Children are employed to a considerable extent, and the business is subject to fluctuations of season and fashion. Daily earnings from 2*s.* to 8*d.*; tools and some materials are generally found by the worker.

XVI. WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

This head, of course, covers a very large variety of employments, which, however, all have one common melancholy note, that of "season trade." All branches are interrupted by long periods of slackness, usually in the winter, the hardest part of the year. One remark is that the organisation of such industries is out of the question. Some of the women mentioned propose to give the work up as not worth having. Hardly any one, indeed, can now live by hand-needlework, unless in a few cases of highly skilled work. There is serious competition from Ireland, where the cost of living in peasant homes is low. Cotton is always found by the worker. The highest earnings

met with run from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a day, the lowest go down to 6d. or even less.

The miscellaneous trades comprise the making of bags, tassels and fringes, chair-caning and some other small manufactures. Here and there may be found some women with a speciality, as, for example, a carman's wife who has inherited the business of carrying on some processes in making gold-beater's skin, and can earn 16s. a week for three days' work. But the mass are poverty-stricken and destitute, scratching together a very scanty wage with immense toil, and trying to live on 1s. a day or less.

It is cheering to know that the Government employes for Woolwich Arsenal are in a better condition. Work, though variable, is not so irregular; wages are higher, and come to some 2s. 6d. a day, which is excellent for a woman's earnings. The children are not employed, to any great extent. The officials are not complained of; but some dislike the monthly payment; and it is said that the scarlet cordite bags hurt the eyes. These servants of the Government, however, have on the whole a good master.

The general result of the whole inquiry, as to wages, is as follows: Out of the 384 cases in which the earnings were ascertained, 126—about one-third—earn 1s. a day or less; 127, from 1s. to 1s. 6d.; 66 from 1s. 6d. to 2s.; and only 67 over 2s.

As between home and factory work, the wage is very often the same; but the home worker has constantly to provide portions of plant or material; she has to fetch and carry the work and often to wait long for it; and when work is slack the factory hand gets the first chance.

But the most striking fact which has come out in the investigation is that the workers who are receiving the highest pay are often the wives of men in work, and who are therefore not so abjectly dependent on others or upon what they can make, and do not work so long hours; while the worst paid are often the spinsters and widows. Several reasons may be alleged for this. The widow is often old, and deficient in speed and endurance, while the spinster, in many cases, has failed to marry on account of weak health or infirmity. But it is probable also that the more prosperous and better-fed married woman is a more effective worker, and can accomplish more and better work than her less fortunate sister; can resist a reduction of rates, and command, from her greater efficiency, the better-paid work. Certainly it appears that a considerable proportion of women who avowedly work for supplementary profits earn more per hour, and sometimes at the same work and same rate, than those who grind

for daily bread. If this be so, then the common view that supplementary wage-earning reduces the rate of pay can hardly be supported—a proposition which, if it were established, would tend to our ideas.

How long the starvation work is to go on is a question for public conscience; for that schemes can be invented and means found for relieving it, if we are determined, there can be little doubt. the object of this article is not to suggest a revolutionary, or even remedial, industrial policy, but to set forth afresh, in some detail the plain facts of the destitute life about us which we well know fail to realise.

THE PEASANT OF ANCIENT GREECE.

ONE summer day there was a young Greek who tended his few sheep and fewer goats near the Fountain Pirene. His manner of dress, the short crook with which he vainly tried to catch one of his scampering herd to obtain a draught of milk for the stranger, above all, his simple face, enclosed in long fair hair parted down the middle, might have belonged to two thousand years ago. On that face the excitements of millenniums had left no more trace than on the faces of the drooping-eared sheep. A little lower down, but still at some distance above the village of Old Corinth, is the homestead of a small peasant proprietor, a friend of the guide who had gone with me to the top; and since our efforts to get milk had failed, we threw ourselves on the hospitality of this humble lord of the soil. June is the most beautiful month in Greece, because in June the oleanders are in flower, but if you walk to Acro-Corinth on a June morning you will be rather thirsty by the time you come back. It is true that I might have drunk deep of the Muses' spring, but I preferred to taste not, for the prosaic reason that ice-cold water after a hot walk is one of the best recipes for taking a fever. We sat under the mulberry-tree before the door of the cottage, and our peasant host, after washing the glasses two or three times in our presence (which is always done by the Greek people before offering you to drink), set before us good wine, with the strong resinous flavour that makes the wine far more refreshing from the astringent qualities of the resin, though it is not at first pleasant to the taste, excellent whole-meal bread, two kinds of cheese, and ripe mulberries. While we were eating, the peasant occupied himself with looking through my opera-glass, which so diverted and surprised him that he called his wife out of the house to share in the amusement. When we left I pressed on him a piece of paper

money, which he had evidently neither expected nor was much pleased at receiving; but his face brightened when I offered him my hand which he did not kiss as a peasant in the unfrequented parts of Italy would probably have done, but shook in the perpendicular fashion represented on the ancient stelæ. Greece is the only country, as far as I have noticed, where the peasants habitually shake hands among themselves, and every time that I have seen them do it I seemed to see a scene from one of those monumental bas-reliefs, which show the wife bidding a quiet good-bye to the husband, the daughter to the mother, and so on through all the ties of kindred—surely the happiest way of commemorating the dead in marble, the most tender and true, and free from exaggeration. The Greek peasant of the present time, whose condition has been described by a competent authority as superior to that of any similar class in the world, is an "object-lesson" in the study of the peasantry of ancient Hellas. This is not merely the impression of a passing traveller, but is borne out by the testimony of all who have lived long in rural Greece. If a biography ought to have a portrait at the beginning, my Corinthian acquaintances may be taken as faithful portraits of the husbandmen and herdsmen, some account of whom I shall endeavour to glean from the early Greek poets.

The most radiant scene is that nearest the dawn. Whether the description of the shield of Achilles was a part of the original "*Iliad*" or a brilliant interpolation of a later date, it must be considered our earliest glimpse of European agriculture. How full of life, how full of sun is it! The rich, deep-ploughed glebe, across which many ploughmen guided their teams, hastening to see who could first reach the boundary from which they started, where they were met by an overseer who at the end of each turn handed them a cup of sweet wine; the ripe, glowing cornfield, where the reapers plied the sickle, the binders gathered up the sheaves, and the master, standing king-like amongst them, looked on in silent content, while under the trees servants were preparing a meal of basted meat sprinkled with white barley for all employed; the vineyard glorious with purple grapes, which were gathered into woven baskets and then carried away by young maidens and youths whose dancing feet kept time to the sweet, pathetic song of a boy, who accompanied his clear voice on the harp; the smiling cottages, the fair meadow flecked with snowy sheep, the kine lowing near the music-making brook: golden it is, a golden life in spite of catastrophes introduced less for the sake of antithesis than from regard of truth. It is these catastrophes which allow us to believe the rest. The armed men who fall upon the piping shepherds and their happy flock, the lions which carry off the bull, represent the elements of natural strife inherent in "the unhappy constitution of a world in which living beings subsist by mutually devouring each

other." But the conclusion is not Schopenhauer's; instead of "the consequent dread and distress of all that has life" there is the passionate *joie de vivre* while it lasts. Life is lovely, is worth living, though to-morrow we die, is worth drinking at full draughts: the whole is better than the half.

The rural background, which is kept in view by means of similes through the whole "Iliad," shows the poet's intimate familiarity with country sights and incidents. The forest fire rushing along the tops of mountains, the winged nations of wild geese, swans, and cranes uttering shrill cries as they swoop down upon the moist meadows, the insects swarming round the shepherd's hut in the first warm days when the pails brim over with milk, the various herds of goats, cunningly separated by the goat-herd if by chance they mingle—these, and a hundred other images in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," recall the common open-air things of everyday observation. Beautiful and attractive girls are called "oxen-finders," because their dowries, or rather their purchase-money, was paid in oxen. There is frequent mention of bird-snaring; nets are placed in the underwood, so that thrushes and doves, flying towards their nests, are entangled in them (cruel sport!); again, the vultures, circling overhead, cause the small birds to beat down upon the nets spread by the bird-snarer. Boys and countrymen go bird-nesting, the eagles and vultures make shrill lament over the loss of their unfledged nestlings. How early the inarticulate appeal of creatures mourning for their young reached the hearts of poets is shown again by the touching story in the "Iliad" of the young sparrows, not yet able to fly, huddled together in a row on the topmost branch of a plane-tree, when a snake creeps up to devour them, which also catches the mother as she flutters close round, twittering piteously, a martyr to her love.

In the "Odyssey," the important episode of the swineherd Eumæus throws a flood of light on the economy of a large estate. Eumæus was the son of an island king, or petty chief, but was kidnapped by his nurse, a Phœnician slave-woman, who escaped with him on board a Phœnician ship. She died on the voyage, and the ship having been carried by the wind to Ithaca, the sailors sold the boy to Laertes. Eumæus was already able to walk alone, but, according to the habits of the time, he was still considered in want of maternal nourishment. He was at once made a pet of by Laertes' wife, who brought him up with her own youngest daughter, and only when he grew to be a youth did she send him to work in the fields, without, however, showing him by doing so any slight, or diminishing her affection, which lasted till she died of grief for the absence of Odysseus. Henceforth he is to be regarded as a typical farm-servant, and neither the fact of his alleged noble birth, nor that of his nominal slavery, alters the case in the least. Though a man "lost half his manhood

the day he became a slave," the position did not imply the evils or the ignominy we attach to the name. Freedom was lost, an immense loss to a Greek, but otherwise the slave labourer and the free labourer were treated exactly alike. Professor Jebb notes that there is not a single Homeric instance of a slave having an unkind master.

When Odysseus set out, Eumæus was already working on the estate, and, in particular, he was taking care of swine. It was thought a good and respectable occupation, and, I repeat, there was no harshness or caprice in sending one to it who had been kept in the house as a spoilt child. This is worth insisting on, because it is characteristic of the point of view from which manual work was seen. On the estate were many upper farm hands in the same position as that held by Eumæus. Each of the twelve herds of cows, the twelve flocks of sheep, the eleven herds of goats, had a responsible guardian with a staff of men and lads working under him. Every day the fattest goat and the fattest of the swine were brought home for the master's table. Eumæus was not without the power of making some private profits, though these were not large; he bought a serving man out of his own money, or rather its equivalent, since coinage was not known to Homer. He also built of his own accord a handsome swinery for the accommodation of the pigs, and a house for his own with a portico under which he could sit, and a neat paling all round. This work was the result of industry, more than of outlay, as he seems to have collected and conveyed the stones, cut down the wood, and done the building himself.

Odysseus, on returning to his domain, finds Eumæus sitting under his portico, employed in making himself a pair of ox-hide shoes, which proves that he wore shoes. What followed is "known to every school-boy" but it cannot be missed out here; a lecturer on anatomy cannot suppress the backbone because every one knows what it is like. Eumæus sees nothing in his master but a miserable-looking old beggar, but he remarks that, even had the beggar been more wretched, he would have done his best to entertain him, since all beggars and strangers are of Zeus' sending. It is his boast that, badly off though he is, he has still enough to give to the poor. A stranger or a mendicant (though of these last there are few) meets to-day with exactly the same hospitable reception wherever he goes in Greece, as my own experience testifies. Sometimes, too, he runs the same danger that Odysseus ran of being made short work of by the watch-dogs which, with true dog-dislike of tramps and dog-indifference to Zeus, set upon the intruder, and frightened Eumæus out of his wits lest they should call down the vengeance of heaven by tearing his guest into small pieces on his very threshold. Later Odysseus' own old dog recognises him, in spite of time and in spite of rags, and wags his affectionate tail as he breathes out his life on the dungheap—immortal tribute to

dog-love which some writers have sought to set aside, saying that there was nothing *else* to indicate that Homer had a just appreciation of dogs. As if that was not enough!

Eumæus is evidently a good deal afraid of his own half-wild dogs; he does not trust to his voice to warn them off, but takes up stones to throw at them. Yet even they can be affectionate towards those whom they know—when Telemachus appears they fawn round him, instead of barking.

The dogs having been driven away, Eumæus invites Odysseus into the house, and prepares for him a seat of rushes, over which he throws a thick goatskin. He would be able to entertain his guest in a far better style (he now explains) if he were not at the mercy of a worthless lot of young profligates (the suitors), his own master having long since left home never to return. But for this, he would have received before now a nice house and three acres and a wife—a “long-wooded wife,” whose bride-price he is not himself, perhaps, able to pay, or it may be that slaves were not allowed to marry until they were, if not freed, at least placed on an independent footing. Good masters, says Eumæus, always provide in this manner for their faithful servants; a very enlightening remark. Enlightening, also, is the poignant regret which he expresses that, in consequence of the reigning disorder at the palace and of Penelope’s seclusion, he cannot have access to his mistress and receive her advice and kind words and little useful presents, as the custom is. The Greek great lady acted the same part in Homer’s time as the English lady of the manor acts with her cottagers to-day.

Eumæus proceeds to prepare the midday meal. He kills two young pigs, and dresses them for cooking. He roasts them on the spit, basting them thoroughly with white meal, and, after mixing a cup of sweet wine (wine was always drunk with water), he invites the stranger to partake. These are not the prime fatted swine which have to be reserved for the suitors—to Eumæus’ intense disgust—they are only the common young pigs which are at the disposal of the swineherds. By the evening, Eumæus, though not trusting himself to believe the statement of his guest that Odysseus is alive and well and will soon return, and though still feeling by no means sure that he is not being imposed on by a practised humbug, has, nevertheless, got into the highest state of excitement. When the swine are driven home at sunset, and are entering their styes with a tremendous grunting, he casts scruples to the winds, and orders the best of the herd to be slaughtered as a feast for all. Long have they toiled for the swine of the white tusks while others feasted! They have a fine supper, washed down with red wine, while bread is served round by Mesaulius, Eumæus’ own man. After much talk, they decide to go to rest, and the host makes a bed for Odysseus near the fire, and covers him with

a large, thick cloak; of these, he has the two necessary for a change and no more, which he explains to his visitor, intimating that in the morning, before leaving, he must put on again the rags in which he came. Never quite assured about his guest's character, he thus cautiously guards against one of those little mistakes of a loan for a gift which have been known to take place, especially in the matter of books, at a considerably later date. The younger swineherds also sleep indoors, but Eumæus, putting on thick clothing, and taking with him his arms, goes out to sleep beside the 360 pigs which repose under the shelter of a rock, the sows only being admitted to the covered sty.

It is well to notice how, when Telemachus arrives, Eumæus "kisses him all over," a liberty which tells of the familiar terms existing between dependents and their masters. Imagine a French swineherd of feudal times kissing all over the son of a marquis! It might happen in Italy where the "touch me not" part of the aristocratic idea never took much root. In fact, it did happen to an English lady who had bought some land in Romagna, and who met with this kind of reception from her female dependents, greatly to her dismay. In Homer labourers, servants and nurses address the grown-up members of their masters' families, if they have known them from their youth, as "my dear child," or "my sweet light." There was no "fine gentleman" fear of soiling one's hands. Telemachus helped to cut up meat, and also to clean the place after the slaughter of the suitors; not an agreeable task, but better do that than think that to work with your hands is derogatory to your dignity. Perhaps the great evils once arising from fagging at English public schools were balanced by the ethical good derived from initiation into the sacred rite of toasting sausages.

On the whole, Eumæus, though unjustly neglected, in his own opinion, owing to the absence of his rightful lord, does not seem to have been so very badly off even in his worst days. There are *mandriani* or herdsmen in Italy who would be willing to change with him. Before we have done with the "Odyssey" we must glance at another agricultural type which it contains, that of the prosperous peasant proprietor of a fruit farm. This is what Laertes was, nor does it matter that he was a *roi en exil*, or to be more exact, a retired king; retired kings were as plentiful then as they are now; only the Greek could make himself a genuine peasant at a moment's notice; while kingship now, as a rule, seriously incapacitates a man for any other trade. Laertes' fruit farm was a pleasanter possession than most empires. It makes one in a good humour simply to think of it. There was a cheerful, well-built house round which were ranged the farm buildings and labourers' dwellings, and round these stretched the farm land. Every fig-tree and olive

and pear and vine was well and properly tended ; the ground was well dug, there was not a weed anywhere. We know without being told how abundantly each tree and plant bore fruit, what an air of well-being and order there was over all. Odysseus finds his father alone in the vineyard, engaged in hoeing a vine. To establish his identity, he recalls how once as a child he followed him through the orchard and teased him to give him some fruit-trees for his own. Laertes made him a present of thirteen pear-trees, ten apple-trees, and forty fig-trees, with a promise of forty rows of vines, between which corn was sown as it is now. Happy Odysseus ! What a modern note it is that is here struck, though the modern child with his garden-plot and infant forest of chestnuts and oaks has to be contented with less grand things ! Be it small or great, this first taste of property teaches that inner love of plants, that interest in their growth and development from day to day, which is far removed from the mere capacity to admire a flower at a flower-show or a fine head of asparagus when it comes to table.

In the scraps of folklore called the Homeric epigrams one, addressed to Glaucus the head-herdsman, recommends that the watch-dogs be fed before the gates as they will thus be more inclined to drive off intruders. Another refers to the ancient custom of carrying a wooden swallow from house to house and asking for largess in honour of the return of spring. It is substantially the same as the *Chelidonisma* quoted by Athenæus and as the swallow-songs sung at present in the Greek islands. I do not know that there is an older piece of folklore on record which is in current use.

The Homeric hymns do not tell us much about agriculture but they are penetrated by that rapture of delight in simple natural objects which was far more real once than it is now : indeed it may be doubted if most of us understand it at all, though, perhaps we might understand it if we recalled the absolute enjoyment felt on some day of childhood in a meadow full of cowslips ; or it may be revealed to us when after a serious illness we step out for the first time into the sweet air gladdened of the sun, and bodily weakness renders our mind less thought-bound, *men da pensier presa*, opening the way for the immediate play of emotion which, however it came about, transports us outside ourselves and fills us with the god.

Ah ! then, we say to the passing moment, " Stay, thou art so fair ! " But it does not stay, it gets into the first express train and we into one starting in the opposite direction.

Pan, the most captivating creation of Greek mythology, is the concrete embodiment of the feelings awakened by the woods with their fragrant undergrowth, by the wet grasses starred with daffodils ; unlike the too solid gods, his kindred, Pan is half human and whole elf—a whimsical, radiant presence interpreting that something which

answers, which lives and is conscious, in the silence of wide spaces the solitude of the forest recesses. The pointed rocks and steep heights of the mountains are his, it is he who passes over the hills and scales the highest summit that commands a view of flocks scattered over the slopes; he passes quickly along the rugged chain, his soft fair hair floating in the wind, or he lingers near streams shaded by thickets or he reclines in meadows full of crocus and hyacinth and sings so sweetly that no bird pouring forth his soul amongst the first leaves can ever sing sweeter. This is the voice of the Homeric Hymns, who with little change flits through antiquity till the voice on the Ionian Sea announces that Pan is dead, and with him is the first youth of the world.

Close after the Homeric literature comes the work which has been regarded while the ancient civilisation lasted, as the permanent textbook and scriptures of husbandry. The extraordinary reverence which it was held would make the "Book of Days" of Hesiod interesting even if it were not of great interest in itself as a document in the study of archaic manners. The importance ascribed to it by an imaginative race shows how fallacious it is to judge a people by only one side of their character. Hesiod was a *verista*, a rather morose *verista* who had not kept a single illusion. His advice is the essence of plain common sense tinged a little with pessimism. He makes the Boeotian peasant stand before us as clearly as the Dutch peasants in the "Village Fête" of Teniers. Most of his precepts are no less sound now than they were in his own day. Keep out of lawsuits, he says; keep out of debt. It is a dreadful thing to grow old and find oneself in want. Get your youth of fifty as your labourer ("un ragazzo di quarant'anni" is an expression I have heard used by an Italian sempstress); if you have a younger man he will work by fits and starts and throw his energy away on trifles; besides, he is sure to be always talking! Choose an unmarried maidservant, women with children eat too much (and have been known to hide something in their aprons for the bairns). Give your labourer a good allowance of bread, and in winter give him more than in summer, because the cold sharpens the appetite. The ox, on the other hand, need less hay in winter as they do less work—point open to dispute. The ox is at his best for labour at nine years old, he has left off being skittish. Now we should say that he was at his best at six. Boys are handy for scaring birds. Hesiod has the genuine farmer's grudging spirit about the birds' small pillage. After twelve years old (no abuse of child-labour here, at any rate) boys should be given something to do and not allowed to sit idle on the wayside tombs and public seats, or they will be lazy as long as they live. This is a wise counsel, so is the following: Do not go hanging about blacksmiths' forges and other places of public resort; in short, do not

go to the *osteria*. Any one who knows peasant life knows what happens when a man begins to loaf. An artisan may loaf and work alternately; the peasant who loafs will loaf for ever. Nature is no loafer and will not wait, and who of her servants waits till to-morrow finds there is no to-morrow. The idle peasant, too, grows quarrelsome, and ends by running his knife into his neighbour; though this is an original remark of the writer's and not of the poet under consideration.

Winter is a miserable time. Hesiod does not seize one glimpse of the gaiety of Virgil's winter. The north wind lashes the kine, the snow drives along the valley, the rain soaks one to the skin. Old age with his staff—the "three-footed man" bent in back, his grey head bowed towards the ground, always wretched, is now more utterly wretched than usual. Only indoors the young daughter of the house does not shiver; her mother keeps her in lest her hands should get chapped. She remains fair and calm and tenderly cared-for while all is wild without. One would like the pretty maiden just as well if she made herself warm by running in the wind, and was not afraid of the colour given by Jack Frost; still hers is a winning picture, one of the very few soft touches on Hesiod's hard canvas.

The sensible peasant dresses warmly; plenty of homespun linen underneath, and a goatskin overcoat; good ox-hide shoes and wool socks. He fares on the flesh of young oxen and kids, goat's milk and wine and water are his drinks. He will do well not to marry till he is thirty, when he is to take a wife of fifteen. Pray heaven she may not turn out a gossip; a gossiping wife is the worst of evils. One child is quite enough. It is curious to find this prudent reflection at so early a date, when we should have expected that children who, if they bring more mouths also bring more hands, would have been rather desired than otherwise. But, like the French peasant, Hesiod was of opinion that a large family was more trouble than it was worth, though he piously adds, that if the number increases, the gods may kindly provide for them after all. It is certain that what he was thinking about was chiefly the disposal of the property—just as it is what most occupies the thoughts of the rural French—and the difficulty of avoiding general ruin as well as a perpetual state of loggerheads, should the necessity arise of parcelling out the farm into minute lots. There are also the marriage expenses to scrape together. When there was a good harvest the young men and maidens rejoiced, as it brought them the prospect of marriage by increasing the peasant's store.

Rural theft is not a novelty. Be sure, says Hesiod, to have a house-dog with good teeth, and feed him well, that he may ward off the "day-sleep-wake-night man," who comes to rob you of your hay and other possessions. Above all, he insists, work, work, work! Do

not put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Do not find excuses for sloth in the weather, the season, what-not. There is always something to be done. Is the harvest gathered? there is still wood to be hewn, ploughs to be fashioned, a hundred tasks for rainy days, for the winter, even for the night. Without grinding, incessant work, the little proprietor comes to grief with mathematical certainty. Even work he never so well, the earth, "sad nurse of all that die," may make a bad return. Possibly he lives in some squalid, malarious village, where he loses his health and the fruits of his toil; only such an eventuality can justify a man in risking his fortune at sea. Thucydides said that an arid soil made a great nation because it forced men to become sailors. Hesiod did not consider the gain to the State, and he saw nothing but probable loss to the individual. He regards it as an act of folly in any one who is moderately well off to leave dry land out of longing for speculation or greed of money—a very bad quality this last, he says. Yet, even when not pressed by things going wrong at home, the peasant along the littoral must often have felt, then as now, the fascination of maritime ventures. We remember the old peasant in that most powerful of realistic novels, Verga's "I Malavoglia," who risked and lost his all in a cargo of lentils. To such as are determined, cost what it may, to launch into speculation, Hesiod gives the advice to begin in a small way, and not stake everything in one throw. But it is safer to let it alone; *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*, content, though not happiness, is wisdom, *the half is better than the whole*:

Chi troppo in alto va cade sovente
Precipitevolissimevolmente.

Renunciation, as Goethe taught, is the sole rational rule of life; it is no good having too high ideals for yourself or for other people; Prometheus was a fool, and deserved his fate. One might go on for an hour paraphrasing the most famous of Hesiod's sayings, which, perhaps, was not his, but was already a proverb. The concentrated caution of every nation has produced its equivalent. In England the oftenest quoted variant is that "Enough is as good as a feast," which so irritated poor Richard Jefferies, and which he said was so contrary to Nature's own imperial spendthrift ways.

Hesiod's lucky and unlucky days are only a little further elaboration of the modern Italian peasant's respect for the phases of the moon: for the world he would not cut down trees or dig up potatoes in the first quarter nor sow wheat in the last; he carries in his head a traditional almanac marked in black and white, which he consults before performing any important or trifling action. In Greece itself everything is regulated by saints' days. Needless to say how widely diffused is the old poet's belief that ill disposed persons bewitch or

hypnotise cows and horses. According to Hesiod the Pleiades indicate harvest and seed-time, the latter being also announced by the cry of the cranes whose periodic flight profoundly impressed all these early observers. Theognis speaks of the crane as the harbinger of the ploughing-season whose shrill voice smote his heart with the thought that others possessed his flourishing fields and that no longer his mules dragged the bent yoke of the plough. He had been despoiled of his property while on a voyage. Hesiod had also lost his paternal acres and in the cruellest way, some manœuvre of his brother having deprived him of them, but his misfortunes did not teach him sentiment. He could be generous though, since it is said that he helped this ne'er-do-well brother out of the little he had. We can guess a good deal from the maxim: "Better trust your own brother than your friend." He whose advice was to be venerated long after he was dead, had doubtless bestowed it without the slightest effect on the scapegrace whom so-called friends led easily astray by flattery. A Christian saint once commended Hesiod's words especially to the attention of the young. "What other end," asks Basil the Great in a passage which is noteworthy because it shows that the poet was still popular among Greek populations in the fourth century, "What other end can we suppose that Hesiod had in view when he made those verses which are sung by everybody, if it were not to render virtue attractive to young men?"

Hesiod had the feelings and even the prejudices of a gentleman of the old school. He had no patience with those who run after the *nouveau riche*, but he respected poverty, and would not have the good man left alone in his need. This son of a petty and not thriving farmer grasped the relation of decorous manners to a decorous life: "Do not pare your nails at table," he said. Had he frequented European *tables d'hôte* in the nineteenth century, he would have added, "Do not eat with your knife." Besides being a realist, he was somewhat of a Calvinist, and if he says nothing about music and dancing in his "Book of Days," it is to be inferred that those amusements were not much to his taste. He recognised, however, the position of the minstrel, and observed that the quarrels and jealousies of that profession, as of others, were of advantage in the long run, as they promoted competition. Alas, that musicians should have so early proved disharmonious! Though intensely orthodox, he yet saw that in matters of religion the intention is everything. He tells you to take care not to scoff at any poor little rustic shrine, or altar, raised by some simple soul on the roadside, which you may pass on your way.

There is an ampler truth, a more real reality, which they only possess who have been up the mountain and have seen the other side. Hesiod had not seen the other side of the mountain; hence he had

his limits, though within these he was very just. He had none of the Homeric admiration for a dignified and fine old man ; he looked upon old age as simply horrible. His most golden dream was of sleep which should overtake the vigorous man in his prime. I would not have been able to understand the exquisite pathos which a Greek poet of a softer age and clime, Leonidas of Tarentum, threw into his pictures of the wane of life : that of the old fisherman who falls asleep in his reed hut after his long toil, as the light fails when the oil is spent ; that of the old spinning-woman, who has earned her bread spinning, spinning through her eighty years, and ever humming her song as she spun, till the withered hand sinks on the withered knee, and her work and her days end together. Here is another euthanasia than any Hesiod could have divined : the sweet and solemn rest, "when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home."

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

OUR POSITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

UNFORTUNATE in many respects as were the startling occurrences which took place in South Africa two years ago, yet there is one very distinct advantage which may be deduced from them. For a long period of years the British public had been treating South Africa with more or less of indifference, in so far as its political relations to the Empire were concerned. No doubt South Africa, and more particularly the Transvaal, had been engaging special attention in the financial world for some time previous to those events; but as to the political position and outlook, the general body of public men and of the British community at large had not realised the important problems which were approaching maturity. In a vague and indefinite way, perhaps, it was understood at home that the large population which had been attracted to the Transvaal by the gold discoveries, and had built up the great city of Johannesburg, were suffering under certain grievances; but statesmen and public writers at home manifested no particular solicitude on account of their fellow-countrymen in the South African Republic. The incursion of Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal, however indefensible it may have been from the point of view of international law, had the instantaneous effect of rivetting English public attention, and indeed the attention of the whole world, upon the rights and wrongs of the alien community in the Transvaal, and upon the general political problem in South Africa of which their case formed a part. The sensation caused throughout England by the Jameson Raid was very great, but the public mind was even more deeply moved by the telegram with reference thereto which was sent by the German Emperor to President Krüger. This message—unmerited as it must appear in the light of the commercial advantages extended to foreign countries in British Colonies which have been civilised, colonised, and are being safeguarded at great expense to the

British nation, as also in the light of the political freedom and protection enjoyed by German subjects in the British dominions—not only had the effect of bringing home to the British people at large the interests which were at stake in South Africa, but also the apparent danger of the introduction into South Africa of Continental elements in a sense detrimental to the British position. Following upon these occurrences we had elaborate Parliamentary inquiries at the Cape and in this country, in which not only our relations to the South African Republic but the good name and good faith of leading statesmen in this country were canvassed, with the result that public opinion in this country was roused on South African matters to a very high pitch of excitement and anxiety. Perhaps one of the most disconcerting features of the state of affairs which followed the Raid and these Parliamentary inquiries was the general effect of the debate on what is known as the "Peace Motion" in the Cape Legislative Assembly. We had been in the habit of hearing, on what was considered sufficient authority, that the Cape Colony as a whole was firmly imbued with sentiments of loyalty to the Imperial idea in Africa, and it caused somewhat of a shock to find, as the outcome of this debate, that a very large body of persons in the Colony, in their anxiety for local peace at any price, were not averse from minimising the Imperial authority or treating lightly the questions which affect the British position in Africa.

After these two years of unrest and disputation we appear to have entered at last upon a period of comparative calm in South Africa. The passions raised by the invasion of the Transvaal territory are beginning to cool down. The conduct of the persons who were connected directly and indirectly with that breach of international law has been investigated and pronounced upon by various tribunals in South Africa and in London, and the whole episode may now, we hope, be left to the judgment of the impartial historian. A new High Commissioner for South Africa has been appointed, who has gone out to the Colony without any known preconceptions regarding the politics of the country which could prejudice him in the view of the people amongst whom he stands as the representative of British authority. There was good reason, judging by recent events, for supposing that the idea of the fusion of Boer and British, brought about by common interests, was a merely nebulous conception; but the study of the racial problem made by Sir Alfred Milner has led him already to pronounce a decided opinion that the differences and estrangement between the Dutch and the English races are the result of misunderstanding, and amount to nothing more than bunkum. In this he is echoing the words of Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier of Cape Colony, who, when he was in England, assured us that the relations between the two races were again becoming more friendly.

The rebellion in Matabeleland, and the widespread and protracted guerilla warfare which followed upon it, have now been suppressed, and the railway to Buluwayo, which was looked forward to as the one thing necessary to give the country a fresh start, has been completed and formally opened. The troubles in Bechuanaland have likewise been terminated, and South Africa once more enjoys the blessing of peace.

It has been suggested in some quarters—and Mr. Chamberlain has given his approval to the suggestion—that we should have a “close time” in the discussion of South African politics. Certainly let us have a close time so far as acrid controversy is concerned; but South Africa is a country in connection with which so many problems are raised that, whether we like it or not, its political and commercial position and prospects cannot but constantly obtrude themselves upon our attention. If the passions of the past two years have been allayed we are now in a better position to review calmly our Imperial position in South Africa, and to consider what steps it may be desirable to take in order that its relations with the Mother Country may be put upon a satisfactory footing with a view to the mutual advantage of the Empire and of South Africa itself.

The task which Mr. Chamberlain has had to face during the past two years has been one of exceptional difficulty. The invasion of the Transvaal put this country seriously in the wrong. It may be admitted that after the Raid took place Mr. Chamberlain did promptly and energetically all that the most exacting critic could have expected him to do to show the good faith and good intentions of the Imperial Government towards the Transvaal; but the fact that this international crime had been committed by men of British nationality, with resources derived from persons occupying responsible positions, in which they were amenable to British law and were regarded as the custodians of British honour, necessarily provoked a feeling of suspicion towards this country which could not easily be uprooted. It has to be acknowledged that Mr. Chamberlain has been heavily handicapped in his efforts to restore mutual confidence and re-establish friendly relations between the two white races in South Africa. The oppression of the Uitlander in the Transvaal by means of disproportionate and unjust taxation, and his practically complete exclusion from civic rights, constituted a provocation which paved the way to revolution and the concurrent armed demonstration across the frontier. Force was probably not the proper remedy, but, whether justifiable or not, the attempt to use force for the purpose of securing the rights of the Uitlanders ended in failure. Mr. Chamberlain set himself to the task of securing by diplomatic means that which force had failed to accomplish. He espoused the cause of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal, and in many public utterances gave them reason to hope for the redress of their grievances. It would be difficult to point to any specific ameli-

oration in the lot of the Uitlanders which he has been the means effecting, but it is, perhaps, too early to pronounce a final opinion upon the measure of success which has attended his efforts, as a great part of the history of the negotiations and representations passing between Downing Street and Pretoria is still an official secret in the archive of the Colonial Office. It is a singular fact, however, that at the very moment when the British public were led to suppose that Mr. Chamberlain with a firm hand was applying himself to the solution of the thorny and difficult questions which had arisen, the Transvaal Volksraad, as if flouting his statesmanship, was busy passing such measures as the Aliens' Expulsion and Emigration Laws, the Press Law, the Native Pass Law, and other projects, which made the situation more acute than ever, and which, though some of them were shown to be breaches of the convention, apart from previous disabilities existing, have not yet been abrogated in their entirety. Let it not be supposed that we are arguing that Mr. Chamberlain ought to have insisted on redress for the Uitlanders at any cost, and even at the cost of war; but what the Uitlanders, rightly or wrongly, complain of is that, while he has recognised the disabilities under which they laboured, and undertook to work for their redress, his interference has in no way benefited them. He has maintained in season and out of season that Great Britain is and must remain the paramount Power in South Africa. If his policy continues consistently on these lines it is permissible to hope that it may be attended with a success which would place him in the foremost ranks of Colonial statesmen, and would entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of every patriotic British subject.

If we are bound, as it seems we are, to respect the independence of the Transvaal in all that relates to its internal affairs, there is the more reason for our seeing that we do all that is possible to strengthen our hold on those parts of South Africa which remain under British jurisdiction, and that we turn them to the best account from the Imperial point of view. In the great regions north of the Limpopo we have a new dominion which is making a start in civilisation and industrial enterprise. To the west of the Transvaal we have the extensive territory of Bechuanaland, while to the south of the Orange River and to the east of the Drakensberg we have the older colonies of the Cape and Natal. As far as territory goes, South Africa is mainly British. What we have to aim at is to make our political and commercial predominance proportionate to our geographical predominance, and if we steadily keep this ideal before us and use every legitimate means to realise it, the Dutch Republics will necessarily fall within the sphere of our influence, and be affected by our predominance, although they may remain free and independent of the British flag. But should this forecast prove to be over-sanguine, and the Transvaal

persist in the unneighbourly and exasperating policy which has hitherto retarded the commercial development of South Africa and its political progress on national lines, it may be imperative that the British Government should leave nothing undone to acquire a territorial or commercial footing at Delagoa Bay, a step which would solve instantaneously some of the existing commercial and other difficulties with which we are perplexed.

As far as the two self-governing Colonies are concerned, there ought to be no question about our maintaining our political pre-eminence, and our attention ought equally to be directed towards securing our commercial leadership, not in the Colonies alone, but throughout South Africa—a leadership we are entitled to claim, in view of the services we have rendered to the whole country as the great civilising and commercial agency, often at immense cost to ourselves, from the earliest times. It is a welcome sign of the times that the clauses in the Belgian and German treaties which have debarred Great Britain from entering into preferential trade arrangements with her own Colonies, are soon to be annulled, and it is to be hoped that when these obstacles have been removed Mr. Chamberlain will see his way to introduce some practical measures for promoting trade between Great Britain on the one hand, and the Cape and Natal on the other. In view of the havoc wrought in certain branches of industry by the suicidal action of our trades unions, it is all the more important to develop new outlets for trade. In this connection, the importance may be pointed out of having a British Agent in the Transvaal, who would be in close touch with the responsible representatives of British industry in the Republic, and thoroughly conversant with its requirements.

This commercial problem is also of vital importance in the case of Rhodesia. Here we can at least avoid the error which was committed when the older self-governing Colonies were left at liberty to place such tariffs as they chose upon the merchandise of the Mother Country. All the financial and fiscal arrangements of the Chartered territory are subject to the ultimate approval of her Majesty's Government, and there should be no difficulty in seeing to it that the British merchant shall hold the supremacy in Rhodesian trade. Whether this is to be brought about on the lines of the proposal made by Mr. Rhodes, or in some other way, the Colonial Office ought to take means to ensure for the British merchant the chief commercial advantage from the opening up of this new British territory. If the Continental and American traders are cutting into our commerce with the older markets of the world, if the Germans are taking care that the German merchant shall have the first place in the German Colonies, we ought to be equally determined in the resolution that where possible, as is the case in Rhodesia, British trade shall follow the British flag.

With a view to the maintenance of British paramountcy in Rhodesia

and the other parts of South Africa outside the limits of the se governing Colonies, it is important to consider whether the time has not come when the anomaly under which the Governor of the Cape Colony also exercises the functions of Imperial High Commissioner should not come to an end. Many years ago Mr. Chamberlain himself approved the separation of the two offices, and it may be recalled that he officiated as chairman at a meeting in the Cannon Street Hotel, at which the Rev. John Mackenzie strongly advocated the course, some years ago. Mr. Chamberlain is now in a position to give effect to the policy which he then supported. The interests of the Cape Colony are not always identical with those of the Imperial Government in those regions of South Africa outside of the Cape jurisdiction. The Governor of the Cape has to be guided by his responsible advisers, the Ministers of the Colony, in all that concerns Colonial interests. He cannot be expected to be free from their influence in matters pertaining to extra-colonial territory, although with respect to them he is technically responsible to her Majesty's Government. Especially is this important in view of the certainty that the native problem—really the most urgent question in South Africa—must become the subject of inter-colonial and inter-State controversy.

As regards our political position in South Africa, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the questions which have recently been somewhat hotly debated as to the position and prospects of Rhodesia.

During the eight years that have elapsed since the British South Africa Company was constituted by Royal Charter, the country under its administration has witnessed many vicissitudes. It has raised the most glowing hopes, and caused the most serious anxieties. It has been described by the optimists as a land of gold beyond the dreams of avarice—a land with a magnificent climate and a fertile soil, and with all the possibilities of becoming a populous and prosperous British Colony. It has been condemned on the other hand by the pessimists as containing traces of gold which will never pay for the working—as a worthless stretch of territory, consisting of pestilential swamps and arid deserts. It has been the scene of heroic military exploits and of tragic misfortunes. The plucky march of the pioneer force, and the foundation of the original settlement in Mashonaland without the firing of a single shot, excited the admiration of the world. Farms were taken up and gold claims pegged out with an eagerness which seemed to promise a rapid development of the country which would more than realise the highest expectations. Then came the war forced on the young Colony by the young Matabele braves, ending in the breaking up of the savage power of Lobengula and his death as a fugitive. The administrative system thereupon underwent an enormous expansion, and a vigorous township immediately sprang up on the ruins of the royal Matabele kraal. The allotment of farms

and the pegging of gold reefs went on in the western provinces of Rhodesia, as vigorously as had previously been the case in the eastern provinces. Once more the prospects of the Chartered Company seemed unclouded, but again disappointment and adversity had to be faced. The revolt of the Matabele following on the disastrous invasion of the Transvaal and the removal of Dr. Jameson from the scene, turned farms and goldfields into a theatre of war, and the colonists, instead of peacefully pursuing their fortunes, had to fight for their lives. For the better part of two years business enterprise has had to be neglected, and the development of the country has been totally arrested, its pacification having proved a long and difficult process. At last Rhodesia again enjoys immunity from war, and the country is believed to be on the eve of making a fresh start.

The opening of the railway to Bulawayo may be regarded as the beginning of a new chapter in the chequered history of Rhodesia. There seems at present to be no reason for apprehending further serious trouble with the natives, but should any fresh difficulties of this kind unfortunately arise, the linking of the centre of the Chartered Company's territory with the South African railway system will render such future difficulties capable of easy and expeditious settlement. The advance of the railway to Bulawayo, and its gradual extension now in progress from the East Coast to Salisbury, will facilitate the influx of emigrants, will lessen the cost of living, and will cheapen agricultural requisites and mining machinery. The country will, in fact, be in as good a position as any other portion of South Africa for proving its capabilities and resources. It will enjoy the conditions admitting of success in a measure in which it has never enjoyed them before, and within a short space of time the truth as to its potentialities ought to be sufficiently known to warrant the forming of something like an authoritative opinion as to whether Rhodesia is to be the valuable possession which some predict it must become, or is to be the failure which its detractors assert.

The fact that the large sums of money necessary for the building of railways in Rhodesia have been readily forthcoming as required is in itself evidence of the confidence which is felt by capitalists in the future of the territory. The undertaking has been initiated, and the bulk of the financial responsibility in connection with it is being borne by men who, whatever their faults, cannot be described as wanting in business acumen. They are not the sort of men who would be likely to subscribe solid golden sovereigns to a project for building, say, a railway to the North Pole or to the moon. They have put money into these railways because they believe that they will become profitable commercial ventures. These railways can only give them a return on their money upon the condition that Rhodesia proves itself to be a region possessing payable gold mines and good agricultural soil. As

regards gold mining, it may be recalled that during the peace periods when gold prospecting was feasible, many thousands of claims were pegged out, many companies formed, and much capital sunk in various parts of the country. It is asking too much to expect us to believe that these prospectors and miners, comprising men who had had experience of gold-mining in all parts of the world, became credulous when they crossed the Limpopo as to believe that gold was to be found where no gold exists, or were such knaves as to pretend it existed when they had no *bona fide* belief in its existence. Prospectors, we hear, are again busy now that the country is pacified, and arrangements are being made for the importation of machinery for the starting of practical mining. It has yet to be seen what success will be attained. Results will soon decide between those who believe that the country carries payable gold and those who tell us that it does. It is almost incredible that in a country with traces of gold over such a tremendous area, and honeycombed with so many ancient gold-workings, there should not be found one good egg in the basket.

As to the agricultural possibilities, the threatened *trek* of Boers some years ago will not be forgotten, and it must be admitted that there are no better judges than they can be found on matters affecting South African pastoral and agricultural industry. As a matter of fact, Dutch settlers have taken farms in the country under the Chartered Company, and during the troubles with the natives they have fought shoulder to shoulder with their British fellow-colonists.

Assuming that we have here the elements which will in due time go towards making a successful colony of Rhodesia, the question to which we are chiefly concerned in this article is, How shall Great Britain turn the resources and capabilities of the country to the best advantage? At the threshold of such an inquiry we have to consider the question whether it is desirable that the charter should be maintained. The principle of government by charter has been very much criticised, and there are those who contend that it ought to be put an end to. It must be admitted that chartered government was never meant to be a permanent institution, but only a temporary expedient. Mr. Rhodes has himself repeatedly acknowledged this to be the case. He has over and over again foreshadowed the time when the present system in Rhodesia would give place to the establishment of a self-governing system, such as prevails in the older British Colonies, in South Africa, and elsewhere. Those who criticise the mistakes and shortcomings of the Company would have the country placed under the direct rule of the Imperial Government, and become a Crown Colony, rather than a self-governing Colony. Those who urge this would probably be the first to acknowledge that the Chartered colony system would, if the country became prosperous and populous, be also a merely temporary makeshift, and would have sooner or later to give place to the self-governing colonial system.

The country would probably never to this day have been opened up as it has been, but for the grant of the charter in accordance with Mr. Rhodes' original conception. Capital would not have been poured into the country as it has been, but for the enterprise of the energetic and wealthy men who are interested in the charter. Downing Street would never have induced the British taxpayer to construct telegraphs and railways in the country. Our Colonies have grown up without the aid of Government. Their prosperity is due to the operation of forces generated by private persons acting apart from the Imperial Government, and sometimes even in the face of Imperial discouragement. As Professor Seeley remarks, we have blundered into an expansion of the Empire, rather than accomplished it by any definite plan. The British Government, as such, has never set itself to the task of founding colonies. They have been spontaneous growths due to the colonising genius of men of British race bent upon the prosecution of private enterprise. We have seen other nations, the Germans for example, deliberately adopting the policy of founding colonies, and so far their failure only furnishes a contrast to the success of the British Colonies, which have not owed their origin and progress to any impulse derived from the central Government.

By means of the Chartered Company Mr. Rhodes has done great things in Rhodesia, in spite of the formidable difficulties and discouragements he has had to face. Has the time come when the Company ought to be entirely superseded? We do not think so. To wipe the Company out of existence at this stage would be to deprive its founders of the prospect of reaping the reward for which they have so heroically striven, just at the time when they might fairly say that it is on the point of justifying its existence. The conjunction of commercial objects with administrative functions supplies the motive force which will be necessary for some time to come to push the country forward.

Granting, however, that in the nature of things the country may ere long outgrow the conditions in which Chartered government will satisfy its requirements, and that the colonial system must take its place, the question is worthy of serious consideration whether even now the Imperial Government could not advantageously associate itself with the Chartered Company, and identify itself more intimately with the future of the territory. This could be done with benefit to the nation at large, and, if done in the proper way, it would not be an injustice, but an act of justice to those who practically acquired the country for Great Britain, and are preparing it as a gift to the Empire. For instance, the Imperial Government might very well do something towards encouraging and promoting emigration to Rhodesia, which might aid in the solution of our social problems at home. We hear of the decline of farming in this country and the impoverishment of our rural population. Well, here is a vast territory in which agri-

cultural settlers are needed, and in which the soil and climate offer many attractions. We hear also of the congestion of our urban centres in England, and here is a vast country which might well serve as a home for a portion at least of our surplus population. It would be in the interest of the Chartered Company to grant parcels of land on easy terms to such emigrants as the Home Government might assist to settle in Rhodesia. These emigrants, in the event of their attaining success in their new homes, would prove better customers for British manufactures than their poverty permits them to be in their present circumstances, and it is not extravagant to expect that, instead of South Africa importing foodstuffs from foreign countries, they might supply the local markets with the products of the soil, and ere long be in a position to send supplies to the Mother Country. We are too much dependent at present on foreign imports for our food supplies and for the raw material used in our manufactures. There is in Rhodesia a new and promising field which might eventually add to the area from which food supplies and raw material are procurable under the British flag.

From another point of view it is desirable that the Mother Country should directly interest herself in promoting the colonisation and development of Rhodesia. In spite of the check which has been given to the unifying tendency in South Africa by the unfortunate events of the last two years, the movement towards union has not been altogether lost sight of, and these events have only shown how important it is that this union, if it is ever to take place, should be established under the hegemony of Great Britain. The paramount position of Great Britain in South Africa would be greatly strengthened by the growth of a new and enterprising community north of the Limpopo under the same flag, animated by the same aspirations, and linked in common interests with the existing British Colonies, by which the Dutch Republics are hemmed in on their southern, northern, and western borders. In his endeavours to induce Dutch settlers to come into Mashonaland and Matabeleland, Mr. Rhodes has given evidence of his desire that the Afrikaner and the British colonist should regard Rhodesia as their common heritage. It is impossible for the Transvaal and the Orange Free State Republics to live almost entirely surrounded by British colonies, and with the means of communication increasing so rapidly, without their interests becoming more closely interwoven; and Rhodesia should assist in the solution in a sense favourable to the British Empire of many of these questions which at present are answerable for the misunderstanding and estrangement that are inimical to the welfare and progress of South Africa as a whole.

AFRIKANDER.

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

	PAGE
1. BY DR. M. R. JAMES. THE NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST	153
2. BY HARRY RAYMOND. MR. BARNATO	161
3. BY PERCY A. HURD. THE NEW IMPERIALISM	171
4. BY G. LACY HILLIER. THE CYCLE MARKET	184
5. BY H. G. WELLS. THE NOVELS OF MR. GEORGE GISSING	192
6. BY H. R. HAWEIS. CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL TÖRR IN 1837	202
7. BY MICHAEL G. MULHALL. TWENTY YEARS OF TRADE	213
8. BY JULIA WEDGWOOD. ETHICS AND SCIENCE	219
9. BY PROFESSOR W. M. RAMSAY. WHAT TO DO IN THE EAST	234
10. BY LILIAN TOMN. THE REFERENDUM IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND	242
11. BY ALBERT D. VANDAM. THE ORLÉANS PRETENDERS	253
12. BY PROFESSOR A. S. GHOSH. A REMEDY FOR INDIAN FAMINES	268
13. BY G. W. E. RUSSELL. THE ECCLESIASTICAL OUTLOOK	272
14. BY SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G. IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS HALF A CENTURY AGO	283



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	PAGE
1. BY A NEW RADICAL. WANTED—A POLICY	761
2. BY ANDREW LANG. "THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF GOD"	768
3. BY LADY JEUNE. THE DUCHESS OF TECK	782
4. BY SIR WALTER BESANT. THE FARM AND THE CITY	792
5. BY W. T. DAVISON, D.D. THE SPIRIT OF MODERN METHODISM	803
6. BY JOSEPH PENNELL. IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS?	824
7. BY E. J. DILLON. THE FIRST RUSSIAN CENSUS	837
8. BY A BRITISH NATURALIST. THE FUR-SEALS: THE AMERICAN CASE	846
9. BY ROMANUS. LIBERAL CATHOLICISM	854
10. BY E. H. PARKER. CHINA AND THE PAMIRS	867
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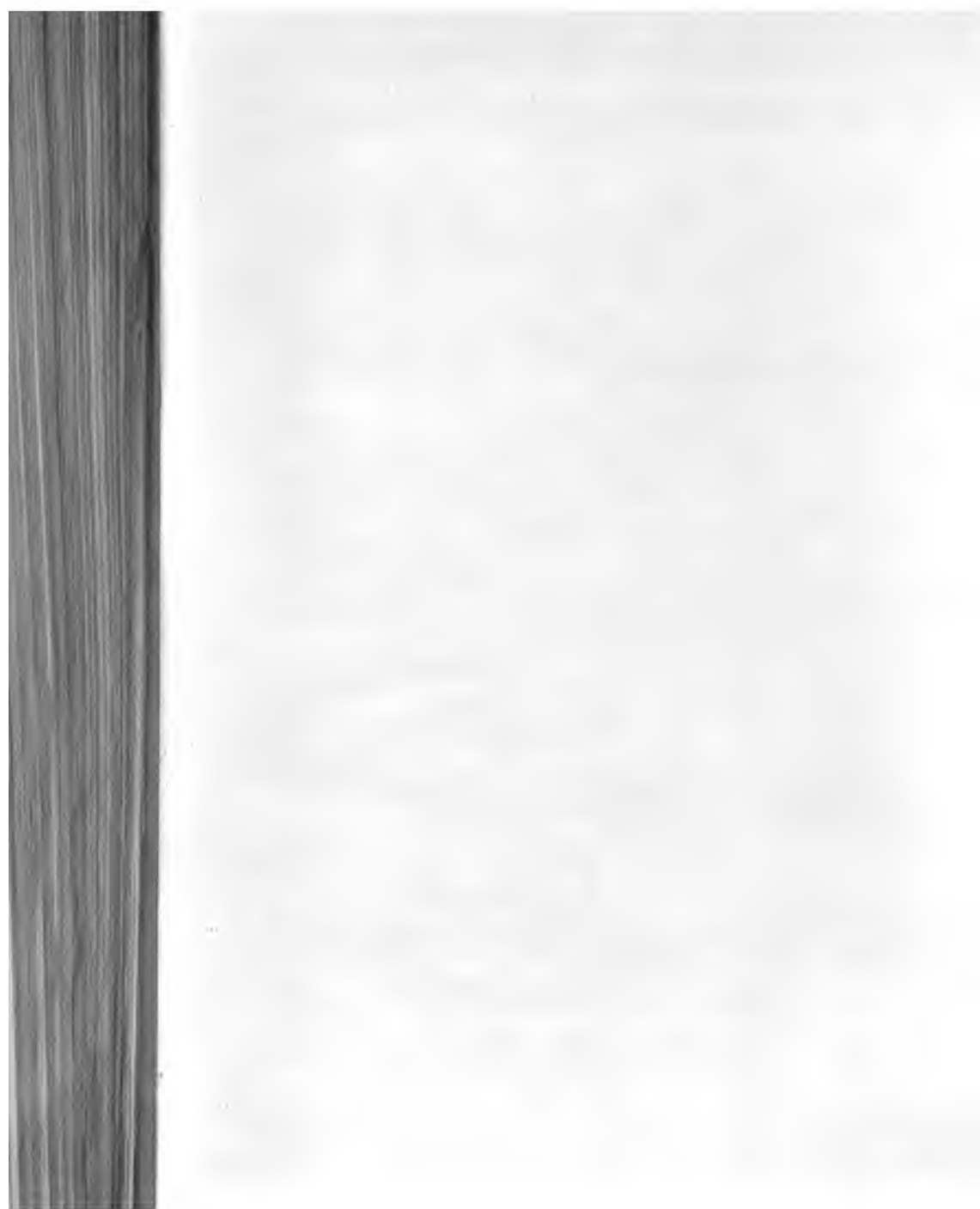
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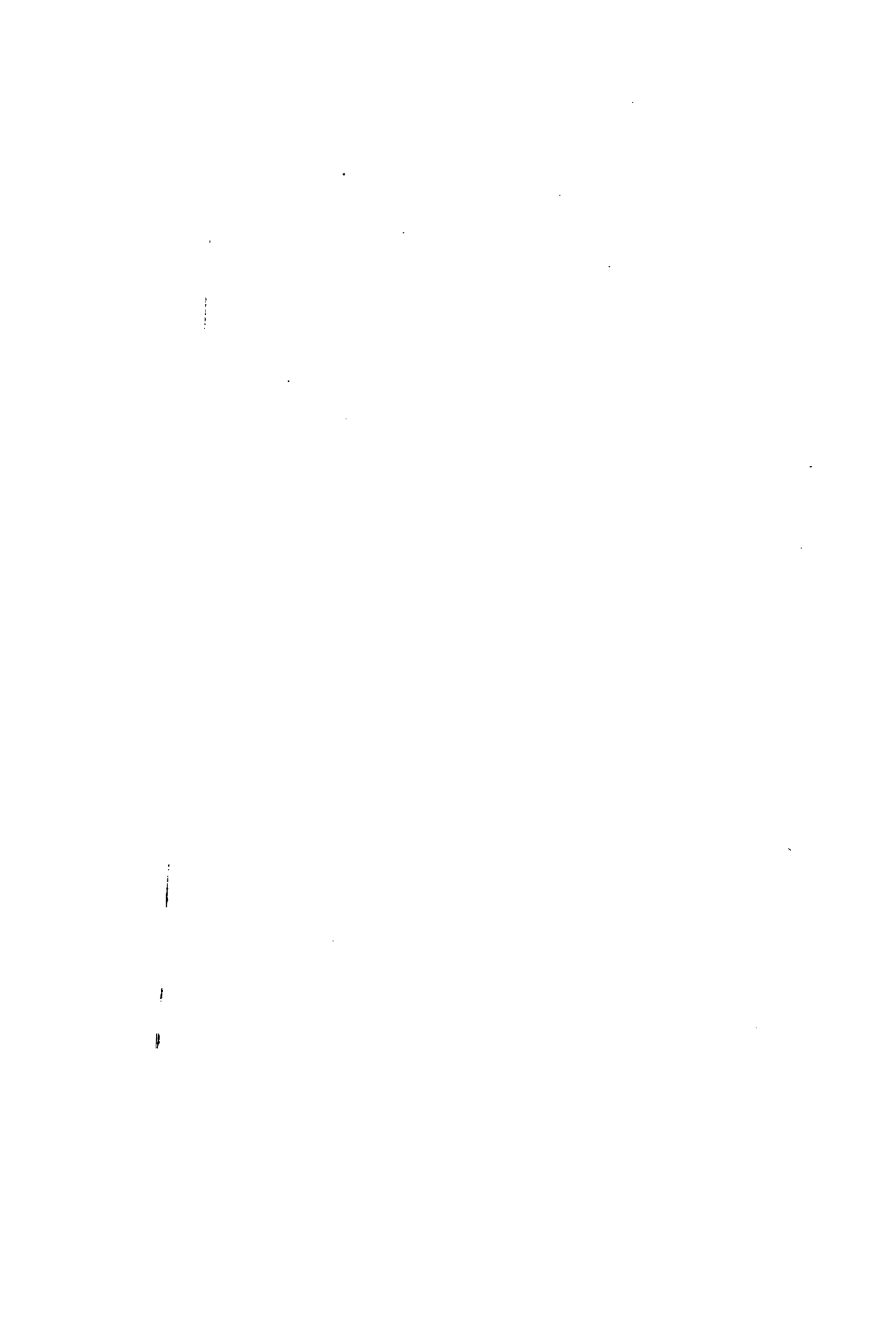
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